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# BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.

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WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT? PART III.

BY PISISTRATUS CANTON.

*[The Author reserves the Right of Translation.]*

BOOK II.—CHAPTER I.

Primitive character of the country in certain districts of Great Britain. — Connection between the features of surrounding scenery and the mental and moral inclinations of man, after the fashion of all sound Ethnological Historians. — A charioteer, to whom an experience of British Laws suggests an ingenious mode of arresting the progress of Roman Papacy, carries Lionel Haughton and his fortunes to a place which allows of description and invites repose.

IN safety, but with nought else rare enough, in a railway train, to deserve commemoration, Lionel reached the station to which he was bound. He there inquired the distance to Fawley Manor House; it was five miles. He ordered a fly, and was soon wheeled briskly along a rough parish-road, through a country strongly contrasting the gay River Scenery he had so lately quitted. Quite as English, but rather the England of a former race than that which spreads round our own generation like one vast suburb of garden-ground and villas—Here, nor village, nor spire, nor porter's lodge came in sight. Rare even were the cornfields—wide spaces of unenclosed common opened, solitary and primitive, on the road, bordered by large woods, chiefly of beech, closing the horizon with ridges of undulating green. In such an England, Knights Templars might have wended their way to scattered

monasteries, or fugitive partisans in the bloody Wars of the Roses have found shelter under leafy coverts.

The scene had its romance, its beauty—half savage, half gentle—leading perforce the mind of any cultivated and imaginative gazer far back from the present day—waking up long-forgotten passages from old poets. The stillness of such wastes of sward—such depths of woodland—induced the nurture of reverie, gravely soft and lulling. There, Ambition might give rest to the wheel of Ixion, Avarice to the sieve of the Danaïds; there, disappointed Love might muse on the brevity of all human passions, and count over the tortured hearts that have found peace in holy meditation, or are now stilled under grassy knolls. See where, at the crossing of three roads upon the waste, the landscape suddenly unfolds—an upland in the distance, and on the upland a building, the first sign of social man.

What is the building? only a silenced windmill—the sails dark and sharp against the dull leaden sky.

Lionel touched the driver—"Are we yet on Mr Darrell's property?" Of the extent of that property he had involuntarily conceived a vast idea.

"Lord, sir, no; we be two miles from Squire Darrell's. He han't much property to speak of hereabouts. But he bought a good bit o' land, too, some years ago, ten or twelve mile 'tother side o' the county. First time you are going to Fawley, sir?"

"Yes."

"Ah! I don't mind seeing you afore—and I should have known you if I had, for it is seldom indeed I have a fare to Fawley old Manor House. It must be, I take it, four or five year ago sin' I wor ther, with a gent, and he went away while I wor feeding the horse—did me out o' my back fare. What business had he to walk when he came in my fly?—Shabby."

"Mr Darrell lives very retired, then—sees few persons?"

"Spose so. I never sec'd him, as I knows on; sec'd two o' his hosses though—rare good uns;" and the driver whipped on his own horse, took to whistling, and Lionel asked no more.

At length the chaise stopped at a carriage gate, receding from the road, and deeply shadowed by venerable trees—no lodge. The driver, dismounting, opened the gate.

"Is this the place?"

The driver nodded assent, remounted, and drove on rapidly through what might, by courtesy, be called a park. The enclosure was indeed little beyond that of a good-sized paddock—its boundaries were visible on every side—but swelling uplands, covered with massy foliage, sloped down to its wild irregular turf soil—soil poor for pasturage, but pleasant to the eye: with dell and dingle, bosks of fantastic pollards—dotted oaks of vast growth—here and there a weird hollow thorn-tree—patches of fern and gorse. Hoarse and loud cawed the rooks—and deep, deep as from the innermost core of the lovely woodlands, came the mellow notes of the cuckoo. A few moments more a wind of the road brought the house

in sight. At its rear lay a piece of water, scarcely large enough to be styled a lake;—too winding in its shaggy banks—its ends too concealed by tree and islet, to be called by the dull name of pond. Such as it was, it arrested the eye before the gaze turned towards the house—it had an air of tranquillity so sequestered, so solemn. A lively man of the world would have been seized with spleen at the first glimpse of it. But he who had known some great grief—some anxious care—would have drunk the calm into his weary soul like an anodyne. The house—small, low, ancient, about the date of Edward VI., before the statelier architecture of Elizabeth. Few houses in England so old, indeed, as Fawley Manor House. A vast weight of roof, with high gables—windows on the upper story projecting far over the lower part—a covered porch with a coat of half-obliterated arms deep panelled over the oak door. Nothing grand, yet all how venerable! But what is this? Close beside the old quiet unassuming Manor House rises the skeleton of a superb and costly pile—a palace uncompleted, and the work evidently suspended—perhaps long since, perhaps now for ever. No busy workmen nor animated scaffolding. The perforated battlements roofed over with visible haste—here with slate, there with tile; the Elizabethan mullion casements unglazed; some roughly boarded across—some with staring forlorn apertures, that showed floorless chambers—for winds to whistle through and rats to tenant. Weeds and long grass were growing over blocks of stone that lay at hand. A wallflower had forced itself into root on the sill of a giant oriel. The effect was startling. A fabric which he who conceived it must have founded for posterity—so solid its masonry, so thick its walls—and thus abruptly left to moulder—a palace constructed for the reception of crowding guests—the pomp of stately revels—abandoned to owl and bat. And the homely old house beside it, which that lordly hall was doubtless designed to replace, looking so safe and tranquil at the baffled presumption of its spectral neighbour.

The driver had rung the bell, and

now, turning back to the chaise, met Lionel's inquiring eye, and said—"Yes; Squire Darrell began to build that—many years ago—when I was a boy. I heard say it was to be the show-house of the whole county. Been stopped these ten or a dozen years."

"Why?—do you know?"

"No one knows. Squire was a lawyer, I b'leve—perhaps he put it into Chancery. My wife's grandfather was put into chancery just as he was growing up, and never grew afterwards—never got out o' it—nout ever does. There's our churchwarden comes to me with a petition to sign agin the Pope. Says I, 'That old Pope is always in trouble—what's he bin dom now?' Says he, 'Spreading! He's a got into Parlyment, and he's now got a colledge, and we pays for it. I doesn't know how to stop him.' Says I, 'Put the Pope into Chancery along with wife's grandfather, and he'll never hold up his head agin.'"

The driver had thus just disposed of the Papacy when an elderly servant, out of livery, opened the door. Lionel sprung from the chaise, and paused in some confusion—for then,

for the first time, there darted across him the idea that he had never written to announce his acceptance of Mr Darrell's invitation—that he ought to have done so—that he might not be expected. Meanwhile the servant surveyed him with some surprise. "Mr Darrell?" hesitated Lionel, inquiringly.

"Not at home, sir," replied the man, as if Lionel's business was over, and he had only to re-enter his chaise. The boy was naturally rather bold than shy, and he said, with a certain assured air, "My name is Haughton. I come here on Mr Darrell's invitation."

The servant's face changed in a moment—he bowed respectfully. "I beg pardon, sir. I will look for my master—he is somewhere on the grounds." The servant then approached the fly, took out the knapsack, and observing Lionel had his purse in his hand, said—"Allow me to save you that trouble, sir. Driver, round to the stable-yard." Stepping back into the house, the servant threw open a door to the left, on entrance, and advanced a chair—"If you will wait here a moment, sir, I will see for my master."

## CHAPTER II.

### Guy Darrell--and Still'd Life.

The room in which Lionel now found himself was singularly quaint. An antiquarian or architect would have discovered at a glance that, at some period, it had formed part of the entrance-hall; and when, in Elizabeth's or James the First's day, the refinement in manners began to penetrate from baronial mansions to the homes of the gentry, and the entrance-hall ceased to be the common refectory of the owner and his dependants, this apartment had been screened off by perforated panels, which, for the sake of warmth, and comfort, had been filled up into solid wainscot by a succeeding generation. Thus one side of the room was richly carved with geometrical designs and arabesque pilasters, while the other three sides were in small simple panels, with a deep fantastic

frieze in plaster, depicting a deer-chase in relief, and running between woodwork and ceiling. The ceiling itself was relieved by long pendants without any apparent meaning, and by the crest of the Darrells, a heron, wreathed round with the family motto, "*Ardua petit Ardea*." It was a dining-room, as was shown by the character of the furniture. But there was no attempt on the part of the present owner, and there had clearly been none on the part of his predecessor, to suit the furniture to the room. This last was of the heavy graceless taste of George the First—cumbersome chairs in walnut-tree—with a worm-eaten mosaic of the heron on their homely backs, and a faded blue worsted on their seats—a marvelously ugly sideboard to match, and on it a couple of black shagreened chairs.



the lids of which were flung open, and discovered the pistol-shaped handles of silver knives. The mantelpiece reached to the ceiling, in panelled compartments, with heraldic shields, and supported by rude stone Caryatides. On the walls were several pictures—family portraits, for the names were inscribed on the frames. They varied in date from the reign of Elizabeth to that of George I. A strong family likeness pervaded them all—high features, dark hair, grave aspects—save indeed one, a Sir Ralph Haughton Darrell, in a dress that spoke him of the holiday date of Charles II.—all knots, lace, and ribbons; evidently the beau of the race; and he had blue eyes, a blonde peruke, a careless profligate smile, and looked altogether as *devil-me-care*, rakishly, handsome, good-for-nothing, as ever swore at a drawer, beat a watchman, charmed a lady, terrified a husband, and hummed a song as he pinked his man.

Lionel was still gazing upon the effigies of this airy cavalier, when the door behind him opened very noiselessly, and a man of imposing presence stood on the threshold—stood so still, and the carved mouldings of the doorway so shadowed, and, as it were, eased round his figure, that Lionel, on turning quickly, might have mistaken him for a portrait brought into bold relief, from its frame, by a sudden fall of light. We hear it, indeed, familiarly said that such an one is like an old picture. Never could it be more appositely said than of the face on which the young vision gazed, much startled and somewhat awed. Not such as inferior limners had poured in the portraits there, though it had something in common with those family lineaments; but such as might have looked tranquil power out of the canvass of Titian.

The man stepped forward, and the illusion passed. "I thank you," he said, holding out his hand, "for taking me at my word, and answering me thus in person." He paused a moment, surveying Lionel's countenance with a keen but not unkindly eye, and added softly, "Very like your father."

At those words Lionel involuntarily pressed the hand which he had taken. That hand did not return the pressure. It lay an instant in Lionel's warm clasp—not repelling, not responding—and was then very gently withdrawn.

"Did you come from London?"

"No, sir; I found your letter yesterday at Hampton Court. I had been staying some days in that neighbourhood. I came on this morning.—I was afraid, too unceremoniously; your kind welcome reassures me there."

The words were well chosen, and frankly said. Probably they pleased the host, for the expression of his countenance was, on the whole, propitious; but he merely inclined his head with a kind of lofty indifference, then, glancing at his watch, he rang the bell. The servant entered promptly. "Let dinner be served within an hour."

"Pray, sir," said Lionel, "do not charge your hours on my account."

Mr Darrell's brow slightly contracted. Lionel's tact was in fault there, but the great man answered quietly, "All hours are the same to me; and it were strange if a host could be deranged by consideration to his guest—on the first day too. Are you tired? Would you like to go to your room, or look out for half an hour? The sky is clearing."

"I should so like to look out, sir."

"This way, then."

Mr Darrell, crossing the hall, threw open a door opposite to that by which Lionel entered, and the lake (we will so call it) lay before them, separated from the house only by a shelving gradual declivity, on which were a few beds of flowers—not the most in vogue nowadays and disposed in rambling old-fashioned patterns. At one angle, a quaint and dilapidated sun-dial; at the other, a long bowling-alley, terminated by one of those summer-houses which the Dutch taste, following the Revolution of 1688, brought into fashion. Mr Darrell passed down this alley (no bowls there now), and observing that Lionel looked curiously towards the summer-house, of which the doors stood open, entered it. A

lofty room, with coved ceiling, painted with Roman trophies of helms and fasces, alternated with crossed lutes and fiddles, painted also.

"Amsterdam manners," said Mr Darrell, slightly shugging his shoulders. "Here a former race heard music, sung glees, and smoked from clay pipes. That age soon passed, unsuited to English energies, which are not to be united with Holland phlegm! But the view from the window—look out there. I wonder whether men in wigs and women in hoops enjoyed *that*. It is a mercy they did not clip those banks into a straight canal!"

The view was indeed lovely—the water looked so blue and so large and so limpid, woods and curving banks reflected deep on its peaceful bosom.

"How Vance would enjoy this!" cried Lionel. "It would come into a picture even better than the *Than*."

"Vance—who is Vance?"

"The artist—a great friend of mine. Surely, sir, you have heard of him, or seen his pictures?"

"Himself and his pictures are since my time. Days tread down days for the Recluse, and he forgets what celebrities rise with their suns, to wane with their moons."

"The artist does die,  
November 1—int. into his grave."

"All suns do not set—all moons do not wane!" cried Lionel, with blunt enthusiasm. "When Horace speaks elsewhere of the Julian star, he compares it to a moon—'*inter ignes memores*'—and surely Fame is not among the orbs which '*perpetua retroire*'—hasten on to perish!"

"I am glad to see that you retain your recollection of Horace," said Mr Darrell, frigidly, and without continuing the allusion to celebrities, "the most charming of all poets to a man of my years, and" (he very drily added) "the most useful for popular quotation to men at any age."

Then sauntering forth carelessly, he descended the sloping turf, came to the water-side, and threw himself at length on the grass—the wild thyme which he crushed sent up its bruised fragrance. There, resting his

face on his hand, Darrell gazed along the water in abstracted silence. Lionel felt that he was forgotten; but he was not hurt. By this time a strong and admiring interest for his cousin had sprung up within his breast—he would have found it difficult to explain why. But whosoever at that moment could have seen Guy Darrell's musing countenance, or whose ever, a few minutes before, could have heard the very sound of his voice—sweetly, clearly full, each slow enunciation unaffectedly, mellowly distinct—making musical the homeliest roughest word, would have understood and shared the interest which Lionel could not explain. There are living human faces, which, independently of mere physical beauty, charm and enthrall us more than the most perfect lineaments which Greek sculptor ever lent to a marble face; there are key-notes in the thrilling human voice, simply uttered, which can haunt the heart, rouse the passions, hush rampant multitudes, shake into dust the thrones of guarded kings, and effect more wonders than ever yet have been wrought by the most artful chorus or the delectest quill.

In a few minutes the swans from the further end of the water came sailing swiftly towards the bank on which Darrell reclined. He had evidently made friends with them, and they rested their white breasts close on the margin, seeking to claim his notice with a low hissing salutation, which, it is to be hoped, they change for something less sibilant in that numerous song with which they depart this life.

Darrell looked up. "They come to be fed," said he, "smooth emblems of the great social union. Affection is the offspring of utility. I am useful to them—they love me." He rose, uncovered, and bowed to the birds in mock courtesy. "Friends, I have no bread to give you."

LIONEL.—"Let me run in for some. I would be useful too."

MR. DARRELL—"Rival!—useful to my swans?"

LIONEL (tenderly).—"Or to you, sir."

He felt as if he had said too much, and without waiting for permission,

ran indoors to find some one whom he could ask for the bread.

"Sonless, childless, hopeless, objectless!" said Darrell murmuringly to himself, and sunk again into reverie.

By the time Lionel returned with the bread, another petted friend had joined the master. A tame doe had caught sight of him from her covert far away, came in light bounds to his side, and was pushing her delicate nostril into his drooping hand. At the sound of Lionel's hurried step she took flight, trotted off a few paces, then turned, looking wistfully.

"I did not know you had deer here."

"Deer!—in this little paddock!—of course not; only that doe. Fairthorn introduced her here. By the by," continued Darrell, who was now throwing the bread to the swans, and had resumed his careless unmeditative manner, "you were not aware that I have a brother hermit—a companion besides the swans and the doe. Dick Fairthorn is a year or two younger than myself, the son of my father's bailiff. He was the cleverest boy at his grammar-school. Unluckily he took to the flute, and unfitted himself for the present century. He condescends, however, to act as my secretary—a fair classical scholar—plays chess—is useful to me—I am useful to him. We have an affection for each other. I never forgive any one who laughs at him. The half-hour bell, and you will meet him at dinner. Shall we come in and dress?"

They entered the house—the same manservant was in attendance in the hall. "Show Mr Haughton to his room," Darrell inclined his head—I use that phrase, for the gesture was neither bow nor nod—turned down a narrow passage, and disappeared.

Led up an uneven staircase of oak, black as ebony, with huge balustrades, and newel-posts supporting clumsy balls, Lionel was conducted to a small chamber, modernised a century ago, by a faded Chinese paper, and a mahogany bedstead, which took up three-fourths of the space, and was crested with dingy plumes, that gave it the cheerful look of a hearse; and there the attendant said, "Have you the

key of your knapsack, sir? shall I put out your things to dress?" Dress! Then for the first time the boy remembered that he had brought with him no evening dress—nay, evening dress, properly so called, he possessed not at all in any corner of the world. It had never yet entered into his modes of existence. Call to mind when you were a boy of seventeen, 'betwixt two ages hovering like a star,' and imagine Lionel's sensations. He felt his cheek burn as if he had been detected in a crime. "I have no dress things," he said piteously; "only a change of linen, and this," glancing at the summer jacket. The servant was evidently a most gentlemanlike man—his native sphere that of groom of the chambers. "I will mention it to Mr Darrell; and if you will favour me with your address in London, I will send to telegraph for what you want against to-morrow."

"Many thanks," answered Lionel, recovering his presence of mind; "I will speak to Mr Darrell myself."

"There is the hot water, sir; that is the bell. I have the honour to be placed at your commands." The door closed, and Lionel unlocked his knapsack—other trousers, other waistcoat had he—those worn at the fair, and once white. Alas! they had not since then passed to the care of the laundress. Other shoes—double-soled for walking. There was no help for it, but to appear at dinner, attired as he had been before, in his light pedestrian jacket, morning waistcoat flowered with sprigs, and a fawn-coloured nether man. Could it signify much—only two men? Could the grave Mr Darrell regard such trifles?—Yes, if they intimated want of due respect.

"Durum! sed fit levius Patientia  
Quicquid corrigero est nefas."

On descending the stairs, the same high-bred domestic was in waiting to show him into the library. Mr Darrell was there already, in the simple but punctilious costume of a gentleman who retains in seclusion the habits customary in the world. At the first glance Lionel thought he saw a slight cloud of displeasure on his host's brow. He went up to Mr Darrell ingenuously, and apologised for

the deficiencies of his itinerant wardrobe. "Say the truth," said his host; "you thought you were coming to an old churl, with whom ceremony was misplaced."

"Indeed no!" exclaimed Lionel. "But—but I have so lately left school."

"Your mother might have thought for you."

"I did not stay to consult her, indeed, sir; I hope you are not offended."

"No, but let me not offend you if I take advantage of my years and our relationship to remark that a young man should be careful not to let himself down below the measure of his own rank. If a king could bear to hear that he was only a ceremonial, a private gentleman may remember that there is but a ceremonial between himself and—his latter!"

Lionel felt the colour mount his brow; but Darrell, pressing the distasteful theme no farther, and seemingly forgetting its purport, turned his remarks carelessly towards the weather. "It will be fair to-morrow; there is no mist on the hill yonder. Since you have a painter for a friend, perhaps you yourself are a draughtsman. There are some landscape-effects here which Fairthorn shall point out to you."

"I fear, Mr Darrell," said Lionel, looking down, "that to-morrow I must leave you."

"So soon? Well, I suppose the place must be very dull."

"Not that—not that; but I have offended you, and I would not repeat the offence. I have not the 'ceremonial' necessary to mark me as a gentleman—either here or at home."

"So! Bold frankness and ready wit command ceremonials," returned Darrell, and for the first time his lip wore a smile. "Let me present to you Mr Fairthorn," as the door, opening, showed a shambling awkward figure, with loose black knee-breeches and buckled shoes. The figure made a strange sidelong bow; and hurrying in a lateral course, like a crab sed-

denly alarmed, towards a dim recess protected by a long table, sunk behind a curtain-fold, and seemed to vanish as a crab does amidst the shingles.

"Three minutes yet to dinner, and two before the letter-carrier goes," said the host, glancing at his watch.

"Mr Fairthorn, will you write a note for me?" There was a mutter from behind the curtain. Darrell walked to the place, and whispered a few words, returned to the hearth, rang the bell. "Another letter for the post, Mills: Mr Fairthorn is sealing it. You are looking at my bookshelves, Lionel. As I understand that your master spoke highly of you, I presume that you are fond of reading."

"I think so, but I am not sure," answered Lionel, whom his cousin's conciliatory words had restored to ease and good-humour.

"You mean, perhaps, that you like reading, if you may choose your own books."

"Or rather if I may choose my own time to read them, and that would not be on bright summer days."

"Without sacrificing bright summer days, one finds one has made little progress when the long winter nights come."

"Yes, sir. But must the sacrifice be paid in books? I fancy I learned as much in the playground as I did in the schoolroom, and for the last few months, in much my own master, reading hard, in the forenoon, it is true, for many hours at a stretch, and yet again for a few-hours at evening, but rambling also through the streets, or listening to a few friends whom I have contrived to make—I think, if I can boast of any progress at all, the books have the smaller share in it."

"You would, then, prefer an active life to a studious one."

"Oh, yes—yes."

"Dinner is served," said the decorous Mr Mills, throwing open the door.

## CHAPTER III.

In our happy country every man's house is his castle. But however stoutly he fortify it, Care enters, as surely as she did, in Horace's time, through the porticoes of a Roman's villa. Nor, whether ceilings be fretted with gold and ivory, or whether only coloured with whitewash, does it matter to Care any more than it does to a house-fly. But every tree, be it cedar or blackthorn, can harbour its singing-bird; and few are the homes in which, from nooks least suspected, there starts not a mouse. Is it quite true that "*non avium cytharæque cantus somnum redeunt?*" Would not even Damocles himself have forgotten the sword, if the late player had chanced on the notes that lulled?

The dinner was simple enough, but well dressed and well served. One footman, in plain livery, assisted Mr Mills. Darrell ate sparingly, and drank only water, which was placed by his side iced, with a single glass of wine at the close of the repast, which he drank on bending his head to Lionel with a certain knightly grace, and the prefatory words of "Welcome here to a Haughton." Mr Fairthorn was less abstemious—tasted of every dish, after examining it long through a pair of tortoise-shell spectacles, and drank leisurely through a bottle of port, holding up every glass to the light. Darrell talked with his usual cold but not uncourteous indifference. A remark of Lionel's on the portraits in the room turned the conversation chiefly upon pictures, and the host showed himself thoroughly accomplished in the attributes of the various schools and masters. Lionel, who was very fond of the art, and indeed painted well for a youthful amateur, listened with great delight.

"Surely, sir," said he, struck much with a very subtle observation upon the causes why the Italian masters admit of copyists with greater facility than the Flemish—"surely, sir, you must yourself have practised the art of painting?"

"Not I; but I instructed myself as a judge of pictures, because at one time I was a collector."

Fairthorn, speaking for the first time: "The rarest collection—such Albert Durers! such Holbeins! and that head by Leonardo da Vinci!" He stopped—looked extremely frightened—helped himself to the port—turning his back upon his host, to hold, as usual, the glass to the light.

"Are they here, sir?" asked Lionel.

Darrell's face darkened, and he

made no answer; but his head sank on his breast, and he seemed suddenly absorbed in gloomy thought. Lionel felt that he had touched a wrong chord, and glanced quickly towards Fairthorn; but that gentleman cautiously held up his finger, and then rapidly put it to his lip, and as rapidly drew it away. After that signal, the boy did not dare to break the silence, which now lasted uninterruptedly till Darrell rose, and with the formal and superfluous question, "Any more wine?" led the way back to the library. There he ensconced himself in an easy-chair, and saying, "Will you find a book for yourself, Lionel?" took a volume at random from the nearest shelf, and soon seemed absorbed in its contents. The room, made irregular by bay-windows, and shelves that projected as in public libraries, abounded with nook and recess. To one of these Fairthorn sidled himself and became invisible. Lionel looked round the shelves. No *belles lettres* of our immediate generation were found there—none of those authors most in request in circulating libraries and literary institutes. The shelves could discover none more recent than the Johnsonian age. Neither in the lawyer's library were to be found any law-books—no, nor the pamphlets and parliamentary volumes that should have spoken of the once eager politician. But there, were superb copies of the ancient classics, French and Italian authors were not wanting, nor such of the English as have withstood the test of time. The larger portion of the shelves seemed, however, devoted to philosophical works. Here alone was novelty admitted—the newest essays on science, or the best editions of old works thereon. Lionel at length made his choice—a volume of the

*Faerie Queen*. Coffee was served; at a later hour tea. The clock struck ten. Darrell laid down his book.

"Mr Fairthorn--the Flute!"

From the recess a mutter; and presently--the musician remaining still hidden--there came forth the sweetest note--so dulcet, so plaintive! Lionel's ear was ravished. The music suited well with the enchanted page, through which his fancy had been wandering dream-like--the flute with the *Faerie Queen*. As the air flowed liquid on, Lionel's eyes filled with tears. He did not observe that Darrell was intently watching him. When the music stopped, he turned aside to wipe the tears from his eyes. Somehow or other, what with the poem, what with the flute, his thoughts had wandered far far hence to the green banks and blue waves of the Thames--to Sophy's charming face, to her pating childish gift! And where was she now? Whither passing away, after so brief a holiday, into the shadows of forlorn life?

Darrell's bell-like voice smote his ear.

"Spenser! You love him! Do you write poetry?"

"No, sir; I only feel it!"

"Do neither!" said the host, abruptly. Then, turning away, he lighted his candle, murmured a quick good-night, and disappeared through a side-door which led to his own rooms.

Lionel looked round for Fairthorn, who now emerged *ab angulo*--from his nook.

"Oh, Mr Fairthorn, how you have enchanted me! I never believed the flute could have been capable of such effects!"

Mr Fairthorn's grotesque face lighted up. He took off his spectacles, as if the better to contemplate the face of his eulogist. "So you were pleased! really?" he said, chuckling a strange grim chuckle, deep in his inmost self.

"Pleased! it is a cold word! Who would not be more than pleased?"

"You should hear me in the open air."

"Let me do so--to-morrow."

"My dear young sir, with all my heart. Hush!"--gazing round as if haunted--"I like you. I wish *him* to like you. Answer all his questions as if you did not care how he turned you inside out. Never ask him a question, as if you sought to know what he did not himself confide. So there is something, you think, in a flute, after all! There are people who prefer the fiddle."

"Then they never heard your flute, Mr Fairthorn." The musician again emitted his discordant chuckle, and, nodding his head nervously and cordially, shambléd away without lighting a candle, and was engulfed in the shadows of some mysterious corner.

#### CHAPTER IV.

##### The Old World and the New.

It was long before Lionel could sleep. What with the strange house, and the strange master--what with the magic flute, and the musician's admonitory caution--what with tender and regretful reminiscences of Sophy, his brain had enough to work on. When he slept at last, his slumber was deep and heavy, and he did not wake till gently shaken by the well-bred arm of Mr Mills. "I humbly beg pardon--nine o'clock, sir, and the breakfast-bell going to ring." Lionel's toilet was soon hurried over; Mr Darrell and Fairthorn were talking together as he entered the break-

fast-room the same room as that in which they had dined.

"Good morning, Lionel," said the host. "No leave-taking to-day, as you threatened. I find you have made an appointment with Mr Fairthorn, and I shall place you under his care. You may like to look over the old house, and make yourself"--Darrell paused--"At home," jerked out Mr Fairthorn, filling up the *hiatus*. Darrell turned his eye towards the speaker, who evidently became much frightened, and, after looking in vain for a corner, sidled away to the window, and poked him-

self behind the curtain. "Mr Fairthorn, in the capacity of my secretary, has learned to find me thoughts, and put them in his own words," said Darrell, with a coldness almost icy. He then seated himself at the breakfast-table; Lionel followed his example, and Mr Fairthorn, courageously emerging, also took a chair and a roll. "You were a true gliviner, Mr Darrell," said Lionel; "it is a glorious day."

"But there will be showers later. The fish are at play on the surface of the lake," Darrell added, with a softened glance towards Fairthorn, who was looking the picture of misery. "After twelve, it will be just the weather for trout to rise; and if you fish, Mr Fairthorn will lend you a rod. He is a worthy successor of Izak Walton, and loves a companion as Izak did, but more rarely gets one."

"Are there trout in your lake, sir?"

"The lake! You must not dream of invading that sacred water. The inhabitants of rivulets and brooks not within my boundary are beyond the pale of Fawley civilisation, to be snared and slaughtered like Caffres, red men, or any other savages, for whom we bait with a missionary, and whom we impale on a bayonet. But I regard my lake as a politic community, under the protection of the law, and leave its citizens to devour each other, as Europeans, fishes and other cold-blooded creatures, wisely do, in order to check the overgrowth of population. To fatten one pike it takes a great many minnows. Naturally I support the vested rights of pike. I have been a lawyer."

It would be in vain to describe the manner in which Mr Darrell vented this, or similar remarks of mocking irony, or sarcastic spleen. It was not bitter nor sneering, but in his usual mellifluous level tone and passionless tranquillity.

The breakfast was just over as a groom passed in front of the windows with a led horse. "I am going to leave you, Lionel," said the host, "to make—friends with Mr Fairthorn, and I thus complete the sentence which he diverted astray, according to my own original intention." He passed across the hall to the open house-door, and stood by the horse

stroking its neck, and giving some directions to the groom. Lionel and Fairthorn followed to the threshold, and the beauty of the horse provoked the boy's admiration: it was a dark muzzled brown, of that fine old-fashioned breed of English roadster, which is now so seldom seen; showy, bow-necked, long-tailed, stumpling rectly hybrids, born of bad barbs, ill-mated, having mainly supplied their place. This was, indeed, a horse of great power, immense girth of loin, high shoulder, broad hoof; and such a head! the ear, the frontal, the nostril! you seldom see a human physiognomy half so intelligent, half so expressive of that high spirit and sweet generous temper, which, when united, constitute the ideal of thorough-breeding, whether in horse or man. The English rider was in harmony with the English steed. Darrell at this moment was resting his arm lightly on the animal's shoulder, and his head still uncovered. It has been said before that he was of imposing presence; the striking attribute of his person, indeed, was that of unconscious grandeur; yet, though above the ordinary height, he was not very tall—five feet eleven at the utmost—and far from being very erect. On the contrary, there was that habitual bend in his proud neck which men who meditate much and live alone almost invariably contract. But there was, to use an expression common with our older writers, that "great air" about him which filled the eye, and gave him the dignity of elevated stature, the commanding aspect that accompanies the upright carriage. His figure was inclined to be slender, though broad of shoulder and deep of chest; it was the figure of a young man, and probably little changed from what it might have been at five-and-twenty. A certain youthfulness still lingered even on the countenance—strange, for sorrow is supposed to expedite the work of age; and Darrell had known sorrow of a kind most adapted to harrow his peculiar nature, as great in its degree as ever left man's heart in ruins. No grey was visible in the dark brown hair, that, worn short behind, still retained in front the large Jove-like curl. No wrinkle, save at the corner of the eyes, marred the pale

bronze of the firm cheek; the forehead was smooth as marble, and as massive. It was that forehead which chiefly contributed to the superb expression of his whole aspect. It was high to a fault; the perceptive organs, over a dark, strongly-marked, arched eyebrow, powerfully developed, as they are with most eminent lawyers: it did not want for breadth at the temples; yet, on the whole, it bespoke more of intellectual vigour and dauntless will than of serene philosophy or all-embracing benevolence. It was the forehead of a man formed to command and awe the passions and intellect of others by the strength of passions in himself, rather concentrated than chastised, and an intellect forceful from the weight of its mass rather than the niceness of its balance. The other features harmonised with that brow; they were of the noblest order of aquiline, at once high and delicate. The lip had a rare combination of exquisite refinement and inflexible resolve. The eye, in repose, was cold, bright, unrevealing, with a certain absent, musing, self-absorbed expression, that often made the man's words appear as if spoken mechanically, and assisted towards that seeming of listless indifference to those whom he addressed, by which he wounded vanity, without, perhaps, any malice preposse. But it was an eye in which the pupil could suddenly expand, the hue change from grey to dark, and the cold still brightness flash into vivid fire. It could not have occurred to any one, even to the most commonplace woman, to have described Darrell's as a handsome face; the expression would have seemed trivial and derogatory; the words that would have occurred to all, would have been somewhat to this effect—"What a magnificent countenance! What a noble head!" Yet an experienced physiognomist might have noted that the same lineaments which bespoke a virtue bespoke also its neighbouring vice; that with so much will there went stubborn obstinacy; that with that power of grasp there would be the tenacity in adherence which narrows in astringing the intellect; that a prejudice once conceived, a passion once cherished, would resist all rational

argument for relinquishment. When men of this mould do relinquish prejudice or passion, it is by their own impulse, their own sure conviction that what they hold is worthless: then they do not yield it graciously; they fling it from them in scorn, but not a scorn that consoles. That which they thus wrench away had grown a living part of themselves; their own flesh bleeds—the wound seldom or never heals. Such men rarely fail in the achievement of what they covet, if the gods are neutral; but adamant against the world, they are vulnerable through their affections. Their love is intense, but undemonstrative; their hatred implacable, but unrevenged. Too proud to revenge, too galled to pardon.

There stood Guy Darrell, to whom the bar had destined its highest honours, to whom the senate had accorded its most rapturous cheers; and the more you gazed on him as he there stood, the more perplexed became the enigma, how with a career sought with such energy, advanced with such success, the man had abruptly subsided into a listless recluse, and the career had been voluntarily resigned for a home without neighbours, a hearth without children.

"I had no idea," said Lionel, as Darrell rode slowly away, soon lost from sight amidst the thick foliage of summer-trees—"I had no idea that my cousin was so young!"

"Oh, yes," said Mr Fairthorn; "he is only a year older than I am!"

"Older than you!" exclaimed Lionel, staring in blunt amazement at the elderly-looking personage beside him; "yet true—he told me so himself."

"And I am fifty-one last birthday."

"Mr Darrell fifty-two! Incredible!"

"I don't know why we should ever grow old, the life we lead," observed Mr Fairthorn, readjusting his spectacles. "Time stands so still! Fishing, too, is very conducive to longevity. If you will follow me, we will get the rods; and the flute—you are quite sure you would like the flute? Yes! thank you, my dear young sir. And yet there are folks who prefer the fiddle!"



"Is not the sun a little too bright for the fly at present; and will you not, in the meanwhile, show me over the house?"

"Very well; not that this house has much worth seeing. The other, indeed, would have had a music-room! But, after all, nothing like the open air for the flute. This way."

I spare thee, gentle reader, the minute inventory of Fawley Manor House. It had nothing but its antiquity to recommend it. It had a great many rooms, all, except those used as the dining-room and library, very small, and very low—innumerable closets, nooks—unexpected cavities, as if made on purpose for the venerable game of hide-and-seek. Save a stately old kitchen, the offices were sadly defective even for Mr Darrell's domestic establishment, which consisted but of two men and four maids (the stablemen not lodging in the house). Drawing-room, properly speaking, it had none. At some remote period a sort of gallery under the gable roofs (above the first floor), stretching from end to end of the house, might have served for the reception of guests on grand occasions. For fragments of mouldering tapestry still, here and there, clung to the walls; and a high chimney-piece, whereon, in plaster relief, was commemorated the fucinarable fishing-party of Antony and Cleopatra, retained patches of colour and gilding, which must, when fresh, have made the Egyptian queen still more appallingly hideous, and the fish at the end of Antony's hook still less resembling any creature known to ichthyologists.

The library had been arranged on shelves from floor to roof by Mr Darrell's father, and subsequently, for the mere purpose of holding as many volumes as possible, brought out into projecting wings (college-like) by Darrell himself, without any pretension to mediæval character. With this room communicated a small reading-closet, which the host reserved to himself; and this, by a circular stair cut into the massive wall, ascended first into Mr Darrell's sleeping-chamber, and thence into a gable recess that adjoined the gallery, and which the host had fitted up for the purpose of scientific experiments in chemistry,

or other branches of practical philosophy. These more private rooms Lionel was not permitted to enter.

Altogether the house was one of those cruel tenements which it would be a sin to pull down, or even materially to alter, but which it would be an hourly inconvenience for a modern family to inhabit. It was out of all character with Mr Darrell's former position in life, or with the fortune which Lionel vaguely supposed him to possess, and considerably underrated. Like Sir Nicholas Bacon, the man had grown too large for his habitation.

"I don't wonder," said Lionel, as, their wanderings over, he and Fairthorn found themselves in the library, "that Mr Darrell began to build a new house. But it would have been a great pity to pull down this for it."

"Pull down this! Don't hint at such an idea to Mr Darrell. He would as soon have pulled down the British monarchy! Nay, I suspect, sooner."

"But the new building must surely have swallowed up the old one!"

"Oh, no; Mr Darrell had a plan by which he would have enclosed this separately in a kind of court with an open screen-work or cloister; and it was his intention to appropriate it entirely to mediæval antiquities, of which he has a wonderful collection. He had a notion of illustrating every earlier reign in which his ancestors flourished: different apartments in correspondence with different dates. It would have been a chronicle of national manners."

"But, if it be not an impertinent question, where is this collection? In London?"

"Hush! hush! I will give you a peep of some of the treasures, only don't betray me."

Fairthorn here, with singular rapidity, considering that he never moved in a straightforward direction, undulated into the open air in front of the house, described a rhomboid towards a side-buttress in the new building, near to which was a postern-door; unlocked that door from a key in his pocket, and, motioning Lionel to follow him, entered within the ribs of the stony skeleton. Lionel followed in a sort of supernatural awe,

and beheld, with more substantial alarm, Mr Fairthorn winding up an inclined plank which he embraced with both arms, and by which he ultimately ascended to a timber joist in what should have been an upper floor, only flooring there was none. Perched there, Fairthorn glared down on Lionel through his spectacles. "Dangerous," he said, whisperingly; "but one gets used to everything! If *you* feel afraid, don't venture!"

Lionel, animated by that doubt of his courage, sprang up the plank, balancing himself, schoolboy fashion, with outstretched arms, and gained the side of his guide.

"Don't touch me," exclaimed Mr Fairthorn, shrinking, "or we shall both be over. Now, observe and imitate." Dropping himself then carefully and gradually, till he dropped on the timber joist as if it were a velocipede, his long legs dangling down, he, with thigh and hand, impelled himself onward till he gained the ridge of a wall, on which he delivered his person, and wiped his spectacles.

Lionel was not long before he stood in the same place. "Here we are!" said Fairthorn.

"I don't see the collection," answered Lionel, first peering down athwart the joists, upon the rugged ground overspread with stones and rubbish, then glancing up, through similar interstices above, to the gaunt rafters.

"Here are some—most precious," answered Fairthorn, tapping behind him. "Walled up, except where these boards, cased in iron, are nailed across, with a little door just big enough to creep through; but that is locked—Chubb's lock, and Mr Darrell keeps the key!--treasures for a palace! No, you can't peep

through here—no a chink; but come on a little further,—mind your footing."

Skirting the wall, and still on the perilous ridge, Fairthorn crept on, formed an angle, and, stopping short, clapped his eye to the crevice of some planks nailed rudely across a yawning aperture. Lionel found another crevice for himself, and saw, piled up in admired disorder, pictures, with their backs turned to a desolate wall, rare cabinets, and articles of curious furniture, chests, boxes, crates—heaped pellmell. This receptacle had been roughly floored in deal, in order to support its miscellaneous contents, and was lighted from a large window (not visible in front of the house), glazed in dull rough glass, with ventilators.

"These are the heavy things, and least costly things, that no one could well rob. The pictures here are merely curious as early specimens, intended for the old house, all spoiling and rotting; Mr Darrell wishes them to do so, I believe! What he wishes must be done! my dear young sir—a prodigious mind—it is of granite."

"I cannot understand it," said Lionel, aghast. "The last man I should have thought capriciously whimsical."

"Whimsical! Bless my soul! don't say such a word—don't, pray! or the roof will fall down upon us! Come away. You have seen all you can see. You must go first now—mind that loose stone there!"

Nothing further was said till they were out of the building; and Lionel felt like a knight of old who had been led into sepulchral halls by a wizard.

#### CHAPTER V.

The annals of empire are briefly chronicled in family records brought down to the present day, showing that the race of men is indeed "like leaves on trees, now green in youth, now withering on the ground." Yet to the branch the most bare will green leaves return, so long as the sap can remount to the branch from the root; but the branch which has ceased to take life from the root—hang it high, hang it low—is a prey to the wind and the woodman.

It was mid-day. The boy and his new friend were standing apart, as becomes silent anglers, on the banks of a narrow brawling rivulet, running

through green pastures, half a mile from the house. The sky was overcast, as Darrell had predicted, but the rain did not yet fall. The two anglers

were not long before they had filled a basket with small trout.

Then Lionel, who was by no means fond of fishing, laid his rod on the bank, and strolled across the long grass to his companion.

"It will rain soon," said he. "Let me take advantage of the present time, and hear the flute, while we can yet enjoy the open air. No, not by the margin, or you will be always looking after the trout. On the rising-ground, see that old thorn-tree—let us go and sit under it. The new building looks well from it. What a pile it would have been! I may not ask you, I suppose, why it is left uncompleted. Perhaps it would have cost too much, or would have been disproportionate to the estate."

"To the present estate it would have been disproportioned, but not to the estate Mr Darrell intended to add to it. As to cost, you don't know him. He would never have undertaken what he could not afford to complete; and what he once undertook, no thoughts of the cost would have scared him from finishing. Prodigious mind—granite! And so rich!" added Fairthorn, with an air of great pride. "I ought to know; I write all his letters on money matters. How much do you think he has, without counting land?"

"I cannot guess."

"Nearly half a million; in two years it will be more than half a million. And he had not three hundred a-year when he began life; for Fawley was sadly mortgaged."

"Is it possible! Could any lawyer make half a million at the bar?"

"If any man could, he would, if he set his mind on it. But it was not all made at the bar, though a great part of it was. An East Indian old bachelor of the same name, but who had never been heard of hereabouts till he wrote from Calcutta to Mr Darrell (inquiring if they were any relations—and Mr Darrell referred him to the College-at-Arms, which proved that they came from the same stock ages ago)—left him all his money. Mr Darrell was not dependent on his profession when he stood up in Parliament. And since we have been here, such savings! Not

that Mr Darrell is avaricious, but how can he spend money in this place? You should have seen the servants we kept in Carlton Gardens. Such a cook too—a French gentleman—looked like a marquis. Those were happy days, and proud ones! It is true that I order the dinner here, but it can't be the same thing. Do you like fillet of veal? we have one to-day."

"We used to have a fillet of veal at school on Sundays. I thought it good then."

"It makes a nice mince," said Mr Fairthorn, with a sensual movement of his lips. "One must think of dinner when one lives in the country—so little else to think of! Not that Mr Darrell does, but then he is—granite!"

"Still," said Lionel, smiling, "I do not get my answer. Why was the house uncompleted? and why did Mr Darrell retire from public life?"

"He took both into his head; and when a thing once gets there, it is no use asking why. But," added Fairthorn, and his innocent ugly face changed into an expression of earnest sadness—"but no doubt he had his reasons. He has reasons for all he does, only they lie far away from what appears on the surface—far as that rivulet lies from its source! My dear young sir, Mr Darrell has known griefs on which it does not become you and me to talk. He never talks of them. The least I can do for my benefactor is not to pry into his secrets, nor babble them out. And he is so kind—so good—never gets into a passion; but it is so awful to wound him—it gives him such pain; that's why he frightens me—frightens me horribly; and so he will you when you come to know him. Prodigious mind!—granite!—overgrown with sensitive plants. Yes, a little music will do us both good."

Mr Fairthorn screwed his flute—an exceedingly handsome one. He pointed out its beauties to Lionel—a present from Mr Darrell last Christmas—and then he began. Strange thing, Art! especially music. Out of an art, a man may be so trivial you would mistake him for an imbecile—at best a grown infant. Put him into his art, and how high he

soars above you! How quietly he enters into a heaven of which he has become a denizen, and, unlocking the gates with his golden key, admits you to follow, an humble, reverent visitor.

In his art Fairthorn was certainly a master, and the air he now played was exquisitely soft and plaintive; it accorded with the clouded yet quiet sky, with the lone but summer landscape, with Lionel's melancholic but not afflicted train of thought. The boy could only murmur, "Beautiful!" when the musician ceased.

"It is an old air," said Fairthorn; "I don't think it is known. I found its scale scrawled down in a copy of the *Ekron Basilike*, with the name of *Johannes Darrell, Eq. Aurat*, written under it. That, by the date, was Sir John Darrell, the cavalier who fought for Charles I., father of the graceless Sir Ralph, who flourished under Charles II. Both their portraits are in the dining-room.

"Tell me something of the family; I know so little about it—not even how the Haughtons and Darrells seem to have been so long connected. I see by the portraits that the Haughton name was borne by former Darrells, then apparently dropped, now it is borne again by my cousin."

"He bears it only as a Christian name. Your grandfather was his sponsor. But he is nevertheless the head of your family."

"So he says. How?"

Fairthorn gathered himself up, his knees to his chin, and began in the tone of a guide who has got his lesson by heart, though it was not long before he warmed into his subject.

"The Darrells are supposed to have got their name from a knight in the reign of Edward III., who held the lists in a joust victoriously against comers, and was called, or called himself, John the Dare-all; or, in old spelling, the Der-all! They were amongst the most powerful families in the country; their alliances were with the highest houses—Montfichets, Nevilles, Mowbrays; they descend through such marriages from the blood of Plantagenet kings. You'll find their names in Chronicles in the early French wars. Unluckily, they attached themselves to the fortunes of Earl

Warwick, the King-maker, to whose blood they were allied; their representative was killed in the fatal field of Barnet; their estates were of course confiscated; the sole son and heir of that ill-fated politician passed into the Low Countries, where he served as a soldier. His son and grandson followed the same calling under foreign banners. But they must have kept up the love of the old land, for in the latter part of the reign of Henry VIII., the last uncle Darrell returned to England with some broad gold pieces, saved by himself or his exiled fathers, bought some land in this county in which the ancestral possessions had once been large, and built the present house, of a size suited to the altered fortunes of a race that had, in a former age, manned castles with retainers. The baptismal name of the soldier who thus partially refounded the old line in England was that now borne by your cousin, Guy—a name always favoured by Fortune in the family annals; for in Elizabeth's time, from the rank of small gentry, to which their fortune alone lifted them since their return to their native land, the Darrells rose once more into wealth and eminence under a handsome young Sir Guy—we have his picture in black flowered velvet—who married the heiress of the Haughtons, a family that had grown rich under the Tudors, and in high favour with the Maiden-Queen. This Sir Guy was befriended by Essex, and knighted by Elizabeth herself. Their old house was then abandoned for the larger mansion of the Haughtons, which had also the advantage of being nearer to the Court. The renewed prosperity of the Darrells was of short duration. The Civil Wars came on, and Sir John Darrell took the losing side. He escaped to France with his only son. He is said to have been an accomplished melancholy man; and my belief is, that he composed that air which you justly admire for its mournful sweetness. He turned Roman Catholic, and died in a convent. But the soft, Ralph, was brought up in France with Charles II. and other gay roisterers. On the return of the Stuart, Ralph ran off with the daughter of the Roundhead to whom his estates had been given, and, after

getting them back, left his wife in the country, and made love to other men's wives in town. Shocking profligate! no fruit could thrive upon such a branch. He squandered all he could squander, and would have left his children beggars, but that he was providentially slain in a tavern brawl for boasting of a lady's favours to her husband's face. The husband suddenly stabbed him—no fair duello—for Sir Ralph was invincible with the small sword. Still the family fortune was much dilapidated, yet still the Darrells lived in the fine house of the Haughtons, and left Fawley to the owls. But Sir Ralph's son, in his old age, married a second time, a young lady of high rank, an earl's daughter. He must have been very much in love with her, despite his age, for to win her consent or her father's, he agreed to settle all the Haughton estates on her and the children she might bear to him. The smaller Darrell property had already been entailed on his son by his first marriage. This is how the family came to split. Old Darrell had children by his second wife; the eldest of those children took the Haughton name, and inherited the Haughton property. The son by the first marriage had nothing but Fawley, and the scanty domain round it. You descend from the second marriage, Mr Darrell from the first. You understand now, my dear young sir?"

"Yes, a little; but I should very much like to know where those fine Haughton estates are now?"

"Where they are now? I can't say. They were once in Middlesex. Probably much of the land, as it was sold piecemeal, fell into small allotments, constantly changing hands. But the last relics of the property were, I know, bought on speculation by Cox the distiller; for, when we were in London, by Mr Darrell's desire I went to look after them, and inquire if they could be repurchased. And I found that so rapid in a few years has been the prosperity of this great commercial country, that if one did buy them back, one would buy twelve villas, several streets, two squares, and a paragon! But as that symptom of national advancement, though a proud thought in itself, may

not have any pleasing interest for you, I return to the Darrells. From the time in which the Haughton estate had parted from them, they settled back in their old house of Fawley. But they could never again hold up their heads with the noblemen and great squires in the county. As much as they could do to live at all upon the little patrimony; still the reminiscence of what they had been, made them maintain it jealously, and entail it rigidly. The eldest son would never have thought of any profession or business; the younger sons generally became soldiers, and being always a venturesome race, and having nothing particular to make them value their existence, were no less generally killed off betimes. The family became thoroughly obscure, slipped out of place in the county, seldom rose to be even justices of the peace, never contrived to marry heiresses again, but only the daughters of some neighbouring parson or squire as poor as themselves, but always of gentle blood. Oh, they were as proud as Spaniards in that respect. So from father to son, each generation grew obscurer and poorer; for, entail the estate as they might, still some settlements on it were necessary, and no settlements were ever brought into it; and thus entails were cut off to admit some new mortgage, till the rent-roll was somewhat less than £300 a-year when Mr Darrell's father came into possession. Yet somehow or other he got to college, where no Darrell had been since the time of the Glorious Revolution, and was a learned man and an antiquary—A GREAT ANTIQUARY! You may have read his works. I know there is one copy of them in the British Museum, and there is another here, but that copy Mr Darrell keeps under lock and key."

"I am ashamed to say I don't even know the titles of those works."

"There were 'Popular Ballads on the Wars of the Roses'; 'Darrelliana,' consisting of traditional and other memorials of the Darrell family; 'Inquiry into the Origin of Legends connected with Dragons'; 'Hours amongst Monumental Brasses,' and other ingenious lucubrations above the taste of the vulgar; some of them were even read at the Royal

Society of Antiquaries. They cost much to print and publish. But I have heard my father, who was his bailiff, say that he was a pleasant man, and was fond of reciting old scraps of poetry, which he did with great energy; indeed, Mr Darrell declares that it was the noticing, in his father's animated and felicitous elocution, the effects that voice, look, and delivery can give to words, which made Mr Darrell himself the fine speaker he is. But I can only recollect the Antiquary as a very majestic gentleman, with a long pigtail—awful, rather, not so much so as his son, but still awful—and so sad-looking; you would not have recovered your spirits for a week if you had seen him, especially when the old house wanted repairs, and he was thinking how he could pay for them!"

"Was Mr Darrell, the present one, an only child?"

"Yes, and much with his father, whom he loved most dearly, and to this day he sighs if he has to mention his father's name! He has old Mr Darrell's portrait over the chimney-piece in his own reading-room; and he had it in his own library in Carlton Gardens. Our Mr Darrell's mother was very pretty, even as I remember her: she died when he was about ten years old. And she too was a relation of yours—a Haughton by blood; but perhaps you will be ashamed of her, when I say she was a governess in a rich mercantile family. She had been left an orphan. I believe old Mr Darrell (not that he was old then) married her because the Haughtons could or would do nothing for her, and because she was much snubbed and put upon, as I am told governesses usually are—married her because, poor as he was, he was still the head of both families, and bound to do what he could for decayed scions! The first governess a Darrell ever married, but no true Darrell would have called *that* a *marriage*, since she was still a Haughton, and '*Fors non mutat genus*'—Chance does not change race."

"But how comes it that the Haughtons—my grandfather Haughton, I suppose, would do nothing for his own kinswoman?"

"It was not your grandfather Ro-

bert Haughton, who was a generous man—he was then a mere youngster, hiding himself for debt—but your great-grandfather, who was a hard man, and on the turf. He never had money to give—only money for betting. He left the Haughton estates sadly dipped. But when Robert succeeded, he came forward, was godfather to our Mr Darrell, insisted on sharing the expense of sending him to Eton, where he became greatly distinguished; thence to Oxford, where he increased his reputation; and would probably have done more for him, only Mr Darrell, once his foot on the ladder, wanted no help to climb to the top."

"Then my grandfather, Robert, still had the Haughton estates? Their last relics had not been yet transmuted by Mr Cox into squares and a paragon?"

"No, the grand old mansion, though much dilapidated, with its park, though stripped of saleable timber, was still left, with a rental from farms that still appertained to the residence, which would have sufficed a prudent man for the luxuries of life, and allowed a reserve fund to clear off the mortgages gradually. Abstinence and self-denial for one or two generations would have made a property, daily rising in value as the metropolis advanced to its outskirts, a princely estate for a third. But Robert Haughton, though not on the turf, had a grand way of living; and while Guy Darrell went into the law to make a small patrimony a large fortune, your father, my dear young sir, was put into the Guards to reduce a large patrimony—into Mr Cox's distillery."

Lionel coloured, but remained silent.

Faithorn, who was as unconscious, in his zest of narrator, that he was giving pain as an entomologist in his zest for collecting, when he pins a live moth into his cabinet, resumed: "Your father and Guy Darrell were warm friends as boys and youths. Guy was the elder of the two, and Charlie Haughton (I beg your pardon, he was always called Charlie) looked up to him as to an elder brother. Many's the scrape Guy got him out of; and many a pound, I believe,

when Guy had some funds of his own, did Guy lend to Charlie."

"I am very sorry to hear that," said Lionel, sharply.

Fairthorn looked frightened. "I'm afraid I have made a blunder. Don't tell Mr Darrell."

"Certainly not; I promise. But how came my father to need this aid, and how came they at last to quarrel?"

"Your father Charlie became a gay young man about town, and very much the fashion. He was like you in person, only his forehead was lower, and his eye not so steady. Mr Darrell studied the law in Chambers. When Robert Haughton died, what with his debts, what with his father's, and what with Charlie's post-obits and I O U's, there seemed small chance indeed of saving the estate to the Haughtons. But then Mr Darrell looked close into matters, and with such skill did he settle them that he removed the fear of foreclosure; and what with increasing the rental here and there, and replacing old mortgages by new at less interest, he contrived to extract from the property an income of nine hundred pounds a-year to Charlie (three times the income Darrell had inherited himself), where before it had seemed that the debts were more than the assets. Foreseeing how much the land would rise in value, he then earnestly implored Charlie (who unluckily had the estate in fee-simple, as Mr Darrell has this, to sell if he pleased), to live on his income, and in a few years a part of the property might be sold for building purposes, on terms that would save all the rest, with the old house in which Darrells and Haughtons both had once reared generations. Charlie promised, I know, and I've no doubt, my dear young sir, quite sincerely—but all men are not granite! He took to gambling, incurred debts of honour, sold the farms one by one, resorted to usurers, and one night, after playing six hours at piquet, nothing was left for him but to sell all that remained to Mr Cox the distiller, unknown to Mr Darrell, who was then married himself, working hard, and living quite out of news of the fashionable world. Then

Charlie Haughton sold out of the Guards, spent what he got for his commission, went into the Line; and finally, in a country town, in which I don't think he was quartered, but having gone there on some sporting speculation, was unwillingly detained—married—"

"My mother!" said Lionel, haughtily; "and the best of women she is. What then?"

"Nothing, my dear young sir,—nothing, except that Mr Darrell never forgave it. He has his prejudices; this marriage shocked one of them."

"Prejudice against my poor mother! I always supposed so! I wonder why? The most simple-hearted, inoffensive, affectionate woman."

"I have not a doubt of it; but it is beginning to rain. Let us go home. I should like some luncheon; it breaks the day."

"Tell me first why Mr Darrell has a prejudice against my mother. I don't think that he has even seen her. Unaccountable caprice. Shocked him, too—what a word! Tell me—I beg—I insist."

"But you know," said Fairthorn, half piteously, half snappishly, "that Mrs Haughton was the daughter of a linendraper, and her father's money got Charlie out of the county jail; and Mr Darrell said, 'Sold even your name!' My father heard him say it in the hall at Fawley. Mr Darrell was there during a long vacation, and your father came to see him. Your father fired up, and they never saw each other, I believe, again."

Lionel remained still as if thunder-stricken. Something in his mother's language and manner had at times made him suspect that she was not so well born, as his father. But it was not the discovery that she was a tradesman's daughter that galled him; it was the thought that his father was bought for the altar out of the county jail! It was those cutting words, "Sold even your name." His face, before very crimson, became livid; his head sunk on his breast. He walked towards the old gloomy house by Fairthorn's side, as one who, for the first time in life, feels on his heart the leaden weight of an hereditary shame.

## CHAPTER VI.

Showing how sinful it is in a man who does not care for his honour to beget children.

When Lionel saw Mr Fairthorn devoting his intellectual being to the contents of a cold chicken-pie, he silently stepped out of the room, and slunk away into a thick copse at the farthest end of the paddock. He longed to be alone. The rain descended, not heavily, but in penetrating drizzle: he did not feel it, or rather he felt glad that there was no gaudy mocking sunlight. He sat down forlorn in the Lollows of a glen which the copse covered, and buried his face in his clasped hands.

Lionel Haughton, as the reader may have noticed, was no premature man—a manly boy, but still a habitant of the twilight, dreamy shadow-land of boyhood. Noble elements were stirring fitfully within him, but their agencies were crude and undeveloped. Sometimes, through the native acuteness of his intellect, he apprehended truths quickly and truly as a man—then, again, through the warm haze of undisciplined tenderness, or the raw mists of that sensitive pride in which objects, small in themselves, loom large with undetected outlines, he fell back into the passionate dimness of a child's reasoning. He was intensely ambitious; Quixotic in the point of honour; dauntless in peril, but morbidly trembling at the very shadow of disgrace, as a foal, destined to be the war-horse, and trample down levelled steel, starts in its tranquil pastures at the rustling of a leaf. Glowingly romantic, but not inclined to vent romance in literary creations, his feelings were the more high-wrought and enthusiastic because they had no outlet in poetic channels. Most boys of great ability and strong passion write verses—it is nature's relief to brain and heart at the critical turning-age. Most boys thus gifted do so; a few do not, and out of those few Fate selects the great men of action—those large luminous characters that stamp poetry on the world's prosaic surface. Lionel had in him the pith and substance of Fortune's grand nobodies,

who become Fame's abrupt somebodies when the chances of life throw suddenly in their way a noble something, to be ardently coveted and boldly won. But I repeat, as yet he was a boy—so he sat there, his hands before his face, an unreasoning self-torturer. He knew now why this haughty Darrell had written with so little tenderness and respect to his beloved mother. Darrell looked on her as the cause of his ignoble kinsman's "sale of name;" nay, most probably ascribed to her not the fond girlish love which levels all disparities of rank, but the vulgar cold-blooded design to exchange her father's bank-notes for a marriage beyond her station. And he was the debtor to this supercilious creditor, as his father had been before him! His father!—till then he had been so proud of that relationship. Mrs Haughton had not been happy with her captain; his confirmed habits of wild dissipation had embittered her union, and at last worn away her wifely affections. But she had tended and nursed him, in his last illness, as the lover of her youth; and though occasionally she hinted at his faults, she ever spoke of him as the ornament of all society—poor, it is true, harassed by unfeeling creditors, but the finest of fine gentlemen. Lionel had never heard from her of the ancestral estates sold for a gambling debt; never from her of the county jail nor the mercenary *marriage-alliance*. In boyhood, before we have any cause to be proud of ourselves, we are so proud of our fathers, if we have a decent excuse for it. Of his father could Lionel Haughton be proud now? And Darrell was cognisant of his paternal disgrace—had taunted his father in yonder old hall—for what?—the marriage from which Lionel sprang! The hands grew tighter and tighter before that burning face. He did not weep, as he had done in Vance's presence at a thought much less galling. Not that tears would have misbecome



him. Shallow judges of human nature are they who think that tears in themselves ever misbecome boy or even man. Well did the sternest of Roman writers place the arch distinction of humanity, aloft from all meaner of heaven's creatures, in the prerogative of tears! Sooner mayest thou trust thy purse to a professional pickpocket than give loyal friendship to the man who boasts of eyes to

which the heart never mounts in dew! Only, when man weeps he should be alone—not because tears are weak, but because they should be sacred. Tears are akin to prayers. Pharisees parade prayer; impostors parade tears. O Pegasus, Pegasus—softly, softly—thou hast hurried me off amidst the clouds: drop me gently down—there, by the side of the motionless boy in the shadowy glen.

## CHAPTER VII.

Lionel Haughton, having hitherto much improved his chance of fortune, decides the question, "What will he do with it!"

"I have been seeking you everywhere," said a well-known voice; and a hand rested lightly on Lionel's shoulder. The boy looked up, startled, but yet heavily, and saw Guy Darrell, the last man on earth he could have desired to see. "Will you come in for a few minutes? you are wanted."

"What for? I would rather stay here. Who can want me?"

Darrell, struck by the words, and the sullen tone in which they were uttered, surveyed Lionel's face for an instant, and replied in a voice involuntarily more kind than usual—

"Some one very commonplace, but since the Picts went out of fashion very necessary to mortals the most sublime. I ought to apologise for his coming. You threatened to leave me yesterday because of a defect in your wardrobe. Mr Fairthorn wrote to my tailor to hasten hither and repair it. He is here. I commend him to your custom! Don't despise him because he makes for a man of my remote generation. Tailors are keen observers, and do not grow out of date so quickly as politicians."

The words were said with a playful good-humour very uncommon to Mr Darrell. The intention was obviously kind and kinsmanlike. Lionel sprang to his feet; his lip curled, his eye flashed, and his crest rose.

"No, sir; I will not stoop to this! I will not be clothed by your charity—yours! I will not submit to an implied taunt upon my poor mother's ignorance of the manners of a rank

to which she was not born! You said we might not like each other, and if so, we should part for ever. I do not like you, and I will go!" He turned abruptly, and walked to the house—magnanimous. If Mr Darrell had not been the most singular of men, he might well have been offended. As it was, though none less accessible to surprise, he was surprised. But offended? Judge for yourself. "I declare," muttered Guy Darrell, gazing on the boy's receding figure,—"*I declare that I almost feel as if I could once again be capable of an emotion! I hope I am not going to like that boy!* The old Darrell blood in his veins, surely. I might have spoken as he did at his age, but I must have had some better reason for it. What did I say to justify such an explosion! *Quid feci?—ubi lapsus?* Gone, no doubt, to pack up his knapsack, and take the Road to Ruin! Shall I let him go? Better for me, if I am really in danger of liking him; and so be at his mercy to sting—what? my heart! I defy him; it is dead. No; he shall not go thus. I am the head of our joint houses. Houses! I wish he had a house, poor boy! And his grandfather loved me. Let him go! I will beg his pardon first; and he may dine in his drawers if that will settle the matter!"

Thus, no less magnanimous than Lionel, did this misanthropical man follow his ungracious cousin. "Ha!" cried Darrell, suddenly, as, approaching the threshold, he saw Mr Fairthorn at the dining-room window

occupied in nibbling a pen upon an ivory thumb-stall—"I have hit it! That abominable Fairthorn has been shedding its prickles! How could I trust flesh and blood to such a bramble? I'll know what it was, this instant!" Vain menace! No sooner did Mr Fairthorn catch glimpse of Darrell's countenance within ten

yards of the porch, than, his conscience taking alarm, he rushed incontinent from the window—the apartment—and ere Darrell could fling open the door, was lost in some lair—"nullis penetrabis astris"—in that sponge-like and cavernous abode, wherewith benignant Providence had suited the locality to the creature.

## CHAPTER VIII.

New imbroglio in that ever-recurring, never-to-be-settled question,  
"What will he do with it?"

With a disappointed glare, and a baffled shrug of the shoulder, Mr Darrell turned from the dining-room, and passed up the stairs to Lionel's chamber, opened the door quickly, and, extending his hand, said, in that tone which had disarmed the wrath of ambitious factions, and even (if fume lie not) once seduced from the hostile Treasury-bench a placeman's vote, "I must have hurt your feelings, and I come to beg your pardon!"

But before this time Lionel's proud heart, in which ungrateful anger could not long find room, had smitten him for so ill a return to well-meant and not indelicate kindness. And, his wounded egotism appeased by its very outburst, he had called to mind Fairthorn's allusions to Darrell's secret griefs—griefs that must have been indeed stormy so to have revulsed the currents of a life. And, despite those griefs, the great man had spoken playfully to him—playfully in order to make light of obligations. So when Guy Darrell now extended that hand, and stooped to that apology, Lionel was fairly overcome. Tears, before refused, now found irresistible way. The hand he could not take, but, yielding to his yearn-

ing impulse, he threw his arms fairly round his host's neck, leant his young cheek upon that granite breast, and sobbed out incoherent words of passionate repentance—honest, veneration affection. Darrell's face changed, looking for a moment wondrous soft—and then, as by an effort of supreme self-control, it became severely placid. He did not return that embrace, but certainly he in no way repelled it; nor did he trust himself to speak till the boy had exhausted the force of his first feelings, and had turned to dry his tears.

Then he said, with a soothing sweetness: "Lionel Haughton, you have the heart of a gentleman that can never listen to a frank apology for unintentional wrong, but what it springs forth to take the blame to itself, and return apology tenfold. Enough! A mistake, no doubt, on both sides. More time must elapse before either can truly say that he does not like the other. Meanwhile," added Darrell, with almost a laugh—and that concluding query showed that even on trifles the man was bent upon either forcing or stealing his own will upon others,—“meanwhile, must I send away the tailor?”

I need not repeat Lionel's answer.

## CHAPTER IX.

Darrell: mystery in his past life. What has he done with it?

Some days passed—each day varying little from the other. 'Twas the habit of Darrell, if he went late to rest, to rise early. He never allowed himself more than five hours' sleep.

A man greater than Guy Darrell—Sir Walter Raleigh—carved from the solid day no larger a slice for Morpheus. And it was this habit, perhaps, yet more than temperance in

diet, which preserved to Darrell his remarkable youthfulness of aspect and frame, so that at fifty-two he looked, and really was, younger than many a strong man of thirty-five. For, certain it is, that on entering middle life, he who would keep his brain clear, his step elastic, his muscles from fleshiness, his nerves from tremor—in a word, retain his youth in spite of the register—should beware of long slumbers. Nothing ages like laziness. The hours before breakfast Darrell devoted first to exercise, whatever the weather—next to his calm scientific pursuits. At ten o'clock punctually he rode out alone, and seldom returned till late in the afternoon. Then he would stroll forth with Lionel into devious woodlands, or lounge with him along the margin of the lake, or he down on the tedded grass, call the boy's attention to the insect populace which sports out its happy life in the summer months, and treat of the ways and habits of each varying species, with a quaint learning, half humorous, half grave. He was a minute observer and an accomplished naturalist. His range of knowledge was, indeed, amazingly large for a man who has had to pass his best years in a dry and absorbing study: necessarily not so profound in each section as that of a special professor, but if the science was often on the surface, the thoughts he deduced from what he knew were as often original and deep. A maxim of his, which he dropped out one day to Lionel in his careless manner, but pointed diction, may perhaps illustrate his own practice and its results: "Never think it enough to have solved the problem started by another mind, till you have deduced from it a corollary of your own."

After dinner, which was not over till past eight o'clock, they always adjourned to the library, Fairthorn vanishing into a recess, Darrell and Lionel each with his several book, then at air on the flute, and each to his own room before eleven. No life could be more methodical; yet to Lionel it had an animating charm, for his interest in his host daily increased, and varied his thoughts with perpetual occupation.

Darrell, on the contrary, while more kind and cordial, more cautiously on his guard not to wound his young guest's susceptibilities than he had been before the quarrel and its reconciliation, did not seem to feel for Lionel the active interest which Lionel felt for him. He did not, as most clever men are apt to do, in their intercourse with youth, attempt to draw him out, plumb his intellect, or guide his tastes. If he was at times instructive, it was because talk fell on subjects on which it pleased himself to touch, and in which he could not speak without involuntarily instructing. Nor did he ever allure the boy to talk of his school-days, of his friends, of his predilections, his hopes, his future. In short, had you observed them together, you would have never supposed they were connections—that one could and ought to influence and direct the career of the other. You would have said the host certainly liked the guest, as any man would like a promising, warm-hearted, high-spirited, graceful boy, under his own roof for a short time, but who felt that that boy was nothing to him—would soon pass from his eye—form friends, pursuits, aims—with which he could be in no way commingled, for which he should be wholly irresponsible. There was also this peculiarity in Darrell's conversation; if he never spoke of his guest's past and future, neither did he ever do more than advert in the most general terms to his own. Of that grand stage, on which he had been so brilliant an actor, he imparted no reminiscences; of those great men, the leaders of his age, with whom he had mingled familiarly, he told no anecdotes. Equally silent was he as to the earlier steps in his career, the modes by which he had studied, the accidents of which he had seized advantage—silent there as upon the causes he had gained, or the debates he had adorned. Never could you have supposed that this man, still in the prime of public life, had been the theme of journals, and the boast of party. Neither did he ever, as men who talk easily at their own hearths are prone to do, speak of projects in the future, even though the projects

be no vaster than the planting of a tree or the alteration of a parterre—projects with which rural life so copiously and so innocently teems. The past seemed as if it had left to him no memory, the future as if it stored for him no desire. But did the past leave no memory? Why then at intervals would the book slide from his eye, the head sink upon the breast, and a shade of unutterable dejection darken over the grand beauty of that strong stern countenance? Still that dejection was not morbidly fed and encouraged, for he would fling it from him with a quick impatient gesture of the head, resume the book resolutely, or change it for another which induced fresh trains of thought, or look over Lionel's shoulder, and make some subtle comment on his choice, or call on Fairthorn for the flute; and in a few minutes the face was severely serene again. And be it here said, that it is only in the poetry of young gentlemen, or the prose of lady novelists, that a man in good health, and of sound intellect, wears the livery of unvarying gloom. However great his causes of sorrow, he does not for ever parade its ostentatious mourning, nor follow the hearse of his hopes with the long face of an undertaker. He will still have his gleams of cheerfulness—his moments of good-humour. The old smile will sometimes light the eye, and awake the old playfulness of the lip. But what a great and critical sorrow does leave behind is often far worse than the sorrow itself has been. It is a change in the inner man, which strands him, as Guy Darrell seemed stranded, upon the shoal of the Present; which the more he strive manfully to bear his burthen, warns him the more from dwelling on the Past;

and the more impressively it enforces the lesson of the vanity of human wishes, strikes the more from his reckoning illusive hopes in the Future. Thus out of our threefold existence two parts are annihilated—the what has been—the what shall be. We fold our arms, stand upon the petty and steep cragstone, which alone looms out of the Measureless Sea, and say to ourselves, looking neither backward nor beyond, “Let us bear what is;” and so for the moment the eye can lighten and the lip can smile.

Lionel could no longer glean from Mr Fairthorn any stray hints upon the family records. That gentleman had evidently been reprimanded for indiscretion, or warned against its repetition, and he became as reserved and man as if he had just emerged from the cave of Trophonius. Indeed he shunned trusting himself again alone to Lionel, and, affecting a long arrear of correspondence on behalf of his employer, left the lad during the forenoons to solitary angling, or social intercourse with the swans and the tame doe. But from some mystic concealment within doors would often float far into the open air the melodies of that magic flute; and the boy would glide back, along the dark-red mournful walls of the old house, or the futile pomp of pilastered arcades in the uncompleted new one, to listen to the sound: listening, *he*, blissful boy, forgot the present; *he* seized the unchallenged royalty of his years. For him no rebels in the past conspired with poison to the wine-cup, murder to the sleep. No deserts in the future, arresting the march of ambition, said—“Here are sands for a pilgrim, not fields for a conqueror.”

#### CHAPTER X.

In which chapter the History quietly moves on to the next.

Thus nearly a week had gone, and Lionel began to feel perplexed as to the duration of his visit. Should he be the first to suggest departure? Mr Darrell rescued him from that embarrassment. On the seventh day,

Lionel met him in a lane near the house, returning from his habitual ride. The boy walked home by the side of the horseman, patting the steed, admiring its shape, and praising the beauty of another saddle-

horse, smaller and slighter, which he had seen in the paddock exercised by a groom. "Do you ever ride that chesnut? I think it even handsomer than this."

"Half our preferences are due to the vanity they flatter. Few can ride this horse,—any one, perhaps, that."

"There speaks the Dare-all!" said Lionel laughing.

The host did not look displeased.

"Where no difficulty, there no pleasure," said he in his curt laconic diction. "I was in Spain two years ago. I had not an English horse there, so I bought that Andalusian jennet. What has served him at need, no *preux chevalier* would leave to the chance of ill-usage. So the jennet came with me to England. You have not been much accustomed to ride, I suppose?"

"Not much; but my dear mother thought I ought to learn. She pinched for a whole year to have me taught at a riding-school during one school vacation."

"Your mother's relations are, I believe, well off. Do they suffer her to pinch?"

"I do not know that she has relations living; she never speaks of them."

"Indeed!" This was the first question on home matters that Darrell had ever directly addressed to Lionel. He there dropped the subject, and said, after a short pause, "I was not aware that you are a horseman, or I would have asked you to accompany me; will you do so to-morrow, and mount the jennet?"

"Oh, thank you; I should like it so much."

Darrell turned abruptly away from

the bright grateful eyes. "I am only sorry," he added, looking aside, "that our excursions can be but few. On Friday next I shall submit to you a proposition; if you accept it, we shall part on Saturday—liking each other, I hope; speaking for myself, the experiment has not failed; and on yours?"

"On mine!—oh, Mr Darrell, if I dared but tell you what recollections of yourself the experiment will bequeath to me!"

"Do not tell me, if they imply a compliment," answered Darrell with the low silvery laugh which so melodiously expressed indifference, and repelled affection. He entered the stable-yard, dismounted; and on returning to Lionel, the sound of the flute stole forth, as if from the eaves of the gabled roof. "Could the pipe of Horace's Faunus be sweeter than that flute?" said Darrell—

"*Uteunque dacti, Tjgidae, fistula,  
Falls,* &c.

What a lovely ode that is! What knowledge of town life! what susceptibility to the rural! Of all the Latins, Horace is the only one with whom I could wish to have spent a week. But no! I could not have dissembled the brief span of human life with locks steeped in Malobathran balm, and wreathed with that silly myrtle. Horace and I would have quarrelled over the first heady bowl of Massic. We never can quarrel now! Blessed subject and poet-laureate of Queen Proserpine, and, I dare swear, the most gentlemanlike poet she ever received at court, henceforth his task is to uncoil the asps from the brows of Alecto, and arrest the ambitious Orion from the chase after visionary lions."

#### CHAPTER XI.

Showing that if a good face is a letter of recommendation, a good heart is a letter of credit.

The next day they rode forth, host and guest, and that ride proved an eventful crisis in the fortune of Lionel Haughton. Hitherto I have elaborately dwelt on the fact that, whatever the regard Darrell might feel for him, it was a regard apart from that interest which accepts a

responsibility, and links to itself a fate. And even if, at moments, the powerful and wealthy man had felt that interest, he had thrust it from him. That he meant to be generous was indeed certain, and this he had typically shown in a very trite matter-of-fact way. The tailor, whose visit

had led to such perturbation, had received instructions beyond the mere supply of the raiment for which he had been summoned; and a large patent portmanteau, containing all that might constitute the liberal outfit of a young man in the rank of a gentleman, had arrived at Fawley, and amazed and moved Lionel, whom Darrell had by this time thoroughly reconciled to the acceptance of benefits. The gift denoted this, "In recognising you as kinsman, I shall henceforth provide for you as gentleman." Darrell indeed meditated applying for an appointment in one of the public offices, the settlement of a liberal allowance, and a parting shake of the hand, which should imply, "I have now behaved as becomes me; the rest belongs to you. We may never meet again. There is no reason why this good-by may not be for ever."

But in the course of that ride, Darrell's intentions changed. Wherefore? You will never guess! Nothing so remote as the distance between cause and effect, and the cause for the effect here was—poor little Sophy.

The day was fresh, with a lovely breeze, as the two riders rode briskly over the turf of rolling common-lands, with the feathery boughs of neighbouring woodlands tossed joyously to and fro by the sportive summer wind. The exhilarating exercise and air roused Lionel's spirits, and released his tongue from all trammels; and when a boy is in high spirits, ten to one but he grows a frank egotist, feels the teeming life of his individuality, and talks about himself. Quite unconsciously Lionel rattled out gay anecdotes of his school days; his quarrel with a demoniacal usher; how he ran away; what befell him; how the doctor went after, and brought him back; how splendidly the doctor behaved—neither flogged nor expelled him, but after patient listening, while he rebuked the pupil, dismissed the usher, to the joy of the whole academy; how he fought the head boy in the school for calling the doctor a sneak; how, licked twice, he yet fought that head boy a third time, and licked him; how, when head boy himself, he had roused the whole school into a civil war, dividing the boys into Cavaliers and

Roundheads; how clay was rolled out into cannon-balls and pistol-shot, sticks shaped into swords; the playground disturbed to construct fortifications; how a slovenly stout boy enacted Cromwell; how he himself was elevated into Prince Rupert; and how, reversing all history, and infamously degrading Cromwell, Rupert would not consent to be beaten; and Cromwell at the last, disabled by an untoward blow across the knuckles, ignominiously yielded himself prisoner, was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced to be shot! To all this rubbish did Darrell incline his patient ear—not encouraging, not interrupting, but sometimes stifling a sigh at the sound of Lionel's merry laugh, or the sight of his fair face, with heightened glow on its cheeks, and his long silky hair, worthy the name of love-locks, blown by the wind from the open loyal features, which might well have graced the portrait of some youthful Cavalier. On bounded the Spanish jennet, on rattled the boy rider. He had left school now, in his headlong talk; he was describing his first friendship with Frank Vance, as a lodger at his mother's; how example fired him, and he took to sketch-work and painting; how kindly Vance gave him lessons; how at one time he wished to be a painter; how much the mere idea of such a thing vexed his mother, and how little she was moved when he told her that Titian was of a very ancient family, and that Francis L., archetype of gentlemen, visited Leonardo da Vinci's sick-bed; and that Henry VIII. had said to a pert lord who had snubbed Holbein, "I can make a lord any day, but I cannot make a Holbein;" how Mrs Haughton still confounded all painters in the general image of the painter and plumber who had cheated her so shamefully in the renewed window-sashes and redecorated walls, which Time and the four children of an Irish family had made necessary to the letting of the first floor. And these playful allusions to the maternal ideas were still not irreverent, but contrived so as rather to prepossess Darrell in Mrs Haughton's favour, by bringing out traits of a simple natural mother, too proud, perhaps, of her only son, not caring what she did,

how she worked, so that he might not lose caste as a born Haughton. Darrell understood, and nodded his head approvingly. "Certainly," he said, speaking almost for the first time, "fame confers a rank above that of gentlemen and of kings; and as soon as she issues her patent of nobility, it matters not a straw whether the recipient be the son of a Bourbon or of a tallow-chandler. But if Fame withhold her patent—if a well-born man paint aldermen, and be not famous (and I dare say you would have been neither a Titian nor a Holbein), why, he might as well be a painter and plumber, and has a better chance, even of bread and cheese, by standing to his post as gentleman. Mrs Haughton was right, and I respect her."

"Quite right. If I lived to the age of Methuselah, I could not paint a head like Frank Vance."

"And even he is not famous yet. Never heard of him."

"He will be famous—I am sure of it; and if you lived in London, you would hear of him even now. Oh, sir! such a portrait as he painted the other day! But I must tell you all about it." And thencewith Lionel plunged at once, *medias res*, into the brief broken epic of little Sophy, and the eccentric infirm Belisarius for whose sake she first toiled and then begged; with what artless eloquence he brought out the colours of the whole story—now its humour, now its pathos; with what beautifying sympathy he adorned the image of the little vagrant girl, with her mien of gentlewoman and her simplicity of child; the river-excursion to Hampton Court; her still delight; how annoyed he felt when Vance seemed ashamed of her before those fine people; the orchard scene in which he had read Darrell's letter, that, for the time, drove her from the foremost place in his thoughts; the return home, the parting, her wistful look back, the visit to the Cobbler's next

day—even her farewell gift, the nursery poem, with the lines written on the fly-leaf, he had them by heart! Darrell, the grand advocate, felt he could not have produced on a jury, with those elements, the effect which that boy-narrator produced on his granite self.

"And, oh sir!" cried Lionel, checking his horse, and even arresting Darrell's with bold right hand—"oh," said he, as he brought his moist and pleading eyes in full battery upon the shaken fort to which he had mined his way—"oh, sir! you are so wise, and rich, and kind, do rescue that poor child from the penury and hardships of such a life! If you could but have seen and heard her! She could never have been born to it! You look away—I offend you. I have no right to tax your benevolence for others; but, instead of showering favours upon me, so little would suffice for her, if she were but above positive want, with that old man (she would not be happy without him), safe in such a cottage as you give to your own peasants! I am a man, or shall be one soon; I can wrestle with the world, and force my way somehow; but that delicate child, a village show, or a beggar on the high-road!—no mother, no brother, no one but that broken-down cripple, leaning upon her arm as his crutch. I cannot bear to think of it. I am sure I shall meet her again somewhere; and when I do, may I not write to you, and will you not come to her help? Do speak—do say 'Yes,' Mr Darrell."

The rich man's breast heaved slightly; he closed his eyes, but for a moment. There was a short and sharp struggle with his better self, and the better self conquered.

"Let go my reins—see, my horse puts down his ears—he may do you a mischief. Now canter on—you shall be satisfied. Give me a moment to—to unbutton my coat—it is too tight for me."

## CHAPTER XII.

Guy Darrell gives way to an impulse, and quickly decides what he will do with it.

"Lionel Haughton," said Guy Darrell, regaining his young cousin's side, and speaking in a firm and measured voice, "I have to thank you for one very happy minute; the sight of a heart so fresh in the limpid purity of goodness, is a luxury you cannot comprehend till you have come to my age; journeyed, like me, from Dan to Beersheba, and found all barren. Heed me: if you had been half-a-dozen years older, and this child for whom you plead had been a fair young woman, perhaps just as innocent, just as charming—more in peril—my benevolence would have lain as dormant as a stone. A young man's foolish sentiment for a pretty girl. As your true friend, I should have shrugged my shoulders and said, 'Beware!' Had I been your father, I should have taken alarm, and frowned. I should have seen the sickly romance, which ends in dupes or deceivers. But at your age, you hearty, genial, and open-hearted boy—you caught but by the chivalrous compassion for helpless female childhood—oh that you were my son—oh that my dear father's blood were in those knightly veins! I had a son once! God took him;" the strong man's lips quivered—he hurried on. "I felt there was manhood in you, when you wrote to sling my churlish favours in my teeth—when you would have left my roof-tree in a burst of passion which might be foolish, but was nobler than the wisdom of calculating submission—manhood, but only perhaps man's pride as man—man's heart not less cold than winter. To-day you have shown me something

far better than pride;—that nature which constitutes the heroic temperament is completed by two attributes—unflinching purpose, disinterested humanity. I know not yet if you have the first; you reveal to me the second. Yes! I accept the duties you propose to me; I will do more than leave to you the chance of discovering this poor child. I will direct my solicitor to take the right steps to do so. I will see that she is safe from the ills you fear for her. Lionel; more still, I am impatient till I write to Mrs Haughton. I did her wrong. Remember, I have never seen her. I resented in her the cause of my quarrel with your father, who was once dear to me. Enough of that. I disliked the tone of her letters to me. I disliked it in the mother of a boy who had Darrell blood; other reasons too—let them pass. But in providing for your education, I certainly thought her relations provided for her support. She never asked me for help there; and, judging of her hastily, I thought she would not have scrupled to do so if my help there had not been forestalled. You have made me understand her better; and at all events, three-fourths of what we are in boyhood most of us owe to our mothers! You are frank, fearless, affectionate—a gentleman. I respect the mother who has such a son."

Certainly praise was rare upon Darrell's lips, but when he did praise, he knew how to do it! And no man will ever command others who has not by nature that gift. It cannot be learned. Art and experience can only refine its expression.



## MANCHESTER EXHIBITION OF ART-TREASURES.

## THE ENGLISH SCHOOL. AND ITS TENDENCIES.

THE inherent connection between national life and national art is in an Exhibition like the present specially apparent. The life of a nation in its earlier simplicity, or in its later complexity and luxury, in the earnest endeavour of its healthful rise, or in the intoxicated levity of its fall, are all impressed in corresponding characters upon the national art. Compare the early-cloistered Italian works in the first saloon, with the Venetian luxury and colour in the second; or the pictures by Van Eyck and Mabuse, careful and conscientious, with the florid extravagance of Rubens, and then think of the wide diversity in national life which must have led to such bold contrasts in national art. We take it, that a grand international gallery like the present will be comparatively useless, unless it be made the basis of conclusions as wide as the collection is itself extensive. While disconnected works lay scattered in distant churches, palaces, or private galleries, criticism could with difficulty assume a consecutive completeness, or throw into its treatment of discovered parts the system inherent to a united whole. It seems, however, in these days the special use and province of museums, whether of Natural History or of Art, necessarily group together into the complete form of a system materials which isolately lay scattered in individual works. Criticism of separate not of individual artists had hitherto waited for this Manchester Exhibition; but a criticism which shall divorce nationalities in their wide shallows or close analogies—which give to each art its comparative position in the world's history, show the relation between a people's life and a people's pictorial fancies, is now, for the first time, rendered practicable. In our previous article we dwelt more especially on the characteristics of the ancient masters; in our present, coming to modern times, we shall treat of the merits, position, and tendencies of our English national

school. We shall endeavour to show how far it is representative of our national life; how far, as with the art of the middle ages, our own school now answers to the requirements of the times; and how far, failing of highest aims, it leaves existing wants and aspirations still unsatisfied.

In art, as in politics, the great difficulty is how to combine with a wise conservatism the possibility of progress; how to acknowledge, yea, even to adopt all, for example, that is eternally true and beautiful in the pictures of Claude or of Poussin, and yet at the same time not to barter away our pictorial independence, or pervert these works, which should instruct and guide our liberty, into fetters for our bondage. It was the rare merit of Reynolds to strike this happy medium between the obedience due to the past and the independence due to himself and his country. The pictures of Reynolds in this Exhibition, such as "Mrs Anderson, Pelham" (155), "Nelly O'Brien" (19), and "The Strawberry Girl" (18), happily combine with an independent treatment of nature the pictorial knowledge which the onward history and development of art had established, thus giving to his works at once historic maturity and national vitality.

In landscape art, likewise, the examples in the first saloon sufficiently show that our English school, now so original, was, in its outset, content to be taught by the wisdom of the past. The noble works of Wilson, his "Niobe" (32), and "The View on the Arno" (39), owe their nobility and their beauty to Poussin and Claude. In like manner Louthembourg, in his "Landscape with Cattle" (94), wisely submitted to the tuition of Berghem; and Nasmyth, it will be seen from various examples, adopted the style of Hobbema. That this humble attitude, this state of pupilage, was, in the infancy of English landscape art, needful and salutary, we think is manifest, not only in the nature of things, but by the results which this

Exhibition serves to establish. What English landscape might have been without this tuition is seen by Hogarth's "View of Rosamond's Pond in St James's Park" (19). What it has been and now is under such guidance and inspiration is manifest by Turner's "Vintage at Maçon" (229), and Danby's "Vale of Tempe" (359). We deem it no derogation to any man that, for a period at least in his development, he should see in nature what was first discovered by Claude and Poussin. A writer might well submit to be taught by Shakespeare or Milton, yet fear no servitude. Claude and Poussin were painters, and it is fit that poetry such as theirs should live in our memories, and acuate our art; they saw what was unchangeably true in nature-- the delicacy of aerial distance and the grandeur of composition-- as true now and for us as it was then true for them; and it is thus fit and right that their works should be taken as guides to the same excellencies. It is well, not less in art than in other matters, that man should so use history, and the experience and acquisition of bygone ages, as to extend the sphere of his vision, and free him from the prejudice of a fleeting fashion, and the narrow dogmas and practice of a particular clique.

It is worthy of remark that the landscape artists who in their onset commenced with a marked and unaided individuality, whose honour it has been that their works are supremely and exclusively English, soon reached the limits of a circumscribed career. Take, for example, the landscapes of Gainsborough—his "Cottage Door" (161)—how thoroughly English!—the figures expressive of simple, rural, domestic happiness; even the cows and the pigs domestic, and content: the landscape too has the feeling of home; not brilliant, it is true, in the sky, or sunny in the climate, or ambitious in the gently-undulating distance, or ideal or dignified in the composition, and yet, as we have said, how thoroughly English!—how it appeals to our national sympathies, because it contains within it so much of ourselves, of our life and country home, recalling through memory and association

hours of boyhood's rambles in the woods, bird-nesting in the hedges, and fishing in the streams. Yet this landscape-art, though charming, is proportionately circumscribed. It is, indeed, remarkable how little these pictures contain of detailed knowledge—how loose and sloppy they are in handling—how uniformly monotonous in the tree touch. They constitute, in fact, an art which, having no *historic antecedents*, has, it would seem by a necessary consequence, no *historic sequence*, circumscribed in the period of its duration, as it was limited in the sphere of its excellence. Take Constable, again, as an example verifying the same conclusions. His "Salisbury Cathedral" (213), and the "Landscape with the White Horse" (277), are, indeed, the direct antipodes to the works of Claude and Poussin. The accident of nature is here rendered just as it is found; there is no attempt at picture-making, no love of the ideal, but a rude landscape and a rainy sky are truthfully given with vigorous hand. Now this art, like that of Gainsborough, having taken no deep root in the past, flourished for a season, and then, without reaching to any wide universality, without attaining to the expression of any high or recondite truth, died out with the man who had given it birth. Is it, indeed, a strange thing that an art born in a corner, unheralded by the prophesy of history, claiming no nobility or antiquity of ancestry, should be wanting in universality and exaltation?

Turner, on the contrary, was universal in the end, because he consented to be limited in the beginning; he attained in his maturity to a universal freedom, because in the onset he submitted to the bondage of tuition. Thus his "Vintage at Maçon" (229) is a noble example of what a great man may do even in his pupilage, when he consents to be taught by the greatest masters who have gone before him. It is now, we regret to say, too much the fashion to disparage works which derive their excellencies from the manner of Claude and Poussin. We would, therefore, specially direct the student to mark that this Exhibition of the

English school does not afford greater examples of landscape-art than Wilson's "Niobe," his "View on the Arno;" Turner's "Vintage at Maçon;" and Danby's "Vale of Tempe,"—all directly, be it observed, deriving their origin in Italian art. In the empire of art we do not object to reform, or to renovation; but we detest and deery violent revolution as both dangerous and unsound. An Exhibition like the present ought specially to teach us that, in art like nature, the laws of growth are gradual and progressive; that from time to time new life may be given, new creations added, but yet that the new is the development of the old—an addition which augments, not a revulsion which destroys. Thus the early Florentines led up to Raphael; the school of Venice was crowned by Titian; from this southern art, again, arose in the north Rubens and Vandyck; and the school of Spain took its parentage in Italy. On leaving the old masters, and entering on the Gallery of English Art, we are startled by the abrupt transition, by the want of historic sequence; and it is scarcely strange, because indeed most natural, that just in those points where the connection with the past is the closest, our success has been the greatest. It is in portrait-art and in landscape-painting that we are connected with antecedent greatness, and have thus become great ourselves. We must say that it argues ill for our national school, that in this great historic and chronological series we cannot show a more direct descent from Italy, and that, instead of finding a parentage in Raphael, we are compelled to look out for an ancestry among the Dutch.

It is not our intention to uphold the doctrine of art-finality; we do not pretend that any man, however historically great, should obtrude impassable barriers to our progress; we only wish to point out that a collection like the present does specially establish the chronological and historic laws of art-development, and that what is greatest and truest and soundest in the present, must, as it were, by the inherent laws of human progression, or at least of human mutation, take past greatness for its

origin. But while maintaining this as the critical canon which conduces to the safest as well as to the highest results, we cannot but admit that, when a nation has boldly, like our own, struck out a new career, the effort has at once the vigour of originality, and the promise of ultimate success. There is a cringing servitude to the past which implies national prostration, and precludes vitality and advancement. Thus the modern and living Germans have sold themselves to the ancient and dead Italians, and the result is an art learned, historic, and, perchance, grand; yet whether it be alive or dead is withal uncertain. An individual, whatever be his calling, should not lose his individuality; neither should a nation willingly barter away its nationality. A hybrid art of intermingled nationalities, wanting the vital vigour of healthful birth, is, by the condition of its first origin, emasculated, and threatened with extinction. Thus the French school of David was wedded to the art of modern Italy, and the resultant bastard offspring are the present Italian works, enfeebled and degenerate. While, then, we could have wished that out of the glories of historic art there might have arisen for us a school at once national and international; derived from universal humanity, yet not less belonging to us Englishmen; reaching back into all time, yet not less vital with the time and life now existent,—we, nevertheless, cannot but rejoice that, failing this highest result, our art has at least shown itself vigorous, honest, and free. We could have wished that the first efforts of our English school towards high art had been attended with greater success. But when we look at such failures as those of Fuseli (102), of Barry (158), and of Northcote (122),—when we see how vain were their efforts to reach the heroic style, we are ready to doubt not only whether a manner so ambitious was suited to the genius of these men, but still further, to question whether the grand style be consonant with the English character. A school of art such as theirs might indeed become domiciled in our nation without

growing into or out from our nationality. We content ourselves, then, with an indigenous growth, if healthful though humble, rather than a sickled exotic, though it reach the heavens. England, politically free, boasts of an art not less independent; but while we rejoice that she has, in art, as in politics, thrown off foreign dictation, and become subject to no servitude, we could have wished, as before stated, that in rebelling against tyranny she could have submitted to teaching.

In this independent and indigenous origin of our English school we recognise a close relation with the national characteristics of our people. In the naturalistic tendencies of our art we not less trace the corresponding direction of the nation's studies and sympathies. Nature has become with us an idolatry; natural science and natural history a passion; the knowledge of nature in a thousand ways ministers to our wealth; and in art, in like manner, its study becomes subservient to our pleasure. Now, if asked in what consists the health and the hope of our English school, we should assuredly say, in its close relation to nature, and to actual life. In landscape-art, for example, the minute and accurate transcript of nature has been carried to the last degree even of excess. It were now indeed almost possible to use a landscape painting as a diagram to illustrate a geological conformation, and a foreground in a picture might have been a scientific study from a Botanic Garden. It must be admitted that the Italian masters never attained to a like accuracy; their object was rather to portray nature in her general aspects than in her minute detail; their knowledge was in those days sufficient for the imagination, but not enough to satisfy the present prying curiosity of the senses. The accuracy of science, however, at length came, and required of art a corresponding truth; and now, finally, the detail of the photograph demands that the artist's eye shall be the lens of a camera, and his hand an untiring and unerring mechanism. All this, we have said, is healthful and hopeful,—and so it is, so far, at least, as it is not absolutely

absurd. That these hopes have indeed been already realised, we think the present Exhibition, though not strong in landscape-art, sufficiently proves. We shall hereafter take occasion to speak more at large of Turner's works; for the present, it is sufficient to point out that the careful study and minute knowledge of nature which characterise our English school, were in him the sure foundation of his greatness, the basis on which he reared his subsequent ideal and imaginative structure. The other masters of our English landscape-art are examples of the same naturalistic tendency. Constable was truthful and literal even to the last. Muller, in such pictures as the "Baggage-Waggon" (302), and the "Welsh Landscape" (309), and in his series of water-colour sketches, was equally truthful and vigorous, and, in the treatment even of foreign subjects, thoroughly English. Mr Creswick, likewise, in his "Rocky Lake" (321), and "Over the Sands" (518), is another example of that detail and literal truth which can be attained only by continuous and laborious sketching. As a further and an exquisite example of this successful naturalism, we would refer to "A Morning in Autumn" (556), by Mr Linnell, jun., in which detail is still duly subordinate to general pictorial effect. But at length we have reached a point in our national art career in which nature is made the pretence for the monstrous and the unnatural in art, and thus that which once was healthful is now perverted to disease, and what was hopeful in its origin has, in the end, become hopeless. We will not now stop further to characterise the school which has taken to itself the name *pre-Raphaelite*. A mistaken love of nature has become with these men a monomania; and beginning with the attempt to render all which was visible, they have at length, by a strange anomaly, actually succeeded in painting what is invisible. Mr Hunt, for example, in "The Hiveling Shopper" (424), not content with counting the blades of grass in the field, the leaves on the tree, has painted, with utmost pains and detail, the eye, the beak, and the plumage of a swallow swiftly upon the wing!

We have confessed that the hope and the promise of our English school lies greatly in its strong hold on nature; we only regret that its love for nature is too material and literal; that the artist does not take more of the poet's license, and create out of the actual a fairer ideal. Art may possibly have become, in its decline in Italy, and in its rise in England, too artificial, too servilely bound down to academic dogmas; but the reaction in the opposite direction is now excessive; and in the anarchy which at present reigns, all received principles are in danger of being overturned. It is, however, to be hoped that the present stage of growth is merely transitional; that we are now, though blindly, yet industriously collecting facts and data, which, when the time for mere copyism has ended, and the advanced stage of creation has at length arrived, may be wrought into a national art commensurate with our national knowledge. Let it be borne in mind that art can compete with photography only by pushing to their utmost limits the essentially art qualities; by making the picture more and more a poem, throwing into it more of thought, intent, and feeling, making discordant lines harmonious, composing nature so as to satisfy the mind's desires, and better to attain nature's high intent thus fashioning, as Milton did, a Vallombrosa into a paradise, and banishing from the Eden of an ideal art the plague and the pestilence, which entered through sin.

Now we thankfully acknowledge that the art of this country has not been without the witness of this high endeavour. It is true that criticism now tends to crush all that is creative; academic law and order are imperilled, and a worse tyranny threatened; yet we trust an Exhibition like the present may serve to show that in art there are, and have been, higher walks than the truthful transcript of commonplace. We cannot but think, whatever may have been asserted to the contrary, that the authority of Turner is in direct support of this ideal, creative, and imaginative art, and we regret, on this account, that the Manchester

Exhibition contains no example of the class to which the grand picture of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" in Marlborough House belongs. To this imaginative school he gave not only the sanction of his practice, but the attesting approval of a last bequest, when he left by will his "Building of Carthage," to be placed between the pictures of Claude, as the test of his genius, and the witness to his fame. In our English school, Turner, Martin, and Danby are the three apostles of this imaginative art. Of Turner and his works we shall speak more hereafter. Of the landscapes by Martin we have his "Clytic" (289), with his usual infinity of space, an imagination run wild, and glorying in excess, yet suggestive of—indeed, almost revealing—thoughts which reach beyond earth's confines. Mr Danby's "Vale of Tempe" (559) is one among the few grand landscapes in the Exhibition; yet, like Martin's "Clytic," its beauties are unseen in its present position. It is a picture appealing to the feelings rather than to the outward eye—a composition of tone and tender harmonies, the sky without a cloud melting into eternity, the distant sea reaching into infinity, the tranquil river flowing through the midst, an emblem of the life of song and dance, which fill the sunny day. Mr Linton's "Greek City" (518), and his "Return of a Greek Armament" (524), belong, by pretension, to the same class; they have merit, but are, however, rather the compilations of pictorial commonplace than the impulsive soarings of an imagination which cannot rest till out of the materials of the actual world it has created a new heaven and a new earth.

Art of this poetic aim is not only high, but rare, and within the reach of few, and perhaps by a necessary consequence few only can appreciate it. We do not say that such art should be, or can be, universal, because we well know that in its very nature it is exceptional; all that we have asserted is, that whenever it may appear, men should straightway acknowledge it as supreme. We do not say to English artists indiscriminately, Attempt this

walk; on the contrary, we rather say, Examine into the quality of your individual genius, and follow its bent wherever it may lead. It is not needful that you should soar into the heavens if you were intended to walk humbly on the earth; but one thing is at least required of you, that you should be to your own selves truthful and sincere. Manifest are the ways of nature, multifarious the offices of art; and to paint with truth and sincerity the lichen on the wall, the pebble on the beach, is something nobler than, with false ambition, to ape the highest, and consequently to fall into the lowest. We can almost forgive all that has been said against the ideal, because nothing can be more fatal to a school of art than that each man should imitate or measure himself against Raphael or Michael Angelo, Claude or Poussin. We once more, then, repeat, that notwithstanding the exception we have taken, it must be admitted that our English school is full of hope and promise, not only because it seeks to be true to outward nature, but because, in an Exhibition like the present, we scarcely find a man untruthful to himself. If he be not a Raphael, he is the first to acknowledge it, and, instead of painting prophets, does his best at a peasant. If not a Claude, he leaves for others "Carthage" and "the Bay of Baia," rightly content if he can make a truthful picture of a simple cottage. Let each man, according to his work, receive his reward.

The career and works of Turner are complex phenomena, capable of different explanation, according to the theories a writer may wish to substantiate. We cannot, however, but think that the doctrines we have enunciated will tend to the solution of that mystery in which his genius is involved. There is surely nothing mysterious or strange in the fact that a great man coming into the world had yet everything to learn, and that he naturally and necessarily sought instruction from those masters who were best qualified to teach. We see from such examples as the "Vintage of Maçon" (229), and from the early drawings in the Water-

Colour Gallery, that in his onset he adopted the style then in vogue. He thus, as we have already urged, made for himself in the past, a wide and secure basis for his future progress, by taking his stand among the historic names who had given to art a history, a chronology, and a progress. It was, therefore, not his weakness, but the source of his strength, that he commenced where Claude and Poussin had left off. The fact is, nature requires treatment before it can be converted into art; a glance, indeed, at the landscape backgrounds of the earliest pictures in the Italian and German Gallery of this Exhibition, sufficiently shows how great was the difficulty in transmuting the landscape of nature into the technicality of a picture. Thus, however original be the genius of an artist, he cannot afford to renounce the accumulated knowledge, and the established canons, which the predecessors in the history of his art have matured and established for his guidance. Turner accordingly submitted to be a pupil before he assumed to be a master. He saw nature through the eye of the great Italians; he painted the sea in the manner of the Dutch; he submitted for a season to this seeming servitude, in order that his vision in the end might be clear and far-reaching; and thus at length he won a right to freedom, and, through submission to the past, worked out his future originality.

The successive stages of his complex growth cannot be traced so completely at Manchester as in Marlborough House. Yet we are inclined to the belief that his onward rise, and his subsequent downward fall, have in them more of simplicity than has been generally imagined, and that the division of his manner into several successive periods is an ingenious overstraining, scarcely borne out by the facts. There were of necessity in Turner, as more or less in the history of all great artists, three powers contending for mastery—the authority of the past, the authority of nature, and the power of his own genius. The authority of the past, intermingled with the teaching of nature, was, as we have shown,

rightly paramount in his earlier works, and we are far from thinking a wise man would desire that even his very latest should contain no traces of what is great and true in Art's history. Then came works in which the second power was more specially dominant, the authority of nature in its simple unbiassed truth. Of this phase in his art we have the "Abingdon," and the "Windsor," in Marlborough House, and the "Small Sea-Piece" (248), and the "Coast Scene" (264), in the Manchester Exhibition. In these pictures we find that tendency to naturalism, in the best sense of the word, which we have already pointed out, as the special hope and promise of our English school. We see in works of this character how closely he watched nature, with what delicacy and assiduity he laboured to verify her subtlest truths and beauties, laying in for himself a store of hard facts and expressive phenomena, which were subsequently to serve for his more ideal creations. Of this simple truthful naturalistic manner, take the small "Coast Scene" (264) as an example. Mark the minute study and accuracy in the wave-curves, the momentary poise of the boat on the wave's summit, the lucid reflection given to the water, which swells over the sand in liquid transparency; mark, too, the aerial and the linear perspective of the long wave which stretches far into the distance. This picture is, at the same time, wholly free from the taint of subsequent extravagance; its colour is not vivid, but neutral; not venturing on a greater variety of tint than existing knowledge could reduce into harmony. In accordance, then, with our previous division, we should, firstly, say that this work still retained somewhat of the manner which history had proscribed; that, secondly, it contained very much of direct nature, derived, not through tradition, but immediately from close study; and that, lastly, it incorporated somewhat of the artist's individual self, without the intense egotism of his later hallucinations.

In the career of Turner we would, however, regard "tradition," "nature," and "genius," rather as three

originating powers, more or less operative throughout all his works, than as marking three successive chronological epochs. We imagine, indeed, that a minute examination will show that no positive demarcation of periods exists; that one manner overlaps and merges into another; that, for example, the very simplest nature enters into his earliest water-colour drawings (397 and 303), with no other traditional influence than the immature practice of an infant-school. Still, as we have said, we believe that the recognition of these three elements, "tradition," "nature," and "genius," as three fundamental powers, ever present in varying degrees, may tend to the better comprehension and classification of his complex works. His picture of "Walton Bridge on the Thames" (266), may be taken as an example of the manner in which the three elements frequently intermingle. In this work tradition had all but died out; the knowledge and the love of nature were still supreme; yet at the same time we find that both tradition and nature are modified by the power of his genius, which here plays with the colour and sports with the composition. Thus a subject utterly commonplace, and signally intractable, is, by the skilful introduction of cattle, boats, and horses, and through the tact of artistic treatment, reduced into a pleasing picture. In this work, likewise, we see positive colour broken down, made throughout transitional and relative, the water in its fluent liquid transparency suffused with reflections, and partaking of the surrounding local tints. Thus colour, as we have said, is sported with, nature is subjected to art-treatment, and this work may therefore be studied with advantage, as marking the transition from nature's supremacy to that closing phase in which genius, amounting ultimately to pictorial frenzy, tyrannises over nature, and reverses the teachings of history. We have said that the English school is for the most part so literally naturalistic, that it seldom passes into the ulterior stage of ideal creation. This shortcoming, however, cannot be laid to the charge of Turner. He seems indeed, as we have

seen, to have been at once an imitator of other masters, and a diligent student of nature, in order that, in the end, he might, with the freedom and mastery of perfect knowledge, revel in the phantom glories of a burning imagination. Works of this third manner are not to be admired because they are transcripts of nature, which indeed they are not; but because they are the fiery effusions of a heated fancy, the outpourings of a genius which, having at first discovered beauties and truths in nature, at length found in itself a fervid poetry. Perhaps minds which pass through these stages of successive growth are capable of their highest works just at that point where fact and imagination meet half-way; where facts are not violated but coloured, and imagination, still holding on to nature, has a stand-point more substantial than the subsequent baseless fabric of a vision. Of this intermediate manner of mingled fact and fiction the present Exhibition contains some not unimportant examples. The "*Pas de Calais*" (259) is perhaps the best. Some facts of ocean have never indeed been seized with greater truth. The glassy mirror-like surface of the heaving waves, speeding onward, and carrying along the resistless boat, which, having lost all other way, heaves powerless. In this work is likewise found the subtle relation of each part to all, and all to each—sky, water, vessels, figures, all seen under a dream-like halo. To these special aspects of nature this picture is most true. Yet as we have said, such works are to be prized rather as a glowing fiction than a literal fact. It has often been our lot to traverse the ocean in sunshine, shade, and shower, yet never did it appear to us in guise like this. Of the same manner the Water-Colour Gallery contains further examples. Take, for instance, the drawing of "*Lancoston*" (340), in which nature is subjected to the utmost art-treatment; the sky is full of atmosphere; over the landscape is sunshine; in the putting together of the entire picture there is all possible skill; the colour is delicate in gradations; and positive notes are thrown in only where point and emphasis are needed. Such

works, of which the Water-Colour Gallery contains a few examples, are, as we have said, the meeting of nature and art, of fact and fiction, half-way, and consequently partake of the fascination of the Arabian Nights, or of the poetic trance of a Midsummer Night's Dream. The mind, whether in painting or poetry, only demands of such works that they shall be well done, and then the imagination, willingly led captive, cares not, in the intoxication of high delight, to inquire whether the colours be too glowing or the fancy too exuberant.

How far away from literal nature a poet or an artist may lead his readers or spectators, depends mainly on the potency of his creative spell. Perhaps there is indeed no greater evidence of the genius of Turner than the distance to which he can allure the mind from the region of cold dry facts, without violating the sense of pictorial propriety. Of this last victory the Manchester Exhibition contains no example comparable to the "*Pilgrimage of Childe Harold*" in Marlborough House. In this pictorial romance the beauties of Italy are seen, as through the visions of a dream; the power of a concentrating composition brings together the distant mountains, the languishing sky, the villages nestling among the hills, the broken arch, and the exuberant fertility of a southern clime, all lustrous and golden in the fervid colour of a burning sun. That this is literally like to nature even in Italy, it were absurd to pretend. But it is like to what imagination pictures—like to the romance which poetry has written—like to the remembered scenes of past delight, when the cold of the wind or the heat of the sun—when the importunity of the mendicant or the weariness of fatigue are forgotten, and memory enhances, while it records, all that ministered to pleasure. It is an utter mistake to put such works to the test of literal truth; they prove, on the contrary, the position for which we have contended, that imagination is the artist's highest gift, and that, consequently, a picture of composition, a work of romance, takes a nobler mental position than a mere detailed chronicle of facts or events.



It might lead to interesting æsthetic conclusions, were we to analyse by what means Turner, in the more visionary drawings of this Water-Colour Gallery, succeeded in maintaining his spell over the imagination. It were interesting to inquire how far it was needful that the mind should be at once caught up from the earth, as in a trance; how far it was necessary, by a dream-like halo of unreality, to blind the clearer vision; how far a stern, startling truth might suddenly awaken to a convicting sense of delusion; or how far, on the contrary, a skilful intermingling of literal fact with fancied fiction was absolutely essential to satisfy that pictorial conscience which imperatively demands truth. It would probably be discovered that the success of these works depends on the due balance of these apparently incompatible elements. It will indeed be found that the license of romance is fully balanced by the wondrous amount and value of literal truth, so that it becomes difficult to determine whether these drawings are to be prized most for their accuracy to nature or for their consummate skill as works of art.

In the Water-Colour Gallery are collected many of Turner's drawings for book illustration, and we need scarcely say that, to the artist especially, they are studies of pictorial effect and management. We were more particularly struck with "Milan Cathedral" (366), "Marathon" (376), and "On the Rhine" (317). In the "Milan Cathedral," note the skilful management of the long procession, upon which the light, shade, and colour are so dexterously thrown, that great distance is given, and the whole length of pavement, from foreground to the cathedral door, kept down in perfect level. Indeed, we need scarcely say that the entire series of these vignette drawings is remarkable for the skilful putting together of the subject, and for that pictorial management by which the strong telling points are brought out, and the weak merged or counteracted. We need not say how exquisite they are in colour; yet they belong to that period when literal nature had given place to romance; they are indeed studies in chromatics;

and being harmonious and grammatic in colour, it was left to the engraver to translate the transitional delicacies of tint into the equivalent of light and shade. It will be found that in detail they are minute, yet the detail is merged into one general effect. This strongly marked general effect, for the sake of which all that is injudicial is surrendered, makes these works, considering the subtlety of their composition, not only eminently telling, but in some sense easily understood. Hence the erroneous conclusion that they were equally easily executed. But however rapid might have been the actual execution, never could it be asserted of any other painter with greater truth, that to throw off these works readily in an hour had required the hard labour of a life. Accordingly, on close examination, it will be found that, in the execution, there is no daring dash of hand, no broad blotting in of subject; even the sky is stippled, and every square inch has its separate light, shade, and resolution of colour. Never was so much knowledge crowded into so small a space, so much complexity and intricacy reduced into simplicity; so much positively stated, and yet so much vaguely suggested; so much for the eye to discover, and at the same time so much for the imagination to conjecture.

Such works, as we have said, are at the same time both nature and art, fact and fiction, each meeting the other half-way; and, consequently, they are sometimes admired simply as works of art, sometimes exclusively as works of nature. It has been our object to show that they are equally admirable as both, that they are signal examples of that highest class of art in which a great man throws into nature a portion of his own greatness, constituting a picture, as Coleridge said, an intermediate something between a thought and a thing. There came, however, it is well known, and now we trust universally admitted, a time in the history of Turner's mind, when, to adopt the idea of Coleridge, the idiosyncrasy of the artist's "thought" grew morbid and excessive. Of this closing and melancholy period, "The Exile and the Rock Limpet," and "The Angel standing

in the Sun," among the Marlborough House Collection, are sufficiently signal examples.

Of the numerous pictures and drawings now in Manchester, it is, perhaps, well that but few manifest the extravagance of this latest mannerism. The drawing of "Llanberis Lake" (334), in the Water-Colour Gallery, tends, for the first time, to that fierce blaze of the fiery furnace, and falls into that incoherence of colour, that mental wandering and paroxysm, which indicated, if we may be allowed to say, in what direction madness lay. We scarcely know whether to deem it strange or but natural, that Turner's strongest faculty, the sense of colour, should have been the first to give way, not indeed,

that it did so much break down as overleap prescribed bounds—what had always been a passion, becoming in the end raving delirium. Of this last sad stage, "Kussnacht, Lake of Lucerne" (379), and "An Alpine Pass," his last drawing (380), may be taken as examples: the one class has been designated "the Scarlet fever;" the other, "the Yellow fever." We need not say that, as critics, we have long condemned these extravagances. We at least have nothing to retract. As far back as the year 1833, this fiery school, in our English art, of which these drawings are ultra examples, was denounced as follows:—

"There are modern pictures that would make you long for a parasol, and put you in fear of the yellow fever, and into suspicion of the jaundice; scenes pretending, too, to be Fairy Land, that are as hot as capsicum, terribly tropical, 'sub curru nimium propinqui solis,'—where an Undine would be dried and withered, and you would long more for an icicle than Lalage, and would cry out for the shades of Erebus to hide you therein. Horace says: 'Place me under the chariot of the too near sun, in a land unblest of houses.' Yet do artists defiance build their structures under the blaze of the sweltering orb, then perhaps give you a river in a region where even a Niobe could not squeeze out the moisture of a tear. You are astonished at the skill of the artist, and detest his

work, and require a green shade over your eyes for a week, and dread an ophthalmia. The true worship of nature is a greater mystery; the idol demands not the caldron and the fiery furnace; would she were the Mater Cybele to unyoke the lion from her car, and drive the mad recusant back into the woods. You cannot open an Annual without the glaring sun in the middle of the page; all imitate the wonder. Are we tired of the quietness of landscape? Must the earth exchange its verdure for a burnt-up barrenness, as if suffused with brimstone? and Phœbus himself, if he appear, be ever in a flame-coloured suit?"\*

We had set ourselves the task of tracing the connection subsisting between our national life and our national art, and the career of Turner is an example which serves our purpose. Thus in his first rise he was historic and conservative, laying his foundations wide and deep in the past, seeking security in experience, and finding wisdom in an aristocracy of greatness. Then ensued a phase specially accordant with the existing tendencies of our national mind, when he set himself steadfastly to the study of nature, seizing her pictorial aspects and phenomena, thus making art in this its extended naturalism, in some measure commensurate in aim and importance with our natural science. His closing career of intoxicated extravagance may at first sight seem ill accordant with the practical sobriety of the national character. We regret to say, however, that an unhealthy craving for mental sensation and surprise has long set in; that repose is now superseded by intensity and velocity; that old truths are in danger of being neglected for specious error, and quiet merit for meretricious pretence. Now we do not say that in Turner's last manner there was no saving merit; we only point out the manifest relation between these works of extravagance and these cravings for intoxication, and accordingly we find, when the novelty of surprise is over, and the public talk has tired out, that these ultra works lose their spell, and the public, true to their better instincts, return with settled approval to those earlier pictures in

\* *The Sketcher* (p. 12), by the Rev. John Eagles. See *Blackwood's Magazine*, vol. xxxiii. p. 684.

which simple nature was the inspiration, and a wise antiquity the guide. What we now urge respecting the last style of Turner, is applicable to the first manner of the equally notorious school of English pre-Raphaelites. They are the latest novelty; the public are indebted to their works for a new pictorial sensation; they have given an interesting and an endless topic of talk. All this may be taken as a success; but when, as in the mannered works of Turner, the public eye becomes wearied with a novelty at length grown stale, these pre-Raphaelites may dread, from the noisy and fickle democracy of taste, a reaction not less blind and extravagant than former praise. The spirit of revolution which first crowned, is, in the end, not less eager to dethrone.

Let us now endeavour to show how far the English school of figure-painting is representative of the English character and our present aspect of civilisation. As society grows more complex, art naturally becomes more manifold. The fewer the wants, the simpler the ideas of a people, the more narrow will be the range of their art-creations. The art of barbarous nations is not only rude, but proportionally circumscribed; even the arts of Egypt and of Greece, whatever be their merit, and however clearly they declare an advanced civilisation, are at least wanting in wide universality. The pictures of the middle ages, as the Manchester Exhibition abundantly shows, were still more circumscribed in subject; and while they incite to ardour, certain noble faculties of the mind, they leave the wider circuit of human nature unrepresented. It is not till we enter the gallery of the modern English school that we find art assume that wider latitude, which may even perhaps be deemed latitudinarian, taking in the profane no less than the sacred, the comic as well as the tragic. What a revolution is indeed involved in the entire purpose and direction of art by the contrast between "The Last Supper" (30) of Giotto, "The Baptism" (132) of Francia, and "The Crucifixion" (123) of Raphael, on the one hand; and, on the other, "The March of the Guards to Finchley"

(26) by Hogarth, "The Drawing of the Militia" (514) by John Philip, and "Snap-Apple Night" (534) by Maclise. This ominous introduction of comedy and satire into modern art, and their prevalence in our English school, induce grave reflection. A well-known passage purporting to be descriptive of the Saviour, ended with the words, "None have seen him laugh, but many have seen him weep;" and accordingly, the art of the middle ages might readily move to tears, but never intentionally provoked to laughter. It is then startling to find our English school commence with the works of Hogarth; and this vein of comedy, once opened, runs more or less throughout the English Gallery. This intermingling of comedy into art is perhaps, after all, a healthful and manful indication. It has been said, man is the only animal who laughs; and when he does laugh, as here upon canvass, he shows a light heart and a free conscience; and far be it from us to suggest that the keenest sense of comedy and satire is irreconcilable with higher duties, or incompatible with more serious art. We fear, however, that this revolution in the purpose of the arts implies that they are now content with a lower aim; that their present object is not so much to ennoble, as to amuse; that, in fact, they now serve to decorate a drawing-room, instead of aspiring, as formerly, to add devotion to a church. Herein, however, we find an adaptation in the existing phase of art to the wants, or at least to the weakness, of our present civilisation. The business of life is now so intense, the conflict of the world so severe, that art, becoming reactionary, has now taken the province of recreation, and a picture which beguiles into a smile, or provokes to laughter, accordingly confers on the world a service. It is, then, neither strange nor unpardonable that on the walls of an exhibition should be hung works of comedy as well as of tragedy,—that Mr Dobson's "Tobac and the Angel" (517), "Pepys' Introduction to Nell Gwynne" (526) by Mr Egg, Mr Leighton's "Procession of Cimabue" (520), and "The Ghost Scene in Macbeth" (522) by Mr Maclise, should

all be found together on one wall in the same gallery. Such distribution and arrangement at least conspires to that system of contrast, surprise, and sensation, by which, as we have seen, the much-dreaded mental ennui is guarded off. This violation of the art-unities is indeed specially English; it has the sanction of Shakespeare; and the present heterogeneous character of our art may at least claim the following well-known passage by Dr Johnson in its defence,—

"Shakespeare's plays," he says, and the argument equally applies to our English art—"Shakespeare's plays are not, in the rigorous and critical sense, either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of the other, in which, at the same time, the reveller is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend."

The school of *genre* painting, in which it will be seen the English Gallery is so prolific, would seem to take its rise in this indiscriminate and naturalistic treatment of actual and ordinary life. Our English art is thus in great measure a spontaneous emanation from the popular mind, finding what beauty, poetry, or comic point it may, in the incidents of society, rather than seeking what might perhaps be now deemed an abnormal elevation, distant from the daily sympathies of mankind. The sphere of art would no doubt be higher, were the life of man better; if his inner life were more thoughtful, his feelings less artificial and conventional, the outward manifestation of that life through art would doubtless become more contemplative and heartfelt. For our part, however, we are content to take the present phase of art as we find it, more especially as these English pictures are good of their kind, with no pretence, it is rue, to the student-life of the few, but at the same time, honestly representative of life as it now is; of the crowd of gay dresses which through our exhibitions; of the drawing-room and dinner-giving world, from whence

comes patronage to art. We accordingly trace a certain refinement of manner and style about our present school, which contrasts, we think favourably, with the coarser comedy of Hogarth and the pig-sty cottages of Morland. It will be seen, for example, how Wilkie in his "Blind-man's Buff" (258), and in his "Rent Day" (265), refined upon the Dutch Teniers and Brouwer, transmuting the tenants of a cottage into fit company for a palace. In like manner, Mr Faed, in his admirable picture of the "Village School" (448), eschews all that is repulsive in poverty and rags; while Mr Webster wholly avoids the pictorial difficulty of low life, by making his boys in such masterpieces as "the Playground" (328), and "the Slide" (350), the polished sons of gentlemen. It is, indeed, remarkable how delicate treatment, skill in execution, study of character, and point in incident, can, in such pictures, raise subjects the most common into works of extraordinary merit.

This wide and undefined term "*genre painting*," includes a class of works which, taken from polite society or genteel comedy, are especially suited for the drawing-room. "The Vicar of Wakefield," the plays of Sheridan, the writings of Sterne and Addison, are the favourite works for illustration. It is, indeed, quite surprising what trifles will please, if the art which adorns be excellent. "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman" (369), "Sir Roger de Coverley going to Church" (392), and "Sterne and the Grisette" (425), are, for example, all subjects suited to that quiet humour and veiled satire which are the special gifts of Mr Leslie, and constitute pictures at once pointed and pleasing, which amuse without presuming to instruct; which, taking the public taste just as it is, condescends to "please with a feather and tickle with a straw." How delightfully charming is a painting of silks and satins—how well, when hung in the drawing-room, it matches with the new curtains and the gay carpet—how well the elegant attitudes and manners of the people in the picture comport with the elegant trifling in

society, with the graceful compliments which pass round the piano, and the *sotto voce* conversation which serves as an accompaniment to songs of conventional sentiment ! Thus how complete is the accordance between art and society ; and how can pictures fail of pleasing, which thus satisfy the highest needs of "evening parties ?" "High Art" were an intrusion. Do you suppose that a picture of St Peter is wanted in that polite society, where the company of St Peter himself, the rude fisherman, would be far from welcome ? In a day when manners make the man—and it is more important to be recognised as the perfect gentleman than known as the good Christian—it is not surprising that art, corresponding to the exigences of society, should become at once frivolous and refined.

This is specially the tendency of our present English school ; yet, though a successful work be both frivolous and refined, it is, at the same time, needful that the execution and treatment should be pictorially good. If manners make the man, it is needful, at least, that the manners shall be of the best ; and if pictorial manners and polish, and a good wardrobe, be sufficient to make the picture, it is at any rate demanded that these excellencies shall be the best of their kind. Mr Charles Kean, at the Princess's Theatre, may succeed by alluring the eye ; but yet, to command even this success, it was needful that the stage-display should be of its kind the best. In like manner take Mr Frith's "Life at the Sea-side" in the Academy Exhibition of 1854, and which we are sorry not to find now at Manchester : it was admirably executed, abounding in point, humour, and character ; it was the best of its class, and the crowd which gathered round it at once constituted a just tribute to its merit, and afforded sufficient evidence that to amuse and tickle by a trifle is now the special province of art. The pictures of Mr Frith and of Mr Egg are, indeed, so admirably executed, that we should with reason regret their absence in any Exhibition. Take for example Mr Frith's "Stage-Coach Adventure"

(386) ; it is marked by pungent satire, is capriciously painted, and has, at least, the merit of adding to enjoyment by creating amusement. In the same way, Mr Egg's pictures of "Pepys' Introduction to Nell Gwynne" (526), and "Peter the Great's first Interview with Catherine" (398), are admirable rather from the excellence of pictorial manner and execution than from any intrinsic value in the subject. People delight to find what they have read of put upon canvas ; it is now specially the province of a picture to realise and satisfy curiosity, and it is scarcely less gratifying for a man to find his own vernal thoughts and reminiscences reduced to pictorial form, than to see himself in print. All men, of course, have read *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and have early recollections of Moses and his adventures : what then can be more delightful than to come upon the two pictures of Maclise (579 and 585), and see Moses, how smart he is made for the fair,—to mark the consternation of his return, and actually to find the gross of green spectacles here full in view ? To praise works or men of such acknowledged excellence were needless, to attempt their depreciation fruitless. Such pictures cannot but succeed, because they awaken pleasing and passive memories without taxing to heavy thought, or rousing a dormant conscience. We live in a day when sermonising is permitted to the pulpit alone, as the only set-off to the levity of a world which dares not to be serious. We doubt not, were it necessary, a deep moral might be discovered in "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," in "Life at the Sea-side," or in "Moses and the Spectacles ;" but, for our part, we should scarcely presume to moralise where we are evidently told to laugh, especially as the laughter may be both hearty and harmless.

It is scarcely a hopeful symptom that our national art so early in its growth should have so soon degenerated into a luxury. Ours is an art of wealth ambitious of display, rather than of thoughts which demand an utterance, of feelings which claim a sympathy. Ours is an art allied to the merchant wealth of Venice,

rather than to the convent thought of Fiesoli, or even to the student-life which now feeds our literature. It is an art of colour, rather than of form, of effect rather than of sentiment; it seeks to furnish a room instead of feeding the mind—to allure rather than to exact. But to the gorgeous art of Venice in her glory we cannot yet attain. Of Venice it is said, "In purple was she robed, and of her feast monarchs partook;" and, accordingly, her palace-art was sumptuous and ornate. In like manner our own school of painting, under the patronage of merchant princes, as here assembled at the grand emporium of commerce, has emulated the same display; yet, nevertheless, our works contrast with the glowing creations of Venice, as the Exchange and the Free Trade Hall in Manchester compare with the Doge's Palace.

Yet must it be conceded that our drawing-room art admits of and receives much refinement and elegance in its treatment. There is, as we have said, in the works of Mr Leslie a touch of subtlety. We would also, for this same merit, specially point out Mr Horsley's "Mudrighal" (549). Look at the hands, how delicately formed, how sensitive to the music; the heads, how expressive of character, and how full of the occasion; the bearing of the figures, and their attire, how indicative of birth and refinement! A picture which, like this, takes a domestic scene, and exalts it into a refined and thoughtful work of art, throws into the conception of life a poetry, and thus does service to mankind. We need not say that the works of Mr Mulready bear this same critical test. Careful and elaborate in execution and finish, rich and lustrous in colour, matured in thought and intention, free from mannerism, they attain all the special merits which the English pre-Raphaelites only aim at, and sufficiently show that our national school was not wholly wanting in truth and sincerity when the brethren appeared with their wondrous revelations. The best works of Mr Mulready are not to be seen in Manchester. Turn, however, to the hayfield, with "Burtchell and Sophia" (362), and mark the high

refinement, and the exquisite drawing in the hands and heads; or, more especially, to "The Bathers" (357), and observe the delicate undulation in the lines and forms; the modulation of light, shade, and colour; the refined idealising of the actual model, free from the coarseness of Etty and the mannered generalisation of Frost. Then, if in wonder you ask how all this knowledge and skill has been attained, walk into the room of drawings, examine the chalk studies from the life, and the elaborate sketch for his masterpiece, "The Choice of the Wedding Gown." Again, we say, these works are perfect in their kind; and while such a school existed, a pre-Raphaelite revolution and revelation were not needed.

The difficulty of assigning to these pre-Raphaelite works their rightful position in the history of past art, or among the works of our own times, is indicated at once in the violence of their opponents, and by the ardour of their friends. To take a middle course would be more easy, were they not themselves, both in their doctrine and by their works, so aggressively antagonistic. For ourselves, we have, in our previous article, already shown that this Manchester Exhibition abundantly proves that the brethren have imitated the middle ages by the resuscitation of exploded errors, rather than through the adoption of high spiritual graces. But perhaps the members of this school would rather be tested by their truth to living nature than by their literal transcript of a past history. Even, however, upon this issue we shall find that verdicts are conflicting. One man, with magnifying lens in hand, but with no notion, as we think, of what is requisite to a picture, examines and counts every separate hair on the ruddy peasant's head, or individualises each blade of grass in the field (see 424), and forthwith in ecstasy exclaims how wonderful, how like to nature! Another man, who has studied nature not less diligently, and who is certainly not less informed on the true philosophy of art, eschewing the numerously-supplied magnifying and opera glasses by which the Manchester Committee have unconsciously satirised the exe-

cution of the works exhibited, or the injustice of their hanging,—this man, we say, anxious to test these pretentious pictures by unaided vision and unbiassed mind, exclaims in execration, how detestable ! how untrue to nature ! It is evident, then, that on this point the public are divided into diametrically opposing parties. We think, however, it must be admitted by all, that this new school is the last and the most ultra development of the naturalistic tendencies which we have already pointed out as the special characteristic of our national art. Whether this new aspect of naturalism be indeed simple nature, or a gross mannerism, and altogether a caricature of nature, is another question. We think, however, we may positively assert that these works, even if true to nature as she *is*, are at least utterly false to nature as she *appears*. It is, therefore, manifest that these pictures, as translations of nature into art, are utterly untrue and false. This is, indeed, the fundamental error which vitiates all their industry, their pretended honesty and truth. It may be admitted that, in nature, a cube has eight sides, but if an artist should in his picture paint more than three, he violates the possibilities of vision. In like manner, a swallow on the wing may have eye, bill, and plumage ; but when Mr Hunt actually puts all these details into his picture (424), pretending to be true to nature, he paints, in fact, a pictorial falsehood. Whatever may have been an earlier doctrine, it has now been the practice of several centuries, that the action of a picture must be limited to a moment of time ; that, for example, on the same canvass cannot be represented a man going to execution, the scene of his execution, and the subsequent burial ; and, accordingly, Mr Cope, in his “ Martyrdom of Lawrence Saunders” (560), has thrown an analogous subject into three separate compartments or pictures. Now, it is this visual and mental, no less than pictorial law, which the English pre-Raphaelites substantially violate in their works. In the “ Hireling Shepherd” (424), it may be possible that the eye should mark, for example, each individual hair on the peasant’s head, but, conse-

quently, it could not at the same moment see the down on the moth’s wing, or count the ears of corn in the distant field. In order to mark with equal distinctness these varied details, so widely distant from the focus of vision, a succession of moments, and still more, several distinct points of sight, are needful. Thus this equal emphasis of detail throughout the picture, so fatal to pictorial effect, arises in the fundamental error, that it is the province of a picture to represent nature as she *is*, not as she *appears*.

This doctrine of aspects and appearances constitutes, in fact, the very philosophy and poetry of art. If art be nothing but a literal transcript of nature, then is picture-making mechanical, and the painter’s vocation drudgery. Art is no longer the rendering of what the poet-mind perceives or feels, but the manual and servile transcript of detail which can be spelt out and counted. This is a naturalism which defeats itself, by leading to an art which, as art, is unnatural and monstrous ; a naturalism which is, in fact, materialism ; and in proportion as it is material, ignores the artist’s mind, whose special province it is to compose, to create, and to idealise. This is the philosophical error which infects and vitiates, to a greater or less degree, all the works which have proceeded from this presumptuous school. Sir Joshua Reynolds would seem, as it were by anticipation, to have denounced the delusions of these men, when he wrote as follows,—

“ Amongst the painters and writers on painting, there is one maxim universally admitted, and continually inculcated. Imitate nature is the invariable rule ; but I know of none who have explained in what manner this rule is to be understood ; the consequence of which is, that every one takes it in the most obvious sense, that objects are represented naturally when they have such relief that they seem real. It may appear strange, perhaps, to hear this sense of the rule disputed, but it must be considered that, if the exclusive excellence of a painter consisted only in this kind of imitation, painting must lose its rank, and be no longer considered as a liberal art and sister to poetry. This imitation being merely mechanical, in which the

lowest intellect is always sure to succeed best, for the painter of genius cannot stoop to drudgery, in which the understanding has no part; and what pretence has art to claim kindred with poetry but its powers over the imagination?"

There are other errors and perversities which seem to belong to individual taste, or rather to the want of good taste, rather than to arise from any dogmatical theory. For instance, we know of no theory which lays down that flesh should be made of brick-dust; that human hair should be uniformly red; that women should be unexceptionally ugly; that men should be ungainly and uncouth; that beauty should be eschewed as a moral evil, and poetry be sought only in the repulsive. That we are in no way over-rating the special claims of these works to public attention and admiration, will be at once evident on appealing to Mr Hunt's "Hireling Shepherd" (424), and his equally startling "Gentlemen of Verona" (470). It is strange, nay, it is unpardonable, that the pretended love of nature—a nature which shows herself so beautiful, so placid, and unobtrusive—should result in pictures so repulsive, so meretricious and offensive.

We readily admit that, notwithstanding such abhorrent qualities, the works of these men possess some remarkable merits. If they did not, it were impossible that they could so long have maintained their ground in public attention. Some of the best works which have emanated from this school, it must be admitted, are not in Manchester. It is to be regretted that Millais's pictures of "The Huguenots" and the "Order of Release," are not here exhibited, and that the undoubted genius of this artist has no better witness to attest his merit than his "Autumn Leaves" (543). Yet, notwithstanding these deficiencies, the Exhibition contains works, to deny all merit to which would assuredly be to condemn ourselves. For example, in Mr Hunt's "Claudio and Isabella" (565), there is a dread fear in Claudio, a reproof in the Isabella, with her steadfast manner and soul-piercing eye, which makes this work, notwithstanding its repulsive aspect, a mar-

vel in expression. "The awakened Conscience" (550) is likewise in this respect not less remarkable, every incident adding emphasis to the story, and the marvellous detail aiding the realisation. It is these mental attributes which have given to the best works of these artists a high position with all men who, tired of conventionalism and elegant trifling, would fain look to art for suggestive thought and the mind's expression. We would, as far as in us lies, earnestly beseech these ardent painters to throw aside their repulsive mannerism, their false dogmas, and the dogmatising teachers who have betrayed their best interests; and henceforth, according to the sound and long-established canons in art, throw into their works more and more of thought, deep intent, and mental expression. They are wholly in error when they suppose that to them was confided a fresh revelation. All that is essentially new in themselves and their works is a repulsive and utterly false mannerism, which in their best pictures they have themselves already in great measure abandoned. What is good and admirable in their practice is in nowise new, and belongs not specially to them; it is coeval with the origin of all noble art, and immutable as the best faculties of man. Surely they do not pretend that to them is due the discovery that truth, honesty, and sincerity, are essential to all high labour, and that thought and mental expression are the highest attributes in the works of man. The entire history of art enforces the truth of these doctrines, old as the records of the human race. It is thought and mental expression which gives to the classic heads of Jupiter, of Alexander, and of Psyche, their claim to immortality. It was thought and mental expression which gave to the now much-abused Raphael, in the "Dispute" and "the School of Athens," his supreme position in the middle-age revival. This same thought and expression, found in the greatest works of Titian and Tintoret, still subsisting in such pictures as "The Three Marys" (310), not extinct in the school of Spain, and in "The Descent from the Cross" by Rubens, have in all



ages, and in all countries, given to art its value and renown. Among the presumptuous errors, then, which our pre-Raphaelite brethren have yet to unlearn, is the flattering notion, that to them pertains the honour of any grand discovery. In proportion as they henceforth learn humility, learn to acknowledge that before the dawn of their light the world was not in utter darkness; just in proportion as they submit to the wisdom that has gone before them—a wisdom which, though they think it not, may still be found living around them;—just in this same proportion will they lose the noisy notoriety belonging to a revolutionary clique, and gain that enduring renown which their genius merits.\*

It is somewhat remarkable that this pre-Raphaelite furor has not extended to our school of water-colour painting. Many of these drawings, indeed, sufficiently show that sincerity and honesty of purpose may exist wholly independent of “the brethren,” and, fortunately, equally independent of their repulsive mannerism. We need scarcely point out such works as Mr Lewis’s “Frank Encampment in the Desert” (638), or his “Easter day at Rome” (647), both of which sufficiently prove that the utmost originality, and the highest merit, may still be attained by genius without the necessity of any new revolution. Mr William Hunt, again, in his “Stable Boy” (544), and in “The Attack” (526), and “The Defeat” (527), is natural, characteristic, and graphic to the last degree, yet wholly uninfected by this vicious theory, and uncontaminated by any extravagance in practice. Indeed, this entire collection of water-colour drawings is so admirable and unexceptional, and the merits of the works, and the several manners of the individual artists, so well understood and so fully acknowledged, that the task of the critic has become now difficult, just in proportion as all that

can be advanced has been already anticipated. In the great Exposition of the Fine Arts in Paris, our school of water-colours attracted much attention; and Théophile Gautier, in the columns of the *Moniteur*, thus spoke of its characteristics,—

“It is known to what point of perfection our neighbours beyond the Channel have pushed this national style, in which they have no serious rivals: they have acquired in it a vigour, an *éclat*, an incredible effect. If too often their oil-pictures resemble water-colours, in revenge their water-colours are like oil-pictures for intensity, warmth, and energy of tone. They possess colours of an irreproachable preparation, which form a scale the most extended—papers smooth as glass, granulated as a wall, according to the effect which they desire to obtain, and which admit of work the most varied, from a free wash to the utmost elaboration.”—*Le Moniteur Universel*, June 21, 1855.

Though all which can be said on the merits of our English water-colours has been long since exhausted, yet we would at least venture to advance a few words on the manifest relation between this essentially national art and the pictorial wants and tastes of the people. Water-colour art is indeed specially suited to the characteristics of our English school—a school, as we have seen, not ambitious or high, and therefore, for the most part, not availing itself of the full resources or limits of oil-painting. Water-colours, on the other hand, are not fitted for grand historic works, but rather for those smaller cabinet-pictures and subjects of *genre* which are specially suited to English tastes, and the limits of private patronage. Such subjects and works demand that high and delicate finish, that purity and brilliancy of colour, which the water-colour medium can so well attain. Such works are rightly prized as gems. Then, again, atmosphere in the sky, and aerial delicacy in distances, with all those qualities of

\* We need scarcely say that this year’s Exhibition of the Royal Academy justifies and confirms all that we had written on the English pre-Raphaelites in Manchester. We gladly admit, however, that such works as “Thoughts of the Future,” by Mr R. Carrick, and “The Mountain-Path,” by Mr J. T. Linnell, give, at least to some members of this school, the promise of honourable escape from what is monstrous and repulsive.

colour, effect, and tone which give to our landscape art its supremacy and charm, are perhaps more within the reach of water-colours than of oils. It is, therefore, not surprising that, within their comparatively circumscribed limits—the confines, in fact, which bound our English school—these works approach perfection, and merit all the crowded popularity which in Manchester has attended them. The examples here brought together are the best of their kind: they are such as minister to enjoyment without taxing thought; they specially constitute an art of luxury—an epicurean banquet to the finer senses.

But if the thought in these works be not deep, it cannot at least be charged with monotony. The diversity, indeed, manifested by the leading men in this Gallery, is remarkable, as if the ready fluency in the vehicle had given a freedom to expression, each artist speaking out in his own way just what thoughts are in him. Take, for example, Lewis, Hunt, Cattermole, Haag, Turner, Copley Fielding, Prout, David Cox, Richardson, G. Fripp, and Branwhite—all so admirable, and yet each so different from the other. Contrast the refined drawing and the elaborate stipple of Mr Lewis with the rude blotting-in of Cattermole; the delicacy of Copley Fielding's tones with the fierce fire of Turner's later colour; the indefinite sloppy-wash of Mr David Cox with the determined positive execution of Mr Branwhite. There is certainly in all this nothing of dead academic uniformity; each style, like the school itself, has sprung up, we scarcely know how; each master presuming to imitate nature just in his own way. The complaint is often heard that our modern civilisation destroys individuality of character; but the charge, if true of society, is certainly false when applied to our school of art, whether in water or in oil. Contrast, for example, Mr Lewis with Sir Charles Eastlake, Mr Danby with Mr Holman Hunt, and in each, the strong individuality of our art is seen protruding above its generalised nationality; each man owning allegiance first to himself, and then in-

cidentally to his country. In art, indeed, our collective nationality is formed out of our dissevered individualities; the diversified aspects of our national school having remarkably little in common, save the one locality of origin. Art, in fact, in these days of fusing intercourse, merges its national into a cosmopolitan existence; and thus, for example, while the French, German, and English schools have each their boundary lines of separation, all yet again intermingle into one brotherhood, having this in common—that all alike represent the thoughts, the feelings, and the wants, of the same European civilisation.

A foreigner walking through these galleries of English painting would exclaim, where is their "high art?" Accustomed to grand altar-pictures—to Kaulbach's "Fall of Jerusalem," or his "Battle of the Huns,"—to "Homer deified," by Ingres— or the "Decline of the Romans," by Couture,—he would be astonished that a nation so great in wealth, in commerce, and in conquest, should not boast of pictures equally grand in scale and ambitious in manner. The explanation of this unfortunate anomaly is, that the English artists, from Barry down to Haydon, specially devoted to high art, have sunk under poverty and calamity. Of the works of Haydon the public will be glad of the opportunity now afforded of judging for themselves, and they will probably arrive at the conclusion that the merits of these ambitious pictures are barely commensurate with their partial popularity and success. His "Judgment of Solomon" (280) is acknowledged as his best; "Macbeth" (241) betrays his besetting exaggeration; and "The Mock Election" (421) his coarseness. Judging from these works, we should infer that he did not possess sufficient innate mental elevation and refinement for the high style to which he aspired. His colouring is coarse, his execution clumsy, his figures plebeian, and his forms wanting in style and dignity. Still we readily admit that his "Judgment of Solomon" is a great work, and we cannot but join in the regret, elsewhere expressed, that this—one of the highest at-

tempts of our English school—should not have found a position in our National Gallery.

The works of Etty, it must be admitted, merit more than this qualified praise. His picture of "Ulysses and the Syrens" (263) is great in merit as it is grand in scale. Let it be admitted that the forms are coarse, that the Syrens are too literally copied from the ordinary models of common life; yet the colour, not so rapturous as the Venetian, not so subtle and delicate as that of Turner in his better days, is of the highest excellence, passing from the delicacy of silver tones into the richness of golden lustre, making the picture a banquet for the eye, an intoxication to the senses. His "Woman interceding for the Vanquished" (360) is directly founded upon Titian, and attains a Titian-like grandeur; the drawing has decision, and that certainty which belongs to knowledge; the colour distant and subtle, yet, close and intimate in its modulated relations, is thoroughly matured, rising indeed into the heroic, and becoming truly the language of expression. There is likewise in these works a power which proves vigour of mind, an intensity which gives them a purpose, to which the surrounding pictures do not aspire. Take, for example, Mr Frost's "Una and the Wood Nymphs" (507); though refined in feeling and elegant in form, it is, when compared with these works of Etty, without colour, power, or intention.

In the interest of high art it is to be regretted that Mr Herbert is not better represented. His "Piracy of the Brides of Venice" (333) is a subject not suited to his manner; and his "Lear disinheriting Cordelia" (329), severe, thoughtful, academic, is yet but a study for a larger work. Sir Charles Eastlake's picture of "Christ weeping over Jerusalem" (359) is too well known to require either commendation or criticism. In dignity of subject and purity of manner it takes a high comparative position among the English school; but were the point of contrast changed to the great Italian works, it would be found comparatively wanting in elevation of general type and in

marked individuality of character and expression. Still we readily admit that it is a great and honourable work. Of Mr Ward it is difficult to say whether he belong to the lower province of *genre* or to the higher sphere of history; his admirable picture of "Marie-Antoinette mending the coat of the sleeping King" (597), partaking, in fact, of both characters. It must be admitted, however, that his "Charlotte Corday led to Execution" (464) is one of the chief historic pictures in this Exhibition, approaching indeed to the "grand style." It were interesting to know how far this work was executed under the inspiration of Horace Vernet and the French school. In the enumeration of works of high intention, it were unpardonable to omit the mention of Mr Poole's "Song of the Troubadours" (326), so different from any work ancient or modern in the present Exhibition, so great in its spell-like power and mystery. The style is so special as scarcely to admit of designation in words; like all true greatness, the manner is inborn. The colour is not Venetian—for that it is too subdued; not of the school of Rembrandt, for that it is too refined; not Roman, for that it were too good. The light of the moon sparkles and dances on the blue waters of the Mediterranean, yet none of its shores can now show so poetic and noble a race. The picture is indeed a poet's dream and dream-land, where the fever-heat of day has at length swooned into the languishing hours of moonlight, and song wakens in the soul tenderest rapture.

Finally, though foremost in our enumeration of the works of highest purpose, we must mention Mr Mac-lise's grand picture, "The Ghost Scene in Macbeth" (522). Let it be conceded that it is black in colour, exaggerated in type of countenance and expression, noisy and clap-trap in its stage-mannerism, yet do we nevertheless feel that there is in this work an unapproachable grandeur and terror. It has been objected that the Ghost, visible only to Macbeth, ought not to be in the picture: let it be supposed then, if necessary, that the Ghost appeared likewise to the painter—that under the haunting

vision of the spectre he painted this picture, thus giving to the work its supernatural mystery and awe. Our limits scarcely admit of detailed criticism, yet, nevertheless, we may venture to state the conclusion to which that criticism would lead,—that in power of thought and of dealing with a great subject, making each character great and powerful; for skill and concentration in the composition, and in the telling of the story; for mastery in handling and execution, this work triumphs over its more obvious defects, and attains to some of the highest attributes in art—grandeur, power, and mystery.

Were we asked whether art, like science, be progressive, we should probably point to the works of Stanfield, Landseer, and Roberts. Progression in the arts would seem not only to correspond with, but in some measure to be dependent on, the development of the physical sciences; art increasing in detailed accuracy as science advances in certainty, a picture in fact involving a knowledge of earth, air, and sea, with the science of optics and the laws of vision. Take, for instance, Mr Roberts' "Giralda, Seville" (535), his "Interior of St Stephen's, Vienna" (187), and his large picture of "Rome" (434), and compare these pictorial applications of linear and aerial perspective with the background buildings in the pictures of the early German and Italian schools, and we shall find in these works about the same contrast as between middle-age science and the positive knowledge of the nineteenth century. Of the works of Landseer, such as "The Shoeing" (407), "The Catspaw" (379), and "There is Life in the Old Dog yet" (331), it is scarcely needful that we should speak. In the history of animal-painting, however, they claim distinctive notice for the supremacy given, if we may so say, to mental expression. These pictures would indeed go far to determine the long-mooted question, whether animals are gifted with mind and reason, and it were, perhaps, difficult to say whether such art belongs to the department of natural science or of mental philosophy. Mr Stanfield must be classed with Mr Roberts—not only by virtue

of his naturalism, but also from the largeness of his scenic manner. We think that "The Passage of the Magra" (343)—guns drawn along the beach with inflowing tide and mountains in the distance—is the best of his works here exhibited. His "St Michael's Mount" (377), however, more especially displays his mastery over the sea, broken and tossing—heaving dashing waves, rising and falling with weight and power, but liquid and yielding, into which heavy bodies sink, yet buoyant, whereon light bodies may float; swelling with anger, ready to break in spray and flood over man and boat; the same storm which tosses the wave ranging in the sky, buffeting the black wind-driven rain-laden clouds. We think such pictures as these would go far to show that art is, or at least may be, still progressive; yet, at the same time, let it be observed, that the progression has been in a physical direction. All that belongs to the soul of art—to soul in man and spirit in nature—is, by our modern art, deliberately neglected. Mr Stanfield's pictures to us always incline to the material, without emotion, or even much of imagination: they are, as it were, a body perfect after its kind, yet a body without a soul. It is strange to reflect how difficult it is in art, as indeed in human nature, to combine in their highest forms the material with the mental, to bring into union strength of body with intensity of soul. Contrast, for example, Stanfield's "St Michael's Mount" with Danby's "Evening Gun" (197): Danby's work wants the vigour of robust bodily existence, but, as a compensation, soul is suffused over land and sea; to us those clouds which gather round that setting sun do take a colouring from an "eye that had kept watch o'er man's mortality." This picture, when exhibited in Paris, obtained from the *Moniteur* the following notice,—

"The poetic effect of this scene cannot well be imagined; there is in this picture a tranquillity, a silence, a solitude, which vividly impress the soul. Never was the solemn grandeur of the ocean better represented."—*Le Moniteur*, June 21, 1855.

It is difficult to sum up in a few

words the tendencies of our English school. Our English art, as we have seen, is healthful and vigorous, because eminently naturalistic; it is true and honest, because each painter is true to himself, and with mental independence paints just what he thinks and feels; it is for this reason diversified in subject and character, not fettered by authority, nor bound down by historic precedent. It likewise represents and corresponds to the existing phases of society, painting up to the requirements of the drawing-room, and putting upon canvass all that is talked of at the dinner-table. Finally, it knows how to respect as well as to represent English national life and manners in their observance of social and moral proprieties, in their respectabilities, in their downright, honest, and hearty commonplacé. We think and trust, however, that in our English life and thought are to be found higher phases of existence than our national art has thus generally ventured to portray. The faculty of imagination, the feelings of devotion, man in his higher aspects of thought or worship, religion as it connects the earth and humanity with heaven,—these inspirations, to a corresponding nobility in art, our national school has hitherto for the most part left unheeded. The time has been, and in some countries still is, when a picture claimed the bended knee. Whatever, then, be the merits of our English school—and they are great—it is but too manifest that we need the guidance of higher thought, the inspiration of a nobler idea. Our art is too fugitive, miscellaneous, and vagrant, and seems, like our poetry, to await the outburst of some strong national impulse, some cry from the people, some kindling of the fire.

This great historic and international Exhibition suggests and justifies these reflections. It shows in its Gallery of Old Masters that the great painters

did not, under the pretence of loving nature, worship materialism; that, on the contrary, they fashioned individual nature into high mental types; that, infusing poetic thought and emotion into their works, nature became indeed spiritual. Thus an Exhibition like the present should, as before suggested, teach us the coequal authority of historic wisdom to guide, of nature to suggest and give, and of the artist's mind to mould and create. No national school of art can be great or enduring which is not the joint emanation of these three fundamental elements. We say once again that a national school, which has no historic root in the past, is like to those ephemeral political constitutions which rise and decay in a day. The great works in historic art ought to teach us wisdom—a knowledge how rightly to use nature, and how safely to exercise our own individual freedom. So taught, we may look at nature with discriminating eye, seize what she intended for a picture, and bring out her latent beauties. So taught, we may at length exercise the poet's right of creation, and with that freedom which knowledge justifies, throw into the work the expression of the artist's mind. Thus taught by the great masters—enlightened and made truly free, not enslaved—taking out of nature all that is best and most beauteous, thus giving to the artist's mind the rights and the functions of the poet, we see no reason why the art of the future should not be still greater than that of the past, and the school of England, now vigorous in youth, in its fuller maturity surpass the achievements of Italy. Thus guided by history, taking that which is vital and most holy in our civilisation, fashioning our genius according to the pressure and the wants of our own times, it is yet possible that our national art may adequately represent our national life.

## NORTH ON HOMER.

## A LETTER TO IRENÆUS.

MY DEAR IRENÆUS,—

"Trojani belli scriptorem, maxime Lolli  
Dum tui docuimus Romanæ, Præneste ro-  
ligi."

So wrote Horace to his friend. How shall I paraphrase the passage, and apply it to my *friend* in two senses? "The author of the Trojan war, you prince of loungers, while you were listening to debates in Westminster, I have read through again by the classic shores of Isis." But I have not read him again in the flesh, though I have in the spirit, along with the *Agamemnon* of Æschylus, in the rich and racy prose of the fourth volume of Professor Wilson's *Essays*. I hope I am not falling into my second childhood, but I am fain to confess that, in returning to Homer, I have returned to the embrace of the earliest literary friend of my first. The first book I ever read through was the *Iliad* of Homer in Pope's translation. How I loved every line of it! How I discussed all the Homeric characters with my elders! How angry I was with those who took the part of the Trojans, and preferred Hector to Achilles! The child's instinct felt that somehow or other it is good to be courageous; and all the Trojans are painted in the *Iliad*, save, perhaps, Sarpedon and Æneas, as more or less of poltroons—even Hector himself, the slayer of men and the tamer of horses, in spite of his waving plumes. Achilles was the great hero. He will always be the hero of the instinctive and unsophisticated soul. And dear, next to him, was the clever vagabond Ulysses—perhaps even more dear, though less imposing, because he seems the more attainable character for imitation. To fight like Achilles seemed a hopeless business, but to travel like Ulysses possible. What a thirst for seeing the world is kindled by the smell of the salt-water of which all his narrative

smacks! If mothers would make their children stay at home, they should never put in their hands the *Odyssey*, or *Robinson Crusoe*, or *Lemuel Gulliver*. But the *Odyssey* is perhaps the prime well-head of that mischief. I should like to know how many Britons it has eventually sent to the north pole—how many to the antipodes! I ever preferred the *Odyssey* to the *Iliad*, though no doubt, as a work of art, the *Iliad* is most perfect; for I am not by nature bloodthirsty, but travel-thirsty to excess. Years have rolled away since I first read Homer; and I have made other authors, for the time being, the friends of my bosom; but one after another, "as from life's stirring circle the gems drop away," they have left my side, and Homer has at last taken his place again there without a rival.

Often have I asked myself what two books I should wish to have saved out of some Alexandrian and Omaric (not Homeric) destruction of my library. I should have said once long ago, in the naughtiness of my heart, "Byron and the Bible;" in the next septennium perhaps, "the Bible and Schiller;" then "the Bible and Shakespeare;" now once again I say "the Bible and Homer;" and the concatenation of the two books is more natural than that of the other pairs; for Homer displays the man of biblical simplicity walking by the earlight of nature, and showing how much he could effect, and how much he was good for, without the Shekinah of the Divine Presence. No book devised by the brain of man furnishes an abler commentary on the book of life. In Homer the natural man is painted exactly as in Scripture, as simple and intense in his loves and hatreds, as having all his actions superintended in the one case by Providence, in the other by destiny, possessing only a subordinate free-will. In the Bible

(the Old Testament I mean), the earth is governed by kings, as in the age of Homer—real unmistakable kings, stronger and wiser and more beautiful, and sometimes better, than other men—such as were Saul the son of Kish, and Agamemnon, and such as were Siegfried and the Cid in the early ages of medieval romance. In Homer, as well as in the Bible, portraits are drawn of true men, and, what is much missed in later times, of true women: not the wax-dolls of the Greek tragedians, mis-called heroines, but more like mitigated viragos when they have life at all, which is not often—but true women, such as one meets with any day, with all their lovely weaknesses, so indispensable to anything that deserves the name of society.

But, Irenæus, this is a high theme, and I shall attempt to raise the style of my letter a little towards its level.

When we stand in the vale of Chamouni, or on that little oasis of verdure in a desert of glaciers, the Jardin of Mont Blanc, although fully alive to the spirit of the mountains, we are not able to contemplate in its unity the majesty of the monarch of the Alps; but when we have withdrawn to a certain distance—to Sallenche, for instance, or still better, to the Jura—we are then first capable of noting his oneness, and feeling his overwhelming grandeur. His hoary head is far up above all others, reaching to the heaven of heavens; and the lake of Geneva, dwarfed into a mountain tarn, appears to slumber at his feet. Much the same is the case with regard to the greatest poets, Homer, Dante, and Shakespeare—more particularly with regard to Homer, the greatest of all poets, therefore the greatest of all artists, inasmuch as poetry is the greatest of the fine arts, and therefore, shall I not say, with due allowance for the twilight of paganism in which he lived, the greatest of all actual men; for your true artist is a divine seer, and to see truly is perhaps the highest function of man. But let this be said in all humility, for man only sees what it pleases God to reveal to him. Homer's Greek countrymen, in their better

days, never raised a question as to whether he was one or many. He wrote the bible, or at all events composed it, and they would have looked on such investigations as positive impiety. Homer circulated in their veins. They breathed and lived him. He inspired them with all their heroisms, and all of them that was unheroic was not of Homer. But they were in a measure unconscious of his influence, and that showed its healthful nature. Even the guides of Chamouni, and other mountaineers, imbibe the courage of action with their wild air, but do not know whence it comes. Drag them away, and they pine for the hills with a heart-sickness which sometimes ends in death. Then followed a perverse generation of critics, sophists, poetasters, commentators, grammarians in the Alexandrian schools.

"'Twas Greece, but living Greece no more."

And with them came an era of confusion in all matters of faith, and scepticism with regard to Homer—just as those who withdraw from the close neighbourhood of the highest mountain, lose the feeling without gaining the sight, and the dome and peaks appear confusion. Then came the Roman era. Homer's majesty is recognised by Horace and Virgil, the latter poet proceeding to make pictures which somewhat misrepresent him. The traveller has retired upon Sallenche. Mont Blanc is imposing, but not as yet confessed monarch of all. But an angle of road is turned, and he is lost sight of for a long time. Even so the decline of the Roman empire was followed by many generations that knew not Homer. There was a good reason for this; they were even better engaged. They were learning in their own wild way, like children who romp in the midst of their letters, the alphabet of all that is good from the mouths of Christian teachers. Homer was lost sight of in the ages of romance, although of all singers the most romantic. The revival of letters led to a new appreciation of him at a still further distance. It is now the view of Mont Blanc from the ascent of Jura. We have all the ages between us and

Homer to search for his match ; and the more we search, the more certain we become that he is not only, like the king of men, "head and shoulders above them all," but that the crest of the greatest man since born scarcely reaches to the top of the pedestal on which he stands. No doubt that now we have a better view of Homer—that is, of Homer's real self, his immortal mind—than was ever presented to any past age. Not only can we see him from a commanding elevation, and with abundance of aerial perspective intervening to melt his lights and shadows into one grand unity of aspect, but we have also the telescope of science to look through. Philology, as now pursued, is taking its place as one of the exact sciences. Ceasing to be mere word-fencing, serving to display a mean subtlety and frivolous ingenuity, it has been patiently proceeding, in the Baconian method, from the known to the unknown, until, through the comparison of languages, its phenomena harden into facts no less to be respected than those of geology or astronomy, and no less completely furnishing data for further investigation. Stores of knowledge before hidden are brought to light by means of the comparison of parts of speech—just as certain locks may be unfastened when the graven letters have been brought together that form some secret word. And philology holds up a lantern by which we can see into many unheeded crannies in ancient history—even get glimpses through dark and winding caverns, whose other end opens into a new world, wherein we discern, in a light new to us, the inner and outer life of ancient man. Much of what appeared dark and repulsive before comes out fair and comely, like some neglected picture of a good master in the hands of a skilful cleaner. And the general deduction is to the same effect as the testimony of Divine revelation, too often unheeded by later arrogance and self-conceit, that the moral progress of the human race has not been commensurate with its material advancement ; in a word, that man has not altogether risen, but rather, in many respects, fallen. The solitary fact, that in the common ancient lan-

guage of the Indo-Germanic races the nicer degrees of relationship were expressed each by its own word, instead of, as now, by periphrasis, speaks volumes on this point, nor less the evidence furnished by the study of all mythologies of the degradation of a purer primeval faith.

One great reason why ancient Greece presents such a valuable field of study is, that its history is the counterpart of the history of modern Europe. It is, as its natural scenery bears witness, a world in miniature. It had its age of heroes, as modern Europe had its age of chivalry ; it had its age of despots, as modern Europe had and has its absolute monarchies resting on standing armies. It had also its age of speculation and material progress, of liberty and license, as modern Europe had its eighteenth and has its nineteenth century, leading whither we cannot see ; but we can see that in ancient Greece the same state of things led to the reign of universal evil, and in the end to chaos. Homer's divine songs were chanted in the romantic age of Greece, or rather at that particular period when it had just culminated, and was beginning to decline—just as, at the decline of our own youth, we talk and sing of its glorious feelings, which we are scarcely conscious of during the heyday of their precious exuberance. Perfect in their conception and artistic form, they sprang into life armed at all points, like Minerva from the head of Jove. Two circumstances in the main combined to produce their superlative excellence : one is, that they were the offspring of an heroic age ; the other is, that they were the offspring of the Greek mind—the mind of all others most wonderful in its subtlety and versatility, and most deeply enamoured of the Beautiful, which is the soul of all the Fine Arts, and of Poetry as their elder sister.

Other poems have sprung from an age like that which was illustrated by Homer—for instance, the *Nibelungen Lied* in Germany, the *Cid* in Spain ; but they want, though of surpassing merit, the Promethean fire that lightens through the verses of Homer. They are heroic, but not



Greek. And many other poems there are, also of surpassing excellence, which are Greek, but not heroic. Æschylus, who came nearest to the great master, had much of his inspiration. Sophocles possessed his intellectual tenderness, and his numbers are warm with the embers of the heroic fire. Euripides was thoroughly Greek, but scarcely at all heroic, and thus was naturally most popular with the age in which he lived—so much so, that the recitation of a few of his verses, availed to save the remnant of the defeated Athenians from the prison quarries of Syracuse. Homer's masterpieces alone are both thoroughly heroic and thoroughly Greek, and thus, in the whole curriculum of literature not of immediate divine inspiration, they stand alone in their perfection.

Such being the Homeric poems, the next question is, Who or what was Homer? He was no doubt a living man, but in common parlance he was a Nobody—a roving ballad-singer, very like him whose visit to the baronial hall so touchingly introduces the Lay of the Last Minstrel. And our own Shakespeare was not much more—a mere strolling actor. Dante had the advantage of an aristocratic connection, which saved his individuality. It is surely a humbling thought that those who have achieved immortality by their works should so soon cease to be regarded as living persons. Where would Ulysses be without Homer? and yet Homer's person has vanished, while that of Ulysses is embalmed for ever in the immortal *Odyssey*. The fact is melancholy, but no less a fact; and beautifully has it been poetised by Felicia Hemans in "The Diver." As the pearl-diver perishes forgotten in his struggles to endow the world with concealed wealth, so does the poet in many cases pine with neglect, and die unremembered.

"Like flower-seeds, by the wild wind spread,  
So radiant thoughts are strew'd;  
—The soul whence those high gifts are shed

May faint in solitude!

And who will think, when the strain is sung

'Till a thousand hearts are stirr'd,  
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,  
Have gush'd with every word?

None, none!—his treasures live like thine,  
He strives and dies like thou;  
—Thou, that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine,  
O wistler with the sea!"

But the obscure poet pities not himself as others pity him. He is conscious of his divine mission, and he looks on his worldly position as a matter of course, knowing the world imperfect. We think that we can discover even in Homer, the least subjective of all poets, the sentiment of this proud acquiescence in the obscurity and comparative humiliation of his lot. In the *Odyssey*, two of his brethren are introduced, Phemius and Demodocus. So sweetly does Phemius sing, that Penelope is even fain to come down from her upper chamber, whence she was accustomed to fly from the rudeness of the suitors, to hear him discourse of the return of the heroes from Troy, and her own hero amongst them. And it must be remarked, that he makes this Phemius sing to that crew of roysterers, not for base gain, but against his will, and from compulsion.

Κέρυξ δ' ἐν χερσὶν κίθαριν περικαλλία θάκιν  
Φημιξ, ὅς ῥ' ἡΐδι παρὰ μνηστῆρσιν ἀνάγκη.

By making the minstrel succumb to brute force alone, he at once removes the thought of degradation from his position. And we should not fail to mark with what respect he speaks of Demodocus, the court-minstrel of the king of the Phæacians.

Καλίστασθι δὲ θύτον ἀνιδόν,  
Δημόδοκον· τῷ γάρ βασιδὺς τίρει θάκεν ἀδὸδον  
Τίρεταιν, ὅσπῃ θυμὸς ἐποτρύνῃσιν αἰεΐσειν.

"And call the divine singer, Demodocus, for verily the god hath invested him with the gift of song, so as to delight whenever his spirit urges him to sing." And a little farther on is a passage, inimitable in its tender application to the circumstances of the dear old man of Scio, the king of all mendicant minstrels—

Κέρυξ δ' ἐγγυδὺν ἦλθεν, ἄγων ἱέρηρον αἰοῖδον.  
Τὸν πέρι Μοῦς' ἐφίλησε, δίδου δ' ἀγαθόν τε  
κακόν τε

Ὀρθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμειρε, δίδου δ' ἡδέϊαν αἰοῖδῃν.

"So the, he, old came near, leading the delectable singer, whom the Muse loved exceedingly, and to whom she gave both an evil and a good. She

muleted him of eyesight, but she gave him the sweetness of song." Whether he was blind or not when he composed the *Iliad*, there can be no doubt, after reading this passage, that the *Odyssey* was the child of Homer's blindness. I love to think that he composed the *Iliad* in his fiery youth, perhaps himself, like Alcæus after him, a soldier of no mean name; for was not the divine Achilles himself a minstrel, and accustomed to console the monotonous hours of his wrath with the gentle lyre? The similes and general imagery of the *Iliad* are life-like, and as if placed under the eye at the moment of inspiration—the plashing sea, the soft-falling snow, the dark mountain-stream, the sea-fog suddenly enveloping the swarms of cranes, the lion in his rage, the sparkling fires of the night-watch, the blazing beacon, the moon and attendant stars. The imagery of the *Odyssey* seems, on the other hand, more of the nature of a beautiful dream of the past, invested, not in the white light of mid-day, but the crimson weirdness of evening. Surely it is legitimate to indulge the belief that the author of the *Iliad* was a noble young man, who knew by his own martial experience the "windy plains" of Troy; that in the lulls of battle he sung himself to sleep in his tent with heroic songs, but then, as yet, without form and void, like Achilles himself—

——— Ὀδυσσεύς λιγύη  
Τερτέμενον\*

that either by the accident of battle or the stress of climate he lost his eyesight early in life; that this loss of eyesight was compensated by the full awakening of the musical energies of his soul; that he lived long years after his old dog had died for joy at his return to his temporary home somewhere in western Greece (for Argus must be the portrait of Homer's own dog); that he returned, as he makes Ulysses return, a beggar and a blind beggar, but more glorious in his blindness than was the fallen Belisarius, for Belisarius could not sing; that he perfected his *Iliad* and composed the *Odyssey* in his blindness, and went about from court

to court, and house to house, singing lays of heroes, until his course was run; and whatever may have been his outward lot, his grand spirit sank from the eyes of an illumined world, quietly, gracefully, gloriously, like a Greek sun behind the margin of a Greek sea.

With regard to Homer's lot as a wandering minstrel, it is consolatory to us to know that, though the class to which he belonged may be said, in these utilitarian days, to have lived upon alms, such was by no means the feeling of their own time. The ballad-singer was universally cherished, and even received with honours half divine; for the men of those days well knew that, in the exchange of benefits, the bargain was in their favour. Did he not give them song while they only gave him meat—a spiritual delight for an animal satisfaction? *χεύσεα χαλκείων, ἑκατομυῖ ἐνεαβοίων*. So we find that in the Phæacian feast "Pontonous placed for him (Demodocus) a seat with silver knobs in the midst of the banqueters, with his back against the tall central pillar, and the herald hung from the peg the high-toned lyre above his head, and signified that he should take it in his hands; and he placed beside him a basket and a fair table, and wine beside the repast to drink of whenever his spirit urged him."

It is true that we moderns will pay immoderate prices for good singing, but, after all, we only pay money which is a drag in the market to our national wealth, placing the singer himself rather below than above the salt; but the primitive ancients gave him honour, which could not be represented in money; and this has ever been the case with all early tribes who had music in their souls, as most early tribes had. The bard was a sacred personage among the Celts, and the Skald amongst the Norsemen—not only a singer, but the domestic chaplain for the time being, without whose presence the feast was considered unblest. Even the gods, they thought, could not feast without song—

——— ohne Gesang im Himmlichen Saal  
Ist die Freude gemein auch beim Nectar-maal."

This was the belief of the old

Germans. And even so the old inhabitants of the sister isle, if we may trust a note appended to an edition of Moore's *Melodies*, kept in every house one or two harps free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music.

"When the light of my song is o'er,  
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;  
Hang it up at that friendly door,  
Where weary travellers love to call.  
Then if some bard who roams forsaken  
Revive its soft note in passing along,  
Oh! let one thought of its master waken  
Your warmest smile for the child of song."

Thus we love to think that the great Homer, though a wandering beggar, was honoured, and not unhappy even in the night that attended him everywhere, and which the glorious daylight of his native Greece could not avail to dissipate. The loss of sight was atoned for, when all his soul was transmuted into golden song.

With those charlatans, impostors, knaves, idiots, heretics, schismatics, atheists, who would impugn the unity and throw doubt on the very existence of the divine Homer, why should you and I deign to bandy words, any more than with some wretched sophist who would deny the existence of the moral feelings, or the divine origin of religion? If any reader of *Maga* is disposed to listen to them, we should be as angry with him as the shade of Virgil was with Dante when he stopt to listen to a vulgar quarrel in the lowest circle of hell—

"*Chio voler cò uliro e bassa voglia.*"

And any further notice of such malignants would be superfluous, after the elaborate demolition their arguments have experienced under the hard cuffs of William Mure of Caldwell, who deserves, for his successful efforts, to be held in honour both by Greece and Great Britain, especially as the work could not have been a very savoury one. And, indeed, the object of this epistle is not to fence with infidels after the fashion of Paley, but rather to call a friend's attention to one of the ablest commentators on Homer, or rather illustrators of Homer, that our own century has seen—a *true believer*, in every

sense of the word. The spirit of Homer lives again in the pages of Wilson, and the same spirit, it is to be believed, animated his life. A cast from a bust of the late Professor is to be seen in the Crystal Palace at Sydenham; I would request of you to observe it, and say whether it be possible to conceive a more thoroughly heroic head? The head tells the story of the whole man. It is the head of an athlete, but an athlete possessing a soul, the grace of Apollo sitting on the thighs of Hercules. Such a man, you would say at once, was none of your sedentary literati, who appear to have the cramp in their limbs whenever they walk abroad, but one who could, like the Greeks of old, ride, run, wrestle, box, dive, or throw the discus at need, or put the stone like Ulysses himself, or one who could do the same things, and in addition to them, steer, pull an oar, shoot, fish, follow hounds, or make a good score at cricket, like a true Briton of modern times, in spite of all our physical and intellectual degeneracy, about which, indeed, we have a right to be sceptical, when we know that such an unmistakable *man* as Wilson was living in the reign of Queen Victoria. It is an honour to Scotland that she produced such a critic on Homer, only second to that which is hers in having produced that poet who, of all the moderns, has composed poetry the most Homeric—even Walter Scott. Your humble and obedient friend and servant will never forget his one interview with Professor Wilson in a lecture-room at Edinburgh. He lectured on that occasion on the philosophy of Hobbes, for whose daring eccentricities in opinion he appeared to entertain a certain respect, not without a lurking sympathy. He spoke of the sage of Malmesbury with great gusto as a demolisher of quacks and shams, and compared the superstitions which he encountered with so much effect to the reign of the fairies. As he spoke, he warmed; his eyes flashed; his whole form and manner became lion-like. He was sometimes satirical, and then his countenance wore an expression of grim yet genial humour, seldom facetious, yet retaining his dignity

through his jokes, and on one occasion making his juvenile class very quickly draw in their horns when they had become somewhat obstreperous in their manner of enjoying some witticism, and were rebuked in a voice like that of a Greek god, "Gentlemen, I do not stand in need of your applause."

A message from a mutual friend authorised a few minutes' conversation after the lecture, and since then I have never seen him except in his works. Scotland is fortunate in having possessed three such indisputably manly authors as Burns, Scott, and Wilson. As a critic, Professor Wilson reminds one of *Cœur-de-Lion* as a swordsman. The crutch of Christopher North smites like the blade of him who shore in sunder bars of iron in his contest with the Saracen who shaved a veil in twain with his scimitar. Woe be to the poetaster or political quack whose numskull came in the way of that portentous oak-stick. The papers entitled "Homer and his Translators" are some of the best in the collective works of the late Professor. After discussing in detail the separate merits of Pope, Cowper, Chapman, and Sotheby, adding his own prose translations as a kind of unassailable, because unpretending standard, the Professor warms up towards the end of his series, as he warmed up in his lecture, when, having done with Homer's translators, he comes to the discussion of Homer's two heroes, Achilles and Ulysses. Achilles was his special favourite. No other hero of them all, as hero; was "sans peur et sans reproche." And though perhaps with a diminished reverence, still, with the hearty sympathy of his genial nature, he throws himself into the character of the cosmopolite Ulysses. His verdict with regard to the translators of Homer is, on the whole, in favour of the correct and graceful Sotheby. Dares any man to differ from him? Fresh from a dip into the old song of the Nibelungen, I am forcibly struck with the resemblance in form and metre of the great Epic of Germany to Chapman's translation of Homer. The quaint old or rather middle English in which it is written, corresponds to the middle high German

of the Nibelungen. Still it may be said that the dash of medieval grotesqueness of language which belongs to Chapman and the German minstrel is out of place as applied to Homer, one of whose chief beauties is the highly polished simplicity of his style. All speak in the voice of nature, but in the case of the original Homer alone is it nature speaking through the medium of an exquisitely beautiful human soul. Homer must remain, after all, untranslatable, and the comparative merits of his translators must remain a matter of opinion to the end of time.

We prefer to dwell on the Professor's own conceptions of the character of Homer, and the characters of Homer's personages. Who can for a moment doubt of Homer's unity, who observes the thoroughly sustained consistency of every actor in his divine drama! Achilles is one throughout—the incomparable hero. Of course he has faults, he has weaknesses, for he was not a sage or a saint; but they are the faults and weaknesses of a hero. How exquisitely does the master artist effect his exaltation above all his other persons! Agamemnon is great; to those who gaze from the walls of Troy he appears great indeed; and Homer compares him to the gods in two magnificent lines, —

"Ὀμματα καὶ κεφάλην ἥκιστος Δίῃ τις  
περιέρων  
Ἄρῃ δὲ ζῶντι στίβον δὲ Περσεΐδαντι.

"Like in the eyes and head to thunder-loving Jove, in the waist to Ares, in the chest to Poseidon," to be compared with gods rather than men, for that he overtops them all with his head and broad shoulders. But when the King of Men is placed beside Achilles, he falls into shade. To have given the measure of the stature of Achilles would have seemed a profanation—but his presence made light in the camp, his absence made darkness. His wrath sufficed to reduce the whole armada of Greece to the lowest pitch of despair; his reconciliation with Agamemnon to produce the same effect upon the enemy. His shout alone, as he stands before his tent in his naked fury, is enough to rout the

Trojans, Hector included, who even trample each other to death in their headlong flight over those very trenches of the Greeks which they had so newly stormed triumphant. One personage alone is capable of giving Achilles trouble in the field, and this is rather because he had no palpable body to wound than from his intrinsic might : this is the river-god Scamander, who entrains in his shoals and eddies the legs of the fighting hero. It would have been necessary even to invent an eccentric god for this purpose, as the ordinary gods of heaven had before been worsted by Diomed. The invulnerability of Achilles was a myth invented afterwards. Homer had far better taste, and he caused Achilles to get a scratch from some mean combatant, as if to anticipate this detracton from his heroic perfection. And nothing is more calculated to bring out the grandeur of the character in full relief, than the dark background against which the poet causes it to stand. Achilles is doomed to early death. This shadow is everywhere. It runs through all his thoughts, it gives a piquancy and a sentiment to all that he has to do and to undergo. If he plays on the lyre in his tent, his own dirge is heard through the notes. If he feasts with the chieftains, an invisible sword hangs above the banquet. Everywhere through the hero's sleeping dream and waking fancies looms a skeleton. The sentence of early death has been pronounced over him by the fiat of the gods. Thetis knows it, his immortal mother, who cannot endow him with her own immortality, who knows that the arms she causes Vulcan to make for him are to be accessory to the doom. Early death and glorious life, or an inglorious old age, are before him—he chooses to die, leaving “footsteps on the sands of time.” When the dying Hector prophesies the death of his slayer, the latter receives the news without surprise or anger, as a matter of course. It is no news to him. He will not quarrel with the condition of transitoriness that attends all that is most perfect on earth. He is true to his nature, and knows no fear. He will not do or

die, but do and die, since that is his fate. Matchless Achilles ! And that wrath of his which Christopher North dwells upon so vividly, bringing it round again and again in his illustration to prove the unity of subject, what a grand and awful wrath it is ! That *Mḗnis* is deaf to all common propitiation. Nothing but the counter passion of another and stranger *Mḗnis* can neutralise it. Great as was the injury of Agamemnon, greater was the injury of him who slew Patroclus, the bosom friend. Everything else has been tried and failed. The despair of Agamemnon had offered everything he possessed most valuable to the insulted honour of the chieftain—gifts of price, the restitution of Briseis, and one of Agamemnon's daughters in marriage, dowered as befitted the King of Men. But no ; the hero is deaf to prayers, and equally blind to wealth and beauty in the blaze of the inflaming wrath.

Παῖδά δ' ἔγνω οὐ γαμῖν Ἀγαμέμνωνος Ἀτρεΐδᾱ  
 Οὐδ' ἐν χειρὶ ἔγγ' Ἀφροδίτῃ καλλὸς ἔριον  
 Ἔργα δ' Ἀθηναίῃ γλαυκῶπιτι ἰσφάριζαι.

The wrath of Achilles is, as Christopher North observes, the beginning, middle, and end of the *Iliad*, and all other subjects are subordinate. Homer has the skill to wrap Achilles' character in a veil of mystery ; for, after all, we know some of the other heroes still better ; and we feel that, knowing them so, they enlist our sympathies as being more on a level with ordinary humanity.

Agamemnon is great and royal, but deficient in constancy, in self-confidence under adversity, and shrinking from responsibility in difficulties. In many respects he represents the scriptural character of David. Unscrupulous in passion, dismayed and penitent in affliction, tenderly solicitous for his people suffering because of his fault, like the Hebrew king exclaiming, “These sheep, what have they done ?” he presents a true picture of a shepherd of his people in those patriarchal times. Diomed is the perfect soldier, obedient, modest, and dauntless : sage he is in counsel, but his sagacity is more the result of sterling honesty of insight, than, like that wisdom of Ulysses, springing from the inventive faculty. It is

only by supposing this modesty of Diomed to have been traditional with the ancients, that we can understand how there was no question of his merits or services in the trial for the arms of the dead Achilles. Diomed might perhaps have had them, had he had the assurance to ask for them; but he was always putting others before himself. So Pallas, the presiding goddess of true genius, loved him, and by her aid he sent back even Ares, the bravo of the immortals, howling to Olympus. Ulysses is exhaustless in resource, and ended with the courage of Napoleon, which was always at hand when wanted, though never obtruding itself on public notice unnecessarily. The courage of Ajax is of a different kind, compared by Homer to that of an ass, who will not be driven by blows from his thistles—animal pluck of the finest kind, but animal pluck after all. Ajax, like the British at Waterloo, will not know when he is beaten. Ajax is a soldier, and a good one, but he would never have risen from the ranks had he not been born a chieftain. Ulysses would have fought his way up in society from any the lowest position. Nestor is a quaint old twaddler, but we get to respect him when we find that no danger will scare him out of his yarns. If his palace at Pylos had been on fire over his head, he would have finished his story before he ordered out the buckets. Then there is poor Menelaus, whose excellence exaggerates Helen's deplorable frailty in leaving him. He is chivalry itself, the soul of honour, generous and self-sacrificing, the only one of all the Greeks who offers on the spur of the moment to accept the challenge of Hector. Then there are the Trojan heroes—Hector, savage in battle, slayer of men, but gentlest of husbands, and tenderest of fathers; Paris, the man about Troy—the gay and heartless libertine, but not so much a coward as a "faincant," outrageously petted and spoiled by the ladies and even by his old father and mother themselves, who ought to have been ashamed of their weakness; and poor old fatuous Priam, about whom there hangs a majesty, whatever he says or does—even sitting in the ashes, and

throwing dust on his head: the bowed monarch is every inch a king. No less perfectly drawn are the female characters. How unlike the stiff and statuesque heroines of the tragedians—the Antigones, and Electras, and Medeas. There is no condoning of Helen's sin, but as much loveliness is granted her as is compatible with it. Her instincts are too good to allow her to be happy in her shame; and in her self-reproaches, weakness, penitence, admiration of heroism, and yearnings towards the husband of her youth and innocence, she is the perfect lady, though not the perfect woman. Andromache is both, but the woman is even more conspicuous than the lady. She is no Spartan heroine. She does not tell Hector to come back with his shield, or upon it; she thinks of him, not as the warrior, but as her ail in all, supplying the place of all other relatives, "father and lady-mother, and brethren, and, yet more, her buxom spouse." She feels that if he is killed, the world will be a blank to her, and she tells him what she feels. Never since, in the whole career of Greek literature, have two female characters so true to nature been imagined by the poets as those of Helen and Andromache.

No less thorough is the critical insight of Professor Wilson in his appreciation of the *Odyssey*. Homer, at the beginning of this letter, was compared to Mont Blanc; one should perhaps more justly have compared his two immortal poems to the twin peaks of Parnassus. They have the same base, and, according to the place from which we regard them, one appears higher or lower than the other. The *Iliad* is most generally popular. Perhaps its style is more natural and vigorous—the style of a younger poet; but there are subjects treated of in the *Odyssey* into which the *Iliad* does not enter, and to which a peculiar interest attaches, connected with the daily life of the heroic ages; and we moderns should be the last to undervalue the exquisite descriptions of scenery which the later epic contains. Here, again, Homer is beyond all praise in delineation of character. Under altered circumstances many of the men and women of the *Iliad* reappear the same in essence, yet

changed by circumstances : and there are some charming additions—none more so than Penelope, Nausicaa, and Calypso, the anxious wife, the maiden princess, and the enamoured nymph. Helen reappears chastened by affliction and penitence, but a paragon of good taste and good manners, if not morals, having reconquered her social position by the ten years' war, and at the price of the destruction of the first city of Asia. This is enough to make her a little serious in the midst of her luxury and splendour, and she does seem to have a conscience. Menelaus appears again chivalrous in his hospitality, as he was before in his warlike conduct, doing the honours of his house in a manner which stamps him as the flower of courtesy, and model of all gentle princes. In the *Odyssey*, the character of Ulysses, which was subordinate in the *Iliad*, is brought out in strong relief ; and afterwards, by the skill of the poet, placed on a heroic pedestal, little short of the height of that of Achilles. The whole spring of this artistic machinery is the single word *πολυτλας*, "much suffering." As Achilles is a hero in action, and his inaction is the greatest calamity to his nation, so is Ulysses a hero in endurance. Achilles conquers all others, but Ulysses conquers himself. He is not the Greek of the Lower Empire, or rather, we should say, to escape anachronism, Lower Republic, painted by the tragedians. He is only a Greek so far as he adapts means to ends with consummate skill, and does not stand to excess upon his personal dignity, when his great object in life, restoration to his home and kingdom, can be forwarded by an opposite course of conduct.

The aim of the two heroes was different. That of Achilles was to win as much glory as he could in a short life—that of Ulysses was to fulfil his functions as ruler of Ithaca, and be gathered, after a life of usefulness, to his fathers in peace. As the ends differed, so did the means ; but in either case perfect justice is done by the prince of artists to the heroic ideal. In the *Iliad*, Achilles stands before us at once revealed in the beauty and grandeur of his wrath, and draws himself up to his full

height ; Ulysses, in the *Odyssey*, rises and grows upon us, improves vastly on acquaintance ; and in the concluding scene, when he takes vengeance on the suitors, towers majestic far above all other heads, an universally confessed and incomparable hero—incomparable, inasmuch as the province in which Achilles moved was distinct from that of Ulysses. We may notice, as one signal instance of Homer's unapproachable tact, that Ulysses, in his beggarly disguise, was humiliated to the deepest degree just before the climax of his exaltation. Lord Byron must have had that picture before his eyes when he wrote those lines in the *Corsair*, which better represent the spirit of the *Odyssey* than any literal translation.

"Up rose the Corsair with that burst of  
light,  
Nor less his change of form appalled the  
sight ;  
Up rose the Corsair, not in saintly garb,  
But like a warrior bounding on his barb.  
Dash'd his high cap, and tore his robe  
away,  
Shone his mailed breast, and flashed his  
sabre's ray !  
His close but glittering casque, and sable  
plume,  
More glittering eye, and black brow's  
sabler gloom.  
Glared on the Moslems' eyes some Afrit  
sprite,  
Whose demon death-blow left no hope for  
fight."

But this, though very grand, is scarcely equal to the picture of Ulysses rising from his rags, and towering above the suitors in his island majesty, endued with divine grace by Pallas, the very incarnation of righteous vengeance. The *Odyssey* has the advantage of the *Iliad* in possessing a heroine as well as a hero. Penelope is the paragon of all matronly virtues, and the high position she takes in the *Odyssey*, points to a period in the life of Greece when womanhood, robed with chastity, commanded nearly as high a reverence as it did among the forests of early Germany. Yet with all her virtues she is a woman still. When the absence of her lord and master is beginning to look a hopeless case, she ruminates on sacrificing her bleeding heart to the interests of the kingdom, and contracting a second marriage with one of the least ob-

jectionable of the suitors. So that Ulysses arrives just at the nick of time. Or perhaps she thought that the test of the bow which she proposed to try the worthiest, would only end in the discomfiture of all, and that, by such distractions and instalments of hope, time would be gained for her stripling son Telemachus to prove himself a man, and assume the sovereignty himself, as well as the task of retribution. To exalt the character of Penelope, she is contrasted with the sea-goddess Calypso, who holds the truant husband in a voluptuous captivity. If it be said that the conduct of Ulysses in the enchanted isle of Calypso is a derogation from his domestic faith, it must be remembered that Calypso was a powerful goddess, that the only chance of escape of the imprisoned mariner was through the affections of his beautiful jailer, and that though he did not pass through the ordeal as a Bellerophon or a Hippolytus, his heart was with his home and wife throughout; and he had the manliness and truth to avow to Calypso herself, that a mortal woman was her successful rival in his esteem.

The whole sojourn of Ulysses in the isle of Calypso, and his relations with that goddess, open a mine of beautiful imagery. His conversation with her in particular, of itself is enough to take from his character that stain of duplicity which was cast on it by his degenerate countrymen of later ages. The substance of it I will endeavour to give you in a kind of ballad.

#### ULYSSES AND CALYPSO.

##### CALYPSO.

Ere thy coming brought confusion,  
Ere thy wily voice was felt,  
Happy in the sweet seclusion  
Of my magic isle I dwelt.  
Mighty trees were all about me,  
Musically peopled trees,  
Peace within and joy without me,  
Silver stars and golden seas.  
There were spirits to remark to  
How the sun-blush tinged the leaf,  
There were dulcet birds to hark to,  
Jesting at the night-wind's grief.  
Mortal! 'twas a night of sorrow  
When I took thee to my cave;  
Thou wouldst tarry till the morrow,  
Then again attempt the wave.

If thy heart had condescended  
To confess Calypso's charms,  
I had burned with pride offended,  
I had spurned thee from my arms.  
'Twas thy bosom's marble coldness  
Which did kindle fire in mine;  
'Twas thy faith's unflinching boldness  
Which could all for home resign.  
Passing fair, to whom thou fleest,  
Must be thy Penelope,  
Since her image, which thou see'st  
In thy memory, conquers me.  
Can a mortal's beauty fleeting  
Vanquish the celestial form,  
That to Hades fast retreating,  
This for ever young and warm?

Goddess! be that word unspoken,  
My true wife Penelope,  
If for her my heart be broken,  
May not dare to vie with thee.  
'Tis because her youth is waning  
That her image waxes dear,  
That my love on time is gaining  
Faster through each absent year.  
Truth no stress of time can sever,  
Single-heartedness and faith,  
These preserve the spirit ever  
Uncorroded into death.  
Spell mysterious, who reveals it  
In the form of winged word?  
By the heart alone that feels it  
May its cloque nee be heard.  
Goddess, no! thy form is rare,  
Richer is thy voice's tone,  
Immortality is surer,  
But the mortal is my own.

With what exquisite delicacy the Professor touches, in his masterly critique, on the relations of Ulysses and Calypso! It is from this special point that I prefer to cull my quotations. Who will say, after reading Homer's exquisite lines, and Christopher North's rendering of their spirit, far more effective than any formal translation, that the antique ancients (we must use this seeming tautology to express the ancients who lived before that artificial age which corresponds with our own) were no landscape-painters, or that they did not enter fully and deeply into the mysterious writings of nature? Why, Calypso and the Nymphs, and all the rest of those beings who did not live in springs and trees and ocean, so much as they were themselves the souls of these objects, were only an expression of the deepest feeling of reverence for nature, which could be satisfied with nothing short of deification. This is the Professor's prose



rendering of part of the Fifth Book. Hermes is despatched to seek out Calypso, and give her the sorrowful message, that the gods require her to send home her detained hero.

"But when indeed he came to the island placed at a distance,  
From the violet-colour'd ocean ascending  
to the mainland

He came on, till he reach'd a spacious cave,  
in which the nymph  
With beautiful ringlets dwelt: her he found  
within.

A great fire was blazing on the hearth, and  
far the odour

Of easily-cleft cedar-wood, and of incense,  
spread fragrance throughout the island  
As they were burning: while she (the  
nymph) was bling with her beautiful voice,  
And plying the loom, was weaving with a  
golden shuttle."

A wood in-full-luxuriance had-grown-  
around the cave,

The alder and the poplar, and the sweet-  
smelling cypress.

There, too, the wing-widely-expanded birds,  
nestled,

Owls, and cormorants, and long-tongued  
divers (sea birds)

Of-the-sea, to which (birds) sea employ-  
ments are a concernment.

There also around the hollow cave was  
extended

A young luxuriant vine which flourished  
in clusters.

Four fountains in order flow'd with limpid  
water,

Near to each other,—being turn'd one in  
one direction, and another in another.

Around soft meadows of violets, and of  
parsley,

Were bloomings: thither even an Immortal,  
had he come,

Would have admired (it) as he gazed, and  
had been delighted in his spirit.

And there standing, the messenger, the  
Argicide, gazed!"

And this is his commentary:—

"This is the most elaborate description of natural scenery in all Homer. In the *Iliad* the bard but illumines the visual sense by a few sunny strokes, that make start out tree, glade, or rock. Here we have a picture. Say rather a creation. In a moment the poet evokes the enchanted isle out of the violet-coloured ocean. There it is hanging in air. But all we know is that it is beautiful—for we are Mercury, and see nothing distinctly till we find ourselves standing at the mouth of a spacious cave. The light of a magical fire—the odour of sacred incense—the music of an immortal voice—Calypso herself plying the golden shuttle as she sings! All felt at once, yet in loveliest language evolved in a series of words

expanding like a flower with all its bright and balmy leaves—an instantaneous birth. We must not disturb the daughter of Atlas, but gaze and listen—till by degrees the congenial beauty of the place withdraws our soul and our senses from the tones and tresses of the divine among goddesses; and, still conscious of her living enchantments, we are won by delight to survey the scene in which she enjoys her immortal being, yet about to be disturbed by visitings like our own mortal grief! The scene is sylvan. 'A wood in full luxuriance had grown around the Cave!' One line gives the whole wood, another its composing trees, another their inhabitants—and all together breathe of the sea. Look again at the Cave. The entrance is draped with green and purple—for in such sunny shelter luxuriates the vine! The beauty of nature is nowhere perfect without the pure element of water wimpling in peace. And there it is—flowing fresh as flower-dews, in mazy error, through blooming meadows, its 'sweet courses not hindered,' and happy to blend its murmurs with the diapason of the deep. True it is that earth is as beautiful as heaven."

We omit a portion no less beautiful, but the insertion of which is unnecessary to the continuity of the passage.

"Though 'light the soil and pure the air,' and the scenery composed of all familiar objects, yet is the region felt to be almost as preternatural as if it were submarine—and Calypso's cave as wondrous as a mermaid's grotto. How very still! No screen to the mouth of the cave, but a few vine-festoons—so, blow as it may on the main, and all around the isle (until a storm brought hither Ulysses), on the land *all is town*—merely breath enough to keep the pure air for ever pure, and to enable the leaves to take a dance now and then upon the tree-tops, to some Æolian harp capriciously playing in the shade. Calypso is a queen—but she has no subjects, only her attendant nymphs—and of them we see, hear nothing—only once are they mentioned—they are to us but mere momentary shadows, passing unheeded along the walls of the cave. There is no building made with hands anywhere on the isle—not a vestige of antiquity in the shape of a rudely-sculptured stone. No roads, no pathways, no flocks, no herds, no four-footed creatures, either wild or tame—not even—we are sorry for it—a dog."

The Professor was thinking of dear old Bronte, the Argus of the *Noctes*. How quick with feeling are his remarks on the fact that Calypso, when she had pointed out to her hero the spot where he was to cut the wood for his raft, instead of staying to look at him, went back home.

"She could not bear to see him at work—felling the very trees under whose shade they two had so often sat—that they might bear him away for ever! She did not, like Miranda with her Ferdinand, assist in carrying the logs; for this was no romantic love-tail, the mere mimicry of a worky-day, and to be succeeded by life-long happiness; the sound of every stroke that cut into the heart of the tottering tree, smote her heart too till it ached; and dismal to her was each crash among the brushwood, as 'alder, poplar, or fir, went to the earth.' It would have looked very pretty had she brought her web in its frame to the forest, and all the while kept plying her golden shuttle and singing a low sweet song. Had Ulysses been her husband she would have done so—she would have been with him at his work, just like the wife of a forester in the woods of our own world; for in the boat then growing into shape, the wedded might go out by themselves to sea with their fishing-nets, or to take their pasture on the waves. As it was, they were better apart—yet Calypso came to him again as soon as she knew twenty trees had fallen; but he so often she came and went, and how long at each time she stayed during

those four trying days, is not written in Homer."

In fine, these magnificent essays stand alone as a popular introduction to the poet, were it not for his original Greek, of all most popular in the world. He is the best exponent of the spirit of an age which, if not the age of gold, was golden in the treasures of imperishable nature—an age of truth and valour, and simplicity and fidelity, and honour and romance; and Christopher North is, amongst all men of the present, if not of the living generation—and honour enough that—the ablest and best exponent of Homer. Others have essayed, and the essay is not without its merits. That Homer should be in danger of becoming the fashion is one of the most cheering symptoms of the tendencies of the present time—a symptom of a great and noble reaction against all that is selfish, vile, and venal. Let credit be given in all like cases. The honourable member for the University of Oxford has consoled himself for the destruction of his own un-heroic party by illustrating the reign of heroes; and may not an elaborate essay on Homer in the *Quarterly* be justly considered as a Peacemonger's Pallinode? No offence to you, Irenæus.

From your loving Friend,

THEPOLEMUS.

#### SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE.—NO. III.

##### JANET'S REPENTANCE.

##### PART II.—CHAPTER V.

It was half-past nine o'clock in the morning. The midsummer sun was already warm on the roofs and weathercocks of Millby. The church-bells were ringing, and many-families were conscious of Sunday sensations, chiefly referable to the fact that the daughters had come down to breakfast in their best frocks, and with their hair particularly well dressed. For it was not Sunday but Wednesday; and though the Bishop was going to hold a Confirmation, and to decide whether or not there

should be a Sunday-evening lecture in Millby, the sunbeams had the usual working-day look to the hay-makers already long out in the fields, and to laggard weavers just "setting up" their week's "picce." The notion of its being Sunday was the strongest in young ladies like Miss Phipps, who was going to accompany her younger sister to the confirmation, and to wear a sweetly pretty transparent bonnet with marabout feathers on the interesting occasion, thus throwing into relief

the suitable simplicity of her sister's attire, who was, of course, to appear in a new white frock ; or in the pupils at Miss Townley's, who were absolved from all lessons, and were going to church to see the Bishop, and to hear the Honourable and Reverend Mr Prendergast, the rector, read prayers—a high intellectual treat, as Miss Townley assured them. It seemed only natural that a rector, who was honourable, should read better than old Mr Crewe, who was only a curate, and not honourable ; and when little Clara Robins wondered why some clergymen were rectors and others not, Ellen Marriott assured her with great confidence that it was only the clever men who were made rectors. Ellen Marriott was going to be confirmed. She was a short, fair, plump girl, with blue eyes and sandy hair, which was this morning arranged in taller cannon curls than usual, for the reception of the Episcopal benediction, and some of the young ladies thought her the prettiest girl in the school ; but others gave the preference to her rival, Maria Gardner, who was much taller, and had a lovely "crop" of dark-brown ringlets, and who, being also about to take upon herself the vows made in her name at her baptism, had oiled and twisted her ringlets with especial care. As she seated herself at the breakfast-table before Miss Townley's entrance to dispense the weak coffee, her crop excited so strong a sensation that Ellen Marriott was at length impelled to look at it ; and to say with suppressed but bitter sarcasm, "Is that Miss Gardner's head?" "Yes," said Maria, amiable and stuttering, and no match for Ellen in retort ; "Th—th—this is my head." "Then I don't admire it at all!" was the crushing rejoinder of Ellen, followed by a murmur of approval among her friends. Young ladies, I suppose, exhaust their sac of venom in this way at school. That is the reason why they have such a harmless tooth for each other in after life.

The only other candidate for confirmation at Miss Townley's was Mary Dunn, a draper's daughter in Millby, and a distant relation of the Miss Linnets. Her pale lanky hair

could never be coaxed into permanent curl, and this morning the heat had brought it down to its natural condition of lankiness earlier than usual. But that was not what made her sit melancholy and apart at the lower end of the form. Her parents were admirers of Mr Tryan, and had been persuaded, by the Miss Linnets' influence, to insist that their daughter should be prepared for confirmation by him, over and above the preparation given to Miss Townley's pupils by Mr Crewe. Poor Mary Dunn! I am afraid she thought it too heavy a price to pay for these spiritual advantages, to be excluded from every game at ball, to be obliged to walk with none but little girls—in fact, to be the object of an aversion that nothing short of an incessant supply of plumecakes would have neutralised. And Mrs Dunn was of opinion that plumecake was unwholesome. The anti-Tryanite spirit, you perceive, was very strong at Miss Townley's, imported probably by day scholars, as well as encouraged by the fact that that clever woman was herself strongly opposed to innovation, and remarked every Sunday that Mr Crewe had preached an "excellent discourse." Poor Mary Dunn dreaded the moment when school-hours would be over, for then she was sure to be the butt of those very explicit remarks which, in young ladies' as well as young gentlemen's seminaries, constitute the most subtle and delicate form of the innuendo. "I'd never be a Tryanite, would you?" "O here comes the lady that knows so much more about religion than we do!" "Some people think themselves so very pious!"

It is really surprising that young ladies should not be thought competent to the same curriculum as young gentlemen. I observe that their powers of sarcasm are quite equal ; and if there had been a genteel academy for young gentlemen at Millby, I am inclined to think that, notwithstanding Euclid and the classics, the party spirit there would not have exhibited itself in more pungent irony, or more incisive satire, than was heard in Miss Townley's seminary. But there was no such academy,

the existence of the grammar-school under Mr Crewe's superintendence probably discouraging speculations of that kind; and the genteel youths of Millby were chiefly come home for the mid-summer holidays from distant schools. Several of us had just assumed coat tails, and the assumption of new responsibilities apparently following as a matter of course, we were among the candidates for confirmation. I wish I could say that the solemnity of our feelings was on a level with the solemnity of the occasion; but unimaginative boys find it difficult to recognise apostolical institutions in their developed form, and I fear our chief emotion concerning the ceremony was a sense of sheepishness, and our chief opinion, the speculative and heretical position, that it ought to be confined to the girls. It was a pity, you will say; but it is the way with us men in other crises, that come a long while after confirmation. The golden moments in the stream of life rush past us, and we see nothing but sand; the angels come to visit us, and we only know them when they are gone.

But, as I said, the morning was sunny, the bells were ringing, the ladies of Millby were dressed in their Sunday garments.

And who is this bright-looking woman walking with hasty step along Orchard Street so early, with a large nosegay in her hand? Can it be Janet Dempster, on whom we looked with such deep pity, one sad midnight, hardly a fortnight ago? Yes; no other woman in Millby has those scorching black eyes, that tall graceful unconstrained figure, set off by her simple muslin dress and black lace shawl, that massy black hair now so neatly braided in glossy contrast with the white satin ribbons of her modest cap and bonnet. No other woman has that sweet speaking smile, with which she nods to Jonathan Lamb, the old parish clerk. And, ah!—now she comes nearer—there are those sad lines about the mouth and eyes on which that sweet smile plays like sunbeams on the storm-beaten beauty of the full and ripened corn.

She is turning out of Orchard Street, and making her way as fast

as she can to her mother's house, a pleasant cottage facing a road-side meadow from which the hay is being carried. Mrs Raynor has had her breakfast, and is seated in her arm-chair reading, when Janet opens the door, saying, in her most playful voice—

"Please, mother, I'm come to show myself to you before I go to the parsonage. Have I put on my pretty cap and bonnet to satisfy you?"

Mrs Raynor looked over her spectacles, and met her daughter's glance with eyes as dark and loving as her own. She was a much smaller woman than Janet, both in figure and feature, the chief resemblance lying in the eyes and the clear brunette complexion. The mother's hair had long been grey, and was gathered under the neatest of caps, made by her own clever fingers, as all Janet's caps and bonnets were too. They were well-practised fingers, for Mrs Raynor had supported herself in her widowhood, by keeping a millinery establishment, and in this way had earned money enough to give her daughter what was then thought a first-rate education, as well as to save a sum which, eked out by her son-in-law, sufficed to support her in her solitary old age. Always the same clean, neat old lady, dressed in black silk, was Mrs Raynor: a patient, brave woman, who bowed with resignation under the burden of remembered sorrow, and bore with meek fortitude the new load that the new days brought with them.

"Your bonnet wants pulling a trifle forwarder, my child," she said, smiling, and taking off her spectacles, while Janet at once knelt down before her, and waited to be "set to rights," as she would have done when she was a child. "You're going straight to Mrs Crewe's, I suppose? Are those flowers to garnish the dishes?"

"No, indeed, mother. This is a nosegay for the middle of the table. I've sent up the dinner-service and the ham we had cooked at our house yesterday, and Betty is coming directly with the garnish and the plate. We shall get our good Mrs Crewe through her troubles famously. Dear tiny woman! You should have seen her lift up her hands yesterday, and

pray heaven to take her before ever she should have another collation to get ready for the Bishop. She said, 'It's bad enough to have the Arch-deacon, though he doesn't want half so many jelly glasses. I wouldn't mind, Janet, if it was to feed all the old hungry cripples in Millby, but so much trouble and expense for people who eat too much every day of their lives!' We had such a cleaning and furnishing-up of the sitting-room yesterday! Nothing will ever do away with the smell of Mr Crewe's pipes, you know; but we have thrown it into the background, with yellow soap and dry lavender. And now I must run away. You will come to church, mother?"

"Yes, my dear, I wouldn't lose such a pretty sight. It does my old eyes good to see so many fresh young faces. Is your husband going?"

"Yes, Robert will be there. I've made him as neat as a new pin this morning, and he says the Bishop will think him too buckish by half. I took him into Mammy Dempster's room to show himself. We hear Tryan is making sure of the Bishop's support; but we shall see. I would give my crooked guinea, and all the luck it will ever bring me, to have him beaten, for I can't endure the sight of the man coming to harass dear old Mr and Mrs Crewe in their last days. Preaching the Gospel indeed! That is the best Gospel that makes everybody happy and comfortable, isn't it, mother?"

"Ah, child, I'm afraid there's no Gospel will do that here below."

"Well, I can do something to comfort Mrs Crewe, at least; so give me a kiss, and good-by till church-time."

The mother leaned back in her chair when Janet was gone, and sunk into a painful reverie. When our life is a continuous trial, the moments of respite seem only to substitute the heaviness of dread for the heaviness of actual suffering: the curtain of cloud seems parted an instant only that we may measure all its horror as it hangs low, black, and imminent, in contrast with the tran-

sient brightness; the water-drops that visit the parched lips in the desert, bear with them only the keen imagination of thirst. Janet looked glad and tender now— but what scene of misery was coming next? She was too like the cistus flowers in the little garden before the window, that, with the shades of evening, might lie with the delicate white and glossy dark of their petals trampled in the road-side dust. When the sun had sunk, and the twilight was deepening, Janet might be sitting there, heated, maddened, solving out her griefs with selfish passion, and wildly wishing herself dead.

Mrs Raynor had been reading about the lost sheep, and the joy there is in heaven over the sinner that repenteth. Surely the eternal love she believed in through all the sadness of her lot, would not leave her child to wander farther and farther into the wilderness till there was no turning— the child, so lovely, so pitiful to others—so good, till she was goaded into sin by woman's bitterest sorrows! Mrs Raynor had her faith and her spiritual comforts, though she was not in the least evangelical, and knew nothing of doctrinal zeal. I fear most of Mr Tryan's hearers would have considered her destitute of saving knowledge, and I am quite sure she had no well-defined views on justification. Nevertheless, she read her Bible a great deal, and thought she found divine lessons there—how to bear the cross meekly, and be merciful. Let us hope that there is a saving ignorance, and that Mrs Raynor was justified without exactly knowing how.

She tried to have hope and trust, though it was hard to believe that the future would be anything else than the harvest of the seed that was being sown before her eyes. But always there is seed being sown silently and unseen, and everywhere there come sweet flowers without our foresight or labour. We reap what we sow, but Nature has love over and above that justice, and gives us shadow and blossom and fruit that spring from no planting of ours.

## CHAPTER VI.

Most people must have agreed with Mrs Raynor that the confirmation that day was a pretty sight, at least when those slight girlish forms and fair young faces moved in a white rivulet along the aisles and flowed into kneeling semicircles under the light of the great chancel window, softened by patches of dark old painted glass; and one would think that to look on while a pair of venerable hands pressed such young heads, and a venerable face looked upward for a blessing on them, would be very likely to make the heart swell gently, and to moisten the eyes. Yet I remember the eyes seemed very dry in Millby church that day, notwithstanding that the Bishop was an old man, and probably venerable (for though he was not an eminent Grecian, he was the brother of a Whig lord); and I think the eyes must have remained dry, because he had small delicate womanish hands adorned with ruffles, and, instead of laying them on the girls' heads, just let them hover over each in quick succession, as if it were not etiquette to touch them, and as if the laying on of hands were like the theatrical embrace—part of the play, and not to be really believed in. To be sure, there were a great many heads, and the Bishop's time was limited. Moreover, a wig can, under no circumstances, be affecting, except in rare cases of illusion; and copious lawn-sleeves cannot be expected to go directly to any heart except a washerwoman's.

I know Ned Phipps who knelt against me, and I am sure made me behave much worse than I should have done without him, whispered that he thought the Bishop was a "guy," and I certainly remember thinking that Mr Prendergast looked much more dignified with his plain white surplice and black hair. He was a tall commanding man, and read the Liturgy in a strikingly sonorous and uniform voice, which I tried to imitate the next Sunday at home, until my little sister began to cry and said I was "yaoaring at her."

Mr Tryan sat in a pew near the pulpit with several other clergymen. He looked pale, and rubbed his hand over his face and pushed back his hair oftener than usual. Standing in the aisle close to him, and repeating the responses with edifying loudness, was Mr Budd, churchwarden and delegate, with a white staff in his hand and a backward bend of his small head and person, such as, I suppose, he considered suitable to a friend of sound religion. Conspicuous in the gallery, too, was the tall figure of Mr Dempster, whose professional avocations rarely allowed him to occupy his place at church.

"There's Dempster," said Mrs Linnet to her daughter Mary, "looking more respectable than usual, I declare. He's got a fine speech by heart to make to the Bishop, I'll answer for it. But he'll be pretty well sprinkled with snuff before service is over, and the Bishop won't be able to listen to him for sneezing, that's one comfort."

At length, the last stage in the long ceremony was over, the large assembly streamed warm and weary into the open afternoon sunshine, and the Bishop retired to the Parsonage, where, after honouring Mrs Crewe's collation, he was to give audience to the delegates and Mr Tryan on the great question of the evening lecture.

Between five and six o'clock the parsonage was once more as quiet as usual under the shadow of its tall elms, and the only traces of the Bishop's recent presence there were the wheel-marks on the gravel, and the long table with its garnished dishes awry, its damask sprinkled with crumbs, and its decanters without their stoppers. Mr Crewe was already calmly smoking his pipe in the opposite sitting-room, and Janet was agreeing with Mrs Crewe that some of the blanc-mange would be a nice thing to take to Sally Martin, while the little old lady herself had a spoon in her hand ready to gather the crumbs into a plate, that she

might scatter them on the gravel for the little birds.

Before that time, the Bishop's carriage had been seen driving through the High Street on its way to Lord Trufford's, where he was to dine. The question of the lecture was decided, then?

The nature of the decision may be gathered from the following conversation which took place in the bar of the Red Lion that evening.

"So you're done, eh, Dempster?" was Mr Pillgrim's observation, uttered with some gusto. He was not glad Mr Tryan had gained his point, but he was not sorry Dempster was disappointed.

"Done, sir? Not at all. It is what I anticipated. I knew we had nothing else to expect in these days, when the Church is infested by a set of men who are only fit to give out hymns from an empty cask, to tunes set by a journeyman cobbler. But I was not the less to exert myself in the cause of sound Churchmanship for the good of the town. Any coward can fight a battle when he's sure of winning; but give me the man who has pluck to fight when he's sure of losing. That's my way, sir; and there are many victories worse than a defeat, as Mr Tryan shall learn to his cost."

"He must be a poor shuperrannayated sort of a bishop, that's my opinion," said Mr Tomlinson, "to go along with a sneaking Methodist like Tryan. And, for my part, I think we should be as well without bishops, if they're no wiser than that. Where's the use o' havin' thousands a-year an' livin' in a pallis, if they don't stick to the Church?"

"No. There you're going out of your depth, Tomlinson," said Mr Dempster. "No one shall hear me say a word against Episcopacy—it is a safeguard of the Church; we must have rauks and dignities there as well as everywhere else. No,

sir! is a good thing; but it may happen that a bishop is not a good thing. Just as brandy is a good thing, though this particular bottle is British, and tastes like sugared rain-water caught down the chinney. Here, Ratcliffe, let me have something to drink, a little less like a decoction of sugar and soot."

"I said nothing again Episcopacy," returned Mr Tomlinson. "I only said I thought we should do as well without bishops; an' I'll say it again for the matter o' that. Bishops never brought any grist to my mill."

"Do you know when the lectures are to begin?" said Mr Pillgrim.

"They are to begin on Sunday next," said Mr Dempster in a significant tone; "but I think it will not take a long-sighted prophet to foresee the end of them. It strikes me Mr Tryan will be looking out for another curacy shortly."

"He'll not get many Millby people to go and hear his lectures after a while, I'll bet a guinea," observed Mr Budd. "I know I'll not keep a single workman on my ground who either goes to the lecture himself or lets anybody belonging to him go."

"Nor me nayther," said Mr Tomlinson. "No Tryanite shall touch a sack or drive a waggon o' mine, that you may depend on. An' I know more besides me as are o' the same mind."

"Tryan has a good many friends in the town, though, and friends that are likely to stand by him too," said Mr Pillgrim. "I should say it would be as well to let him and his lectures alone. If he goes on preaching as he does, with such a constitution as his, he'll get a relaxed throat by-and-by, and you'll be rid of him without any trouble."

"We'll not allow him to do himself that injury," said Mr Dempster. "Since his health is not good, we'll persuade him to try change of air. Depend upon it, he'll find the climate of Millby too hot for him."

#### CHAPTER VII.

Mr Dempster did not stay long at the Red Lion that evening. He was summoned home to meet Mr Arm-

strong, a wealthy client, and as he was kept in consultation till a late hour, it happened that this was one of the

nights on which Mr Dempster went to bed tolerably sober. Thus the day, which had been one of Janet's happiest, because it had been spent by her in helping her dear old friend Mrs Crewe, ended for her with unusual quietude; and as a bright sunset promises a fair morning, so a calm lying down is a good augury for a calm waking. Mr Dempster, on the Thursday morning, was in one of his best humours, and though perhaps some of the good humour might result from the prospect of a lucrative and exciting bit of business in Mr Armstrong's probable lawsuit, the greater part of it was doubtless due to those stirrings of the more kindly, healthy sap of human feeling, by which goodness tries to get the upper hand in us whenever it seems to have the slightest chance—on Sunday mornings, perhaps, when we are set free from the grinding hurry of the week, and take the little three-year-old on our knee at breakfast to share our egg and muffin; in moments of trouble, when death visits our roof or illness makes us dependent on the tending hand of a slighted wife; in quiet talks with an aged mother, of the days when we stood at her knee with our first picture-book, or wrote her loving letters from school. In the man whose childhood has known caresses there is always a fibre of memory that can be touched to gentle issues, and Mr Dempster, whom you have hitherto seen only as the orator of the Red Lion, and the drunken tyrant of a dreary midnight home, was the first-born darling son of a fair little mother. That mother was living still, and her own large black easy-chair, where she sat knitting through the live-long day, was now set ready for her at the breakfast-table, by her son's side, a sleek tortoise-shell cat acting as provisional incubent.

"Good morning, Mamsey! why, you're looking as fresh as a daisy this morning. You're getting young again," said Mr Dempster, looking up from his newspaper when the little old lady entered. A very little old lady she was, with a pale, scarcely wrinkled face, hair of that peculiar white which tells that the locks have once been blond, a natty pure white

cap on her head, and a white shawl pinned over her shoulders. You saw at a glance that she had been a mignonne blonde, strangely unlike her tall, ugly, dingy-complexioned son; unlike her daughter-in-law, too, whose large-featured brunette beauty seemed always thrown into higher relief by the white presence of little Mamsey. The unlikeness between Janet and her mother-in-law went deeper than outline and complexion, and indeed there was little sympathy between them, for old Mrs Dempster had not yet learned to believe that her son, Robert, would have gone wrong if he had married the right woman—a meek woman like herself, who would have borne him children, and been a deft, orderly housekeeper. In spite of Janet's tenderness and attention to her, she had had little love for her daughter-in-law from the first, and had witnessed the sad growth of home-misery through long years, always with a disposition to lay the blame on the wife rather than on the husband, and to reproach Mrs Raynor for encouraging her daughter's faults by a too exclusive sympathy. But old Mrs Dempster had that rare gift of silence and passivity which often supplies the absence of mental strength; and, whatever were her thoughts, she said no word to aggravate the domestic discord. Patient and mute she sat at her knitting through many a scene of quarrel and anguish; resolutely she appeared unconscious of the sounds that reached her ears, and the facts she divined after she had retired to her bed; mutely she witnessed poor Janet's faults, only registering them as a balance of excuse on the side of her son. The hard, astute, domineering attorney was still that little old woman's pet, as he had been when she watched with triumphant pride his first tumbling effort to march alone across the nursery floor. "See what a good son he is to me!" she often thought. "Never gave me a harsh word. And so he might have been a good husband."

O it is piteous—that sorrow of aged women! In early youth, perhaps, they said to themselves, "I shall be happy when I have a hus-



band to love me best of all ;” then, when the husband was too careless, “My child will comfort me ;” then, through the mother’s watching and toil, “My child will repay me all when it grows up.” And at last, after the long journey of years has been wearily travelled through, the mother’s heart is weighed down by a heavier burthen, and no hope remains but the grave.

But this morning old Mrs Dempster sat down in her easy-chair without any painful suppressed remembrance of the preceding night.

“I declare mammy looks younger than Mrs Crewe, who is only sixty-five,” said Janet. “Mrs Crewe will come to see you to-day, mammy, and tell you all about her troubles with the Bishop and her collation. She’ll bring her knitting, and you’ll have a regular gossip together.”

“The gossip will be all on one side, then, for Mrs Crewe gets so very deaf, I can’t make her hear a word. And if I motion to her, she always understands me wrong.”

“O, she will have so much to tell you to-day, you will not want to speak yourself. You, who have patience to knit those wonderful counterpanes, mammy, must not be impatient with dear Mrs Crewe. Good old lady ! I can’t bear her to think she’s ever tiresome to people, and you know she’s very ready to fancy herself in the way. I think she would like to shrink up to the size of a mouse, that she might run about and do people good without their noticing her.”

“It isn’t patience I want, God knows ; it’s lungs to speak loud enough. But you’ll be at home yourself, I suppose, this morning ; and you can talk to her for me.”

“No, mammy ; I promised poor Mrs Lowme to go and sit with her. She’s confined to her room, and both the Miss Lowmes are out ; so I’m going to read the newspaper to her, and amuse her.”

“Couldn’t you go another morning ? As Mr Armstrong and that other gentleman are coming to dinner, I should think it would be better to stay at home. Can you trust Betty to see to everything ? She’s new to the place.”

“O I couldn’t disappoint Mrs Lowme ; I promised her. Betty will do very well, no fear.”

Old Mrs Dempster was silent after this, and began to sip her tea. The breakfast went on without further conversation for some time, Mr Dempster being absorbed in the papers. At length, when he was running over the advertisements, his eye seemed to be caught by something that suggested a new thought to him. He presently thumped the table with an air of exultation, and said, turning to Janet.—

“I’ve a capital idea, Gipsy !” (that was his name for his dark-eyed wife when he was in an extraordinarily good humour), “and you shall help me. It’s just what you’re up to.”

“What is it ?” said Janet, her face beaming at the sound of the pet name, now heard so seldom. “Anything to do with conveyancing ?”

“It’s a bit of fun worth a dozen fees—a plan for raising a laugh against Tryan and his gang of hypocrites.”

“What is it ? Nothing that wants a needle and thread, I hope ; else I must go and tease mother.”

“No, nothing sharper than your wit—except mine. I’ll tell you what it is. We’ll get up a programme of the Sunday evening lecture, like a play-bill, you know—‘Grand Performance of the celebrated Mountebank,’ and so on. We’ll bring in the Tryanites—old Landor and the rest—in appropriate characters. Procter shall print it, and we’ll circulate it in the town. It will be a capital hit.”

“Bravo !” said Janet, clapping her hands. She would just then have pretended to like almost anything, in her pleasure at being appealed to by her husband, and she really did like to laugh at the Tryanites. “We’ll set about it directly, and sketch it out before you go to the office. I’ve got Tryan’s sermons up-stairs, but I don’t think there’s anything in them we can use. I’ve only just looked into them ; they’re not at all what I expected—dull, stupid things—nothing of the roaring fire and brimstone sort that I expected.”

“Roaring ? No ; Tryan’s as soft as a sucking dove—one of your honey-

mouthed hypocrites. Plenty of devil and malice in him, though, I could see that, while he was talking to the Bishop; but as smooth as a snake outside. He's beginning a single-handed fight with me, I can see—persuading my clients away from me. We shall see who will be the first to cry *peccavi*. Milby will do better without Mr Tryan than without Robert Dempster, I fancy! and Milby shall never be flooded with cant as long as I can raise a breakwater against it. But now, get the breakfast things cleared away, and let us set about the play-bill. Come, mamsey, come and have a walk with me round the garden, and let us see how the cucumbers are getting on. I've never taken you round the garden for an age. Come, you don't want a bonnet. It's like walking in a greenhouse this morning."

"But she will want a parasol," said Janet. "There's one on the stand against the garden-door, Robert."

The little old lady took her son's arm with placid pleasure. She could barely reach it so as to rest upon it, but he inclined a little towards her, and accommodated his heavy long-limbed steps to her feeble pace. The cat chose to sun herself too, and walked close beside them, with tail erect, rubbing her sleek sides against their legs, and too well fed to be excited by the twittering birds. The garden was of the grassy, shady kind, often seen attached to old houses in provincial towns; the apple-trees had had time to spread their branches very wide,

the shrubs and hardy perennial plants had grown into a luxuriance that required constant trimming to prevent them from intruding on the space for walking. But the farther end, which united with green fields, was open and sunny.

It was rather sad, and yet pretty, to see that little group passing out of the shadow into the sunshine, and out of the sunshine into the shadow again: sad, because this tenderness of the son for the mother was hardly more than a nucleus of healthy life in an organ hardening by disease, because the man who was linked in this way with an innocent past, had become callous in workillness, fevered by sensuality, enslaved by chance impulses; pretty, because it showed how hard it is to kill the deep-down fibrous roots of human love and goodness—how the man from whom we make it our pride to shrink, has yet a close brotherhood with us through some of our most sacred feelings.

As they were returning to the house, Janet met them, and said, "Now, Robert, the writing things are ready. I shall be clerk, and Mat Paine can copy it out after."

Mammy once more deposited in her arm-chair, with her knitting in her hand, and the cat purring at her elbow, Janet seated herself at the table, while Mr Dempster placed himself near her, took out his snuff-box, and plentifully suffusing himself with the inspiring powder, began to dictate.

What he dictated, we shall see by-and-by.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

The next day, Friday, at five o'clock by the sun-dial, the large bow-window of Mrs Jerome's parlour was open; and that lady herself was seated within its ample semicircle, having a table before her on which her best tea-tray, her best china, and her best urn-rug had already been standing in readiness for half an hour. Mrs Jerome's best tea-service was of delicate white fluted china, with gold sprigs upon it—as pretty a tea-service as you need wish to see, and quite good enough for chimney ornaments;

indeed, as the cups were without handles, most visitors who had the distinction of taking tea out of them, wished that such charming china had already been promoted to that honorary position. Mrs Jerome was like her china, handsome and old-fashioned. She was a buxom lady of sixty, in an elaborate lace cap fastened by a frill under her chin, a dark, well-curved front concealing her forehead, a snowy neckerchief exhibiting its ample folds as far as her waist, and a stiff grey silk gown. She had a clean

damask napkin pinned before her to guard her dress during the process of tea-making; her favourite geraniums in the bow-window 'were looking as healthy as she could desire; her own handsome portrait, painted when she was twenty years younger, was smiling down on her with agreeable flattery; and altogether she seemed to be in as peaceful and pleasant a position as a buxom, well-drest elderly lady need desire. But, as in so many other cases, appearances were deceptive. Her mind was greatly perturbed and her temper ruffled by the fact that it was more than a quarter past five even by the losing time-piece, that it was half-past by her large gold watch, which she held in her hand as if she were counting the pulse of the afternoon, and that, by the kitchen clock, which she felt sure was not an hour too fast, it had already struck six. The lapse of time was rendered the more unendurable to Mrs Jerome by her wonder that Mr Jerome could stay out in the garden with Lizzie in that thoughtless way, taking it so easily that tea-time was long past, and that, after all the trouble of getting down the best tea-things, Mr Tryan would not come.

This honour had been shown to Mr Tryan, not at all because Mrs Jerome had any high appreciation of his doctrine or of his exemplary activity as a pastor, but simply because he was a "Church clergyman," and as such was regarded by her with the same sort of exceptional respect as a white woman who had married a native of the Society Islands might be supposed to feel towards a white-skinned visitor from the land of her youth. For Mrs Jerome had been brought up a Churchwoman, and having attained the age of thirty before she was married, had felt the greatest repugnance in the first instance to renouncing the religious forms in which she had been brought up. "You know," she said in confidence to her Church acquaintances, "I wouldn't give no ear at all to Mr Jerome at fust; but after all, I begun to think as there was a maeny things wuss nor goin' to chapel, an' you'd better do that nor not pay your way. Mr Jerome had a very pleasant man-

ner wi' him, an' there was never another as kep a gig, an' 'ud make a settlement on me like him, chapel or no chapel. It seemed very odd to me for a lung while, the preachin' wi'out book, an' the stannin' up to one lung prayer, istid o' changin' yur postur. But la! there's nothin' as you mayn't get used to i' time; you can a'ys sit down, you know, afore the prayer's done. The ministers say welly the same things as the Church parsons, by what I could iver mek out, an' we're out o' chapel i' the mornin' a deal sooner ner they're out o' church. An' as for pews, urn's a deal comfortabler nor aeny i' Millby church."

Mrs Jerome, you perceive, had not a keen susceptibility to shades of doctrine, and it is probable that after listening to Dissenting eloquence for thirty years, she might safely have re-entered the Establishment without performing any spiritual quarantine. Her mind, apparently, was of that non-porons flinty character which is not in the least danger from surrounding damp. But on the question of getting start of the sun in the day's business, and clearing her conscience of the necessary sum of meals and the consequent "washing up" as soon as possible, so that the family might be well in bed at nine, Mrs Jerome was susceptible; and the present lingering pace of things, united with Mr Jerome's unaccountable obliviousness, was not to be borne any longer. So she rang the bell for Sally.

"Goodness me, Sally! go into the garden an' see after your master. Tell him it's goin' on for six, an' Mr Tryan 'ull niver think o' comin' now, an' it's time we got tea over. An' he's lettin' Lizzie stain her frock, I expect, among them strawberry beds. Mek her come in this minute."

No wonder Mr Jerome was tempted to linger in the garden, for though the house was pretty and well deserved its name—"the White House," the tall damask roses that clustered over the porch being thrown into relief by rough stucco of the most brilliant white, yet the garden and orchards were Mr Jerome's glory, as well they might be; and there was nothing in which he had a more

innocent pride—peace to a good man's memory! all his pride was innocent—than in conducting a hitherto uninitiated visitor over his grounds, and making him in some degree aware of the incomparable advantages possessed by the inhabitants of the White House in the matter of red-streaked apples, russets, northern greens (excellent for baking), swan-egg pears, and early vegetables, to say nothing of flowering "scrubs," pink hawthorns, lavender bushes more than ever Mrs Jerome could use, and, in short, a superabundance of everything that a person retired from business could desire to possess himself or to share with his friends. The garden was one of those old-fashioned paradises which hardly exist any longer except as memories of our childhood: no final separation between flower and kitchen garden there; no monotony of enjoyment for one sense to the exclusion of another; but a charming paradisaical mingling of all that was pleasant to the eyes and good for food. The rich flower-border running along every walk, with its endless succession of spring flowers, anemones, auriculas, wall-flowers, sweet-williams, campanulas, snapdragons, and tiger-lilies, had its taller beauties, such as moss and Provence roses, varied with espalier apple-trees; the crimson of a carnation was carried out in the lurking crimson of the neighbouring strawberry-beds; you gathered a moss-rose one moment and a bunch of currants the next; you were in a delicious fluctuation between the scent of jasmine and the juice of gooseberries. Then what a high wall at one end, flanked by a summer-house so lofty; that after ascending its long flight of steps you could see perfectly well there was no view worth looking at; what alcoves and garden seats in all directions; and along one side, what a hedge, tall, and firm, and unbroken, like a green wall!

It was near this hedge that Mr Jerome was standing when Sally found him. He had set down the basket of strawberries on the gravel, and had lifted up little Lizzie in his arms to look at a bird's nest. Lizzie peeped, and then looked at her

grandpa with round blue eyes, and then peeped again.

"D'ye see it, Lizzie?" he whispered.

"Yes," she whispered in return, putting her lips very near grandpa's face. At this moment Sally appeared.

"Eh, ch, Sally, what's the matter? Is Mr Tryan come?"

"No, sir, an' Missis says she's sure he won't come now, an' she wants you to come in an' hev tea. Dear heart, Miss Lizzie, you've stained your pinafore, an' I shouldn't wonder if it's gone through to your frock. There'll be fine work! Come along wi' me, do."

"Nay, nay, nay, we've done no harm, we've done no harm, hev we Lizzie? The wash tub 'll mek all right again."

Sally, regarding the wash-tub from a different point of view, looked sourly serious, and hurried away with Lizzie, who trotted submissively along, her little head in eclipse under a large nankin bonnet, while Mr Jerome followed leisurely with his full broad shoulders in rather a stooping posture, and his large good-natured features and white locks shaded by a broad-brimmed hat.

"Mr Jerome, I wonder at you," said Mrs Jerome, in a tone of indignant remonstrance, "evidently sustained by a deep sense of injury, as her husband opened the parlour door. 'When will you leave off invitin' people to meals an' not lettin' 'em know the time? I'll answer for't, you niver said a word to Mr Tryan as we should tek tea at five o'clock. It's just like you!'"

"Nay, nay, Susan," answered the husband in a soothing tone, "there's nothin' amiss. I told Mr Tryan as we took tea at five punctial; mayhap summat's detainin' on him. He's a deal to do an' to think on, remember."

"Why, it's struck six i' the kitchen a'ready. It's nonsense to look for him comin' now. So you may's well ring for th' urn. Now Sally's got th' heater i' th' fire, we may's well hev th' urn in, though he doesn't come. I niver see the like o' you, Mr Jerome, for axin' people an' givin' me the trouble o' gettin' things down an'

hevin' crumpets made, an' after all they don't come. I shall hev to wash every one o' these tea-things myself, for there's no trustin' Sally--she'd break a fortin i' crockery i' no time!"

"But why will you give yourself sich trouble, Susan? Our everyday tea-things would ha' done as well for Mr Tryan, an' they're a deal convenienter to hold."

"Yes, that's just your way, Mr Jerome, you're al'ys a-findin' faut wi' my chany, because I bought it myself afore I was married. But let me tell you, I knowed how to choose chany if I didn't know how to choose a husband. An' where's Lizzie? You've niver left her i' the garden by herself, wi' her white frock on an' clean stockings?"

"Be easy, my dear Susan, be easy; Lizzie's come in wi' Sally. She's hevin' her pinafore took off, I'll be bound. Ah! There's Mr Tryan a-comin' through the gate."

Mrs Jerome began hastily to adjust her damask napkin, and the expression of her countenance for the reception of the clergyman, and Mr Jerome went out to meet his guest, whom he greeted outside the door.

"Mr Tryan, how do you do, Mr Tryan? Welcome to the White House! I'm glad to see you, sir, I'm glad to see you."

If you had heard the tone of mingled goodwill, veneration, and condolence in which this greeting was uttered, even without seeing the face that completely harmonised with it, you would have no difficulty in inferring the ground notes of Mr Jerome's character. To a fine ear that tone said as plainly as possible—"Whatever recommends itself to me, Thomas Jerome, as piety and goodness, shall have my love and honour. Ah, friends, this pleasant world is a sad one, too, isn't it? Let us help one another, let us help one another." And it was entirely owing to this basis of character, not at all from any clear and precise doctrinal discrimination, that Mr Jerome had very early in life become a Dissenter. In his boyish days he had been thrown where Dissent seemed to have the balance of piety, purity, and good works on its side, and to become a Dissenter seemed to him

identical with choosing God instead of mammon. That race of Dissenters is extinct in these days, when opinion has got far ahead of feeling, and every chapel-going youth can fill our ears with the advantages of the Voluntary system, the corruptions of a State Church, and the Scriptural evidence that the first Christians were Congregationalists. Mr Jerome knew nothing of this theoretic basis for Dissent, and in the utmost extent of his polemical discussion he had not gone further than to question whether a Christian man was bound in conscience to distinguish Christmas and Easter by any peculiar observance beyond the eating of mince-pies and cheese-cakes. It seemed to him that all seasons were alike good for thanking God, departing from evil and doing well, whereas it might be desirable to restrict the period for indulging in unwholesome forms of pastry. Mr Jerome's dissent being of this simple, non-polemical kind, it is easy to understand that the report he heard of Mr Tryan as a good man and a powerful preacher, who was stirring the hearts of the people, had been enough to attract him to the Paddiford Church, and that having felt himself more edified there than he had of late been under Mr Stickney's discourses at Salem, he had driven thither repeatedly in the Sunday afternoons, and had sought an opportunity of making Mr Tryan's acquaintance. The evening lecture was a subject of warm interest with him, and the opposition Mr Tryan met with gave that interest a strong tinge of partisanship; for there was a store of irascibility in Mr Jerome's nature which must find a vent somewhere, and in so kindly and upright a man could only find it in indignation against those whom he held to be enemies of truth and goodness. Mr Tryan had not hitherto been to the White House, but yesterday, meeting Mr Jerome in the street, he had at once accepted the invitation to tea, saying there was something he wished to talk about. He appeared worn and fatigued now, and after shaking hands with Mrs Jerome, threw himself into a chair and looked out on the pretty garden with an air of relief.

"What a nice place you have here, Mr Jerome! I've not seen anything so quiet and pretty since I came to Millby. On Paddiford Common, where I live, you know, the bushes are all sprinkled with soot, and there's never any quiet except in the dead of night."

"Dear heart! dear heart! That's very bad--and for you, too, as hev to study. Wouldn't it be better for you to be somewhere more out i' the country like?"

"O no! I should lose so much time in going to and fro, and besides I like to be *among* the people. I've no face to go and preach resignation to those poor things in their smoky air and comfortless homes, when I come straight from every luxury myself. There are many things quite lawful for other men, which a clergyman must forego if he would do any good in a manufacturing population like this."

Here the preparations for tea were crowned by the simultaneous appearance of Lizzie and the crumpet. It is a pretty surprise, when one visits an elderly couple, to see a little figure enter in a white frock, with a blonde head as smooth as satin, round blue eyes, and a cheek like an apple blossom. A toddling little girl is a centre of common feeling which makes the most dissimilar people understand each other; and Mr Tryan looked at Lizzie with that quiet pleasure which is always genuine.

"Here we are, here we are!" said proud grandpapa. "You didn't think we'd got such a little gell as this, did you, Mr Tryan? Why, it seems but th' other day since her mother was just such another. This is our little Lizzie, this is. Come an' shake hands wi' Mr Tryan, Lizzie; come."

Lizzie advanced without hesitation, and put out one hand, while she fingered her coral necklace with the other, and looked up into Mr Tryan's face with a reconnoitring gaze. He stroked the satin head, and said in his gentlest voice, "How do you do, Lizzie? will you give me a kiss?" She put up her little bud of a mouth, and then retreating a little and glancing down at her frock, said,

"Dit id my noo fock. I put it on

'todd you wad toming. Tally taid you wouldn't 'look at it."

"Hush, hush, Lizzie, little gells must be seen and not heard," said Mrs Jerome; while grandpapa, winking significantly, and looking radiant with delight at Lizzie's extraordinary promise of cleverness, set her up on her high cane-chair by the side of grandma, who lost no time in shielding the beauties of the new frock with a napkin.

"Well now, Mr Tryan," said Mr Jerome, in a very serious tone, when tea had been distributed, "let me hear how you're a-goin' on about the lectur. When I was i' the town yesterday, I heared as there was persecutin' schemes a-bein' laid again you. I fear me those raskills 'ull mek things very onpleasant to you."

"I've no doubt they will attempt it; indeed, I quite expect there will be a regular mob got up on Sunday evening, as there was when the delegates returned, on purpose to annoy me and the congregation on our way to church."

"Ah, they're capible o' anything, such men as Dempster an' Budd; an' Tonulisson backs 'em wi' money, though he can't wi' brains. However, Dempster's lost one client by's wicked doings, an' I'm deceived if he won't lose more nor one. I little thought, Mr Tryan, when I put my affairs into his hands twenty ear ago this Michaelmas, as he was to turn out a persecutor o' religion. I niver lighted on a cliverer, promiser young man nor he was then. They talked of his bein' fond of a extry glass now an' then, but niver nothin' like what he's come to since. An' it's headpiece you must look for in a lawyer, Mr Tryan, it's headpiece. His wife, too, was al'ys an uncommon favourite o' mine—poor thing! I hear sad stories about her now. But she's druv to it, she's druv to it, Mr Tryan. A tender-hearted woman to the poor, she is, as iver lived; an' as pretty-spoken a woman as you need wish to talk to. Yes! I'd al'ys a likin' for Dempster an' his wife, spite o' iverything. But as soon as iver I heared o' that dilegate business, I says, says I, that man shall hev no more to do wi' my affairs. It may put me t' inconvenience, but I'll encourage no man as persecutes religion."

"He is evidently the brain and hand of the persecution," said Mr Tryan. "There may be a strong feeling against me in a large number of the inhabitants—it must be so, from the great ignorance of spiritual things in this place. But I fancy there would have been no formal opposition to the lecture, if Dempster had not planned it. I am not myself the least alarmed at anything he can do; he will find I am not to be cowed or driven away by insult or personal danger. God has sent me to this place, and, by His blessing, I'll not shrink from anything I may have to encounter in doing His work among the people. But I feel it right to call on all those who know the value of the Gospel, to stand by me publicly. I think—and Mr Lander agrees with me—that it will be well for my friends to proceed with me in a body to the church on Sunday evening. Dempster, you know, has pretended that almost all the respectable inhabitants are opposed to the lecture. Now, I wish that falsehood to be visibly contradicted. What do you think of the plan? I have to-day been to see several of my friends, who will make a point of being there to accompany me, and will communicate with others on the subject."

"I'll mek one, Mr Tryan, I'll mek one. You sha'n't be wantin' in any support as I can give. Before you come to it, sir, Millby was a dead an' dark place; you are the fast man i' the Church to my knowledgo as has brought the word o' God home to the people, an' I'll stan' by you, sir, I'll stan' by you. I'm a dissenter, Mr Tryan; I've been a dissenter iver sin' I was fifteen 'ear old; but show me good i' the Church, an' I'm a Churchman too. When I was a boy I lived at Tilston; you mayn't know the place; the best part o' the land there belonged to Squire Sandeman; he'd a club-foot, hed Squire Sandeman—lost a deal o' money by canal shares. Well, sir, as I was sayin', I lived at Tilston, an' the rector there was a terrible drinkin', fox-huntin' man; you niver see such a parish i' your time for wickedness; Millby's nothin' to it. Well, sir, my father was a workin' man, an' couldn't afford to gi' me any eddication, so I

went to a night-school as was kep by a dissenter, one Jacob Wright; an' it was from that man, sir, as I got my little schoolin' an' my knowledgo o' religion. I went to chapel wi' Jacob—he was a good man was Jacob—an' to chapel I've been iver since. But I'm no enemy o' the Church, sir, when the Church brings light to the ignorant an' the sinful; an' that's what you're a-doin', Mr Tryan. Yes, sir, I'll stan' by you. I'll go to church wi' you o' Sunday evenin'."

"You'd fur better stay at home, Mr Jerome, if I may give *my* opinion," interposed Mrs Jerome. "It's not as I hev'n't ivery respect for you, Mr Tryan, but Mr Jerome 'ull do you no good by his interferin'. Dissenters are not at all looked on i' Millby, an' he's as nervous as iver he can be; he'll come back as ill as ill, an' niver let me hev a wink o' sleep all night."

Mrs Jerome had been frightened at the mention of a mob, and her retrospective regard for the religious communion of her youth by no means inspired her with the temper of a martyr. Her husband looked at her with an expression of tender and grieved remonstrance, which might have been that of the patient patriarch on the memorable occasion when he rebuked *his* wife.

"Susan, Susan, let me beg on you not to oppose me, an' put stumblin'-blocks i' the way o' doin' what's right. I can't give up my conscience, let me give up what else I may."

"Perhaps," said Mr Tryan, feeling slightly uncomfortable, "since you are not very strong, my dear sir, it will be well, as Mrs Jerome suggests, that you should not run the risk of any excitement."

"Say no more, Mr Tryan. I'll stan' by you, sir. It's my duty. It's the cause o' God, sir; it's the cause o' God."

Mr Tryan obeyed his impulse of admiration and gratitude, and put out his hand to the white-haired old man, saying, "Thank you, Mr Jerome, thank you."

Mr Jerome grasped the proffered hand in silence, and then threw himself back in his chair, casting a regretful look at his wife, which seemed to say, "Why don't you feel with me, Susan?"

The sympathy of this simple-minded old man was more precious to Mr Tryan than any mere onlooker could have imagined. To persons possessing a great deal of that facile psychology which prejudices individuals by means of formulae, and casts them, without further trouble, into duly lettered pigeon-holes, the Evangelical curate might seem to be doing simply what all other men like to do—carrying out objects which were identified not only with his theory, which is but a kind of secondary egoism, but also with the primary egoism of his feelings. Opposition may become sweet to a man when he has christened it persecution: a self-obtrusive, overhasty reformer complacently disclaiming all merit, while his friends call him a martyr, has not in reality a career the most arduous to the fleshly mind. But Mr Tryan was not cast in the mould of the gratuitous martyr. With a power of persistence which had been often blamed as obstinacy, he had an acute sensibility to the very hatred or ridicule he did not flinch from provoking. Every form of disapproval jarred him painfully; and, though he fronted his opponents manfully, and often with considerable warmth of temper, he had no pugnacious pleasure in the contest. It was one of the weaknesses of his nature to be too keenly alive to every harsh wind of opinion; to wince under the frowns of the foolish; to be irritated by the injustice of those who could not possibly have the elements indispensable for judging him rightly; and with all this acute sensibility to blame, this dependence on sympathy, he had for years been constrained into a position of antagonism. No wonder, then, that good old Mr Jerome's cordial words were balm to him. He had often been thankful to an old woman for saying "God bless you;" to a little child for smiling at him; to a dog for submitting to be patted by him.

Tea being over by this time, Mr Tryan proposed a walk in the garden, as a means of dissipating all recollection of the recent conjugal dissidence. Little Lizzie's appeal, "Me go, gandpa!" could not be rejected, so she was duly bonneted and pin-afored, and then they turned out into the evening sunshine. Not Mrs

Jerome, however: she had a deeply meditated plan of retiring *ad interim* to the kitchen and washing up the best tea-things, as a mode of getting forward with the sadly-retarded business of the day.

"This way, Mr Tryan, this way," said the old gentleman; "I must take you to my pastur fust, an' show you our cow—the best milker i' the county. An' see here at these back-buildings, how convenient the dairy is; I planned it ivery bit myself. An' here I've got my little carpenter's shop an' my blacksmith's shop; I do no end o' jobs here myself. I 'niver could bear to be idle, Mr Tryan; I must al'ys be at somethin' or other. It was time for me to ley by business an' mek room for younger folks. I'd got money enough, wi' only one daughter to leave it to, an' I says to myself, says I, it's time to leave off mootherin' myself wi' this world so much, an' give more time to thinkin' of another. But there's a many hours atween gettin' up an' lyin' down, an' thoughts are no cumber; you can move about wi' a good many on em' in your head. See here's the pastur."

A very pretty pasture it was, where the large-spotted short-horned cow quietly chewed the cud as she lay and looked sleepily at her admirers—a daintily trimmed hedge all round, dotted here and there with a mountain-ash or a cherry-tree.

"I've a good bit more land besides this, worth your wife to look at, but mayhap it's further nor you'd like to walk now. Bless you! I've welly an' acre o' potato ground yonters; I've a good big family to supply, you know." (Here Mr Jerome winked and smiled significantly.) "An' that puts me i' mind, Mr Tryan, o' summat I wanted to say to you. Clergymen like you, I know, see a deal more poverty an' that, than other folks, an' hev a many claims on 'em more nor they can well meet; an' if you'll mek use o' my purse any time, or let me know where I can be o' any help, I'll tek it very kind on you."

"Thank you, Mr Jerome, I will do so, I promise you. I saw a sad caso yesterday; a collier—a fine broad-chested fellow about thirty—was killed by the falling of a wall in the



Paddiford colliery. I was in one of the cottages near when they brought him home on a door, and the shriek of the wife has been ringing in my ears ever since. There are three little children. Happily the woman has her loom, so she will be able to keep out of the workhouse; but she looks very delicate."

"Give me her name, Mr Tryan," said Mr Jerome, drawing out his pocket-book. "I'll call an' see her, I'll call an' see her."

Deep was the fountain of pity in the good old man's heart! He often ate his dinner stintingly, oppressed by the thought that there were men, women, and children, with no dinner to sit down to, and would relieve his mind by going out in the afternoon to look for some need that he could supply, some honest struggle in which he could lend a helping hand. That any living being should want, was his chief sorrow; that any rational being should waste, was the next. Sally, indeed, having been scolded by master for a too lavish use of sticks in lighting the kitchen fire, and various instances of recklessness with regard to candle ends, considered him "as mean as anythink"; but he had as kindly a warmth as the morning sunlight, and, like the sunlight, his goodness shone on all that came in his way, from the saucy rosy-cheeked lad whom he delighted to make happy with a Christmas box, to the pallid sufferers up dim entries, languishing under the tardy death of want and misery.

It was very pleasant to Mr Tryan to listen to the simple chat of the old man—to walk in, the shade of

the incomparable orchard, and hear the story of the crops yielded by the red-streaked apple-tree, and the quiet embarrassing plentifulness of the summer-pears—to drink in the sweet evening breath of the garden, as they sat in the alcove—and so, for a short interval, to feel the strain of his pastoral task relaxed.

Perhaps he felt the return to that task through the dusty roads all the more painfully, perhaps something in that quiet shady home had reminded him of the time before he had taken on him the yoke of self-denial. The strongest heart will faint sometimes under the feeling that enemies are bitter, and that friends only know half its sorrows. The most resolute soul will now and then cast back a yearning look in treading the rough mountain-path, away from the greenward and laughing voices of the valley. However it was, in the nine o' clock twilight that evening, when Mr Tryan had entered his small study and turned the key in the door, he threw himself into the chair before his writing-table, and, heedless of the papers there, leaned his face low on his hand, and moaned heavily.

It is apt to be so in this life, I think. While we are coldly discussing career, sneering at his mistakes, blaming his rashness, and labelling his opinions—"he is Evangelical and narrow," or "Latitudinarian and Pantheistic," or "Anglican and supercilious"—that man, in his solitude, is perhaps shedding hot tears because his sacrifice is a hard one, because strength and patience are failing him to speak the difficult word, and do the difficult deed.

ER IX.

Mr Tryan showed no such symptoms of weakness on the critical Sunday. He unhesitatingly rejected the suggestion that he should be taken to church in Mr Landor's carriage—a proposition which that gentleman made as an amendment on the original plan, when the rumours of meditated insult became alarming. Mr Tryan declared he would have no precautions taken, but would simply trust in God and

his good cause. Some of his more timid friends thought this conduct rather defiant than wise, and reflecting that a mob has great talents for impromptu, and that legal redress is imperfect satisfaction for having one's head broken with a brickbat, were beginning to question their consciences very closely as to whether it was not a duty they owed to their families to stay at home on Sunday evening. These timorous persons,

however, were in a small minority, and the generality of Mr Tryan's friends and hearers rather exulted in an opportunity of braving insult for the sake of a preacher to whom they were attached on personal as well as doctrinal grounds. Miss Pratt spoke of Cranmer, Ridley, and Latimer, and observed that the present crisis afforded an occasion for emulating their heroism even in these degenerate times; while less highly instructed persons, whose memories were not well stored with precedents, simply expressed their determination, as Mr Jerome had done, to "stan' by" the preacher and his cause, believing it to be the "cause of God."

On Sunday evening, then, at a quarter past six, Mr Tryan, setting out from Mr Lamlor's with a party of his friends who had assembled there, was soon joined by two other groups from Mr Pratt's and Mr Dunn's; and stray persons on their way to church naturally falling into

rank behind this leading file, by the time they reached the entrance of Orchard Street, Mr Tryan's friends formed a considerable procession, walking three or four abreast. It was in Orchard Street and towards the church gates, that the chief crowd was collected; and at Mr Dempster's drawing-room window, on the upper floor, a more select assembly of Anti-Tryanites were gathered, to witness the entertaining spectacle of the Tryanites walking to church amidst the jeers and hootings of the crowd.

To prompt the popular wit with appropriate sobriquets, numerous copies of Mr Dempster's play-bill were posted on the walls, in suitably large and emphatic type. As it is possible that the most industrious collector of mural literature may not have been fortunate enough to possess himself of this production, which ought by all means to be preserved amongst the materials of our provincial religious history, I subjoin a faithful copy.

#### GRAND ENTERTAINMENT!!!

To be given at Millby on Sunday evening next, by the

FAMOUS COMEDIAN, TRY-IT-ON!

And his first-rate company, including not only an

UNPARALLELED CAST FOR COMEDY!

But a Large Collection of *reclaimed and converted Animals*; among the rest

*A Bear, who used to dance!*

*A Parrot, once given to swearing!!*

*A Polygamous Pig!!!*

and

*A Monkey who used to catch fleas on a Sunday!!!!*

Together with a

*Pair of regenerated LINNETS!*

With an entirely new song, and *plumage*.

MR TRY-IT-ON

Will first pass through the streets, in procession, with his unrivalled Company, warranted to have their *eyes turned up higher*, and the *corners of their mouths turned down lower*, than any other company of Mountebanks in this circuit!

AFTER WHICH

The Theatre will be opened, and the entertainment will commence  
at HALF-PAST SIX,

When will be presented

A piece, never before performed on any stage, entitled,

THE WOLF IN SHEEP'S CLOTHING;

OR

THE METHODIST IN A MASK.

Mr Boanerges Soft Sawder,	Mr TRY-IT-ON.
Old Ten-per-cent Godly,	Mr GANDER.
Dr Feedemup,	Mr TONIC.
Mr Lime-Twig Lady-winner,	Mr TRY-IT-ON.
Miss Piety Bait-the-hook,	Miss TONIC.
Angelica,	Miss SERAPHINA TONIC.

After which  
 A miscellaneous Musical Interlude, commencing with  
 The *Lamentations of Jerom-iah!*  
 In nasal recitative.  
 To be followed by  
 The favourite Cackling Quartette,  
 by  
 Two *Hen-birds* who are *no chickens!*  
 The well-known *counter-tenor*, Mr *Dono*, and a *Gander*,  
 lineally descended from the *Goose* that laid golden eggs!  
 To conclude with a  
 GRAND CHORUS by the  
*Entire Orchestra of converted Animals!!*

But owing to the unavoidable absence (from illness) of the *Bull-dog*, who  
*has left off fighting*, Mr *Tonic* has kindly undertaken, at a moment's notice, to  
 supply the "*bark!*"

The whole to conclude with a  
*Screaming Farce of*

#### THE PULPIT SNATCHER.

Mr Saintly Smooth-face, . . . . .	Mr TRY-IT-ON
Mr Worming Snaker, . . . . .	Mr TRY-IT-ON
Mr All-grace No-works, . . . . .	Mr TRY-IT-ON !!
Mr Elect-and-Chosen Apewell, . . . . .	Mr TRY-IT-ON !!!
Mr Malevolent Prayerful, . . . . .	Mr TRY-IT-ON '!!!
Mr Foist-himself Everywhere, . . . . .	Mr TRY-IT-ON '!!!!
Mr Flout-the-aged Upstart, . . . . .	Mr TRY-IT-ON '!!!!'

Admission Free. A Collection will be made at the Doors.

*Virat Rex!*

This satire, though it presents the keenest edge of Millby wit, does not strike you as lacerating, I imagine. But hatred is like fire -- it makes even light rubbish deadly. And Mr Dempster's sarcasms were not merely visible on the walls; they were reflected in the derisive glances, and audible in the jeering voices of the crowd. Through this pelting shower of nick-names and bad puns, with an *ad libitum* accompaniment of groans, howls, hisses, and heehaws, but of no heavier missiles, Mr Tryan walked pale and composed, giving his arm to old Mr Landor, whose step was feeble. On the other side of him was Mr Jerome, who still walked firmly, though his shoulders were slightly bowed.

Outwardly Mr Tryan was composed, but inwardly he was suffering

acutely from these tones of hatred and scorn. However strong his consciousness of right, he found it no stronger armour against such weapons as derisive glances and virulent words, than against stones and clubs: his conscience was in repose, but his sensibility was bruised.

Once more only did the Evangelical curate pass up Orchard Street followed by a train of friends; once more only was there a crowd assembled to witness his entrance through the church gates. But that second time no voice was heard above a whisper, and the whispers were words of sorrow and blessing. That second time, Janet Dempster was not looking on in scorn and merriment; her eyes were worn with grief and watching, and she was following her beloved friend and pastor to the grave.

## AFOOT.

## PART III.—CHAPTER V.

"THE human species," says Charles Lamb, "according to the best theory I can form of it, is composed of two distinct races—the men who borrow and the men who lend. To these two original diversities may be reduced all those impertinent classifications of Gothic and Celtic tribes, white men, black men, red men. All the dwellers upon earth, 'Parthians and Medes and Elamites,' flock hither, and do naturally fall in with one or other of these primary distinctions." We do not unreservedly endorse this doctrine of races; nor do we accept as our creed, the more elaborate division of mankind, by Buffon and Cuvier, into Caucasian; Mongolian, Ethiopian, Malayian, and American races. Prichard's psychical and philological study of man is too high for us; so are his Melanic, Xanthous and Leucous varieties. Still less would we adopt the Lazarus and Dives distinction. The theory of our afoot philosophy is, that men should be classed, not by race or degree, but by kind. We would divide them into Churl and Gentle—the churl in heart and mind, the man of purblind vision, of the closed heart and the closed hand—the gentle in spirit and thought, the full-hearted, full-handed, and full-sighted; the men who have smiles for their brethren and eyes for nature, who can say a welcome and a God-speed. These are the grand divisions, and these again have their varieties. There are peasant churls and noble churls; boorish churls and niggard churls; muleish and moleish churls; soddan, sordid, crabbed, and sullen churls. There are the low-born and high-born gentles; the hearty and the social; the retiring and the diffident; the hail-fellow-well-met and the recluse; the horny-handed and weatherbeaten gentle; the soft and the delicate, yet all-generous, free-hearted, cheerful—lovers of nature and lovers of men. We have found these pretty equally distributed between Caucasian and Ethiopian, and

as often associated with blubber lips and woolly hair, as with the finely chiselled physiognomy of Arab or Greek. We would not bruit it in New York, or whisper it in a steamer on the Mississippi, without having made up our minds to be tabooed, lynched, or bowdled; but here, surrounded by Magna Charta and the rural police, we are free to confess that we consider the Ethiop or Nigger rather a pleasant fellow, save and excepting when he comes betwixt the wind and our nobility. We are not sanguine enough to believe that we shall ever see the fulfilment of the theory, that the most gorgeous drama of civilisation the world has ever witnessed will be enacted by blacks—if so, we trust that some bountiful dispensation will adapt the olfactories to the time and circumstances—for we have lived through a dignity ball, and can imagine what a drawing-room or Exeter hall of niggers would be,—but we look upon the nigger rather as a fellow to be laughed and joked with, than to be manacled and cow-hided. The courtesy with which he invites one to partake of his plantain or shaddock has not the grace with which the Arab tenders his bowl of milk, or the Andalusian presents the cigar, yet it is just as hearty: and as for merriment and laughter, one laugh of his will concentrate more force of cacination than would come from the whole tribe of Bedouins in a generation. We have known a joke, which we would not father on Selwyn or even quote as Grimaldi's, set a whole group of Saubos and Dinahs rolling, rollicking, and guffawing in an ecstasy of fun.

No! gentleness, courtesy, pleasantness, are not things which depend on blood, or race, or rank, colour or locality; nor are churlishness, niggardliness, insensateness. In this is the whole world nearly kin: that both sorts are to be found in all its peoples and families, classifying them more surely than genus or species. There

have been Nabals and Barzillais in all ages—Coverleys and Grimes in all classes. We men afoot, who jostle and rub elbows with the world, soon learn the characteristics of these kinds, and 'tis wonderful by how many signs, by how many little traits, the gentle disclose the courtesy and hospitality of their hearts. We have gathered these in crumbs from the rich man's table; we have feasted on them at the scant board of the peasant. We have caught them in smiles and greetings; in salaams, salutations, and passing benedictions; in proffered chibouques and seats, and in the many kindly acts which lighten the foot and gladden the heart of the wayfarer. The memories of such things fan our thoughts like angels' wings. Their name is legion—these gentle deeds. Yet there are some which, from a peculiarity of expression or association, stand apart from the rest. Once we had followed some wild duck along a deep cut in a plain of Murcia, and had passed beyond the limits of habitation. Some kind of dwelling at last appeared before us, and we approached it in the hope that it might be a *venda*, where we could at least get a crust and a cup of wine. We found it to be a mere shed or shelter made of boughs and reeds; yet it was the abode of man, and from it there came forth a gaunt peasant leading a sickly child by the hand. He welcomed us at once; waved us to a slight alcove which he had formed outside; spread his tattered cloak on the ground for a seat; then retired within and came back bearing a platter with some brown bread, black olives, and a bottle of the sourest, thinnest wine on it. He made no excuses, no apologies—he gave his best, his all. The offering was poor in matter, yet rich in bounty. 'Twas true hospitality too, for his hand closed against the coin we tried to slip into it, and we were fain to drop it in the lap of the child.

The hospitality of the East has a colouring of its own—the broad colouring of primitive feeling, unshaded by conventional touches. We are in the house of a Sheik of the Lebanon; pipes and coffee have been handed

round. We are in full divan, looking as gravely and puffing away as fiercely as we can. The door opens; a servant salaams, and we are informed that a feast awaits us in another room. We enter, and find a banquet spread, at which Aladdin's genie might have assisted, save that the gold and silver dishes were lacking. There were pilans, kabobs, roasts, heaps of sweetmeat, piles of rice, dishes of fruit, bowls of sherbet, and jars of coolest water—all set off with leaves and flowers. Nor were flasks of vino d'oro wanting, for our host was no Mussulman. We were waiting the signal to fall to, when a black servant entered, bearing on a dish a kid roasted whole, and stuffed with pistachio nuts, which he placed before one of the party. The Sheik then quietly remarked, that having observed, on a former occasion, that God had blessed our hakim with a good appetite, this dish had been provided especially for him; and we were invited to try our lesser powers on the lighter delicacies around us. This was not done in joke or sarcasm, but in the pure earnest desire of a host that his guest should be filled and satisfied.

This division of churl and gentle is pretty general among people standing by their own homesteads, or sitting under their own vine and fig. We mean not that the sorts are numerically equal, but that they are found pretty much in the same proportions among the races of men. But it must be allowed that there are nations to whom the pilgrim spirit is more congenial than to others, and who more fully comprehend and fulfil the purposes and destiny of travel. The men of the East say, that we of the Saxon blood inherit the wandering foot as a curse; that we cannot rest, and must wander ever on and on by the will of fate. The Spaniard says we come into his country to see the sun. It is certain, that whatever be the motive, we travel more than any other people or species. The old migratory habit is still strong with us. And though there be some of our kin gobemouches, charlatans, inanities, "purlblind, opaque flunkies, and solemn shams," who disgrace the staff and scallop-shell, and make

the name a byword and a scorn, still from our ranks have sprung the truest and most genial of the pilgrim brotherhood. Our cognates of the German family travel much and well; but they are ponderous in research and learning, deep in statics and analogies, and care little for the lighter touches which brighten and shadow the life of man. They are ever digging for ore, and cannot stop to gather flowers or fruit. The Spaniard seldom moves abroad except in his own land. The Pyrenees, the Atlantic, and the Mediterranean, bound all that he considers worth seeing or knowing. Why should he go beyond this supreme spot? Is it not "*el Paraiso*?" If strangers come to him, well; he will receive them courteously. They are welcome to his hills and plains, his *huertas* and *prados*, and also, if he like them, to his homes and his *tertulias*. It is quite right that they should travel *al cielo d'España*; but he! why should he wander? The Russ travels luxuriously and diplomatically. He seeks fine climes and pleasant cities. Luxury is his recreation, politics his study. The world is his *rouge-et-noir* table, on which he speculates and stakes. His thoughts stray not beyond coteries, cabinets, bureaux, *écarté*, and salons. It is seldom he cares to climb the hillside, to stand beside the herdsman in the plain, the artisan at his work, the peasant in his cot. How could these help him in his battle of life? With his language spoken, his customs and manners adopted, by one-third of the civilised world, the Frenchman is perhaps least of all men a cosmopolitan—is the least at home among foreigners—has the least aptitude for adapting himself to their nationalities—the least comprehends or understands the characters or characteristics of another people. With a knowledge of the fine arts, of the elegancies and refinements of life, with a love of open air, trees, and gardens, with a fine wit and a ready speech, we have rarely found in him a true perception of the picturesque in nature, the grotesque in life, or the great in art. His mind is subjective rather than objective. He is ever thinking of himself, his country, his capital, his tastes, his style

of life, his cookery, and his glory. He has not the wide vision to perceive the universality of nature, or the wide heart to comprehend the citizenship of mankind. He is great as a soldier, a statesman, a writer, an artiste; but a poor traveller, and a worse colonist. We must make one exception in favour of his love of nature. We never saw it abiding more beautifully than in the heart and soul of an old man in Martinique. He was a settler and planter, had been busied for years with canes and trees, yet had not lost the air of the old noblesse. Age had thinned and silvered his locks, but had not bowed his form, dimmed his eye, or wrinkled his face. His frame was erect as ever, his brow smooth as a child's. After entertaining us hospitably, he said, "Now you must see my pictures;" and then led us forth to his grounds, where he had cut paths in the slopes and openings in the woods, which commanded long glorious vistas of tropic scenery. "Here is my morning—here my noontide—here my evening seat," he said. "These are my pictures. In the contemplation of them, and in the worship of my God, I find the pleasures and studies of my old age."

No steam-engine journeys more fiercely, or with more rapidity, than our kinsman across the Atlantic. In doing a certain number of miles, a certain number of museums, cities, rivers, ruins, mountains, churches, in a certain number of weeks or months, he whips the whole world. His success in checking tavern-bills, the skill with which he manages guides and postboys, the energy with which he surmounts difficulties, the perseverance with which he writes himself everywhere, and at all times, a citizen U. S., are truly wonderful. His feet are untiring, his will unrelaxing—yet we cannot hold out to him the hand of fellowship, or recognise in him the true spirit of travel. He is a smart traveller, a regular go-ahead; but we find in his tracks little of the sentiment, the taste, or the heartfulness which are essentials of the gentle. We have met some ludicrous instances of the reverse. We were made prisoner once by a heavy shower in the halls of the Alhambra,

and as we sat musing and dreaming there, the old custodian or majordomo brought us the visitors' book, and there, amid dull poems, duller sophisms, and heavy facetix, we lit on this precious couplet :—

“ Oh, Alhambra, thou shalt ever be  
The dearest thought of W. T. ! ”

The initials were meant to help the rhyme, not the incognito, for beneath was written in large letters, William Thompson, Boston, U. S. It was considerate thus to relieve the world of all doubt as to the authorship, to bar future critics from questions and quibbles, to leave conjecture no peg to hang upon, to drop no bone of contention, no apple of discord among towns and nations which might strive hereafter to claim the writer as their own.

We were once on our way to Florence; our companion was the friend of many a day afoot. Learned as a pundit, enthusiastic as a boy, nature, antiquity, art, were old familiars to him; yet, so eager was he to greet any novelty which they offered, that he loved to anticipate it by thought and talk, like a child when he awakes at dawn to dream over the coming holiday, or when he goes forth on the stairs to inhale the savour of the goose he is afterwards to feast on, or sits before the drop-curtain of his first play. At the place where we were stopping was a Yankee who had just come from Florence the beautiful. Our friend approached him warily, and began to ask him what he had seen, what admired. Then, after a little circumlocution, he dashed at once, *in mediis res*, by saying, “ Of course, you were in raptures with the Venus de Medici ? ”—expecting an answer such as he would himself have given. “ Well, sir, to tell you the truth, I don't care much about those stone gals,” was the reply he received. Our friend collapsed. Had any one in his presence denied the orthodoxy of St Augustine, or abjured the Thirty-nine Articles, there would have been more sorrow in his anger, but scarcely more indignation. The Venus de Medici—a classic *chef-d'œuvre*—a thing which Praxiteles might have touched with his chisel, or Pericles have looked upon, to be called a “ stone

gal ! ” Had he doubted its genuineness, or spoken of it as a specimen of secondary art, he might have been deemed critical, hypercritical; but this was a classic impiety, an irreverence, a profanity. We would not lay down this uncivism, this egoism, as certain signs that a race belonged to any one of our divisions. Men who, under their home influences, and the shadow of their own nationalities, are the gentlest of the gentle, may, from peculiarities of circumstances, nurture, or character, have no aptitude for general civism; but we proclaim it as our creed, that the man whose eye, heart, soul, are large enough truly to see, feel, and understand men and things under various aspects and various forms; who can respect custom, tolerate prejudice, and recognise everywhere a universal interpretation in nature, and a common brotherhood in man, must stand in the first class of the genus-gentle. Yes! the wide-hearted, the tolerant, the gentle-spirited, who move from clime to clime, from people to people, without carping at localities, or jarring with nationality, seeing the good and the true everywhere, bear with them marks plainer than masonic symbols, broader than phylactery, that they rank as magnates in the hierarchy. We have recognised them again and again, by little traits, little acts of courtesy and politeness, things said and done without hope of return, not acted or conventional, but genial impulses and genuine utterances. It is a grand element, a foremost sign of gentleness, this politeness—this unstudied, unobserved, spontaneous courtesy, which waits not for scenery, audience, or foot-lights, but diffuses itself, like the sunshine and the rain, equally on rich and poor, young and old, gentle and simple. We agree with old Charles Lamb—a thorough gentle, quaint and uncouth as he was—that we would, without further test or trial, give a diploma at once to any “ Dormant who hands a fishwife across the kennel, or assists the applewoman to pick up her wandering fruit, which some unlucky dray has just dissipated; who will part with his admired box-coat to spread it over the defenceless shoulders of the poor

woman who is passing to her parish on the roof of the same stage with him, drenched in the rain: who would yield the wall to the reverend form of female old, even though she were an old beggar-woman."

A lady of our acquaintance used often to assert, that a gentleman, then, sleeping with his fathers, had been the politest man of his generation, and, as a reason for this opinion, always told the following story. On returning once from school for the holidays, she had been put under his charge for the journey. They stopped for the night at a Cornish inn. Supper was ordered, and soon there appeared a dainty dish of wood-cocks. Her cavalier led her to the board with the air of a Grandison; and then proceeded to place all the legs of the birds on her plate. At first, with her school-girl prejudices in favour of wings and in disfavour of legs and drumsticks, she felt rather angered at having these (as she supposed) uninviting and least delicate parts imposed upon her; but in after years, when gastronomic light had beamed on her, and the experience of many suppers brought true appreciation, she did full justice to the memory of the man who could sacrifice such morceaus as wood-cocks' thighs to the crude appetite of a girl; and who could thus show his innate deference for womanhood, even in such budding form.

In these small courtesies we must confess that we have ever found the most gallant nation under the sun very deficient. In the abstract of politeness the Gaul is great; he is grand. We have seen him dash off his hat at a group of ladies every time they passed him with a frantic enthusiasm which made us tremble for the brim. We have even seen him wave it at their shadow, or after the poodle dog which followed at their heels. Yet alas! when these same deities appeared at the *table-d'hôte*, how blind! how insensible was he to their presence! how closely did he hug his well-chosen seat, though they were seatless! how zealously did he pick for himself the tit-bits and the dainties, without regard or thought for their delicate palates!

With grief we admit, that even the

Spaniard, high-bred and courteous as he generally is, is frequently a defaulter in this particular. We remember once being one of a motley group which tumbled out of a diligence at Loja, all clamorous and impatient for dinner; when it was served, what a rush was made at the table! what a dash at the viands! One dish of brain flitters seemed to cause great excitement; there was a regular scuffle for it. At length, as it came near us, we captured it, and instead of taking advantage of our opportunity by crapping it on our own plate, as was evidently expected, we marched off with it to some *senoras* who were sitting modestly at the end of the board. "Our proceeding excited the greatest astonishment, and many were the exclamations of "*mira! mira!*" which followed us. There was even a slight touch of surprise in the "*Gracias*" with which the *senoras* acknowledged our attention.

Our Transatlantic brother does not recognise such trifles and absurdities as courtesies. In travelling he is fighting a *mêlée*—running a-muck—riding a race—every man is a foe, a rival, a competitor. If he stop, or turn, or relax for a moment, he may be taken at advantage—miss a stroke, or lose a place. He repudiates the obligation of yielding, or deferring to, womanhood. "Our gals, sir, I guess, are pretty well up to looking out for themselves. I calculate, stranger, they are pretty smart in finding their own fixings."

In the manner as well as the matter of eating and drinking, travelling and providing, in all the things sacred to self, there are lights and shades of gentleness and churlishness, which ever and anon show forth to illustrate our theory and distinguish our grades. There are the greater and the lesser signs, by which thou shalt know these divisions of men.

We have said, "See all things!" We would also say, See all men! See man at all times, and under all circumstances; at his labour; at his ease; in his sorrow; in his joy! It is better to go to the house of mourning than to the house of feasting! "That," said Sterne, when preaching on the text, "I deny." Both are



good. It is good to see man when his head is bowed, and his spirit chastened; when he is struggling with his sorrow, or bending in submission to the will which has thought good to afflict him. It is good, also, to see him when his heart is merry, and his soul glad; when there is light on his brow, and joy beameth from his face; when his step is light, his voice joyous, and the sources of his love full and flowing. Both are good. Thy soul will profit by association with either joy or sorrow, be it true and genuine—not the pageants and masquerades with which man mocks, by sham and semblance, the holiest impulses of his nature. It is better to go into the house of mourning! Perhaps, of the two, the lesson there given is higher, and more solemn, and more lasting. The heart stricken and subdued by affliction, is perhaps even truer in its expressions and revelations, than when it leaps and exults in the jubilee of its joy. It is good, indeed, to enter where the heart is mourning truly, and discourse silently with the spirit, prostrated under an ordinance of God. Yet how hateful, how repulsive is the pageant, the sackcloth-and-ashes masquerade, the mourning of escutcheons and of palls, of plumes, and mutes and tapers! Such a pageant passes before us. The bells of the churches of Lisbon are tolling mournfully. The minute-gun booms from ship and citadel. Processions of monks move to and fro with lighted tapers. Troops march onwards with trailed arms and muffled drums. Royalty itself passes in mourning cavalcade to the cathedral, where mass is being said for the soul of Dom Pedro. It is the anniversary of his Death; and yearly is this pageant enacted. We look around for a sign of true grief; for a mourning face or sorrowing heart, and find it not—all is scenic and dramatic. The soul loves contrasts, and seeks them eagerly. The scene is changed. We are walking by the sea-shore in Greece; the sun is setting gloriously, and the shadows are deepening on the Attic hills. We pass a row of cottages, and hear issuing from one shrieks, cries, and loud sobbings. We enter, we are in the house of mourning—of

death. We bare our head reverently, and our coming is no intrusion. Stretched upon a bed on the floor, lay a young girl—a dying child. She was clad in a pure white robe; flowers were strewed around her head and on her breast. A slight flush came and went on the pale marble cheek; a gentle breathing moved the still form. The spirit was fluttering for its flight. The mother sat beside her wringing her hands and sobbing; her friends and sisters cried aloud. There were men, too, standing by with moist eyes and arms folded on their breasts. In a corner sat an old man, grey and blind, rocking himself to and fro, and moaning. The scene was so like one familiar to us from childhood, that it seemed as though the place were suddenly illuminated by a glorious presence; that the mourners were led forth, the sound of wailing hushed; that a voice of power and sweetness said, *Talitha cumi*; and that the maid arose and her soul was returned unto her. A long, bitter cry, recalled us to the reality. The light flush had faded; the gentle breathing was stilled. If the maiden hear that gentle voice now, it will be in the tones with which it welcomes little children to His kingdom.

Joy as well as sorrow has its pageants. Bitter mockeries are they, those acted jubilees—like the forced jests, the forced laughs, of a clown in his motley and his paint. We have little faith in boisterous demonstrations, little faith in the cheers and choruses which come from venison-fed breaths and wine-inspired impulses. True joy, as we have generally found it, is a calm, sober emanation—a full steady sunshine, not a brightening flash; a soft, suffusing air, not a rushing blast. Yet even in its reality we have known it play strange pranks and take strange shapes. We have known it take all the extravagance of harlequinade, all the triffulness of penance, and yet be true. We cannot ourselves exactly see the fun of sticking a reed in an inflated pigskin; of carrying it under the arm and squeezing most hideous squeaks from it, as though the ghost of the animal still possessed it, whilst a group of comrades dance and caper under the shade of a wall; or of finishing off

with sour wine and fish fried in oil. Yet thus does the Maltese on his saint's day, his holiday, and is happy. A Greek boatman finds himself the owner of a few dollars, and straightway he puts on a clean shirt, cocks his fez, tightens his sash, calls his friends around him, and starts forth for a wine-shop in the country. There a table is spread with resinous wine, bread, and grapes, in an arbour, trellised with vines; an orchestra is formed of a fiddle, from which proceed the most monotonous notes ever produced on cat-gut, of a singer whose cadences are still more monotonous, and of an amateur or two who aid the tune by clapping the palms of their hands together; and forthwith the rest commence the Romaine dance, and continue for hours without cessation or intermission. The dance is not very exciting, nor is the figure very striking—in fact, if done on compulsion, we should recommend it strongly as a good secondary punishment, a capital substitute for cell and treadmill—the wine is not very exhilarating, nor the feast very luxurious, and yet from these elements the poor rogues make a festivity. There are times and seasons when man is bound to be joyous. At Christmas it is his duty to be jovial. In spring it is his impulse to be glad. It is then the universal festival. Nature marks the times; nature assembles the choristers; nature furnishes the decorations; it is a world-jubilee common to earth and man. So we used to think it, so we used to feel it. But the age has grown too wise, too practical for such poetic demonstrations, and the celebration of spring has devolved on jacks o' the green and fisher-boys with their garlands and strings of sea-bird eyes. We once saw this coming celebrated simply and truly, and in Greece, of all places, and by the Greeks, of all people.

The custom had come down from old heathen classic times, as a tradition or an instinct, and had clung to them through all changes and degeneracies. We do not quarrel with them for retaining the Pyrrhic dance, though they had forgotten the Pyrrhic phalanx. It is better than losing both; and we hailed, as a sign of surviving spirit, this beautiful custom, born of

the glorious past. It was May-day at Athens. There was not, as with us, that full choristry which fills the welkin, or that bursting vegetation which clothes hills, fields, woods, and hedges with verdure; but still there were symptoms of spring, signs of young life. The young vines were sprouting forth their new leaves and tendrils, covering the old stumps with luxuriance; the olives looked almost green; the creepers here and there climbed along the trunks or across the banks, and the full sunshine glorified the purple shadows on the everlasting hills. In nooks made by boughs or hedges groups were seated, groups of men, women, and children, dressed in the rich bright colours, so loved by the Greeks, all keeping holiday. The churches were hung with garlands and each person we met carried a bunch of flowers or a green bough. Even in the city, at the doors and in the court, little cheerful parties were seen smiling and chatting pleasantly. But the grand festival was held at a village near the palace. There, early in the morning, pilgrims assembled, and went in procession to a church at the foot of Mount Hymettus. On their return the population poured out to meet them here; and in the freshness of the evening, friends and families held little reunions underneath trees, in bowers, and in tents. And the shades of evening deepened on the mountains, and the clear moonlight shone upon the earth, and still groups were seen moving amid the trees; still voices were heard rejoicing that the spring had come. It seemed as though the spirits of the old Greeks might have risen up and hovered in the air to witness a scene so much in unison with their own lives.

A christening is a joyous occasion. The wedding day is said to be the happiest of a man's life. There are men who will assert and swear it valiantly, though they know in their hearts that it was a day of cares and anxieties, of distractions and confusion. If a certain clergyman we wot of in the island of Antigua were to make such an assertion we should laugh in his face, or at once give up all faith in portents; for the omens which gathered round his bridal morn

and bridal couch were dire enough. We witnessed the beginnings of these mishaps on our way to St John's, the capital whither we were wending afoot. By the road-side sat a nigger in the last agonies of despair, now howling, tearing his hair, and dashing his head against the ground; now rocking to and fro, and uttering a low wailing. At first we thought he had been seized with cholera or yellow-jack, and hastened to proffer our aid. Our inquiries met no answer. There was still the same bitter lamentation and woe, and at last, hard driven by our importunity, he pointed to an object on the ground, and yelled out, "What de matter!—why, I've maashed the parson's cake—oh whirra, whirra!" He had been sent to a neighbouring store to fetch the wedding cake; had put it on his head, as the niggers do with everything, had gone dancing along, and down it had tumbled in the dust. It was certainly a dreadful "maash" now. The rich frosted covering was broken into bits; the cupids were mere fragments of love; the doves had been separated in their loving kisses; the roses and the posies and the other emblems of affection lay strewn and scattered in little sugary heaps. The cake, too, was considerably damaged. It was still a good cake for eating; better still for drawing through a ring or putting in pieces under pillows to dream on; but as the caprice and triumph of a bridal feast, the glory had departed from it. We could fancy the dismay of the party when they saw in the middle a place, where the cake was not; the disappointment of bridesmaids, the consternation of gossips, when they found that the leading symbol, the very escutcheon of the bridal, was wanting. A wedding breakfast without a cake! There might as well be a marriage without a bridegroom, a betrothal without a kiss, a christening without a caudle. 'Twas dreadful! The fates had a spite that day against the poor parson. They had not done with him yet. At night we had returned from dining out; by the by, there was an accident in that dining-out which recurs most ludicrously to us. We were to dine with the Governor; as

usual our wardrobe was scanty, our comrade and ourself had no clean shirts. Our hostess got over the difficulty by bringing us two well starched, and of finer texture than any which our valise contained. We put them on rather proudly, and strutted forth with a sense of dandyism. On getting into the air we heard our friend give two or three sniffs, and then became sensible that from his side something strange was greeting our olfactorys. At last we stopped, looked in one another's faces, and laughed, as there came upon us the consciousness that we were wearing a black man's shirts, and were carrying with us the peculiar odour which belongs to the children of Ham. The thought depressed me; our comrade was of more elastic spirit, and at once up and told the story at the dinner-table to the great amusement of the company, especially of the butler, whose dusky skin was just tinged by a thin wash of whitey brown, and who went out grinning and exclaiming, "only tink of dem gentlemen putting on de shirts of dem tinkin' black niggers!" This has nothing to do, however, with our parson. We had gone to bed; had just overcome the sundries and the heat, and were sinking into a calm slumber, when we were startled by noises, the most strange and hideous which ever saluted mortal ears. There was shouting and yelling; the clashing and jingling of metals; the beating of gongs and of drums; the squeaking of fifes, and the blowing of cows' horns. We thought at least that the town was on fire, or that there was an insurrection of the blacks, and jumped out to see what was the matter. Beneath was a motley group of dusky forms, women in loose-fitting garments, men in shirts and straw-hats, all carrying pans, kettles, whistles, drums, or other instruments of melody, all jumping and singing in the greatest state of excitement. On inquiring the meaning of this assemblage, we heard that it was the wish of the black members of his congregation, with whom he was a favourite, to pay their minister the compliment of a serenade on his bridal night, and that they were now proceeding to the

parsonage for that purpose. We did not hear the issue of the visit; but if the parson did not go mad or shed blood under such an infliction, he certainly must have had the power of possessing his soul in patience.

Yes! see man at all times! see him in his joy and his sorrow, and thou wilt look into the depths of his soul. See him in his labour and rest, and thou wilt see the strength and endurance of his heart. See all classes, all grades, especially those whose callings give characteristics to the men. Bonifaces, Figaros, boat-men, muleteers, coachmen, mayorals, all these carry the distinctive mark of their vocation in every land. The squatters who move hither and thither, planting their tabernacles wherever it pleases them; the migratory vagabonds, who wander up and down the world, for change, plea-

sure, or profit; gypsies, gallegos, pedlars, showmen, savoyards, musicians; all these are strange curious studies for the man who goes afoot, and will give him lessons of human life which he will seek in vain in the coteries of civilisation. So sorely are we tempted to rush in among them and bring forth specimens and illustrations of each; but we must go on to speak of our wanderings in many lands, and wait to introduce those with the lights and shades of their own lives and localities falling upon them.

In Portugal we first touched foreign soil, first saw foreign faces; and there we will go for our first gatherings, for the traits, memories, and pictures of our first travel. Take up thy staff and come with us, brother pilgrim, always remembering that ours are vignettes, sketches, scroll-work, not narratives or histories.

#### CHAPTER VI.

Once in an old book—we remember not where—we met with an odd conceit:—it was an idea of the writer's, that countries, races, and even individuals, might be identified with, and characterised by, different colours. This would be purple, this green, this yellow, this brown, this red, this white, according to the peculiarities and idiosyncrasies of places and peoples. We have found the theory fit well enough in many cases. Portugal certainly, we should say, would come under the denomination of brown. It is everywhere the pervading colour, the prevailing tone. The fields, the soil, the hills, are brown. The people are brown, brown in raiment, brown in characteristics. The national hue is sober, not sombre or dark perhaps, certainly not brilliant, picturesque or impassioned, but mediocre and neutral. There are occasional sparks and flashes, which would seem to denote a fiery nature, and here and there are spots of wondrous beauty. The general effect, however, both social and scenic, is sober. The aspect of the country, as it is presented to the pedestrian, is seldom striking, often monotonous. Cintra, and scenes on the Upper Douro, are glorious exceptions. The people, in their habits, lives,

and characteristics, exhibit virtues rather passive than active. "Lusian slaves, the lowest of the low," the poet calls them. These are hard words, and unjust ones, too, we believe. The poor Portuguese deserves them not. He presents few picturesque points, few grand traits; few traces of slumbering greatness, or nascent development; is not perhaps an inspiration to poet or painter; but the elements of his character are rather sober and commonplace than base or vulgar. God help us! if the sober-hued and the sober-toned must needs be base and low. There is a virtue and an interest in average natures as well as in the high and striking. And the poor Lusian peasant is interesting in his way. The utilitarian would laugh at his plough, at his lumbering squeaking bullock-waggon, and at his thrashing-floors; but he who sees him in his homes and his vocations, will admire his patient drudgery; his thrift, his quiet life, with its simple wants and simple pleasures. As for the nobles, if those of neighbouring lands be better than they, let them fling the first stone at them.

There are some theorists who see in the country and the people the capacity for a great future, but it

must be achieved by the fulfilment of their own visions. The optimist says, "Educate them, open their minds, teach them to read, give them books, give them Bibles, and enable them to rid themselves of priesthood and priestcraft." Gentle theorist, we would refer thee to the first pages of *Mistress Glass*, wherein it is written, "first catch your hare." Get at the people without the aid or concurrence of priest, and then educate them if thou canst. The Utopian would transport them at once to an Elysian perfection by the application of his old idea, good government—the old idea to which he has clung age after age, as credulously and faithfully as the child believes in the existence of the crock of gold at the tail of the rainbow, and in the efficacy of putting salt on birds' tails. The materialists say, "Make roads through the land, railroads, canals, open the communications of the country, develop its resources, inspire the people with the spirit of trade, give them gas companies, joint-stock banks, docks, quays, manufactories; and they will become rich and prosperous, and take a great place in the commerce of nations."

Throughout the world, from beginning to end, there has been and is nothing like leather.

Each and all these schemes might help him; meanwhile we must leave him to the natural development of time and circumstances. The last scheme will, perhaps, be first tried, and have most success. It may do all that it proposes for him; may make him cultivate thousands of acres instead of hundreds; may make him increase his vineyards and his orange groves; may show that his indolence is only passiveness, his want of energy unroused apathy; may make him eschew garlic, oil, and onions, and take to butter, carne-dobove, and tomatoes; may make him exchange his sour, muddy blackstrap for more generous vintages; may give him spring vans and omnibuses instead of bullock-carts and chaises; may raise up speculators, directors, merchant princes, and millionaires around him: and will all this make him and his a great nation?

Halloa! we are wandering wide from our track. It is for political

economists, political essayists, and philosophical travellers to descry the capacities and the resources; to denote the developments and the tendencies of a people. It is our mission afoot to sketch the lights and shades, and let others make the picture—to give traits and touches of character, and let others draw their inferences and deduce their theories. Our first ground is Lisbon, "the town that sheening far celestial seems to be," and which hath

"Many things unsightly to strange eyes,  
For hut and palace show like filthily."

We will say nothing in defence of its filth, except that its natives have ceased to believe in the hereditary sanctity of dirt, and no longer believe it a sin or heresy to be cleaner than their fathers. Cities are not the sphere of the man afoot, and yet even here will the wandering and the searching spirit discover for itself in odd nooks and by-streets, in strange unfrequented quarters, relics of the past and signs of the present, curious to see and curious to think upon. We will not take thee up and down the gold and silver streets, nor through the squares, or into the churches and gardens,—the passengers who land for a few hours from steamers see and know all these. Follow us rather down some of these queer passages, where the streets get narrower, and the houses more quaint and old-fashioned; let us grope amid the old courts and alleys, and we may light upon waifs and strays of antiquities, odd bits of architecture or traits of character.

We are in front of an old-fashioned building, which stands apart from the road, in a grass-grown courtyard. It has an unfrequented musty air, and looks as though it were the depository of some kind of dust and ashes. An old fellow in a brown cloak, who is sitting in the sun hard by, shakes himself out of a doze, fetches a key, and draws a rusty bolt. We enter, and see looming before us strange, ghastly, gigantic shapes, which seem to be prancing in strangest attitudes, and nodding, under strange dust-covered canopies. Our eye conquers the dimness, and we find that we are in the catacombs of the state-carriages

of centuries, standing mid the dust and ashes of former pomp and grandeur. It is the burial-place of generations of royal coaches. As the Dons and Donnas who rode in them were carried in their velvet boxes to the little crypt in the church of San Vincente, they had been dragged hither to share the fate of the poor humanity whose pageants they had swelled in the days of their glory, in the prime of their gilding and glitter—to mingle with dust, to moulder, decay, and be forgotten. The dust had grimed the gilt; time had dimmed the painting on their panels; the coronets and crowns had crumbled and fallen from their places; the fringe had dropped from the hammer-cloths; the moths had feasted sumptuously on the velvet cushions. Fantastic and grotesque as they were, there was about them the mournful air which belongs to faded pomp; they had a melancholy look, poor things! half pitiful, half ridiculous; like a mummy in robes of state, or the golden-nailed coffin which holds a king's bones. Quaint things were these old state-carriages, with their huge bulk, grotesque forms, and cumbersome workmanship. Quaint illustrations were they of the royal taste in different ages, in all its gradations, from the time when it loved to mass gold and colours in the broadest coatings, down to the period when gorgeousness began to be tempered by simplicity. One of the earliest was indeed a curiosity. The body was small, and hung most rudely, with a swinging, swaying motion, on a huge framework of wood, well beclaubed with paint and gilding, and which, after being contorted and twisted into all kinds of circles and floral exuberances, ended at last in front of the driver's seat in the figure of Fame blowing a trumpet; whilst on neighbouring projections sat a sat Cupid shooting his arrows, and cherubim, with very earthly faces and very wooden wings. From this starting-point the ages seemed to slide gently into each other, only that the bodies grew larger, or the frameworks smaller, and that there was some faint foreshadowing of springs. In one of these ingenuity had fixed a table in the centre, on which the

royal occupants might enjoy luxurious refection, or while away the tedium of the journey by a game at ombre or piquet. At length there was evidently a great change: the panels, instead of vulgar daubings, had paintings of classical scenes and allegories of dancing fauns, satyrs, and goddesses. The projections, and contortions, and ornaments of the wood-work were less preposterous; Fame, Cupid, & Co. had disappeared, but compensation was taken in the gorgeousness and massiveness of the overhanging canopy. Strange was it to look down through this vista of entombed carriages, especially when the light waned, mellowing the marks of time, and giving to them a kind of confused being. Then a busy fancy might almost set them in motion; again the stiff coachman sat on his box in wig and buckram; again the heavy black horses pranced and the cumbersome harness creaked; again Dons and Donnas, all glorious in velvet and satin, lolled within. It was easier to set these vehicles agoing by the processes of dream-land than in reality. We had seen those colossal machines, Russell's waggons, start forth on their London journey, and could understand how these made their sure and slow progress along the roads, which Macadam had made easy; but how these wondrous coaches were dragged over the highways and byways of Portugal was for a long time a mystery to us. It was solved by the chance sight of an old print, in which the straightest of roads, paved with stones all of the same size, and all placed in regular rows, ran betwixt rows of trees all so equal in growth that they might have been littered in the same day, or cast in the same mould. Over this pavement and between these trees lumbered one of these identical old carriages, drawn by eight Flanders horses, with flowing manes and clubbed tails; on these were seated postilions habited in long coats, three-cornered hats, with wigs, and monstrous jackboots with spurs of tremendous dimensions; each had in his hand a knotted whip, the lash of which gyrated playfully in front of his horse; and from behind and beneath the canopy of state were seen nodding perukes and ex-

panding hoops. Quaint old things were they—effigies of tastes and passions which had long passed away—types of a regal state which rejoiced in externals, and loved to bedeck itself in pomp and extrinsic magnificence. They were at least fitting to their ages. The man of those times would have scorned the chaste severity of our modern taste, as much as we should ridicule the appearance of one of those old state-carriages in our thoroughfares.

From the catacombs of coaches, we passed on to the tombs of kings. The Portuguese had lodged the carriage, almost as well as the human dust, of state. Near the altar-place of the old church of San Vincente we descend through the darkness beneath, streaked only by the light of the taper in the hand of our priestly guide. There in a vault, neither spacious nor grand, were numberless coffins, in shape like old trunks, all huddled together in heaps, one above another. The official, as he hauls them out to show the names and date, drops the wax on the top and besmears afresh the velvet and gold tissue, already daubed by many a stain of damp and grease and rottenness. Due care has been taken to wrap the poor dust in its proper trappings. There are crowns to denote its regality; gold and fine cloth enough to show its splendour, but the moth and the rust, the worm and the damp, have done honour to none of these. They have treated them as they would have the beggar's rags. Lazarus' cere-cloth would have been the same to them.

Thus lie the princes of Braganza. It is an unregal burial-place. Roger of Sicily lies like a king in his porphyry sarcophagus; so does Ferdinand of Arragon, in his sculptured marble tomb in the midst of the city he had conquered. But it seems to us, that rather than be thus bedaubed and bedaubed with the swelterings of tapers and the droppings of mould, and be haled about by the hands of greasy priests, we would dare the lowest lot of human clay and stop a bunghole.

Let us make another cast in the nooks and corners of the old city. On the banks of the Tagus, near the wharves off which the few trad-

ing and fishing vessels are anchored, stands an old church, plain and simple and time-worn in its exterior, and without any of the pretensions to past or present splendour which the neighbouring religious edifices exhibit. It has all the look of a poor man's church, of a temple whose votaries could not enhance their vows or their prayers by rich offerings or gifts or costly penances, and had nought but their simple worship and such rude tokens as their poverty afforded wherewith to testify their devotion. Around it are quays, black wooden sheds, fishers' huts and ship-wright's work-shops; and in the streets leading to and from it are seen, ever, groups of men wild-looking and bronze-faced, in loose frocks and long hanging red caps, busied with nets or cargoes, or free from the cares of either, lounging about the doors of wine shops, regaling on bread and garlic or sour wine, singing sea songs or telling sea stories to one another. Such and so placed is the church of *Nostra Senhora do bom Viagem*, the church where the men who go down to the sea in ships, and have their business in the great waters, in the strength of their faith beseech the guardianship of their protectress, the Virgin, amid the perils of their voyage, and entreat her to favour them with fair winds and a prosperous issue to their enterprise. Here, too, on their return, they offer up their thanksgivings and hang up votive tokens of gratitude to their patroness. Within there is the same character as without. The altar is old, and the little ornament it had was faded and fast decaying; dust and cobwebs lie thick about the shrines; the walls are plain and unadorned, save by rude pictures of shipwrecks and the models of boats, ships, and the waxen images of sea-faring things which were hung upon it. Here and there knelt a weatherbeaten man on the worm-eaten floor, asking or acknowledging a blessing on his labours; and a few women, simply dressed, were bending low before the images of "*Nostra Senhora*," praying perhaps for the safety and return of those who were away. The priests, too, who moved about amongst them, had not the well-fed, well-beneficed look of those who minister

to the consciences of the rich. Their vestments were poor and threadbare, themselves spare and hungry-looking, as though their fasts were many and real. The place had altogether an air of poverty—of the religious poverty which cannot put riches in the place of prayers, or trick out worship in glittering colours. It being the poor man's temple, would of itself have given an interest to the old church; but it had another, and if not a greater, a more prominent one. In it we find the footprint of a great man—one of those who make their lives sublime, and leave a trace, deep and indelible, "on the sand of time." It was a footprint not left by the action of, or the preparation for, a great deed—not made in the path of duty, or purpose, or achievement, but still bearing the dent of a great man's heel; and such, though it be made in sport or pleasure, or in some pursuit not relative to the good or glory of mankind, is still worth seeking for and musing upon. This was a print which marked an event in the private life of a man; and yet, may it not be that the heart was there and then nurtured, strengthened, and fed for its work—the spirit encouraged and impelled to its purpose. Here, in this poor church, Columbus was married. There, by that simple altar, he stood to bind himself for life to the one whom the heart had chosen as a partner; chosen not for her wealth, not perhaps for her beauty, but because his spirit recognised in hers the agency needful for the development of his mission. And there she stood, the daughter of a noble though impoverished house, simply plighting her faith to the man she loved, unconscious of his coming greatness, or of the part she might have to play therein. Easily does the fancy revive the scene. That face and form, such as the painters have preserved for us, so full of intellectual beauty, so expressive of innate nobility, arise before us. *Tro* is a light playing over the features now, and the form is relaxed in an attitude of gentleness—still there is that in both which denotes the grandeur of the spirit within, which speaks of the great purpose, not yet formed or matured, perhaps, but

nascent and growing in the heart, waiting only the fulfilment of time and circumstance. Yes! even in such an hour, that face must have borne witness to the great thought which was to lead the man onwards to a great work, and place him among his fellows as the discoverer of a new world. And that gentle woman's form comes before us, too, a half-melancholy, half-gladsome look, a half-proud, half-humble bearing are hers; the expression of her checkered life—of the mingled nobility and poverty, trial and joy, which were woven in the web of her destiny. She is all tenderness now, for love has triumphed over the fate which doomed her to a cloister; and she is to enter the world again and combat it side by side with the man to whom her heart is wedded. There was still a shade of sadness, for she anticipated struggle, but there was joy, too—the joy of hope and confidence; and near her was the mother, resigning her daughter and giving her over to the protection of another. A shade of doubt, perhaps, flickered on her face, for with all the providence of age, she foresaw and dreaded the poverty which was before her child, yet the trust which a great mind ever inspires made her hopeful for the career of the two who were being then united. Aroun were hardy, weatherbeaten men, navigators and explorers; one day perhaps to become the companions of his adventure and the sharers of his glory. To them the scene would be simple and common enough. They saw nothing remarkable in the poor adventurer and chart-maker taking unto his home a wife poorer than himself. Such an event was not singular with them. They stood before, we come behind the great deed which raised him so high in the world's nobility. To them the marriage was a commonplace thing—to us it is the footprint of a great life. To us it suggests a pleasant episode in the life of one whose son said truly of him, "Tis better to be the son of such a father than have the nobility of Italy for my ancestry." Such episodes may be the flowers of the world's history, but they grow close beside its greatest works. We follow on the river's bank, and find the footprint of a



kindred spirit. This, however, has a deeper impress. It was stamped on the eve of action. The very breath of adventure and enterprise seems to play round the spot where it was made.

Near the river, at its broadest and most beautiful part, and within sight of the old castle of Belem, is the church of San Geronimo. Its front is adorned with elaborate sculpture ; all that art can bestow of ornament is there ; the richness of the chisel has been exhausted on doorway window and moulding. Within, there is the same exquisiteness of beauty. A soft roseate light falls on elegant pillars, round which luxuriant floral ornaments serpentine and twine, and on the rich tracery which decorates shrine, column, and arch. Inside the railings of the altar rise the marble tombs of kings and princes. But it is not the beauty of architecture, or the sanctity of royal dust, which arrests the mind and claims the thought. The footprint which a great man has left, fills the whole vision. At the thought of it we are carried back many years to behold the spectacle which was presented when that footprint was made.

There is high mass in the old church ; the shrines are alight, and hung with offerings ; flowers festoon from the walls ; the priests are in their richest vestments ; censers swing incense into the air ; the organ swells the solemnity of the scene. And there at the altar stand a band of resolute and venturesome men, seeking a blessing from God, ere they set forth on their undertaking. The blessing has been given ; the men are sanctified to their purpose ; the organ bursts into a note of triumph ; the doors are opened, and forth they pass—that band—on their purpose of discovery. In their midst walks the leader, the man, his soul fraught with the thought of new worlds to be revealed, of new people to be gathered within the fold of civilisation—his heart big with the sense of strength and enterprise—his form dilated with the majesty of purpose. Thus Vasco de Gama and his companions pass from the threshold to the galleys moored in the stream. The acclamations of multitudes greet them ; kerchiefs are waved ; cannon thunder ; flowers fall in their path :

and a breath of prayer passes from the hearts of thousands to heaven in their behalf. But the acclamations of his own heart were stronger to the leader than those of the crowd, and there was a stronger voice within, impelling him to go on and do his work. And the work was done ; the purpose was fulfilled ; new worlds were opened ; new people brought within the pale of civilisation. We return to the scene. The sails are spread ; the galleys float down the river, and are lost to the view ; the crowd disperses ; the church doors are shut, the aisles are dark and silent, and there is nought left of the pageant. Nought ? Yes ; there is the footprint made by the man as he passed from the inner life of thought to the outer life of action ; and that footprint has remained since then, a sign, a guide, and a monition to other men, that they may also make their lives sublime—sublime in faith—sublime in earnest endeavour—sublime in truthfulness, if not in world-greatness.

Yes ; it is not of Gothic beauty, or of priestly power, or kingly grandeur, we think, when looking on the façade of San Geronimo. It is the scene we have described which arises before us. We see Vasco de Gama going forth on his mighty purpose, and, looking down, we see the footprint he has left on " the sand of time."

We turn to a very different scene and thought. The wandering foot has carried us along the south bank of the Tagus, and we go on and on from height to height, village to village, until at last we descend abruptly towards the river on a flat spit of sand, which seems as though it had been reclaimed from the waters or disowned by the earth—renounced by or renouncing the rest of the world. The sun shone full upon it. A hot yellow glare like the flare of a furnace hung over the sand. The waves rippled hotly on the shore, and some fishing-nets spread on the beach seemed scorched and blackened by the heat. In the midst of this burning patch stand a few huts built of planks put loosely together. They shone redly in the sun, and the pitch and tar on their roofs sweltered and seethed in the heat. As we approached them, wild faces peered forth from

the doors, and then a gang of men, wild in look and wild in apparel—men with bloodshot eyes and uncombed matted hair—rushed out upon us. For a while they gesticulated and vociferated around us. Many an eye flashed threateningly towards us, and more than once we saw a knife half-drawn from its sheath. At length an elderly man with grisly hair, low brow, and thick bull neck, who spoke and acted with authority in the community, had evidently, after much discussion, decided the point, and we were warned, by a general waving of hands and a general screaming of tongues, to depart and go whence we had come. On inquiry we found that this place was a city of refuge for all the murderers, the felons, the vagabonds, and outcasts of Lisbon. If a man in hot passion shed blood, or if, with premeditated purpose, he slew his enemy—if he had robbed, or pilfered, or violated the law—hither he fled and found a shelter and a refuge. For several days a new-comer was received into the community, was lodged and fed, and allowed to remain unquestioned. At the end of the prescribed time he was compelled to tell the story of his crime, to throw what money he had into the stock, to take the common oaths, and acknowledge the laws common to that community of outcasts. No soldier or functionary ever invaded these precincts; and the tenants, again, of this spot, knew that their immunity extended not beyond the boundary of this narrow strip. Their nets provided scanty food, and women brought them other necessities from the neighbouring village. 'Twas a strange thing to see the existence and the tolerance of such a nest of crime within sight of the law and within reach of the arm of justice; and yet law itself could not have devised a more thoroughly penal settlement.

We chanced once by accident to see how and by whom this place was peopled. We were coming at night from the opera, when a man rushed by us, wildly and at full speed. We thought little of this, though the thing was unusual at that time and place. As we reached the square by

the river-side, we saw that there was a slight stir and commotion, though not much. A few boatmen were walking up and down, and talking in an excited manner; a few citizens were stopping listlessly on their homeward route, and a sentry was taking his measured walk unconcernedly. We asked what was the matter, and a bystander pointed where, within the square, lay a body weltering in blood, and heaving and tossing convulsively. Ever as it hove and tossed, the blood gurgled fast from an ugly gash in the throat. We stepped forward to see what could be done for the wounded man, but were thrust back by the bayonet of the sentry. The authorities, the coroner, the mayor, the civic guard, or some one whose province it was, had been sent for; meanwhile none might interfere, and there lay a man bleeding and dying without aid or help, almost without sympathy. Some one of the crowd told us the story of the deed. The perpetrator of the murder was a boatman of the Tagus, one of the gentlest of his class, and especially favoured by the English for his smartness and kindness. It appears that he had conceived a grudge against a comrade for having in some way supplanted him in his vocation, and after having taken some naval officers up the river that same day, had purchased a knife with the money given by them, had then watched his opportunity, stepped behind his foe, and dealt the deadly blow. We passed by the spot again in the early morning. There lay the body stark and stiff; the hair was still wet with the sweat of the death agony; the blood was clotted on the neck, and the little pools around were dried into dark red spots. Still the sentry kept watch and ward by the blackened corpse.

We heard afterwards that the murderer had gone quietly home, collected his money and clothes, and then betaken himself to the refuge of outlaws. Here he bided his time, and then shipped on board a man-of-war bound for the Brazils.

The law had stood forth resolutely as a protector of forms—not as an avenger of blood.

This was a *cosa di Portugal*.

## NEW SEA-SIDE STUDIES.

## NO. III.—JERSEY.

AFTER seven weeks, the rocks of Scilly appeared to have seen enough of me. A residence so protracted astonished and fatigued them. They knew all my varying moods, and one unvarying, not picturesque, costume. Familiar with the ring of my hammer, as it chiselled with savage pertinacity at their granite ribs, they were not less familiar with the compass of my voice, and the extent of my operative reminiscences, as, seduced by their solitudes, to the orchestral inspiration of their waves, I loosened all the power of my lungs in lyrical fervour. For seven weeks had our intimacy lasted, and now there arose the conviction that the time for separation had arrived. Nothing new could possibly be learnt about me. Their curiosity was satisfied, if not satiated; and my presence began to carry a certain monotony with it. Even the two or three meagre dogs, which sniffed about the pier, began to eye me with an air of supercilious weariness; and I forbear to investigate the sentiments of the Scillians, lest they should too painfully resemble the indifference of the dogs. Decidedly it was time to pack up. In spite, therefore, of the inexhaustible obligingness of my friend, Mr J. G. Moyle, the admirable surgeon of whom Scilly is justly proud—in spite of his efforts to make my residence every way agreeable, I took the hint: the Granite Beauties turned a cold boulder on me, and I resolved to bore them no longer. My animals were scattered to the four winds (figuratively, of course—one of the four being the railway to London, which transported a coffee-tin of anemones to a tank-loving lady): my tent was struck, and, after hurrying through Penzance, Falmouth, and Plymouth, it was once more pitched in the pretty island of Jersey.

Nothing could be more charming than the welcome smiled by the rich meadow-lands and orchards here. After the bold picturesque solitudes

of Scilly, it seemed like once more entering civilised nature. Every inch of ground was cultivated. Cornfields and orchards resplendent with blossoms, sloped down to the very edge of the shore, and, by the prodigality of soil, defied the withering influence of sea-breezes. It was not amazing to me to learn afterwards that the land in the interior yields double the crop, per acre, which can be raised in most parts of England; and that, although the rent is £10 an acre, such rent can be paid by potatoes alone. Elsewhere it is difficult to get even grass to grow close on the shore, and trees have always a look of stunted old-maidenish misery; but here the high tide almost washes the hedge which limits orchards that no right-minded boy could resist robbing. Jersey, indeed, is the very paradise of farmers. The Americans say that England looks like a large garden. What England is to America, that is Jersey to England. Even the high-roads have the aspect of drives through a gentleman's grounds rather than of noisy thoroughfares; and the by-roads and lanes are perfect pictures of embowered quiet and green seclusion. There never was a more delightful place to ramble in. Every turn opens on some exquisite valley, or some wooded hill, through the cool shades and glinting lights of which the summer wanderer is tempted to stray, or to recline in the long grass, and languorously listen to the multitudinous music of the birds and insects above and around. Observe I say nothing of the sea, and the succession of bays on the coast; for what can be said at all commensurate with *that* subject? Even the poets, who not only contrive to say the finest things about nature, but also teach us how to feel the finest tremors of delight when brought face to face with her, have very imperfectly spoken of the sea. Homer is lauded for having called it "wine-faced." He probably meant

some ivy-green potation, since "wine-faced" is the epithet by which Sophocles characterises the ivy.\* In any case his epithet is only an epithet, and the sea is of all colours, as it is of all forms and moods. Doubts also may be raised respecting the "giggling" which Æschylus, in a terribly-thumbed passage, attributes to the sea. The "innumerable laughter of the waves of the sea," one is apt to interpret as a giggle; an expression not only unbefitting the sea, but unworthy of the occasion. Neptune was not mocking the agony of Prometheus with a school-girl's incontinence. He was too grand and fluent for such weakness. In moments of serene summer-calm he may be said to smile; in moments of more leaping mirth he may be said to laugh; but to imagine him distorting his countenance by innumerable giggles, would be at all times intolerable, and at *such* a time perfectly indefensible.

On the sea, therefore, allow me to be silent. On the great attractions of Jersey for the naturalist, one word will suffice: there is no such spot in England for marine zoology. Besides all these charms, it had other charms in my eyes. Memory consecrated the ground. Eight-and-twenty years ago I was at school here. Changed as the aspect of St Heliers necessarily is, the few spots still recognisable had a peculiar fascination for me. The Royal Square seemed to have shrunk to a third of its old dimensions, but with what strange sensations I first re-entered it! The Theatre had by no means the magical and imposing aspect which it then wore, when it seemed the centre of perfect bliss. Its yellow play-bills no longer thrilled me, although memory wandered back to those happy nights when enchanting comedy and tearful tragedy were ushered in by the overtures to "Taucredi," or "Seniramide" (the only two which the orchestra ever played), and when ponderous light comedians in cashmere tights, or powerful tragedians "took the stage" with truly ideal strides. Gone, for ever gone, are those bright credulous days. Never

more shall I see *The School for Scandal*, or *Pizarro*, performed as I saw them then. Lady Teazle will never more lure me with her coquetish fan, nor Cora transport me with her drooping ringlets. I can't believe in the vinous gaiety and good feeling of Charles Surface; nor think Rolla the most impassioned and eloquent of beings. I know that the sentiments are as unreal as the acting, or the stage wine and "property" fruit of Charles Surface's banquet. Turning with a retrospective sigh into the Market-Place, I feel the breath of former years rising around me. There is the very corner where we used to "toss" the pie-man for epicurean slices of pudding—a vulgar, but seductive form of juvenile gambling. Close by is the spot where we upset "Waddy"—an adipose comrade, much plagued by his leaner contemporaries—flat into an old woman's egg-basket. I see him now, rising covered with the squashed yolks, utterly heedless of the furious imprecations (in unintelligible *patois*), and the furious blows (in perfectly intelligible English) with which the old lady responded; I see his piteous contemplation of his soiled clothes, and hear once more his pathetic exclamation, "Oh damn!" while inextinguishable laughter shakes our leaner sides. Childhood is the Age of Innocence.

Among the changes, it was pleasant to find that no longer did the Pillory disgrace the Royal Square; no longer were criminals publicly whipped through the streets, as I once saw them with shuddering disgust. Formerly women were thus publicly whipped; but that disgraceful exhibition was put a stop to before my time; and now Jersey has grown humanised enough to see that whipping men must be relinquished. It was, indeed, a loathsome sight. The naked shrieking wretch, with a cord round his neck, halberds pointed at his breast to prevent his hurrying forwards, his back streaming with blood, his face turned imploringly towards the surgeon, who walked beside the executioner, and whom I once heard utter the cruel words,

\* *Œdipus Colon*, v. 674, τὸν οἰνωτὴν ἐνὶ χροῶσι καὶ κισσῶν.

"Harder, Jack!" meaning that the victim had strength to withstand even harder blows—a brutal mob following without sympathy—the procession moving slowly from the Town-Hall to the Prison;—this was the picture Justice frequently presented to the inhabitants of Jersey, and which now, thank God, will never be seen by them again, but will take its place among the brutalities of the past, a sign of the onward progress we have made.

Although St Heliers, "the capital of Jersey," was the spot consecrated by memory, I took up my abode at the entrance of the fishing-village of Gorey, just four miles from St Heliers; and as these papers are addressed to amateur naturalists, some of whom may hereafter visit Jersey, a word on the reason of my choice may not be superfluous. The attractions of the capital I do not deny, and if the visitor is in need of watering-place attractions, he will pitch his tent there; but if his primary desires be zoology and quiet, he will select Gorey, especially during summer, when tide-hunting is necessarily poor, and only by dredging and trawling can he hope to get a good stock of animals. Always go where there are fishermen, that you may have the benefit of their aid. They may bring you what you would never find. It is true there are two sources of difficulty in your way: the first is the almost impossibility of making them understand that you can set any value on things they are accustomed to fling away; the second is, that when you have so tutored them that they know *what* you want, they are strangely backward in their supplies. Money is of course the only cogent argument; yet even money moves them but slowly. They go out day after day, staying out all night, and return often without a shilling's worth of fish; yet although you offer to pay them for oyster-shells and weeds as for fish, they cannot easily be induced to throw this "refuse" of their nets into a bucket, instead of throwing it overboard again. They promise to do so, but you wait in vain. At Tenby, in spite of urgent entreaties and liberal promises, only one *Loligo* was brought me; at Scilly nothing;

at Gorey, in spite of my being on the best terms with fishermen whom I had employed, and with whom I had gone trawling, five weeks passed before a bucket of refuse was brought me. Two words—pertinacity and liberality—sum up the whole art of gaining this desirable result; when gained, you will need no argument to prove the superiority of a fishing-village.

Comfortably settled at Gorey, and my working-room set in order, I had only to await the spring-tide, once more to gather a variety of pets around me. Not that I was even then without serious occupation. Before leaving Scilly I had put up my Nudibranchs in spirits of wine, and these were now carefully to be dissected. Make no wry face at the word "dissection"—it indicates a very different process from the one you conceive; and as it is one indispensable to the naturalist, I may as well dissipate the prejudice which hangs over it. If prejudices could be satisfactorily displaced, by argument, one might ask how a man can pass a butcher's shop with equanimity, yet shudder at the idea of dissecting a rabbit or a dog; but I will admit all such incongruities as facts not assailable by argument, and simply direct the reader's attention to the important differences between dissecting animals of the larger kind, and dissecting our marine pets—it is as great as the difference between knitting a silken purse in a drawing-room, and making a ship's cable in a rope-walk. Almost all our dissections are performed under water, with needles, tweezers, and delicate scissors. There is no blood to suggest unpleasant ideas; there is nothing unsightly—to the philosophic eye the sight is full of interest—and if an unsightly aspect were present, has not a noble poetess truly said:—

"Be, rather, bold, and bear  
To look into the swarthiest face of things  
For God's sake who has made them.

How is this,  
That men of science, osteologists  
And surgeons, beat some poets, in respect  
For nature—count nought common or unclean,  
Spend raptures upon perfect specimens  
Of indurated veins, distorted joints,  
Or beautiful now cases of curved spine;

While we, we are shocked at nature's falling off—

We dare to shrink back from her warts and blains—

We will not, when she sneezes, look at her,  
Not even to say, 'God bless her.' That's  
our wrong.\*

Nay, has not the greatest of German poets, whose culture of the beautiful was so devout that it has been made a reproach, given us a practical example that not only may Comparative Anatomy reveal its marvels to the delighted eye of a poet, but also that the keen glance of the poet may be that of a great discoverer in anatomy? To Goethe, bones and ligaments were not less beautiful and full of interest than flowers and streams, because he saw in them parts of the mystic scaffolding of the temple of life. And laborious and delicate as the amateur may find the dissection of animals to be, he will find his labour well rewarded at the close.

When the spring-tide *did* arrive it was unfortunately a very poor one; and had Jersey been less wealthy, my hot labours on the rocks would have produced but a meagre result. As it was, I managed to secure an ample supply of *Sea Naves*, *Eolids*, *Dorids*, *Solitary Ascidians*, *Cloacine*, *Hydractinie*, *Pycnogonide*, *Acteons*, *Anemones*, and *Polypes*. In the way of novelty there was only the *Hydractinia* (a pretty little white polype growing in clusters on the outside of a whelk shell, inside of which was a hermit-crab) and the *Actinia parasitica*, hitherto only known to me through pictures, but which I found transcending in beauty all power of painting. This beautiful Anemone is extremely abundant here at low tide, but scarcely merits its name of *parasitica*, for I find it almost as frequently on stones and on the sides of the rocks as on the whelk shells; and in captivity it quits its shell, roaming about the pie-dish, and fixing itself to the side, or to seaweeds, like any other Anemone. The extreme sensitiveness of the *Parasitica* enhances its attractions; it is for ever expanding and retracting its tentacles, elongating, curving, or retracting its stem; some-

times doubling its length, at other times assuming an hour-glass constriction in the middle. The filaments which contain the "thread capsules" are poured forth in great abundance whenever the animal is disturbed. While on the subject of Jersey Anemones, it may be added that, besides the ordinary species, I dredged what is probably a variety of the *Actinia ornata*, described and beautifully figured by Dr Strehill Wright in the *Edinburgh Philosophical Journal* for July 1856,—the body white, the exterior circle of tentacles orange, the two interior circles white striped with grey, the disc orange in the centre; very charming to behold.

Having stocked my jars and dishes, I was somewhat reluctant to broil in a noonday sun amid the rocks, with little hope of finding any animal not already familiar; and therefore contented myself with the less exciting and more remunerative labour of deep-water hunting. By this I got initiated into the art and mystery of trawling, having made friends with a fisherman, master of a Trawler of about twenty tons. Pleasant it is on a bright sunny morning, with a nice breeze from the shore, to recline on the deck of a fast-sailing vessel, and listen to the men retailing their experiences, or watch them heave out and haul in the net. Away we glide towards the coast of France, Jersey melting in the distance:—

"The sands untumbled, the blue waves  
untost,  
And all is stillness, save the seabird's cry  
And dolphin's leap."

The net is at the bottom, collecting in its gaping mouth the treasures we are duly awaiting; meanwhile, in a sort of dreamy content, we stretch ourselves in the sun till the word is given to haul in, and then anxiety dissipates the luxurious calm. The trawl is a huge net of somewhat conical shape, from twenty to thirty feet wide, from thirty to forty deep. Along the edge of the wide opening is a stout wooden beam, to the ends of which are fastened the trawl heads, namely, thick flat semicircular bands

\* *Aurora Leigh*.

of iron, which serve to keep at a distance of three feet from the beam that portion of the net meant to touch the bottom. In the net there are various pockets. When the trawl is thrown overboard, the weight of the iron carries it to the bottom, the buoyancy of the wooden beam, assisted by the perpendicular support of the iron bands, keeping the upper edge of the net steadily floating three feet above the ground. The rope sweeping along the bottom disturbs the fish; up they dart in foolish distracted haste, and come in contact with the net overarched them; this flurries them, and they dart sideways to escape; in doing which they unsuspectingly swim into the net if they go one way, into the pockets if they go the other. The net, thus scraping the bottom, gathers, of course, a quantity of shells and weeds as well as fish; this is known to naturalists as "trawl refuse," and is always worth careful overhauling. The contents are all emptied upon the deck, and while Jack is gloating over the turbot, brill, soles, skate, and gurnard, or grimly noticing the utter absence of those desirable individuals, you squat down amid the refuse, and begin a long deliberate investigation thereof. The net is once more plunging its way to the bottom, the vessel glides through the rippling music, and you are absorbed in eager inspection of shell and weed. It is probable that this stooping and peering, accompanied by the motion of the vessel, will bring on the nausea and headache, if not worse, which hitherto you have escaped. I will not pretend that this is pleasant; but there is no help for it. None but the brave deserve the mollusc! The pain is transient, the delight persists. You may return home at the close of the day probably green, and certainly hideous; but behind you, Jack is bringing a bucketful of treasures; and to-morrow you will only know that you have these treasures.

The first thing you have to do on the morrow is to "identify" the animals—a long and interesting, though sometimes perplexing process, owing to the exasperating system adopted by naturalists of select-

ing, as marks, characteristics by no means obvious. For example, when you read the sentence "shell flexible," among the curt indications by which an animal is to be identified, how are you to suspect that the animal in question has no shell visible at all, until you have dissected it, and found the thin calcareous plate underneath the back, covering the liver? That one sentence "shell flexible" prevented my identifying a *Pleurobranchus* for at least an hour. Nor have I to this day been able to identify the species of a compound Ascidian (which I only know to be an Ascidian from embryological indications), probably known to naturalists, perhaps yet undescribed. It is of a bright orange colour. From a transparent gelatinous basis minute cylindrical tubes rise, each about the twentieth of an inch in height, standing in circular groups. The orifice of each tube has four delicate processes radiating inwards, like the spokes of a wheel, or like the processes in the siphon of a cockle. This orifice is extensile and retractile, but does not open and shut like that of an Ascidian; and, moreover, the orifice is single. The heart, or pulsating sac, lies at the bottom of the visceral cavity. Imbedded in the clear gelatinous base are several branching vessels giving off pear-shaped processes. These vessels connect the visceral cavities of the whole colony, and the globules of food are seen oscillating to and from the cavities into the pear-shaped processes. I was completely puzzled what to consider this animal, until I saw a tadpole embryo escape from it, and swim away, followed by several others; and then I knew an Ascidian of some kind was before me. A tadpole? Well, that is a figure of speech. The embryo of the Ascidian is more like a tadpole than anything else; and totally unlike its parent, not only in possessing a good long tail, but in being able to swim vigorously through the water in which the parent is immovable. In the interior of the round body which surmounts this tail, a mass of yellowish granules (the vitellus) is observed, which extends some way down the axis of the tail. The transparent membrane surround-

ing the granular mass enlarges. The mass develops three processes, which act as suckers, wherewith the animal finally fixes itself for life. The tail then becomes absorbed, as in the tadpole.\* The viscera appear; the envelope increases, and finally becomes the general basis out of which, or in which, an immense number of Ascidians are developed by the process of "budding;" so that from this one tadpole embryo there arises a whole colony of animals, from which in turn solitary tadpoles will issue, each of which will produce its colony. Imagine a tadpole to be transformed into a mature frog, this frog to swell his skin to an indefinite extent, and under that skin to produce, by budding, some hundreds of frogs, all living harmoniously together, each fed by all, and this colony producing at last a few solitary tadpoles, and you will have some conception of the paradox presented by our compound Ascidians.

Nor is this paradox without parallels. The other day I noticed the surface of the water in my pan agitated, as if scores of hairs were at various points thrust upwards. Nothing else was visible with eye or lens. Suspecting from a certain pulsating motion that it was caused by young Medusæ, I dipped the zoophyte trough, and brought up a quantity of newly-hatched Medusæ in great activity. They had just issued from the polype (*Laomedea geniculata*), and on removing some of the polype branches to the microscope, the young Medusæ were plainly visible in the capsules, and were easily pressed out, whereupon they swam away like the others. Familiar as this sight was to me, it had not lost its marvellousness. Here was a polype, which the uninstructed eye could not distinguish from a seaweed, producing scores of jelly-fish; and these jelly-fish, if their days were spared, would in due time produce polypes. Imagine a lily producing a butterfly, and the butterfly in turn producing a lily, and you would scarcely invent a marvel greater than

this production of Medusæ was to its first discoverers. Nay, the marvel must go further still; the lily must first produce a whole bed of lilies like its own fair self, before giving birth to the butterfly; and this butterfly must separate itself into a crowd of butterflies before giving birth to the lily: when you have thus added marvel upon marvel, you will be ready to listen without scepticism to the phenomenon known as the "alternation of generations," since Steenstrup so baptised it. Others have given it other names: Owen calls it "Parthenogenesis;" Van Beneden, "Digensis;" Victor Carus, "Neomelie;" and Quatrefages, "Genea-genesis." But while differing about the name, and the explanation of the phenomena, there is no difference as to the phenomena themselves. I will ask the reader's attention to a succinct exposition of the various facts and theories connected with this interesting subject; premising that I have not only verified the capital observations on which the marvel rests, but have some new facts to bring forward which materially modify the current conceptions.

Harvey's celebrated aphorism, *Omne vivum ex ovo* (every living being issues from an egg), was a premature generalisation, and has for some years past been known to be so. Many animals issue not from an egg, but directly from the substance of the parent's body, by a process analogous to that of the budding of plants. To include this process and the ordinary process under one expression, Auguste Comte suggested the following modification of the aphorism, *Omne vivum ex vivo* (every living being issues from a living being); and as the idea of spontaneous generation becomes every year less and less tenable, this aphorism acquires the force of a law. I allude to it at starting, because, inasmuch as the course of our inquiry will conduct us to the conclusion that Generation is *not* essentially a distinct process from that of Growth in general, the idea of an ovum as the necessary origin of every living thing

\* Some writers describe this disappearance of the tail as a fission, the tail dropping off. I have not observed this. The enveloping membrane, as it enlarged, included the tail within it; and the absorption took place within the sac thus formed.



needs to be modified. The first illustration we owe to Trembley, whose Memoirs on the *Hydra*, or Fresh-water Polype, are so admirable in accuracy and extent of observation, that, in spite of the labours of a century, nothing of what he stated has been set aside, and very little added, except what the microscope has revealed. He taught us that the polype, which originally comes from an egg, produces a quantity of other polypes, exactly similar to itself, by a process of "budding," after the manner of a plant. He taught us, moreover, that not only is this the normal mode of multiplication, but that if we lacerate the polype, each lacerated fragment will become a new polype, which in its turn may be cut into several pieces, every one of them developing into perfect polypes. Several naturalists have repeated and confirmed his experiments. In repeating them myself I failed at first, but subsequently succeeded, and attribute the first failure to the presence of impurities in the water containing the fragments. Mr R. Q. Couch made the curious observation, that if the body of the hydra "be merely irritated with a needle, or a ray of the sun, a young one will sprout from the injured parts."\* Here Harvey's dictum receives direct contradiction, the polype which is produced from a wound in the body of the parent, being in every respect similar to the polype which is produced from an egg.

It was in 1744 that Trembley made known to the world the astonishing reproductive powers of the hydra.† The following year‡ Bonnet published his not less astonishing revelations on the reproduction of *Aphides*, or plant-lice. The *Aphis*, a winged insect familiar to most readers, deposits its eggs in the axils of the leaves of plants at the close of summer, and these eggs are hatched in the following spring; but the insect which issues from the egg is a wingless sexless insect. It was known that this wingless insect brought forth its young alive. Bonnet proved that this

took place when no male insect was in existence—in fact, proved that the insect was a virgin mother, and astoundingly fertile. He isolated the young aphid as soon as it was hatched, reared it in strict seclusion, and watched it daily, almost hourly, with the patient tenacity of a naturalist of genius. He has left on record his anxieties, his tremulous agitation lest its death should supervene to frustrate his labours; and his joy, after seeing the captive four times change its skin, and reach it's normal development, to observe that this absolute virginity did not in the least interfere with fertility. On the eleventh day the aphid produced a young one alive; another succeeded, and another. Every four-and-twenty hours the brood was increased by three, four, and even ten arrivals. At the end of twenty-one days, ninety-five young ones were produced from this single aphid. Carrying further his observations, Bonnet found that the virgin offspring of this virgin parent also became parents! We know that this reproduction may even go on till the eleventh generation: then this process ceases, the eleventh generation is of perfect insects, with separate sexes, and these produce ova which next year become the productive virgins we have just been reading of.

"But why," we may ask in the language of Professor Owen, "should there be this strange combination of viviparous generation at one season, and of oviparous generation at another in the same insect? The viviparous or larviparous generation effects a multiplication of the plant-lice adequate to keep pace with the rapid growth and increase of the vegetable kingdom in the spring and summer. No sooner is the weather mild enough to effect the hatching of the ovum, which may have retained its vitality through the winter, than the larva, without having to wait for the acquisition of its mature and winged form, as in other insects, forthwith begins to produce a brood as hungry and insatiable and as fertile as it-

\* *Reports of the Penzance Natural History Society*, 1850, p. 571.

† TREMBLEY: *Mémoires sur un genre de Polypes d'eau douce*, 4to, Leyden, 1744.

‡ BONNET: *Traité d'Insectologie*, 2 vols., 1745.

self. The rate of increase may be conceived by the following calculation. The aphid produces each year ten larviparous broods, and one which is oviparous, and each generation averages 100 individuals :—

Generation. Produce.

- 1st, 1 Aphid.
- 2nd, 100, a hundred.
- 3rd, 10,000, ten thousand.
- 4th, 1,000,000, one million.
- 5th, 100,000,000, hundred millions.
- 6th, 10,000,000,000, ten billions.
- 7th, 1,000,000,000,000, one trillion.
- 8th, 100,000,000,000,000, hundred trillions.
- 9th, 10,000,000,000,000,000, ten quadrillions.
- 10th, 1,000,000,000,000,000,000, one quintillion.

If the oviparous generation be added to this, you will have a thirty times greater result.\*

Recovering from the stupor into which we are thrown by facts like these, let us observe that here, as in the case of the Ascidians and Polypes formerly mentioned, an alternation of generations takes place; the parent producing a child unlike itself, and that child in its turn finally producing one like its grand-parent. The winged and perfect aphid produces a wingless hexapod larva; this wingless larva produces at last a winged and perfect insect. The reader may imagine how great was the sensation produced in the scientific world by these announcements, and how many theories were propounded in explanation; we must not pause here to consider them, but proceed with our history.

The last date was 1745. In 1819, a Germanised Frenchman, known to all lovers of romance as the author of *Peter Schlemil*, made a discovery in Natural History which was almost as incredible as his Shadowless Man. Whether this will endear the name of Chamisso still more to his admirers may be a question. Literary men will point with some satisfaction to the fact that a novelist was the discoverer of a form of reproduction unsuspected by the profoundest zoologists. They may also remember that the luminous doctrine of plant-morphology was the discovery of the greatest of our modern poets; and that the great Haller himself was a

poet and *littérateur* before, in latter life, he devoted himself with such splendid success to physiology. In Chamisso's day, naturalists knew two distinct species of the curious mollusc named *Salpa*, an indescribable animal, transparent as crystal, and of irregular cylindrical aspect. This animal is also seen somewhat different in structure, but most obviously differing from the solitary species in being a long chain of animals. In spite of their differences, they are not two species, but two generations of the same species. The solitary *Salpa* produces the chain-salpa by "budding;" and the chain salpa by "alternation of generations" (the phrase is Chamisso's) produces the solitary salpa by ova. Krohn, Huxley, Leuckart, and Vogt (alas! only one Englishman among four Germans), have since confirmed Chamisso's discovery, which, as Mr Huxley has pointed out, gives him the priority over Steenstrup, not only as to the mere phrase of "alternate generations," but as to the distinct conception of the idea implied in the phrase. Nine years afterwards, in 1828, Milne Edwards first announced a similar mode of reproduction among the Ascidians (such as I sketched it just now), without, however, connecting it with Chamisso's discovery. In 1835, the Norwegian pastor and indefatigable naturalist, Sars, opened that wonderful series of revelations which by himself, Loven, Lister, Dalyell, Steenstrup, Van Beneden, Allman, Forbes, and others, have established the alternation of generations in Polypes and Medusæ.

A not less surprising alternation has been discovered in the Entozoa; but it would occupy too much space to narrate here, requiring much preliminary explanation before it could be intelligible to the general reader. Let us continue our history.

In 1842, the known facts were collected, and connected under one generalisation by the Danish botanist Steenstrup, who brought his own quota of important facts. In this work, † a flash of light suddenly re-

\* OWEN: *Lecture on Comparative Anat. of Inverteb.*, p. 414.

† On the *Alternation of Generations*. Translated for the *Ray Society* by Mr GEORGE BUSK, 1846.

vealed the connection in which many isolated paradoxes stood to each other : a theory was proposed, which, although really nothing but a metaphorical expression of the already known facts, was very widely accepted as a perfect solution of the difficulty. In 1849, Professor Owen published his two lectures on *Parthenogenesis*, in which, re-stating the results of his investigations into the reproduction of aphides (1843), he propounded a theory as a substitute for the metaphor of Steenstrup, and one which up to this time is the sole theory not open to the charge of being a merely verbal explanation. In the same year, Victor Carus published a small work\* containing some new observations and another verbal explanation. In 1851 Leuckart published an essay† to prove that alternate generation was simply metamorphosis *plus* asexual generation—a very unhappy explanation, since, in the first place, the peculiarity of metamorphosis is that the larva becomes a perfect insect, whereas the Polype never becomes a Medusa, it only produces it; the wingless Aphis never becomes a perfect insect; and secondly, the phrase *plus* asexual generation conceals the real difficulty. In 1853, Van Beneden, to whom we owe so many important contributions, published a work,‡ in which he modestly contents himself with stating the phenomena, classing animals under two heads, *monogenetic*, or sexual, and *digentic*, or reproducing themselves both by sexual and asexual methods. In 1855, M. Quatrefages published four articles in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* entitled *Les Metamorphoses*, in which he reviewed the state of the question, criticised the theories, and propounded one of his own. In 1856, another brilliant flash of light came from Germany. Von Siebold published a work § containing some startling facts, and such as, in my opinion, will serve to dissipate all the clouds from the question. He offered no theory

himself; and in the only remark which directly touches our subject, he desires to lay “particular stress upon the distinction between the alternation of generations and Parthenogenesis.” In spite of this, I must think that the two are one, and that his facts convincingly prove them to be so. For the present, however, we will confine ourselves to the points established in his work bearing on our subject.

Having isolated female moths, he constantly watched them in little vessels closed with glass lids. In due time they laid eggs. There was nothing surprising in this; the virgin moth, as well as the female of every other insect—indeed, of every other animal—lays eggs; but what was his astonishment, “when all the eggs of these females, of whose virgin state I was most positively convinced, gave birth to young caterpillars, which looked about with the greatest avidity in search of materials!” Imagine a brood of chickens hatched from the eggs of a virgin hen, and you will conceive Siebold’s surprise. He subsequently found that bees, in like manner, produce hundreds of eggs, which, however, invariably become male bees; for it is only the fertilised bee-egg which will develop into a female—either worker, or queen. Ungallant physiologists, resting on the evidence of some embryological phenomena, have declared the female to be only a male in *arrested development*; a very impertinent deduction, which was, however, flung back on them by a witty friend of mine, who, hearing that one of her own sex was fond of reading metaphysics, and was feared to be suffering from a softened brain, drew her own conclusion as to this masculine course of study, exclaiming, “*Man is but woman with a softened brain!*” She would have also retorted Von Siebold’s facts about the bees, which point at a miserable inferiority on the part of the males. But I must not let her prematurely enjoy this

\* *Zur nähern Kenntniss des Generationswechsels*, 1849.

† SIEBOLD u KÜLLIKER’s *Zeitschrift*, iii. p. 170. He repeats the ideas in his work on *Comparative Anatomy*, written in conjunction with Bergmann.

‡ *La Génération alternante et la Digénèse*, 1853.

§ *On True Parthenogenesis in Moths and Bees*. Translated by J. W. Dallas, 1857.

triumph : if the imperfect bee is always a male, the imperfect moth (*Psyche*) is always a female ; and to reconcile both parties, we have the silkworm moth, whose virgin progeny is *both* male and female.

In conclusion, be it noted that Von Siebold's work establishes Parthenogenesis as a *normal* process in bees and moths, on grounds which, Funke justly says, do not permit the severest scepticism to raise a doubt worthy of notice.\* He, moreover, points to the fact that among the Entomostraca there are species of which *only* the female is known ; again, thousands of females of the gall-fly have been examined,† but not a single male has yet been found.

Such were the facts known at the time when I resumed my investigations of Polype parthenogenesis. The labours of distinguished naturalists on the genesis of Polypes may be summed up in the following *schemata* :

- A. The Medusa parent *produces* ova ;
- B. These ova are *developed* into infusoria ;
- C. These infusoria are *developed* into Polypes ;
- D. These Polypes *produce, by budding,* the Medusæ, which in turn *produce* ova.

Thus D completes the cycle commenced at A. As *variations* from this route we have—

- α. The Medusa produces Medusæ by budding ;
- β. The Polype produces Polypes by budding ;
- γ. The Polype produces Polypes *by ova* directly, *i. e.* without going through the Medusoid generation.

Attention is called to this second table, because the facts therein registered have been too often lost sight of in the discussion of the theory. When, for example, so much stress is laid on the analogy between the development of a Polype into a Medusa, with that of a bud into a flower, it is apparently forgotten that, in spite of the resemblances, great differences are discoverable. No flower produces *similar* flowers by a process of budding, as the Medusa buds off young Medusæ from its

substance : a rose does not split up into a dozen roses. Nor does the bud produce seed by direct transformation of its substance, as the Polype produces ova. So little have the facts registered in the second table been kept in view, that the doctrine of alternate generations has been persistently denied on the ground that the Polypes are not generations at all, are not properly speaking "individuals" any more than leaf-buds are individuals. According to this argument, which has been set forth by Dr Carpenter,† only those can be truly called generations which issue from a generative act, *i. e.* the union of a germ-cell and sperm-cell ; and as he maintains the analogy of the Polype and the leaf-bud to be complete, and considers the multiplication of Polypes, and of Medusæ from Polypes, to be simply a process of budding, his argument has a superficial plausibility, which is, however, totally destroyed by the fact that the Polype *also* produces Polypes by the union of ova and spermatozoa, as he is perfectly aware, seeing that he has quoted the descriptions, and even given the figures of Professor Allman, illustrating the fact. I shall have to recur to this point hereafter ; meanwhile I may add that, in the course of a long investigation into the development of the Sertularian and Plumularian Polypes (especially *P. falcata* and *P. myriophyllum*, from deep water off Jersey), I found that not only does the Polype produce Polypes by means of ova, but *also produces Medusæ in the same way* ; so that instead of the production of Medusæ being only one of simple budding, it resembles that of Polypes in being *sometimes* a process of budding, and *sometimes* a process of oviparity. I have followed this development through all its stages ; and as what I have seen may be seen by any one who chooses to devote the requisite patience, I shall merely clear away certain theoretical obstructions which may screen the real facts.

In Dr Carpenter's summary of the views held by naturalists, we read

\* FUNKE. *Lehrbuch der Physiologie*, 1857, p. 1326.

† *Principles of Comparative Physiology*, 1854.

that the ovarian capsules (the large vesicles which rise from the stem of the polypidom) are improperly designated ovarian, because "they have been shown by Prof. E. Forbes to be in reality metamorphosed branches." The force of this objection escapes me. Wolff and Goethe have shown the stamens and pistils to be metamorphosed leaves, but no one denies them, on that account, to be reproductive organs. The capsule in question is *not* a branch, but a capsule, and the proof of its being an ovarian capsule is the fact that in it ova are developed. This, indeed, Dr Carpenter denies, for he continues,\* "These Medusa buds spring not from ova, but from a detached portion of the medullary substance;" and in a note he adds, "Although they are described by Van Beneden as developed from ova, yet it is clear from his own account that such is not the case; and that what he called the vitellus is continuous with the medullary substance of the stem and branches of the zoophyte." Not having seen Van Beneden's *Mémoire*, I am unable to say whether that admirable naturalist has imperfectly described what he has seen, or Dr Carpenter imperfectly comprehended what he has read; but I have no hesitation in asserting that direct study of the phenomena will disclose the fact of the Medusa being, at any rate, *sometimes* developed from ova, *although* the vitellus is "continuous with the medullary substance of the stem." The ova are there, unmistakable by any eye familiar with the ova of zoophytes; and by cutting off the tips of the capsules we can gently press these ova out, revealing the germinal vesicle in each, and the vitelline mass surrounding it. Not only are ova there, but in some instances spermatozoa may be observed in great activity, and this at a time when the circulation, or more properly *oscillation*, of medullary granules from the stem into the interior of the capsule is perfectly visible. Sometimes, instead of these, we find simply a mass of granules and nucleated cells; at other times, ova in various stages

of segmentation, the germinal vesicle having disappeared, and a vitelline membrane being formed; at others, we find embryos nearly ready to escape. And here attention must be called to a remarkable fact: these embryos which we find in the capsules may be either the ciliated gemmule, which we know becomes a Polype, or the Medusoid embryo which will swim forth as a Medusa. I have seen this so often that the whole history of evolution thus presents itself to me: Taking the medullary substance of the Polype as the analogue of the cellular basis of the plant, we may trace a somewhat similar course of evolution in each; the cellular basis becomes differentiated into leaves, stamens, pistils, germ-cells, and sperm-cells; the medullary substance becomes differentiated into nucleated cells, these cells into germ-cells and sperm-cells, or into *germ-cells alone*, from which are developed, 1°, under one set of conditions, probably of temperature and food, Polyypes; 2°, under another set of conditions, Medusæ; just as a leaf-bud is developed under one set of conditions, and a flower under another set; or as only germ-cells are developed in one plant, sperm-cells in another, or both on the same plant.

Of great importance as regards the facts of Parthenogenesis are two of those just indicated; namely, that the Polype produces ova and spermatozoa which become Medusæ, and that these ova may indifferently become either Polyypes or Medusæ. The latter fact ceases to be so marvellous, when we consider that Agassiz has demonstrated the identity in structure of Polype and Medusa. Of still greater importance as regards the theory of Parthenogenesis is the conclusion that from *germ-cells alone*, without any influence from sperm-cells, Polyypes and Medusæ may be developed. Do you ask for evidence on which to base this conclusion? The evidence is of two kinds: first, the indubitable fact that the unfertilised eggs of entomostraca, gall-flies, bees, moths, and silk-worms, do become developed animals (and re-

\* *Principles of Comparative Physiology*, p. 552.

cent experiments in France and Germany show that diceious plants become fertile even when the pollen is removed); and secondly, to this positive testimony I add the negative indication of the comparative rarity of spermatozoa in the ovarian capsules.

Resuming the results of these investigations with those of my predecessors in one schema, we find,—

- A. The Medusa parent produces ova;
- B. These ova are developed through an infusorial stage into Polypes;
- C. These Polypes, in turn, produce ova;
- D. (1) These ova are developed into Medusæ, thus completing the cycle opened at A.
- D. (2) These ova are developed into Polypes, thus completing the cycle opened at C.

The budding process, which both Medusa and Polype manifest, may be eliminated from the scheme of "Alternation." We shall, hereafter, see that it is essentially the same as the other processes of generation.

Such, in brief, is the history, such are the facts of Parthenogenesis. Let us now glance at the theories which attempt to explain them. Steenstrup, whose merits are very considerable, and who first propounded a general theory, named by him the "Alternation of generations," encumbered the question, instead of clearing it, when he called the Polype the "wet nurse" of the Medusa, denying its claim to be considered as a "parent." To say that the Polype is not properly a "parent," but has only the germs of the Medusa confided to it, is, as Professor Owen justly remarked, to make a metaphor supply the place of an explanation. In reply to this objection Steenstrup boldly declares his theory is *la combinaison intime des faits*. Professor Owen convincingly shows that the theory is purely verbal: it is, moreover, in direct antagonism with the fact that the Polype sometimes produces eggs without the mediation of a Medusa; and if a Polype, issuing from an egg, and also producing an egg from which another Polype will issue, be not regarded as a "parent," it will be difficult to specify in what parentage truly consists. Steenstrup's theory is almost identical, except in language,

with that of the old writer alluded to by Quatrefages, who accounted for Bonnet's facts by a "transmitted fecundation." "D'après lui, les pucerons produisent toujours des œufs aussi bien que les autres insectes, mais chez eux la fécondation, au lieu d'agir sur une génération seulement, étend son influence à plusieurs générations successives. Elle devient par conséquent inutile jusqu'au moment où la somme d'action transmise de mère à fille est totalement épuisée."

At a first glance this may be mistaken for an anticipation of Owen's theory; but a more rigorous inspection discovers that Owen's theory differs from it by the all-important character of definiteness. Instead of throwing over the question the obscure generality of a phrase, it points directly to a specific fact, or condition, such as, if accepted, would indicate the terminal stage of inquiry, beyond which no intellect could hope to penetrate. It starts from the germ-cell, from which the organism arises, and, following the course of this germ-cell, it holds the Ariadne thread, which, through all the mazes of the labyrinth, conducts the mind to clear issues. Let us, in as brief a space as possible, develop this theory.

All organisms, plant or animal, originate in a cell. This cell spontaneously divides into two, these two into four, these four into eight, and so on, till, instead of a solitary nucleated cell, a mass is present, known as the "germ mass." In the *Conferva*, instead of a mass, a thread of cells has arisen forming the filament which constitutes the whole plant. In the animal, the cells have not been placed end to end, thread-like, but side to side, and form what is called the "mulberry mass;" and a further distinction is to be noted, namely, that each animal cell, as it formed, carried with it a portion of the yolk. From the "germ mass" the animal is evolved. Each cell of this mass is the offspring of the primary germ-cell, reproducing its powers and capacities. As the animal is formed out of this mass, and by means of it, we are forced to the conclusion that the cells have become transformed into tissues. But "not all the progeny of the primary germ-cell are required

for the formation of the body in all animals: certain of the derivative germ-cells may remain unchanged, and become included in that body which has been composed of their metamorphosed and diversely combined or confluent brethren: so included, any derivative germ-cell, or the nucleus of such, may commence and repeat the same processes of growth by imbibition, and of propagation by spontaneous fission, as those to which itself owed its origin."\*

It is this, according to Owen, which constitutes Parthenogenesis. Some of the cells, instead of being transformed into tissues, remain, unchanged as cells, included in the body, where they repeat the original process of subdivision, and produce offspring as they themselves were produced. In proportion, therefore, to the complexity of the animal (that is, in proportion to the amount of cells transformed into tissues), will be its inability to reproduce itself by Parthenogenesis. In proportion to the amount of unchanged cells will be this power of reproduction. The marvels of the *Hydra*, as recounted by Trembley, are thus explicable; for the *Hydra* retains its germ-cells unchanged everywhere, except in the tentacles and the integument, and these are incapable of reproduction. "The reproduction of parts of higher animals has also been found to depend on pre-existing cells retained as such. Mr H. D. S. Goodsir has shown that in the lobster, so noted for the power of reproducing its claws, the regenerative faculty does not reside at any part of the claw indifferently, but in a special locality at the basal end of the first joint. This joint is almost filled by a mass of nucleated cells surrounded by a fibrous and muscular band."

But here the reader may ask how the cycle of generation is ever completed? why does not the Polype continue budding off fresh Polypes for ever; why does not the aphid-larva continue producing broods of larvæ; why does not the plant persist in sending forth leaves and buds;

why do we always see a sudden change—a leap, as it were, into higher life—completing the cycle by the Polype producing a Medusa, the larval Aphis producing an Aphis, the plant producing a flower? To this question Owen has prepared an answer. The original cell, in its frequent subdivision, gradually loses by dilution a portion of its plastic force. If on starting it had a force of 100, after fifty subdivisions it will have no more than 2. It is this necessary dilution of power in repeated reproductions which prevents Parthenogenesis from being indefinitely prolonged.

Such is the theory, in every way remarkable, proposed by our great anatomist; and before proceeding to examine its stability, I will adduce the strongest illustration in its favour I have yet found. The theory assumes that some of the original germ-cells are retained untransformed in the body of the *Hydra* and Aphis, which cells, in virtue of their original tendency, subdivide and develop into new animals. This assumption has been disputed. Quatrefages goes so far as to say that it is an hypothesis without foundation. But Owen had already stated direct observations in the case of the Aphis, which proved the retention of some portion of the germ-mass;† and Burnett,‡ although he denies that the included vitelline mass has the structure of eggs, gives positive testimony to the fact of inclusion, and the subsequent evolution of Aphides from the mass. Granting, however, that there may be some equivocal in such evidence, all equivocal is set aside in the example now to be adduced. We have formerly seen that the germ-mass of the *Eolis*, *Doris*, and *Aplysia*, normally develops itself into one, two, three, and even eight distinct animals. As this takes place contemporaneously, and in the same chorion—as one egg actually divides into several embryos, by a simple process of subdivision in the germ-mass—I do not see how Owen's position can be denied, that here at least the offspring of the original cell is actually included in each

\* OWEN: *Parthenogenesis*, p. 5.

† Ibid. p. 69.

‡ Notes to the translation of SIEBOLD'S *Comparative Anatomy*, p. 465.

distinct mass, and that it is the origin of each embryo. Whether the cells are *unchanged* or not, may be a question; it is certain that they are included; and as there can be little difference in the process, whether the progeny of one cell be developed simultaneously as in the *Doris*, or successively as in the *Aphis*, the fundamental position seems secured. I say *seems*, because I do not really think it is, nor do I find myself able to accept Owen's explanation.

Quatrefages and Siebold object to the name of Parthenogenesis as embodying an error. The larval *aphis*, says the former, cannot properly be styled because it is an incomplete organism, and "*à l'idée de virginité se rattache invinciblement celle de la possibilité de cessation de cet état.*" He objects, therefore, to the name, because, he says, Owen's conception rests on the remarkable exception of the *aphis*-larva, in which reproductive organs, incomplete, but still perfectly recognisable, have been discovered. The objection, which was never very forcible, is completely silenced by Von Siebold's discovery of perfect insects, male and female, in the virgin-progeny of bee and moth. As to Von Siebold's objection to the name, that by it Owen "confounds Parthenogenesis with alternation of generations," it is met not only by the explanation Owen gives in a note to the translation of Von Siebold's work (p. 11), but is further met by what will probably be seen, in the following discussion, to be the true state of the case; namely, that the generation of bees and moths is essentially the same as that of *Ascidians*, *Aphides*, and *Polypes*; and instead of confounding two distinct things in one phrase, Owen has reconciled two seeming differences.

Retaining, therefore, the name Owen has given to the phenomenon, let us examine his theory. Quatrefages, among objections of little weight, urges one of more value when he says that the process of segmentation in the yolk is now known to be different from that stated by Owen, being the spontaneous act of the ovum, whether the ovum be fertilised or not; and

farther, that the "yolk cells" are not cells at all. On this latter point it may be observed that embryologists are still divided\* the dispute turning on the correct definition of a cell—much as if men disputed whether a book "in sheets" ought properly to be called a "book." As regards Owen's theory, a slight modification in its terms would meet the objection. Not so the objection which must, I think, be raised against the vital point in the theory—the assumption of a definite prolific force contained in the primary germ-cell, a force which becomes diluted by subdivision of the cell, and can be renewed only through another act of fertilisation. This is the heel of Achilles: if vulnerable here, our great anatomist may be pricked by any vulgar javelin. Let us try. "The physiologist," says our philosopher, "congratulates himself with justice when he has been able to pass from cause to cause, until he arrives at the union of the spermatozoan with the germinal vesicle as the essential condition of development—a cause ready to operate when favourable circumstances concur, and without which cause those circumstances would have no effect. What I have endeavoured to do has been, to point out the conditions which bring about the presence of the same essential cause in the cases of the development of an embryo from a parent that has not itself been impregnated. The cause is the same in kind, though not in degree; and every successive generation, or series of spontaneous fissions of the primary impregnated germ-cell, must weaken the spermatic force transmitted to such successive generations of cells."

Quatrefages justly calls this a seductive theory; but adds, that not even the imposing authority of Owen's name has gained acceptance for it. The first objection I should raise is, that the assumption of the prolific force belongs to *metaphysiology*. The second objection is, that it forces us to embrace the paradox of the greatest effect arising from the most diminished force, since, according to it, the seed, in its primal vigour, only

\* See the latest work on the subject: FUNK'S *Lehrbuch der Physiologie*, p. 1366, et seq.



produces buds, in its exhaustion, flowers; the egg, in its primal vigour, only produces Polypes and Larvæ, in its exhaustion, Medusæ and perfect Aphides. Or must we regard the Flower, Medusa, and perfect Aphis as inferior and arrested forms, of which Leaf, Polype, and Larva are the matured beings? The celebrated Wolff maintained that the Flower was an imperfect organism—flowers and fructification, according to him, being the consequences of arrest of development;\* and much may be said for this hypothesis, although we must finally reject it, when we know that there are plants which flower *before* they put forth leaves, and that the larval Aphis is confessedly an imperfect insect.

A third, and far more fatal, objection is, that, under suitable conditions, the plant will continue putting forth buds, the Polype putting forth Polypes, the larval Aphis larvæ, to an indefinite extent. The "prolific force," instead of diminishing, by repeated subdivisions of the cells, retains its primitive fertility. Kyber kept a plant, with larval aphides, in a room the temperature of which was *constant*, and saw these larvæ produce broods for four years without interruption! Whereas, had the temperature varied, these larvæ would have manifested changes similar to those observed in ordinary circumstances, when the lowering of the temperature in autumn stops the production of larvæ, and induces that of perfect insects. We may also refer to the observation of Sir J. G. Dallyell, who kept a *strobila* for several years continually budding.

A fourth and last objection is, that the Polypidom, which produces both Polypes and Medusæ by gemmation, *also* produces eggs which become Polypes, as every one knows, and eggs which become Medusæ, as I have discovered; yet, *after* one of these egg capsules has been developed on the Polypidom, the budding process continues as before. This would imply that the original prolific force, when nearly exhausted, produced eggs, and then, suddenly recovering its vigour, continued the production

of buds. Now, an oscillating force of this kind cannot be accepted.

Although I think Owen's theory must be abandoned, it seems to me incomparably the best which has been offered—indeed, the only one which goes deeper than a phrase, and rests on definite conditions. The very definiteness of these conditions specified enables them to be closely tested and confronted with fact. The pregnant ideas contained in his work have been of essential service in the formation of those conclusions which force me to regard Parthenogenesis as not presenting any *peculiar* mystery. I shall endeavour to show that it is no *deviation* from the ordinary processes of Reproduction, except in formal and quite accessory details. Do not, however, suppose that, in denying the relative marvellousness of a phenomenon which has excited so much astonishment, there is any attempt to lessen the original marvel. When the rise of a feather in the air is explained by the same law of gravitation which explains the fall of the quill, no mystery is dissipated by this reduction of two seemingly contradictory facts to one law. In like manner, the eternal mystery of Reproduction remains the same dark Dynamis, baffling all comprehension, although by its laws we may also explain this novel phenomenon of Parthenogenesis.

Hitherto physiologists have admitted three forms of Reproduction. 1. The *fissiparous*; e.g. when a cell spontaneously divides into two cells. 2. The *gemmiparous*; e.g. when a plant puts forth buds, or a polype sends forth polypes from its stem. 3. The *oviparous*; e.g. when the plant and animal produce seeds and eggs. Fission, Gemmation, and Generation, are the three names designating these processes. The two first are universally admitted to be identical processes; but, as far as my reading extends, all writers, except Owen, regard Gemmation and Generation as two *essentially distinct* processes. His perception of that universal error is one of the pregnant ideas to which I feel myself most indebted. The Hydræ, as he remarks, produces Hydræ

both by Gemmation and Generation. "The young Hydra from the bud is identical in organic structure and character with that which comes from the ovum; and when the effects of organic development are the same, their efficient causes cannot be 'altogether distinct'; only the non-essential accessories of the process may be the subject of variation." Since that was written, Von Siebold has proved that perfect silkworms are produced by what has hitherto been considered as Gemmation; and I have found, that from the same mass of cells *Medusæ* are produced indifferently by Gemmation or Generation.

All the endeavours to prove that Parthenogenesis is in every case the result of mere Gemmation are powerless against Owen, who denies the essential difference between Gemmation and Generation, and only serve to support his view when they are coupled with Von Siebold's discoveries. The Hydra sending forth a second Hydra from its own substance directly, may be said to "bud" like a plant. The Aphis producing broods of Aphides *internally*, instead of externally, which broods are unattached to their parent, may likewise be said to exhibit "internal Gemmation,"—the differences being non-essential. But when we come to Von Siebold's facts, which present us with the production of eggs instead of young, how shall we name the process? We must name it *internal oviparous Gemmation*; and what distinction there is between oviparous Gemmation and oviparous Generation, it will be difficult to say. In both cases, eggs are produced directly from the substance of the parent; these eggs, in both cases, develop into animals indistinguishable in structure or function, and capable of reproducing their species by either mode. From attending to formal and accessory differences, and not keeping the attention fixed on essential processes, physiologists have imagined a distinction to exist between Gemmation and Generation, which will not withstand close scrutiny. Thus, M. Quatrefages says, "In the animal as in the plant, reproduction by budding is effected on the spot (*en entier sur place*), at the

expense of the parent's substance. In the two kingdoms, reproduction by seeds and eggs demands the concurrence of two elements prepared by special organs. It is immaterial whether these organs are both united in the same individual, or borne by distinct individuals; there is always a father and a mother, a stamen and a pistil, an element which fertilises, and an element which is fertilised." I really cannot see anything beyond subsidiary distinctions here. The contrast is only formal. Out of the substance of the parent both bud and seed are evolved; whether the product shall be a mass of cells which at once develop into an *organism* by repeated subdivision, or into an *egg* by repeated subdivision, will depend on specific conditions, but the essential process is the same in each. The egg itself is a product, as much as the embryo; it is not a starting-point, but a station on the grand junction-line of development. No one will venture to assert that the process of Nutrition is other than identical, whether the product evolved from the blood-plasma be a nerve-cell, a muscle-cell, or a gland-cell: different as these products are, they all issue from embryonal cells indistinguishable from each other; and the law of Nutrition by which they increase is the same law in all. The identity of the process in Reproduction is clearly seen in the following results of Mr R. Q. Couch's observations on the Sertularian Polypes: "At certain seasons of the year they produce cells much larger than those of a more permanent character. These, at first, are composed of the granular pulp of the stem; afterwards the pulp becomes furrowed, and finally formed into cells. After a short period they separate from the parent, and undergo the process of development. If these cells attain a certain size, they are developed into eggs; if they are stunted by cold, they are formed into Polypes; while if, from unfavourable causes, they are still smaller, they grow into branches; and thus we see that, according to circumstances, different organs are capable of being eliminated from the same structure."\* In conclusion, let us remember that

the egg itself is a generated product; as all know who have made themselves acquainted with the results of embryological research, in which the phases of the genesis of the egg are minutely recorded; this genesis being the same essential process observed in *all other* forms of growth. And this cuts the ground from under the old position, which declares that the union of two different elements, a germ-cell and a sperm-cell, is the act of Generation—an act *sui generis*, and altogether distinct from the act of cell-multiplication, or Growth, which is to be regarded simply “as a modification of the nutritive function.” This act of union, hitherto regarded as the fundamental act of all Reproduction, is only, I believe, a subsidiary, derivative process, and not by any means the “ultimate fact” at which our researches must pause; a conclusion to which Goethe pointed when he showed that Growth and Reproduction in plants are but different aspects of the same law.

Let us arrange the known facts of Reproduction in their ascending order of complexity. What is the simplest process known? It is that of a cell spontaneously multiplying itself by subdivision. In the albuminous and starchy fluid named *protoplasma* a single cell appears. It assimilates more and more of the fluid. It then divides into two cells perfectly similar. These two cells divide into four, eight, sixteen, and so the multiplication continues, till there is a filament of cells, each independent and capable of separate existence, but each attached to the other by its cell-wall. In the same way leaves, instead of filaments, are formed. Many of the lower plants are nothing but aggregations of such cells; and in many this simple mode of Reproduction is the only mode yet discovered. By this process of subdivision a single cell of the *Protococcus nivalis* (or red snow) will redden vast tracts of snow in a few hours; and the *Bovista giganteum* is estimated to produce in one hour no less than four thousand millions of cells. Ehrenberg computes the increase of the infusorial *Paramecium* at two

hundred and sixty-eight millions in a month. In this, the simplest form of Reproduction, the identity of the process with that of Growth is indisputable and undisputed.

Let us ascend a step, and we reach the second form of Reproduction; which is the union of two similar cells. This is named by botanists the act of “conjugation.” In a simple filament, consisting of cells produced by fission, any two cells may unite; their contents coalesce to form a new starting-point, from which the multiplication of cells may proceed. Instead of two cells in the same filament, two cells of contiguous filaments may coalesce, but in each case it is the union of two similar cells. This is the first dim indication we obtain of that union of different sexes which in higher organisms becomes the normal process.

From the fission of one cell into two similar cells, and the conjugation of two similar cells, we now pass to the third and final mode of Reproduction, namely, the union of two dissimilar cells. To this union the special name of Generation is applied; but the difference of name must not be allowed to mask the identity of the process. It is a fact that, for the production of the more complex organisms, union of germ-cells and sperm-cells is indispensable. Speculative physiologists have likened this union of germ-cell with sperm-cell to the union of an acid with its base. But the deeper our researches penetrate, the more erroneous does such a comparison appear; and instead of leading us to the conviction of any essential dissimilarity or opposition in the constitution of these cells, they lead us to a demonstration of the essential similarity of these cells. I cannot pause here to trace the genesis of ovum and spermatozoon, but must content myself with the assertion, which the reader can verify by consulting any embryological authority, that in their origin, and in the earlier phases of their development, these two cells are identical. It is only in their subsequent history that they differ.\* If one convincing argument be needed to crown all these indica-

\* That is the reason why plants can be developed into male or female according to the will of the experimenter.

tious; we may find it in the now indubitable fact, that animals which normally are developed from fertilised eggs, are *also* normally developed from eggs unfertilised. It is clear, then, that if the egg, previous to fertilisation, has within it the elements and conditions which will produce the same animal as would have issued from the fertilised egg, the influence of the sperm-cell on the germ-cell, whatever it may be, cannot be of that elementary indispensable nature which is implied in the comparison of an acid uniting with a base to form a salt. No alkali spontaneously develops into a salt; without the acid the alkali is powerless to assume any of the saline forms. But the germ-cell does develop an embryo without the aid of a sperm cell; at least in certain cases, where, from the existence of sperm-cells, we should *a priori* imagine their influence to be indispensable. Indispensable this influence is in the more complex organisms (although the insect is a very complex organism); but we observe one intensely significant fact, namely, that the germ-cell spontaneously passes through the same early phases of its development, whether it be fertilised or not. It cannot *continue* its development, as the ova of Polypes, Entomostraca, Bees, and Moths continue theirs, but neither is there any *fixed limit* to its arrest. Some ova fall short at one stage, others at others, but at no stage of their history can we say, Here the aid of fertilisation begins. Every ovum, therefore, of the highest animal as of the lowest, has within it the power of development unaided by the spermatozoon: this development falls very short indeed of an embryo in the highest animals, but it travels some miles on the road towards that goal; and when, as in insects, the goal is not very distant, it may be reached. We may liken the spermatozoa to the extra pair of horses put to the carriage to enable it to reach a certain distance over mountainous ground. Two horses have dragged the carriage to the foot of the hill, and have brought it by precisely the same route as the four horses would have taken; but here, at the foot of the hill, the

extra horses are indispensable. In granting the indispensable nature of the aid of such extra horses, no one would think of saying that it proved the necessity of four horses to carriage travelling.

What the precise nature of the influence exercised by the spermatozoon truly is we know not; but an hypothesis may be here suggested, provided the reader regards it as an hypothesis, and not at all interfering with the positive facts just stated. We may give speculation elbow-room for a moment, and return to our discussion in no worse condition than before. When the spermatozoon penetrates into the interior of the ovum, it there becomes dissolved, and finally disappears. According to Meissner\* its metamorphosis is precisely the same, whether occurring inside the ovum or apart from it, and in each case the process is one of gradual change into fat. Now if we consider the absolute importance of fat in the formation of cells, and remember that the development of the ovum is through a continuous multiplication of cells, the influence of the spermatozoon will be perfectly intelligible as that of furnishing increase of cell-production. The sperm-cell being proved identical with the germ-cell, we may compare its additional force to the force added by the extra horses which must draw the carriage up the hill.

Having given expression to my hypothesis, I return to the survey of the various modes of Reproduction, which we have seen to be identical, since not only are Fission and Gemination admitted to be identical, but we have further seen that between Gemination and Generation no real vital distinction exists. To that has been added the demonstration, that however frequent, and in many cases indispensable, the union of two dissimilar cells may be in the production of an embryo, the fundamental process of Generation is not expressed in it. The union is a secondary derivative process, and the result is often attainable without it. In a word, it has been shown that the two dissimilar cells are *essentially* similar, and their union, therefore, is essen-

\* In SIEBOLD'S u KÖLLIKER'S *Zeitschrift f. Wissen. Zoologie*, vi.

tially the same as the conjugation of two similar cells; and this *union* we know not to be indispensable to Reproduction. As the process of Growth is identical with that of Fissiparous Reproduction, it must equally be so with that of Gemmiparous and Oviparous Reproduction; the differences between Growth and Reproduction being only formal non-essential differences—such, for instance, as the mass of cells being aggregated together into filaments, or each cell being set free to exist by itself as an individual; or the cells which would have formed one of the tissues of an animal are separately developed into a new animal.

If the reader has followed with assent this somewhat abstruse discussion and elucidation of the identity of Growth and Reproduction, he will have little difficulty in classing the phenomena of Parthenogenesis under the ordinary laws of Reproduction, and removing the peculiar marvel which has hitherto invested those phenomena. Accepting Reproduction as a vital property—an ultimate fact—which appears under the various forms of Growth, Gemmation, and Generation, he will admit that there is nothing more marvellous in an animalcule reproducing several millions of animalcules by spontaneous fission, than in a plant being constructed out of several millions of cells, each produced by a spontaneous fission; in each case the marvel is the same, the process the same. It is not more marvellous that an Aphis should produce another Aphis full-formed from its own substance, than that a lobster should out of its own substance replace a broken claw.

The peculiarity of Parthenogenesis which has most attracted and puzzled naturalists is the fact that each generation is *unlike* its parent. In Steenstrup's words, "Generation A produces generation B, which is dissimilar to itself; whilst generation B produces generation C, which is dissimilar to itself, but which returns to the form of generation A." This, on closer scrutiny, becomes very dubious. Agassiz has pointed out the identity in structure of the Medusa and

Pol and although there are differences between *these* two animals, as we ascend the scale such differences grow less, and finally disappear. The Aphis produces a larval Aphis, which only differs from its parent in the imperfection of certain organs, and these imperfections are not *constant*; the larva has sometimes wings. The virgin product of the silkworm Moth is every way indistinguishable from the products of fertilised eggs.

What then is the theory of Parthenogenesis to which this discussion conducts us? Simply this: The phenomenon is not a *deviation* from the ordinary laws of Reproduction, but a *derivation* from those laws. What *they* are, no one at present can express. The fact that all organic beings are endowed with the property of Reproduction, which manifests itself under the forms of Growth, Gemmation, and Generation, must, for the present at least, be accepted as an ultimate fact, not permitting dispute, not admitting explanation. Whether new individuals, or only new parts of individuals, are reproduced, the fundamental process is the same. Whether the animal produce cells which increase as buds, or as eggs, the process is the same. Whether the egg develop under the influence of fertilisation, or without that influence, the process is the same. Whether the union of two cells, followed by continuous fission, be taken as the starting-point, or whether the continuous fissions proceed without any union, everywhere the one law of Reproduction—the fundamental property of Growth—meets us as the ultimate fact, the great terminal mystery; and the simplest form under which this process is known to us is the spontaneous subdivision of a cell. Thus, to borrow Goethe's words,—

"All the forms resemble, yet none is the same as another;  
Thus the whole of the throng points at a deep-hidden law,  
Points at a sacred riddle."

The sacred riddle awaits its *Œdipus* probably will for ever remain unanswered.

## LIFE OF SIR CHARLES J. NAPIER.

## PART II.

OPPORTUNITY rarely fails him who seeks it. The soul conscious of a destiny seldom waits in vain for a fulfilment. The "village Hampdens" and the "mute inglorious Miltons" are, we believe, the few among the children of men. To whom Providence has assigned a part, Providence also mostly assigns a time and place. We are no fatalist, but we believe that the God who implants power, implants beside it a faith in its purpose. There be those whose hearts fail, whose arms hang down, and whose knees droop, and these pass away with unacted lives; but the men who in expectancy and preparation wait for their opportunity, as the Israelites did for their Exodus, with loins girded and feet shod, seldom fail in reaching the goal and winning the prize. Charles Napier was one of these. He was the strong man armed,—the good knight with his sword loose in the sheath, his harness bright and his heart full strung; ever ready and able. Men have been always eager to unravel futurity; they may read it in their own hearts; out of the aspirations and hopes there spun is often woven the web of a destiny. In boyhood, youth, manhood, and old age, Charles Napier ever in his own aspirations saw a future, ever had within him an augury of command and success. The vision of fame was always present to him; disappointment could not dispel, age could not shadow it; it went before him, ever, as the star in the East, leading on to achievement.

In his fifty-ninth year he is appointed to a command on the staff at Bombay, and in this foresees his opportunity.

Thus he speaks: "The appointment is accepted. My hope is to get there safe, but to move my family is fearful! I go overland, and shall insure my life for two years. If there is war in the Punjaub, which seems likely, a good command may fall to me: it will be sorrowful to leave you all, for it is late in life and

I am much worn." Again, in India: "To try my hand with an army is a longing not to be described; yet it is mixed with shame for the vanity which gives me such confidence: it will come, and I cannot help it, as to my mind; but as to my body, it is not so. Oh! for forty, as at Cephalonia, where I laughed at eighteen hours' hard work on foot under a burning sun: now, at sixty, how far will my carcass carry me? No great distance! Well, to try is glorious!"

It is a wonderful spectacle that of this man, after all his struggles, buffetings, and strivings, ridled with wounds, broken by sickness, overcast by injustice, tried by cares, thus casting off the dust and ashes from his head, and rising up at the call of opportunity, hopeful and confident as when he buckled on his maiden sword.

He who reads history aright will ever recognise a connection betwixt man and nature—a fitness in the scenes to the action of its various dramas. India has ever been the theatre of rapid and brilliant exploit. The grandeur, the vastness, the luxuriance of its scenes, the fervour of its sunshine, have seemed ever to inspire men with grand conception and rapid execution, and to characterise their deeds by picturesque details and striking effects. The results, however, for ages, had not the permanency or the durability of the things around. The rush of conquest or empire swept over the land, like the flow of its own great rivers, now receding, now inundating, now fertilising, now destroying. The history of the land had its grand epochs; but they stood, like its own cities, isolated and apart, without connection, communication, or combination, until the spirit of conquest was allied with commerce, and the soldier and the merchant went forth together to conquer and to civilise. To this land, which had witnessed the wondrous victories and pageant triumphs of Alexander, the whirlwind sweep of Genghis

Khan, the barbarous ravages of Timour, the magnificent rule of Mahmoud, and the no less wondrous achievements of Clive; which was then exhibiting the anomaly of the genius of war and the acts of peace working in combination—an anomaly producing varieties and inconsistencies in the action of the different agencies which will often appear hereafter in this life and history—to this land of ancient tradition and glorious history, of brilliant exploit, stirring action, and splendid adventure, let us follow Charles Napier. He arrived at an eventful period. Our disasters at Cabool were then occurring. Lord Ellenborough, the new Governor-General, had come to inherit the consequences of his predecessor's policy, and to incur the responsibility of retrieving the reverses of our arms, of rescuing the troops still remaining in Afghanistan, and of redeeming our national honour. Immediately on his arrival he applied to Charles Napier for a plan of operations which might effect all these objects. It was given, and though not officially accepted, was adopted in all the main points. His suggestion was, "That the first military operations ought to be," "to move upon Cabool from Peshawur, and from Candahar by Ghuznee," "and when our colours were once more unfurled at Cabool," "perhaps if a noble, generous, not a vindictive warfare, be pursued by our troops, it might be practicable to retire immediately with honour from Afghanistan, leaving a friendly people behind us." This advice in regard to the operations, though not the after policy, was afterwards virtually acted upon. To assure the success of these movements, and to guard against future disaster, it was thought necessary to secure the frontiers, by which the forces withdrawing from Cabool might retire, or additional troops be advanced in support. With this purpose a reserve was to be formed on the northern frontier, and the force in Scinde, on which country General England with Nott's encumbrances would retreat, was to be strengthened by an English regiment, and Charles Napier was appointed to command.

The following extracts will show best with what spirit he entered on this work, and under what circumstances:—

"This day sixty years old. Well, patriotism is no chimera: it is the resolution to be honest, carried into effect where our country requires us to act contrary to our wishes, comforts, and happiness. Perhaps few trials are more severe than sending a man at sixty away from his family to a distant country and a bad climate. Well, Lord Collingwood did not flinch, nor will I, if I know myself.

"I go to command in Scinde with no orders—no instructions, no precise line of policy given! How many men are in Scinde? How many soldiers to command? No one knows! They tell me I must form and model the staff of the army altogether. This is easy to do: but is it in 1842 that the Indian staff should be modelled—our empire being nearly one hundred years old, and existing by military force! That I must act for myself is clear, or rather by my own lights in their interest, for they know nothing. Feeling myself but an apprentice in Indian matters, I yet look in vain for a master!"

Before we follow him in his career, a glance at the scene he is to act in, a slight sketch of the people whom he is to subdue and govern, will be necessary to the due understanding of forthcoming events.

On the north-west frontier of our Eastern empire lay the Thurr, a desert vast, arid, and sterile; beyond this was a narrow strip of territory, which ran in a diagonal line for four hundred miles from a point a little below the junction of the Punjaub rivers with the Indus to the sea. Through this tract rolled the mighty stream of the Indus, and, at its southern extremity, emptied its waters, by eleven mouths into the ocean. On its north and west sides were the mountain fastnesses of the Beloochees and other robber tribes, and from it ran the high-roads and routes to the dominion of the Affghans; to the north-east lay the districts of Moltan and the empire of the Seiks. The country was by nature fertile and cultivatable, especially where within reach of inundations and irrigation from the river; capable of producing all the fruits, grain, and crops needful in those

climes for the sustenance of man. But man will not till when he knows not who will gather; and the uncertainty of possession, and the abject sense of subjection, had for years checked the power of labour and the course of production. The tide of conquest had ebbed and flowed again and again over the land, leaving behind the varied strata of races. There was the Hindoo, a serf and slave; the Mohammedan, his conqueror, though now scarcely less abject than himself; above all and over all strode the Beloochees, the lords and masters of the land—and their yoke on the necks of the conquered was not easy, neither was their burden light. Toward the end of the last century the Beloochees of the Talpoor tribes descended from their mountain homes to invade the country, expelled the ruling dynasty of the Caloras, and established themselves as the dominant race. The Beloochee was by nature and habit a warrior; from his birth his hands were familiar with the sword and shield; where he ruled, he ruled as a soldier and conqueror. The people subject to their sway were men who could be taxed and made beasts of burden; the land they possessed was, in their eyes, a space to be turned into hunting-grounds; their polity was to prevent invasion or interference by exclusion, and by damming up the outlets and inlets of their territory; their only idea of wealth was the heaping up of jewels, gold, and coin in their treasure-houses. That there were sources of riches inexhaustible and ever-flowing in the productiveness of the soil, the labour of the people, and the uses of commerce, was a truth which they knew not, neither would know. After the conquest, the supreme power was held by the principal chiefs and leaders, who formed a confederation called the Char Yar, or brotherhood. At their death the conquered land was divided into three distinct sovereignties—that of the northern part, or Upper Scinde, with the city of Kyrpoor as capital; that of Hyderabad, comprehending southern or Lower Scinde, and from its importance and central position holding a kind of ascendancy over the rest;

and that of Meerpoor, a state situated towards the east, and bordering on the desert, being partly tributary to Hyderabad, though owning no decided allegiance. All these were distinct and independent, connected only by the bondhoo of common interest and defence, and the feeling of clan-ship and family ties. Within the desert were the border fortresses of Emaun-Ghur and Omereote—the first attached to the northern, the latter to the Meerpoor principality—and were kept by the chiefs as places of retreat and cities of refuge in time of need. Each district was governed by a body of Ameers or princes descended from the first conquerors. The nearest in blood was invested with the Puggree, or turban of command, the other heads of families being associated with him in authority and council—all holding, however, hereditary territory and possessions, with power of taxation and control over their individual property. The right of succession passed from brother to brother, and not from father to son, and when this line of descent from the original holders ended, went back to the son of the eldest brother. This custom was common enough, and led ever to confusion, intrigue, and disunion. The Ameers ruled as despots, and, according to Eastern policy, were ever killing the goose for the golden egg. They taxed their people heavily, though the tribute was levied in kind, and proportioned to the produce of the different seasons. They strangled commerce by imposing exorbitant tolls and dues without affording commensurate protection. Merchants would not bring their traffic into a country when exposed to exactions from the rulers and robbery from their followers. The land was but partially cultivated; the people were poor, and moved about in a half-migratory state from place to place, driving their cattle with them, and depending often on their fishing in the river for sustenance. Yet from the lowest of these races—the Hindoos, who seem, like the Jews, to have the faculty of growing rich under the sorest oppressions—sprang a class of men, who, as bankers and money-changers, carried on the financial and monetary transactions



of the country. The Ameers, surrounded by a rough fierce soldiery, lived apart in a rude state, unmarked by the magnificence, luxury, and refinement so often exhibited by Eastern despots. Their palaces were generally in the midst of fortresses, and the mud-buts which grew up within and around these constituted their cities. Their great delight was in hunting; and their "shikargars," or preserves, were formed by large spaces of the most fertile ground near the river, which were turned into dense thickets, "composed of tamarisk, saline shrubs, and other underwood, with stunted trees of bramble, which are not allowed to be pruned or cut, but kept as a harbourage for game and wild animals." These chiefs of Scinde were, according to Elphinstone, barbarians of the rudest stamp, without any of the barbarous virtues; and Burnes confirms this testimony. Their history, however, does not exhibit any of those assassinations, wholesale butcheries, and fierce internal struggles, which so often stain the annals of Eastern dynasties; and the statements of those who saw and mixed with them give no evidence of the debaucheries and low sensual vices imputed to them. It must be remembered that the Ameers, from our first connection with them, were foredoomed, and that sentence was passed on them by men and powers determined to find causes and excuses for their judgment. This picture of a warrior class ruling and oppressing, of a degraded class toiling and starving, suffering and enduring—of land untilled and commerce impeded—was too common in the East to have been remarkable in itself; and the Ameers might have gone on taxing, hunting, amassing wealth, fighting and intriguing, and been left to the common fate of revolutions and changes, but for one circumstance—the Indus flowed through their country.

The peculiar constitution of the Indian Government generates a double policy—the aggrandisement of profit, and the aggrandisement of empire; and hence has arisen apparently a divided action and a contrary purpose in the agencies of each, tending, however, to the same end.

The desire of dividends and the necessity of conquest are not always reconcilable. Yet the one is the consequence of the other. The itching palm of the trader has ever preceded the closed hand of the soldier. The lust of wealth predestined the night of aggression. It speaks sweetly, treads softly, and promises fair things, but surely in its footsteps follows the mailed step of the soldier. The policy of profit begets the policy of acquisition.

Sometimes the same object has attractions for both policies. Such an object was the Indus. To Directors and merchants the possession of this noble river represented the trade of northern Ind, awoke visions of new markets, new sources of traffic, and increased dividends. To the statesman and soldier it offered a strong and safe boundary within which empire might be consolidated—a base for future operations—a *point d'appui* for attack—a defence and check against the contingencies of Eastern outbreaks and revolutions. Commerce, however, took the initiative; it made the first invasion.

It was to ascertain the capabilities of the Indus as a channel for commerce that we first visited the country. The natives, inspired by inward instinct, or influenced by a knowledge of what had befallen other peoples, looked on our coming as a doom. The presence of a European was to them the shadow of fate.

"The evil is done," said a Beloochee soldier on the advent of our mission; "you have seen our country." "Alas!" said a Syud, "Scinde is now gone, since the English have seen the river, which is the road to its conquest."

The foot of the trader made the path for invading armies. Burnes was but the forerunner of Charles Napier.

At first we speak softly to the Ameers, and breathe only of treaties for mutual interest and mutual alliance. These are granted, and contain provisions sufficient for the purposes of commerce. It is agreed that the merchants and traders of Hindostan shall have a passage by the roads and rivers of Scinde for the transport of their goods and merchandise from

one country to another, on condition that no military stores should be brought, no armed vessels come by the said river, and that no English merchants should be allowed to settle in Scinde. "*The two contracting powers bind themselves never to look with the eye of covetousness on the possessions of each other !*" Two years afterwards we obtain a reduction of tolls upon vessels navigating the Indus, and permission for a native agent to reside at the mouth of the river. Concession begets aggression. We first propose treaties, and then impose them. Two years more pass away, and the Ameers are in a strait—Runjeet Singh threatens to invade their country. Their difficulty is our opportunity. We step forth as mediators, and as usual swallow the oyster, and give the combatants the shells. As the price of our mediation, we demand that a British officer should be stationed at Shikarpoor, and a minister be allowed to take up his residence at Hyderabad, each having a sufficient escort. This was conceded reluctantly, but the Ameers keep the treaty in faith. Ours was the first infraction. In 1838 the expedition to Afghanistan is undertaken, and Scinde is convenient as a base for military movements. In the face of treaties, in defiance of remonstrance and protest, an armed force and military stores are transported through the country, and a fort on the Indus taken possession of. This step provokes such disaffection and discontent among the Ameers, that we are compelled, as a measure of safety, to have a military footing in the land. Another treaty is enforced, which stipulates that a British force should be stationed at Kurrachee, the seaport of Scinde, and another on the west of the Indus, the expenses to be partly defrayed by the Ameers; that tolls should be altogether abolished; that internal differences were to be referred to the British representatives; and that neither of the powers should correspond with or give aid to the enemy of the other. Thus we became virtual masters of the land. One trader had swelled into the presence of an army. The privilege of commercial intercourse had grown into the power

of coercing policy, and the assumption of arbitration. Wrong grows like an avalanche. Absolute power over their subjects was still guaranteed to the Ameers, but they must have felt that the sceptre had departed from them. Like the wild beasts in their own shikargars, they saw the bands of the hunter closing around them; like them, they grew restless and excited; some crouched in their lairs in sullen despair; others sought an avenue of escape; some prepared for a treacherous spring; some were ready to stand at bay.

Such was the scene; we pass on to the action of the drama. Charles Napier now appears on the stage. Henceforth in all the scenes and acts his figure is most prominent. Amid the lights and shadows of Eastern policy, the picturesque groupings of Eastern life, the stern action and the gloomy catastrophe, first and foremost moves the fierce grey-bearded warrior. His will resolves the destiny of a people. Governors-general forge the thunderbolts, but he hurls them.

We are about to discuss justice, and would therefore be just ourselves. To be so, we must premise one thing: No event stands in its own light; past, present, and cotemporary ones cast their lights and shadows across and upon it. The disaster at Cabool shadowed the conquest at Scinde. To all powers and authorities it was a warning and a lesson. To governors-general it showed the evil of half measures, of vacillation and credulity. To military chiefs it presented the terrible picture of a soldier losing by irresolution and indecision his army, his life, his fame; darkening the glory and clouding the prestige of his nation. This influence acted strongly on our actors, and will account for much which seems, and was, harsh, precipitate, and peremptory in their future deeds.

In Scinde Charles Napier is to be supreme; the rule of the "politicals" is to be abolished. All things, military, political, civil, and commercial, are to be subject to one judgment and to one man. He enters on his work manfully and resolutely. We follow in his passage up the Indus, and see him recalling the

points of Alexander's route and old classic reminiscences—riding over dusty plains; visiting Ameers; sitting in laughter whilst they all tried on his spectacles; refusing presents, giving advice, and making notes of men and things which were to form the basis of future policy. The safety of England and his troops, the organising of the cantonments at Sukkur and Shikarpoor, were his first care. These assured and settled, he turns his mind to a review of the work before him.

He acknowledges foregone injustice. "We are altogether unjust abstractedly, having no original right to be here; but humanity will 'ain." Yet he ignores the responsibility of former wrong, and in his line of conduct starts from the present. "It is not for me," he says, "to note how we came to occupy Scinde, but to consider the subject as it stands. We are here by right of treaties entered into by the Ameers, and therefore stand on the same footing as themselves; for rights held under treaty are as sacred as the right which sanctions that treaty."

This was convenient doctrine for us. We who had broken and changed treaties according to our pleasure, suddenly start up as the most righteous champions of justice, the most rigorous exactors of good faith. We who had swallowed camels, assume the most violent indignation against the men who should gulp down a few guats.

It is very evident that from the first there was a strong conviction in Charles Napier's mind that the annexation of Scinde was a political necessity; that the course of events led inevitably towards it; that the interests of civilisation demanded it; and equally strong was the conviction that he was the man to do it. Such convictions in strong natures often work up to their own ends. This feeling comes forth in all his thoughts and plans.

Thus he says, "All is waste; the robber rules! With God's help, ere I am six months older, he shall have a wipe as a beginning for a new era in Scinde. I am gathering up my reins, my feet are in the stirrups, my hand is on the sword; and if I do not put

these chaps to rights with vigour and without rigour, great is my mistake."

Again: "They will try to treat, but I will take their country, and make the Indus the frontier from Mittenkote. Lord E. may settle affairs his own way north, but if I fire the shot, I will go the whole hog to the sea-shore."

This is still more strongly expressed in his public papers:—

"Can such things long continue? A government hated by its subjects, despotic, hostile alike to the interests of England and of its own people; a government of low intrigue, and so constituted that it must fall to pieces in a few years by the vices of its own construction. Will not such a government maintain an incessant petty hostility against us? Will it not incessantly commit breaches of treaties—those treaties by which alone we have a right to remain, and must therefore rigidly uphold? I conceive such political reason cannot last; the more powerful government will, at no distant period, swallow up the weaker: would it not then be better to come to that result at once? I think it would be better, if it can be done with honesty."

Better! it is better to spring on your victim like a lion than to play with it like a cat. But it could not be done with honesty. It was a matter of expediency, wholly adverse to the principle of abstract justice or moral right. It is this attempt to reconcile expediency with justice which blinds the question, and involves it in intricacy and controversy. The possession of the Indus was necessary, and it was resolved to take it, if possible, by the least violent means, and with a view to the greatest ultimate good. Such was the policy—such the decision of our Indian rulers, and it is a mockery to veil it with pretexts of treachery and pretences of humanity. Man can never do a wrong without disguising it as a right. This is the tribute which expediency pays to justice. Abstract justice to individuals may be, or seem, virtual evil to the many, but it cannot therefore be conceded that man may depart from a moral law, because, according to his wisdom, good may ensue. Man must be just, and the ordination of

events left to Providence. "We are acting substantially just, and for the good of the mass, while these Talpoors are like their own crocodiles." This is a sophistry unworthy of the man and the soldier. The poor and the oppressed, had they lived in a spot apart from the highways of commerce and the barriers of an empire, might have cried long enough for vengeance. At this time the Talpoor dynasty was represented at Hyderabad by Musseer Khan, who wore the Puggree, and by other powerful Ameers of his kin associated with him in power; at Kyrpoor by Roostum Khan, an aged man, who had in person assisted to dethrone the Kallora princes, and behind whom stood, like an evil fate, Ali Moorad, a brother, the next in right to the turban, the most able, the most intriguing and most powerful of the Ameers; at Meerpoor, Shere Mohammed, the lion, is Rais. "I have maintained," says Charles Napier, "that we only want a fair pretext to coerce the Ameers." Such was not wanting. It was more than suspected that, during the Affghanistan warfare, they had entertained hostile feelings, and been guilty of hostile purpose, towards the British. "It would be impossible to believe that they could entertain friendly feelings, but we should not be justified in inflicting punishment upon the thoughts." Herein was found the pretext, and on it were grounded the following instructions to Charles Napier from Lord Ellenborough:—

"Should any Ameer or chief, with whom we have a treaty of alliance and friendship, have evinced hostile designs against us during the late events, which may have induced them to doubt the continuance of our power, it is the present intention of the Governor-general to inflict upon the treachery of such ally and friend so signal a punishment as shall effectually deter others from similar conduct; but the Governor-general would not proceed in this course without the most ample and convincing evidence of the guilt of the person accused."

This evidence is soon forthcoming. An intercepted despatch from Roostum Khan to the Maharajah of Lahore, a secret intercourse betwixt Musseer and Beebruck, chief of the Bhoogtees, proposing an attack on the

British troops in their retreat from Affghanistan, and a secret alliance, offensive and defensive, against the English, contracted by these chiefs, were adduced as proofs of treasonable intent and hostile purpose. The intercepted correspondence was denied by the Ameers,—pronounced to be forged; was doubted by Outram, the political agent, but pronounced genuine by Charles Napier. They had been guilty, besides, of minor violations of the treaty, of exacting illegal tolls, maltreating English subjects, neglect of tribute, and obstructing commerce and navigation. These charges are embodied in a Return of complaints, and are deemed sufficient to warrant the imposition of another and more aggressive treaty. Sukkur, Bukkur, and Roree, places commanding the approach to the country by the Indus; Kurrachee with Tatta, commanding the sea-coast and the mouths of the river, were to be surrendered to us; the territory of Subzulcote was to be restored to its original possessor, the Rajah of Bawhalpoor; as an equivalent for these, the tribute and the arrears were to be remitted. "Give me thy vineyard, and I will give thee the worth of it in money." These places were the strategic points, the keys of the country. Sukkur was but three weeks' march from our northern frontier; Kurrachee a few days' sail from Bombay. The holding of these made us masters of the land, and the occupation of Scinde was fixed. The outlets of the shikargar were closed, and the time was come when the huntsman might advance on his prey, to slay or take alive.

The Ameers grew restive, suspicious and alarmed at this new invasion of their power, and the penal treaty was to be enforced by the armed occupation of the confiscated lands and strong places. Charles Napier crosses the Indus at Roree. It was the Rubicon of his policy. Once more he is in the field. The work of the political is ended, and the soldier starts forth. It is refreshing to get quit of the entanglements, the subtleties, and the pretences of negotiations and treaties, and once more see him at the soldier's work, with soldiers around him and war in

front. The atmosphere of diplomacy had begun to infect the soul of the old warrior, and it grieved us to see him adopting its sophisms, cheating the devil by pleas of humanity and civilisation, throwing sops to Cerberus by pitiful pictures of the oppression and ruffianism of the Ameers, whilst at heart he confesses "we had no right to come here, and are tarred with the Affghan brush." The sword drawn and the foot in the stirrup, the mist clears away, and all is bright and clear. The work is to be done, and he is prepared: his mind had long foreseen and shaped it. The adoption of the northern extremity as a *point d'appui*, whether attributable to him or the Government, was in itself a master-stroke. The Ameers were thus cut off from a retreat to the hill-country, where they might hang as an ever-impending evil, and are compelled to fight on their own ground, with no refuge save their desert fastnesses. The facility of an advance by the river is rejected by him as a fallacy. His experience had taught him the impediments of a water-transport for troops, and their helplessness when attacked in boats; and he determined to cross the river, and advance horse, foot, and guns in a compact mass, by the main road, holding the Indus as a means of communication. A firm base had been established, the rear was safe. Three regiments, a hundred cavalry, and four guns are left at Sukkur; Colonel Wallace is halted one march from Roree.

The Camel Battery had been organised. "The dear solemn camels, with their noses up in the air, looking so philosophical, and dragging nine-pounders tied to their tails as if they were feathers;" the Scinde horse was in training; the force was disciplined; the difficulties of the country had been ascertained, contingencies provided for—the cold season chosen for striking the blow: all was ready, the man and his material. Let us see how he looks and bears himself in front of his work.

"I feel a spring in me that defies all difficulties. The time of life is short, but to spend that shortness vainly, 'twere too long! This thought must urge me to resolution, and resolution is half the battle."

Another passage seems so truthful, so illustrative of the pride and humility of human nature, that 'twould be unjust to omit it.

"Still I exult when beholding this force. I have worked my way to this great command, and am gratified at having it, yet despise myself for being so gratified! Yes! I despise myself. Not as feeling unworthy to lead, for I am conscious of knowing how to lead, and my moral and physical courage are equal to the task: my contempt is for my worldliness. Am I not past sixty? Must I not soon be on the bed of death, and yet so weak as to care for these things! No, I do not. I pray to do what is right and just, and to have strength to say, Get thee behind me, Satan. Alas! I have not that strength. Well, this comfort remains: With a secret and strong desire to guide in war, I have avoided it studiously."

Thus the man, with his strong heart, and a camp equipage consisting of a small portmanteau, a pair of canteens, two camp-tables, a bed and a private soldier's tent, awaits the turn of events. From this picture of preparedness we turn to the Ameers. With them all is confusion, affright, and mistrust. With no plan, no combination, no confidence in themselves or one another, they negotiate when they should fight, fight when they should negotiate.

Roostum Khan of Kyrpoor is the first on whom vengeance would fall. Old, worn out, distracted by conflicting counsels, urged to resistance by his sons and nephews, to submission by his brother Ali Moorad, he at last offers to present himself at the English camp; is advised to take refuge with Ali; does so, and after a while resigns the turban to him. Henceforth Ali Moorad is acknowledged by English authority as Rais of Upper Scinde.

Charles Napier advances on Kyrpoor; finds that Roostum's son and nephew, with their adherents, had fled to the desert forts; that the old man, fearful for his life and liberty, had gone with them; that armed bands are gathering in all directions. His mind seizes at once on the true strategy. He resolves at the very outset to cut off the Ameers from their places of refuge in the desert—to stop the earth where the game is afoot.

"The Ameers are forming in the

desert, and movement is difficult for me, not having half enough carriage ; and if I march upon their forces, they will disperse. I must therefore march on their forts and on Hyderabad, things which cannot escape ; but their troops are not tangible by a regular force." Hence springs the daring project, which led to as curious a military feat as is recorded in the annals of war—the desert march on Emaun-Ghur. "My plans are fixed, to march to the edge of the desert, or as far in as water can be found ; then encamp, select five hundred of the strongest Europeans and natives, mount them on camels, and load all my other camels with water, except a few to carry half rations. My camel battery also shall go, and as many irregular horse as it will be prudent to take, and then slap upon Emaun-Ghur in the heart of the desert : if it surrender, good ; if not, it shall have such a hammering as will make fire fly out of its eyes." This is done. The movements of the Ameers are not certain, and he moves on Ali Moorad's residence, Deejee-Kote—whence he might march against them, or on the fort. Here the desert march is determined ; the main columns are left under Colonel Pattle ; communications are established by means of fleet camels ; water is provided ; and then "on the night of the 5th we moved with three hundred and fifty of the 22d Regiment, all mounted on camels, two soldiers on each. We have two 24-lb. howitzers, with double teams of camels, and two hundred of the Scinde horse, and provisions for fifteen days ; water for four." Thus in the beginning of the year 1843, trusting to his own skill, the courage of his troops, and the fortune which ever favours the brave, he enters the desert, the sea of sand which no European had ever yet crossed. 'Twas a strange sight that midnight march. The long strings of camels with the English soldiers mounted on them, calm, impassive, and reliant as they ever are ; the teams drawing the howitzers ; Ali Moorad and his Beloochees, picturesque, excitable, and wondering at the scene ; the Scinde horse galloping in front and on the flanks, the grim old warrior himself riding hither and thither, inspiring and directing ;—all these moving on-

wards, in the stillness of night, with the bright moonlight falling upon them, the white tents of their comrades gleaming behind, and the desert with its swelling waves of sand stretching before. The march is at first through "a sandy plain, interspersed with brushwood, tamarisks, and another shrub without leaves, a blighted-looking bush ; then on through a heavy country covered with jungle, the upper sand full of sea-shells, cockles, mussels, and the spiral unicorn's horn-shell ;" then to a punch-bowl or small plain with sand-hills, in front steep and very deep : here the camels fail, and he falls back on man-power. The soldiers of the 22d, inspired by their leader, turn out and "run the guns up in five minutes from bottom to top with cheers ! What fellows English soldiers are—laughing and joking, and such strength !"

On again, day by day, through wild places, sometimes with water, sometimes without, and over "sands wild and deep, like a sea, or rather like a vast plain of round hills and grotesque-shaped ground, deeply covered with drifted sand, channelled or ribbed with little lines like sand on the sea-shore, and full of shells ;" and then, on the seventh day, hot, thirsty, and toil-worn, yet strong and hopeful, this little band of warriors see before them the fortress of Emaun-Ghur standing in the midst of its sandy sea, with the sun shining on its brick walls and high towers, and surrounding it with the haze of a mirage. There is no watchman on the ramparts : no shot is fired on the approaching foe. The place is evacuated. There is to be no fight, but he has conquered the desert, has stripped it of its dread. The glory has departed from it, and the faith of the Ameers in its impenetrability must pass away like smoke. The place is to be destroyed. "Emaun-Ghur is shattered to atoms with ten thousand pounds of powder. The light was grand and hellish beyond description ; the volumes of smoke, fire, and embers flying up was a throne fit for a devil." Beside the smoking ruins the old warrior laid down to rest, and "dreamed of his beloved mother, her beauteous face smiling upon him." Strange power of the soul thus to pass from the present to past or future,

from realities to memory or the ideal ! The work done, he marches back by nearly the same route, and his force is concentrated once more at Abubeker, whence he may move either on Kyrpoor or Hydrabad, according to events. In a political and strategic view, this march was a bold and brilliant stroke ; as a military movement it was perfect in its details. The ventures and risks were such as must attend all military enterprises, but all the difficulties had been foreseen and provided for. A good base was established, communications preserved, and the resolution of operating with a small force, which might be moved rapidly and provided easily, rather than a larger one, marked the soldier mind. This march has been said to have its parallel only in that of Alexander on Gedrosia, and of Marius against the town of Capsa : it carries us back forcibly to some of the stirring and brilliant events in the history of the Arab conquest.

Amid all these difficulties, the humour of the man breaks forth in the following description : " Our eyes are full of sand, ears full of sand, noses full, mouths full, and teeth grinding sand ! Enough between our clothes and skins to scour the latter into gold-beater's leaf ; one might as well wear a sand-paper shirt. Our shoes are full of holes from dryness, and we walk as if we had supplied their place with sand-boxes ; our meat is all sand, and on an average every man's teeth have been ground down the eighth of an inch, according to his appetite. It is lucky indeed we are so well scoured with sand, for there is not a clean shirt in camp. We look on our shirts with the same regret that we do on faded beauty. Alas ! will she ever be pretty again—alas ! will they ever be clean again ? We turn them and turn them, yet all remains dark and dirty."

The plot thickens. The Ameers, whatever be their will, have no longer the power of peace or war. Everywhere the Beloochee race is rising in fury. They see in the present the turning-point of their destiny. Now the robber sway must be maintained or pass away for ever. The word "to fight for Islam" has

been caught up and passed like the fiery cross from tribe to tribe, and village to village. From north and south, east and west, bands are gathering ; "vagrant princes," with their followers subject to no rule, are in arms ; it is a gathering of clans ; the whole race breathes war. Vakeels still pass from Hydrabad to the camp, promising submission and professing peace. Outram has still faith in Ameers ; to him they are "a second edition of the Apostles," also of martyrs : to Charles Napier they are a base and disgusting set of knaves. The political still believes in treaties ; the soldier says, there is but one thing—battle. The general sees farther, and with truer vision than the diplomat. From the graves of Elphinstone and Macnaghten a warning voice is ever speaking to his heart ; and before him stands another monitor, the thermometer. After April no European soldier could move in that climate. What work is to be done, must be done at once. To the political, delays have rainbow shapes of successful negotiations ; to the soldier they are boding signs of danger and peril. Urged by supplicating messages and his own professed desire to spare bloodshed, Charles Napier consents that Outram shall negotiate in person. Yet still he advances. Cabool is ringing in his ears ; the thermometer warns him. Outram is in Hydrabad ; the Ameers sign the treaty, and all to him seems fair and smooth. "Not a man in arms is in Hydrabad," he writes. The general hears from spies and emissaries that thousands are collecting from every direction, doubts this peaceful intelligence, and moves on to Hala. Here there was a choice of two roads ; "one by the river, by which we come slap on their front, leaving their rear open ; one by my left, which turns their right, and forces them to battle with their backs to the Indus : to this my inclination bends, but it is dangerous—1st, Because 2800 men will be opposed to 25,000 or 30,000 ; and these are stiff odds ; 2d, A reverse would cut me off from the river and my supplies ; 3d, A repulse would add 20,000 men to the enemy ; for barbarians hold no faith with the beaten, and numbers

are now abiding the issue of the fight." His decision showed a sound knowledge of the principles of war, and a strong will in following them. Strategically, the right was the point on which the Amcers should have been attacked, as they would thus have been cut off from a retreat to the desert; but the communication with the river overbalances the advantages of such a movement. "Yes! I will march along the river, and trust to manœuvring in the battle for turning their flank." On the 16th July he is at Muttaree, within a march of the capital. Outram rejoins him. His hopes have failed. Assailed by the fierce Beloochees on his departure from the Dhurbar, attacked in the residency, he fights his way with a company of the 22d Regiment back to the camp. Now there is but one thing—battle. The Amcers are known to have taken an intrenched position at Mecanee, about six miles from Hydrabad. "Three hours I have to get some sleep, and at nine o'clock to-morrow my gallant soldiers shall be launched against these brave Beloochees. It is my first battle as a commander; it may be my last! At sixty that makes little difference; but as my feelings are, it shall be do or die." The spies report they have sixteen, twenty, thirty thousand men. He takes into action 2800, of whom 400 only are British, and twelve guns. "Let them be sixty or a hundred thousand, I will fight." The mind goes back to the hero deeds of all time for parallels. The ten thousand charging at Marathon—the brothers Hauteville galloping with their small Norman band against countless hosts—Cortes, with his stalwart Spaniards, in Mexico,—Clive at Plassy,—all these are memories which rise before us, and flit behind the scene on which this little warrior-band is moving. At dawn the march begins; the Scinde horse in front, the main column following. On they move, at last along the dry bed of the Fulaillee river, through a succession of small villages interspersed with groves of trees, until they reach a spot where the river-bed turns in a straight line towards the east for the distance of about a thousand yards: on the left, or westward of this bend,

was a walled shikargar; on the right was a village concealed by trees, and protected by watercuts and enclosures; and again, beyond this, a wide canal ran at right angles; in front lay a narrow plain, dotted with low sandy hillocks and camel-bushes. Charles Napier sees his battle-ground. Here his enemy is posted well and strongly. Beloochees line the walls of the shikargar on the left, and all along the bed and banks of the Nul-lah; and in the village on the right are masses of fierce wild warriors, armed with sword and shield and matchlock; in rear are large bodies of horse; in front are planted numerous pieces of artillery. To turn such a position was impracticable; and the smallness of the British force did not admit of any extensive flank movement; it must be taken in front. The weakest point is chosen for attack. The dispositions are made calmly and skilfully. The guns advance on our right, and open fire on the shikargar and the enemy's artillery. The infantry are formed in echelon of battalions from the right, "refusing the left flank to save it from the fire of the village." The Scinde horse are on the left; behind is the baggage and the baggage-guard; the camels squatted in a circle, with their noses turned inwards, and the men lying between their necks. All is ready; the bugles sound, and the echelon advances, led by the 22d Regiment—"magnificent Tipperary!"—"as at a review, across a fine plain, swept by the guns of the enemy;" the men keeping touch and step, and looking steadily on the faces of their foe. The General's eye sees a gap in the shikargar wall, by which a rush might be made on his flank; a company of the 22d is detached to clear and occupy it. This is done. Tew, their captain, leading on his men, is shot dead; and "thus this hero fell." Onwards the regiments move; they are within one hundred yards of the enemy's line; a galling fire is met with firmness and returned; and now, fierce and impatient, mad with martial ardour, the Beloochees throw aside the matchlocks, and rush with sword and shield on their foes. Amazed and shaken by the ferocity



and masses of these swordsmen, even the 22d are giving way under the terrible pressure, when the grey old warrior appears in their front, raises his hat and cheers; the cheer is taken up, and on they dash, impetuous and resistless. And "now was seen the superiority of the musket and bayonet over the sword and shield and matchlock;" the advantage of the shoulder-to-shoulder order over the loose efforts of individual valour. "Down went those bold and skilful swordsmen under the superior power of the musket and bayonet;" yet, even writhing with their death-wound, turned, and with dying hand dealt strokes at their foe, and fell, breathing defiance and deadly hate. For three hours this fierce combat endures; the fight is man to man, and hand to hand; British soldiers have grown ferocious as Beloochees; no quarter is given or taken. "The shambles have it all to themselves to-day," said a soldier to his general, as he plunged his bayonet into the body of an unyielding chief. Still the mullah is not cleared. It is the crisis of the action. An opening in the shikargar wall has been made for Hutt's guns, which now pour a cross fire on the enemy's line, and the horse are ordered to force the right. The canal is impassable, but down the bed of the river dash these dauntless horsemen, and, after a stern struggle, clear the village, though many a saddle is emptied, and many a gap made in their ranks. At the same time withering volleys sweep the face of the mullah. Threatened by the cavalry in their rear, and overwhelmed by the murderous fire, the Beloochees are seen retreating—not hastily or in rout, but sullenly and reluctantly, ever turning defiantly, and dispersing only when charged by the horse, or broken by artillery. The British troops cross the river, and the field is won. A bloody field it was. The bed and banks of the river are strewn with heaps of dead and piles of arms. There were few wounded; "the slain had died well and quickly." Within a circle of fifty yards, four hundred bodies lay, and clumps of dead had fallen where none of the antagonists were three

yards from each other. Charles Napier forms his camp on the enemy's ground, and the men in hollow square, with the baggage in the centre, and, resting on their arms, bivouac on the battle-field. Such was Meeanee. The tactics were simple. The ground and circumstances admitted not of manœuvring; but all that ready skill could do was done; the weakest point was attacked—the readiest and fittest order of battle adopted—every turn of the action was seen and seized—the best time was chosen for the decisive movement of the cavalry and artillery. It was a soldier's battle, if such may be said of a fight where the General's presence was an inspiration. Charles Napier throughout showed the skill and courage of a soldier, and approved himself a leader of men. We have seen him on the eve of a battle, let us hear him when the day of peril and slaughter is ended, and he stands face to face with his God:—"Riding over the field of Meeanee afterwards, I said to myself, Am I guilty of these horrid scenes? My conscience reproached me not. This blood is on the Amcers, not on me."

In this battle the British force had 256 killed and wounded. The enemy is supposed to have lost 5000 men.

Now another personage appears on the scene. At daybreak it is known that Shere Mohammed, the Lion of Meerpoor, who had advanced from his own territory with the intent of joining his brother Amcers in the battle, was only a few miles off, with 10,000 men at his back. Hydrabad is first to be taken,—then for a dash at the Lion.

The presence of this prince, who had not been included in the penal treaty, showed the wide combinations of the Beloochee race, and proved plainly that the assemblage at Meeanee was no improvised movement of rage and despair, no impulse of self-defence, but a part of a well-concerted plan.

Whilst the panic of defeat is still upon the Amcers, and "terror is rife," the city is summoned to surrender on pain of being stormed. Vakeels appear to demand terms. "Life, and nothing else," was the reply. "Decide before mid-day, for the dead will

then be buried, and my men will have had their breakfasts." Then is seen a procession slowly approaching, and the six chief Ameers enter the camp, and "lay their jewelled swords at the conqueror's feet." Beaten and dispirited, they shrink from defence, though the walls are high and built on solid rock, though "every house within is a citadel of mud, and their Beloochees would have fought like tigers."

On the 20th, three days after the battle, the British flag is waving from the towers of Hyderabad, and British soldiers are camped in and around the old romantic city—the Ameers their captives, their fortress and treasure their prize. Here Charles Napier meets with a difficulty more trying than the fight at Meeanee. Within the fortress are the zenanas, full of women, guarded by robust well-armed Tulpoors, who were ordered, "on the slightest insult, to cut the women's throats, and fight their own way abroad." These were a constant source of apprehension, a ready nucleus for intrigue and treachery, and he is glad to get rid of his female captives, even at the expence of the large booty in jewels which, according to his account, and it was doubtless true, they carried off with them. It would be dishonour to the memory of the old soldier to refute the accusation of maltreating and spoiling these ladies, which was brought against him. Such was and must have been a fiction and a calumny. Now Outram, the political, again enters on the stage. At Meeanee he had left before the fight, to go with two hundred men and fire a shikargar on the river; he returns to suggest that the old game of negotiations may be played over again with Shere Mohammed, and obtains permission to treat with him. The Lion, glad to escape the present danger, professes submission, and retires to his lair at Meerpoor. Here he becomes the centre on which the broken tribes, the roving bands, and all the Beloochee race might rally, and is more formidable than ever. His own town of Meerpoor, with the desert fort Omercote in its rear, and on its left "the delta, full of jungles, nullahs, and malaria," and subject to inundations,

form a strong line of defence and a base of operations. At Meeanee it was Charles Napier's policy to strike; it is now his policy to wait. His small band, reduced by sickness and the Hyderabad garrison, is no longer equal to an onward movement, so, like a good soldier, he secures his communications with the river by an intrenched camp, sends for reinforcements, and endeavours by the appearance of weakness to tempt his enemy from his fastnesses. Thus he bides his time, confident in his resources and precautions. "Thousands were beaten from a strong position, and they will not attack me in a strong one; yet nothing shall be left to fortune, and while believing they dare not attack me, we are ready if they do—having, 1st, Strict guards and night patrols; 2d, A very strong fort, so repaired as it has not been for many a year; 3d, A battalion in garrison; 4th, Provisions for three months: it is impregnable, except by a regular siege, and they have neither guns nor science; 5th, My own camp on the Indus, strongly intrenched and provisioned for two months; 6th, Reinforcements in March; 7th, A large plain swept by our guns and those of two steamers. Yes! Beloochees, we are snug, and glory shall be yours if you drive us into the river; but even if you do drown us, you cannot get the Hyderabad fortress; it will be defended. God may destroy us, but the Beloochees cannot."

Thanks to his own provident arrangements, the reinforcements arrive from Sukkur and Kurrachee sooner than was expected, and Stack's brigade, which, for the sake of creating a moral effect, had been ordered to proceed by land, after a difficult and hazardous march, joins him. Once more in strength, he sallies forth on the Lien at the head of 5000 men, and finds him posted with 20,000 at Dubba, six miles south of Hyderabad. The battle is the story of Meeanee repeated with variations. The position was very similar. "The enemy" was posted behind a nullah formed by two parallel ditches. The first eight feet deep and twenty-two feet across; then a bank forty-three feet wide; then the second ditch forty-two feet across and seventeen deep.

The inner banks were highest; and from behind them they opposed us first with matchlock-fire, then with sword and shield. The ditches were also filled with groups rushing on the flanks of the soldiers as they descended into them. On their right and rear was the village of Dubba, and on the left a large wood. The advance is now from the left, as it seemed practicable to turn the enemy's right flank, and is again made in échelon of battalions, as his right might be attacked from the wood." The artillery open fire on the left. The "ever-glorious 22d again leads. This brave battalion marches up to the nullah, under a heavy fire of matchlocks, without returning a shot till within forty paces of the intrenchment, and then stormed it like British soldiers." Again the rushes of the Beloochee swordsmen "met with fire and steel in serried array; again the sword and shield go down before the bayonet. Unable to stand the cross-fire of the artillery and the charge of the 22d, they move towards their own left, are assailed by a brilliant charge of the cavalry, and are once more in retreat. Again they lounge off slowly, and indifferent to our musketry, though volleyed into their backs at five yards' distance." Again the field is found covered with heaps of grim swordsmen. The terribleness of the slaughter is relieved here as at Meeanee by deeds of chivalry, which carry us back to the tales of Paladins and errant knights. "M'Murdo slew three Beloochees in this battle, hand to hand, and two at Meeanee." "A Sepoy fought five in a ditch, and killed them all." "A fellow cut down young Fitzgerald's horse, and Fitz fell under him; but being the strongest man in Scinde, parried two blows while disengaging himself from his horse; then rising, his counter-blow went through turban and skull down to the teeth: the shield was of no avail against that terrible arm." Are we reading of Roland or Amadis de Gaul? Nor was the chivalry all on our side. "Hoche Mohammed Seedec, an Abyssinian slave, heroic in strength of body and mind," at the head of a band of brother slaves, the domestic guards of the Ameers, maintains and

inspires the fight with unbounded fury, until "all fall to the last man under the bayonets of the 22d." These are Charles Napier's experiences of the battle:—

"I was surprised at the improvement in the men's fighting. At Meeanee they showed hesitation and wonder; at Dubba they were like cucumbers. As to myself, I felt a different man, my confidence in the soldiers and myself being complete. I felt at ease, and could have changed my whole order of battle in the fight if it had been wanted."

Hence the career of success is rapid—Meerpoor is occupied; Omercote secured; the Lion chased into the desert. Hence he sallies forth, is again a rallying-point, but, soon entangled in the web which his skilful opponent spreads for him, he is encompassed on all sides. Cut off from all communications, his force disperses at the sound of the first shot, and he flies across the Indus to the Khelat hills an exile and a fugitive. The conquest is now complete. Scinde is annexed, and Charles Napier made its governor.

The rule of the Talpoors had passed away—their zenanas were empty, their treasures spoiled, their shikargars broken up. The turban was taken from them, and they themselves are sent to pine and languish as captives in a strange land. Not a soul cried God bless them. 'Twas a melancholy fate—defeat, ruin, desertion, captivity; and whether deserved or not, must be ever seen shaded by the mournfulness which hallows misfortune.

The drama closes; the curtain drops, and the actors are before the foot-lights.

As a military event, the conquest of Scinde was a most perfect episode of war—perfect in its unity, its design, and its action—perfect in its details. The defence of Jelalabad, glorious as it was, was but the consequence of defeat, the advances of Pollock and Nott the retrievals of disaster. This was a conquest, strategically and tactically complete, unvarying in success and design from beginning to end. In selecting and securing a safe base of operations, in maintaining communications, in choosing

routes, in the plans of the campaign, in the calculation of the time and seasons, he illustrated all the great principles of war; and in all the details of movement, the maintenance of discipline, and the power of organisation, he showed himself an adept in soldiery. The conception of the march on Emaun-Ghur—the rapidity of the attack at Meeanee ere the combinations of the Ameers were complete—the intrenched position at Hyderabad—the marvellous combinations by which Shere Mohammed was enclosed, paralysed, and defeated without a battle, are all grand lessons in the art of war. Not less remarkable and noteworthy are his careful provision of means, the iron discipline by which the excesses of war were prevented, and security obtained from all hostility of the population. His bazaars were full when the Ameers could scarcely collect supplies, and his information was ever more certain and rapid than theirs. The adoption of the échelon movement in battle, too, with troops young, half drilled, and unaccustomed to move together in brigades, showed skilful handling. “Had they advanced in a long line of eleven regiments, they would have wavered to and fro like a sea, and got into confusion before the nullah was reached; but in single battalions they did it well, even beautifully. This campaign, well studied, would be worth more in its lessons and experiences than field exercises or *aides mémoires*.”

The Great Captain of the age thus pronounced judgment on the man and his work:—

“He manifested at all times entire discretion and prudence in the formation of his plans, great activity in making the preparations which were necessary to insure success, and finally great zeal, gallantry, and science in carrying his plans and preparations into full execution.”

As a political event, it must be ever dark and doubtful. Conceivably in covetousness, continued from necessity and expediency, and concluded in violence—wash it as you will, it is a damned spot. No arguments set forth in state papers, no casuistry, can make it just. Lord

Ellenborough justifies it thus: “Foreigners in Scinde, they had only held their power by the sword, and by the sword they have lost it. Their position was widely different from that of a native prince succeeding a long line of ancestors, the object of the hereditary affection and obedience of his subjects. They had no claim to consideration on the ground of ancient possession, or of national prejudice. Certainly they had none arising out of the goodness of their government. To take advantage of the crime they had committed to overthrow their power, was a duty to the people they had so long misgoverned.”

These arguments are based neither on moral right or sound political doctrine. Some of them might be adduced as reasons for attacking the French empire, others for the dethronement of the King of Naples, or the upsetting of the Hapsburg dynasty.

That “the removal of the Ameers from the country with which they were no longer to be connected as sovereigns, was a measure of obvious expediency,” may be granted, but all the steps which led to that expediency were violations of all the laws of right betwixt man and man, and of political justice betwixt state and state. That this policy might have been forced on Lord Ellenborough by the errors of his predecessors, and that Charles Napier was bound to fulfil the instructions of his superiors, must be allowed; and had they only pronounced expediency and avoided the sophistry of humanity and justice, they would have been absolved from responsibility; but by striving to father the unjust act on a just principle, they have rendered themselves amenable to judgment on the general issue. We would not meddle with the Outram controversy—it is a pretty quarrel as it stands. The political might have been abstractedly right, but the results and conclusions are all in favour of the soldier. The question of Roostum’s innocence and Ali’s treachery, of the authenticity of letters and seals, might be a debatable point; but there can be no doubt that the final treaty once resolved on, delays, compromises, and diplo-

macy, would have led to ruin and destruction, and that the stern resolve and decision of the old soldier who rejected the illusion of peace when 20,000 men were before him in arms, saved the country from a second edition of the Cabool massacre. That treaty was in fact a declaration of war, and the protest should have been made against that, and not the measures which it necessitated. But are not these things written in Blue-books? Have there not been attacks, reply and counter-replies? If Outram sinned, has not the wrath of Sir William been hurled against him, and have not his supposed iniquities been recorded by a pen doubly steeped in gall; and is not that retribution enough for one man? The conquest of Scinde was to be balanced by its administration. The punishment inflicted on the Ameers was to be compensated by the good resulting to the conquered races, the poor and oppressed, from a change of rule. This was the plea for conquest, and was to be its vindication. Charles Napier sets about this work well and manfully. He starts on the old principles, and from the old point—despotism. "This union of legislative, judicial, and executive power in one person, is the essence of martial law, and its exhibition, though contrary to English ideas, very necessary here." Years of repression, stagnation, and feudal tyranny, were to be redeemed; the right of robbery annulled; order established; one general action of law recognised; industry stimulated; labour protected; the resources of the country developed; life and property secured. This was tough work, and was to be done only by fitting the new system to the existing state of things, using the old agencies as much as possible for the new work, and avoiding any further disturbance of social relations or territorial possessions than the conquest naturally involved. Murder, slavery, robbery, were at once to be suppressed with the strong hand, and the other great evils put down; but the amalgamation of races, their improvement and amelioration, were to be left to the gradual influence of order and civilisation. "Control the robbers, control the waters, open the communications, and the natural richness of the

land and variety of produce will do all the rest."

There were three races with their various natures and habits to be considered. "The Beloochee struts with sword and shield; the Scindian sleeps till kicked; the Hindoo goes about, all eyes and fingers as supple as his conscience, robbing everybody—to him the English are as a feast." The Belooch was to be turned from "a military chief into a small farmer—from a feudal retainer into a landed proprietor; the Scindian was to be stimulated to exertion by his labour being made free, his profits secure, and to be roused from the apathy of a man who can live on a handful of grain, by the temptation of comforts and the increase of prices; the Hindoo might safely be left to swing by himself in the roughest sea; he was always on top of the wave—in the worst times could grow rich and fat. To effect this the Jaghires—lands held on feudal tenure—were secured to their original possessors, the terms being changed from military service to peaceful work on roads and public buildings, with spade and mattock; and thus their holders were made interested in the existence of the government which protected them, and the general prosperity of the country. The country was to be divided into three collectorates, presided over by English officers, with subordinates under them; and the Kardars, the original collectors of revenue, still retaining the offices they held under the Ameers. The collectors were also invested with judicial functions, and were the magistrates and tribunals of the land. A police force of two thousand was formed from the Beloochees and natives. These were to assist the Kardars, but the two classes were independent of, and a check on each other. The Kardar might complain of police violence or inefficiency—the police of Kardar injustice. One-third was for the town, two for the country. The tariff on labour was to be done away with, and that, like other things, left to find its own price. Ryots were to be encouraged to become small proprietors, forming a yeoman class, and artisans were invited from neighbouring lands. A system of irrigation was to be established, and the wealth

of waters let in on the land. New products were to be introduced, and old manufactures revived. To these were appended the stern decree that the murderer should surely die—the thief be surely taken. Such was the scheme of the new padishaw for the administration of his conquest. It was carried out rigorously and with vigour. The Beloochee was submissive, and ceased to be a robber, though he did not readily become a trader or agriculturist. The sword and shield were appurtenances only of the chief. Gibbets, with murderers hanging on them, stood throughout the land. Robbers were chased into remote districts and taken. Small bodies of police moved hither and thither, where armed bands had scarcely dared to go before. The lowest appealed for justice and had it : before the tribunals a man was a man, whether Ameer or Ryot. The tide of emigration flowed in on the country.

But Scinde was to Charles Napier a country which should be defended as well as governed. It was a military frontier as well as a government. This was also provided for : “My regular force is kept in masses at Hyderabad, Sukkur, and Kurrachee, safe from acquaintance and familiarity with the people, regular Bugaboos, at whose name the slaughters of Meeanee and Dubba arise in the mind. Next to them come the irregular horsemen ; more divided, yet only in four or five posts, as a chain of connection between the three capital collectorates. These irregular horsemen are of high caste, and will keep company only with such ; they are a sort of yeomanry. After these come the police, in immediate contact with the people on all occasions.” A chain of posts was established from Shikarpoor to Kurrachee along the left bank of the Indus to check the hill tribes. Steamers kept up the communication by the river. Such was the administration, civil and military. When all this is settled, more than a year after the conquest, he holds a comitia, a wittenagemote, a feudal assemblage, and summons all the chiefs and jaghirdeers to appear at Hyderabad to make salaam and do homage. From north,

and west, and south, from every tribe and district of the Belooch race, they come, a strange and picturesque throng, with their wild faces, their flashing looks, their turbaned heads, and handsome dresses, crowding in and about the castellated walls and ramparts of the old city. Old men who had witnessed the conquest, men who had fought at Meeanee, men who had been made childless in that stern fight, striplings to whom that bloody field had given chieftainship and jaghires—all were there pressing forward eagerly to see the conqueror and padishaw ; and curiously and proudly must that eagle eye have fallen on that mingled multitude whom his sword had conquered and his will subjected. Thus all was quiet within ; without there were still restless enemies, roving about and issuing in bands from the mountains on the west and north-west frontier. These were all of kin, and were attached by sympathy or race to the Talpoor dynasty ; and their incursions and predatory movements disturbed the solidity of the conquest, by exciting the warrior spirit of the Beloochees, and interrupting the security and absolutism of power which he wished to extend on both sides the Indus. The chiefs on the west, between the Hala mountains and the river, were subject to British government. Many of these bore names which might figure in a pantomime—against the “Jam of the Jokeas,” we should expect to see “by Mr F. Matthews.” Towards the north-west was the Khan of Khelat, a young man whose father had been killed in the Afghan war, our friend and ally ; but attached to his dominions, and connecting them with the lower Indus, was “a range of savage rocks, called the Cutchee hills, which run nearly perpendicularly westward from the river towards the Bolan mountains,” intersected by sandy ravines, dark passes, and difficult defiles ; and in their midst were villages and deep hollows as places of retreat. These were the fastness of the Jackrances, Bhogtees,\* and Doomkees—wild tribes, avowed robbers and plunderers, warlike and ferocious—who scouted law and warred against civilisation, “thinking all property

belonged of right to the strongest sword, and the plains made by nature and cultivated by man for their spoil." On the south swept a desert, eighty miles wide, separating them from Scinde, and supposed to be impassable by the regular troops.

Beja Khan, chief of the Doomkees, had been guilty of a predatory raid, had defied and worsted his master, and then retreated to the robber's nest. Charles Napier resolved to pluck him from his eyrie, and make him a warning to evil-doers.

The preparations for this exploit were made cautiously and secretly. The columns were moved towards the north, the allies are warned, and on the 13th March 1845 the march commences. Wullee Chandia, a subject chief, moves towards Poolagee; Jacob's horse advances on his right on Shahpoor; Charles Napier, with the headquarters from Sukkur, on Ooch; all places encircling the area of Cutchee rocks. With them go the famous camel corps, the organisation of which must not be omitted.

"Each camel carried two men, one armed with carbine and sword, the other with a musketoon and bayonet. One man guided the animal and fought from its back; the other was to act as an infantry soldier. On the camels were carried the men's packs, cooking utensils, and beds; the latter forming part of the saddle; and thus a body of soldiers, capable of acting as infantry when required, having no tents, baggage, or commissariat to embarrass them, could make marches of sixty miles in twenty-four hours." This body gave to the solidity of English troops the mobility and rapidity of Arab cavalry. Ali Moorad, with his contingent, marches by another route on the extreme right. On the third day the desert is crossed; all the columns, save Ali's, have reached their destinations; the robbers, surprised and stricken, have withdrawn within their fastness, leaving much of their cattle and provision behind. This was Charles Napier's aim. "My object shall be to drive the hill-men into masses, because all history tells me that neither barbarous nor civilised warriors of different tribes or nations long agree when compressed." "I reckon on pushing them into masses, with

cattle, furniture, women, children—more helpless than a regular army, being without the resources of one—a wandering nation! Thus the strength of their hills is turned against them, and their active, wild, enduring habits vanish." Here he adopts "a course of action in direct contradiction of that great principle of war, concentration." For in a war like this, to act on rules suitable to regular armies, would be "pedantry and a mistake." He divides his force, but it is like the opening of a fan, or the throw of a casting net, which can be drawn back at once on a centre. Bodies of horse are placed at the mouth of the passes—Shahpoor is adopted as a depot—the chief pass, Lallee, is fortified—Simpson advances by the Teyaga gorge to clear the passes in his front—Beja is supposed to be at Tonge, a stone punch-bowl, the only entrance to which is a hole. The columns enter the deep defiles—the dark rocks close around them, and the steep ridges frown down on them. Slowly and cautiously the old soldier moves on, gaining every day a foot-hold, cutting off stragglers and cattle, and inflicting on his foe the mischief which, in mountain warfare, the invaders suffer from the invaded. Time is to him strength—to his enemy ruin. Supplies are in his rear—starvation behind them. The camel-drivers of his commissariat fail him; the camel corps is put into requisition, achieves a march of sixty miles, and returns with twelve days' provisions. The net is drawn closer. Deyrah, their stronghold, is occupied; Ali Moorad has arrived, and has been forced on to shut up the northern outlet of the hill cluster. The robbers are driven to their last lair, Trukkee. "This famous hold is about twelve miles in length, with an average of six in breadth. The interior is a mass of small rocky hillocks, with precipitous sides; so that in any part a strong position could be occupied in this enormous crater, for such it appears to be. It is enclosed by a belt of perpendicular walls." "Outside the rocky belt of Trukkee could not be ascended, but from the interior it could; wherefore, this great rude basin could only be entered by the passes, or rather passages, for the

rocks met overhead : they are splits in the wall." This was to be escalated ; but the robbers, broken and baffled, with an enemy in front, and starvation staring them in the face, have no longer faith in their fastnesses. They surrender, and come to their conqueror's tent "with, the Koran on their heads, and fear in their hearts." All the combinations have been successful. "My plan was, however, not to fight ; but to starve the tribes, by occupying lines across their country which they could not force." "The gist of my operations is patience, slow consuming time is my weapon." It was a grand lesson, grander than a hard-fought battle. He had before conquered the desert ; he had now conquered the mountain fastnesses. He had proved that nothing is impracticable or impervious to true soldiery ; he had shown to Scindian chiefs and Beloochee robbers that there was no limit to the reach of the Sheitan-ka-Bhace's mighty arm. The robbers are subdued and planted as colonists. The significance of this campaign, which was much under-valued at the time, was not fully manifest until the outbreak of the Punjaub called for co-operation, and it then showed a politic and wise forethought which had provided a safe frontier, and secured a line of march. In the latter end of '45 the Sheik war breaks out. As usual he is ready. The thing had been long anticipated. "With wondrous energy and arrangement, in forty days he assembled fifteen thousand men, with thirty thousand followers, four hundred miles from Kurrachee, completely furnished with provisions, carriages, military bridges, a flotilla, and a battering train of sixty pieces, with an overflowing engineer's force ; his troops being meanwhile so excited and inspired that they tossed their arms in the air, and shouted to the charge as they went." The whole plan of operations was mapped out before him ; the alliance of tribes, and assistance of friends secured, and the effect of combinations anticipated. The march was stayed by order, and the man himself sent for. He arrives after the battles, but finds in his reception by chiefs and soldiers, and in the deep salaams of the natives, proof

that his name as a soldier and conqueror had spread wide. •

For five years his work has gone on as conqueror and administrator. "He had won two great victories, saved an army, conquered a rich kingdom, and tamed eighteen thousand robber-men, who had before repeatedly defeated our troops, and disgraced our arms ; he had tranquillised and organised the government of Scinde successfully, ruling it also successfully for three years and a half." And this had been done under all difficulties and trials—trials and difficulties not to be foreseen, and not coming within the range of the event. Fever seizes on him and his troops, prostrating their energies. Mutiny appears among new regiments, and is suppressed strongly—cholera spreads a deadly desolation and fear—sickness bears him down—domestic affliction tries his heart—hostile measures disturb his policy—yet spite of all the work goes on, and the administration of Scinde consolidates, if it does not justify, the conquest.

We do not believe that the administration produced such an Elysian state as his biographer describes, or that it was shadowed even by the cruelty or oppression which his foes insinuate : it was, what he himself professes it to have been, the practical application of power and justice to a disorganised and dissolute state of society, of the best and most acknowledged means for the improvement of a neglected country. There are facts and proofs which speak above controversies and faction. Murder and robbery were repressed ; order was acknowledged and maintained ; wages increased ; land was cultivated, grain exported ; neighbouring people emigrated into the country ; he was enabled to take his army to the frontier, and leave the land almost under the guardianship of the police. Great works for irrigating the land, bounding inundation, and making harbours and quays, were projected and in progress.

Everywhere he leaves attached to his own name and that of his country the impress of power and justice. "Old Indians say 'there is no respect for you in India without magnificence and show.' A greater fallacy does



not exist." "Force is better than show." Outram's silver sticks were discarded for muskets and bayonets: these were his fasces. The strong word enforced by the strong deed, made the barbarian bow in the dust and acknowledge that his "Kismet" was great.

He resigns to save his wife's life, and in the autumn of 1847 leaves Scinde. Strange must have been his feelings as he looked his last on that land—the scene where his aspirations for command had met fulfilment; where laurels had been gathered for the grey head; where he had looked on things such as few men look on, and dared things which few men dare and live; where his faithful soldiers had fallen around him in battle and pestilence; where he had buried his dead, where he had won love, inspired fear, and provoked hate. It was the arena he had longed for, and he found it peopled by other trials than the perils of war. Throughout, he says that he had maintained a fair conscience. What power besides could have upheld him in doing what he did? What other power innate in man could have enabled him to endure a life darkened by so many trials, and stripped bare of every consolation save the consciousness of right purpose and successful endeavour? Thus end the conquest and administration of Scinde. Cabool had shadowed the conquest—the memories of Emaun-Ghur, Meeanee, and the Outchee hills, throw back the ray of victory and prestige on the horrors of that fearful pass.

Once more he is in England, sixty-five years old. He is met by the applause of a people, by the love and honour of comrades; the Great Captain lauds and exalts. Yet there is bitterness even in this full cup. The neglect of party and the strife of faction grieve him. Ripon, Outram, Buist, are so many Mordecais standing in his gate.

A triumph is at hand. There is a crisis in India. The British arms have met with a check. The British power is menaced. A man is wanted for the emergency. The people of England demand Charles Napier. The Great Captain selects him,—"Either you or I must go," the hostile Directors accept him as a necessity. "*What*

*power had enabled him thus to stride on their prostrate necks still stiffened with pride and malice?*" We are surely reading of a Tartar Khan, or New Zealand chief, not of the chivalrous soldier or happy warrior. It was a triumph to be selected as their champion in an emergency by a nation, but surely this was not the way in which a great mind would evince or feel it.

He is again in India. Goojerat has been fought, and the crisis has passed. Lord Dalhousie is Governor. His work now is not to lead an army, but to reform it. There is much to do, and he does it resolutely. To understand all that follows, it must be remembered that he is no longer supreme as in Scinde, but subordinate to the Governor in Council. His first act almost is to draw up a memoir on the defence of the country, and a memorandum on the civil and military administration of the Punjab, in which there are very strong terms, strong reflections on governing powers, strong animadversions on policy and government. This is the first challenge; it provokes reply, and henceforth there is war between commander-in-chief, and Council, and Court of Directors. In the beginning of 1850 there is apparent disaffection in the Sepoys occupying the Punjab, caused by an alteration in their pay. Whilst this was a hostile and conquered country, they had additional allowances, having passed the Indian frontier; "when the country was annexed, this allowance was withdrawn." This is seized as a cause of general discontent. A general mutiny seems imminent. By dexterous management and active measures, this insubordinate disposition is repressed at most points; but at Govind-Ghur, one of the great fortresses of the Punjab, the 66th Regiment broke into open mutiny, "insulted their officers, attempted to seize the gates, and were only prevented by the accidental presence of a cavalry regiment." This affair is dealt with by Sir Walter Gilbert. The ringleaders are punished. The Commander-in-chief thinks the punishment unequal to the crime, and at once, of his own authority, disbands the regiment, and gives their place and number to a Goorka corps. A

short time previous he had suspended a regulation affecting the usual allowance to the Sepoys, for purchasing their food, according to the market prices of the countries in which they served, on the supposition that it might increase the disaffection already existing. The amount involved by this act was trifling—less than ten pounds in the aggregate. "A principle, however, not money, was in question." It was an invasion of prerogative—an excess of authority; and the Governor-general meets it with the following reprimand, though the General's order was confirmed.

"But the Governor-general in Council, from a consideration of the papers before him, feels it necessary to intimate, for the future guidance of his Excellency, that the Governor-general in Council will not again permit the Commander-in-chief, under any circumstances, to issue orders which shall change the pay and allowances of the troops serving in India, and thus practically to exercise an authority which has been reserved, and most properly reserved, for the supreme government alone." At this the blood of the old soldier boils over, and he resigns his command. Yet in this we cannot see what the biographer denounces as "brutal insolence," or "gross insult." Charles Napier never admitted an invasion of his own authority. The question is referred to the Duke. His decision comes.

"The Duke of Wellington has carefully perused these papers, as well as many other documents; and having given his best attention to the whole subject, he has arrived at the conclusion, that there existed no sufficient reason for the suspension, at Wuzzeerabad, of the rule for compensation of the 15th August 1819, and that the Governor-general was right in expressing his disapprobation of the act."

Such a judgment from such a man annuls criticism. We judged by facts before; we do so now, and confess that facts and arguments as stated on both sides in the Blue-book, are against Napier. He was manifestly wrong, and aggressive throughout. His first report was dictatorial and reflective; he is ever, by his own showing, lauding the policy of Lord Ellenborough

to the disparagement of his successors; and at the dinner at Bombay, on his return, he stated "frankly, and amidst cheers of great significance, instances of Lord Dalhousie's bad government," and this too in the Presidency of a country of which he was Governor-general. Yet in the biography, disingenuously enough, Lord Dalhousie is represented as the assailant, and as heaping insult and wrong upon him. "This is a way the Napier's have. They hit a man; he hits again, and presently is shown up as an aggressor and bully.

At a time such as this, when the crisis is come and the evil so long impending has fallen upon us; when a large body of our Sepoys are in open and bloody rebellion; when the fealty of others is doubtful, the opinions of a man like Charles Napier on the military polity of India are valuable and interesting.

To him, from beginning to end, the system of the Indian army, especially that of Bengal, appeared unsafe. In the withdrawal of its officers for the staff, in the negligence and apathy of others, he foresaw signs that the influence and authority would pass over to native officers. The plan of keeping European troops one hundred miles apart, of dispersing soldiers in small detachments, and employing them as police instead of keeping them in masses, was denounced by him as an error. To increase the moral and physical force of the native army, whilst diminishing its numbers, was also a favourite idea. Delhi he ever pointed out as a place to be strongly held, and made a point of concentration. The disaffection which he himself had to deal with, and which to Directors and Boards of Administration seemed temporary and of little import, had to him a more widespread tendency and a deeper source than complaints of pay. In it he recognised the working of religious feeling and religious influence. To meet the evil he proposes the substitution of Goorka battalions and other irregular corps for Sepoys, "not only because of their fine qualifications of body and spirit, but their freedom from hampering religious scruples and customs." He hoped thus to render the prejudices and customs of the Sepoys nugatory for

mischievous. "But the greatest value of the Goorkas, in his eyes, was the furnishing a sure check on Sepoy mutiny; for he had discovered that the insubordinate spirit of the Sepoys was principally among the Brahmins, and secretly nourished by their religious men, with a view to control the Government."

Thus the man speaks to us from his grave. He had spoken before; so had others; yet their warnings were as idle words. Governments and Directors see only the present. All seems peace and tranquillity. Our Crimean soldiers are disbanded and scattered over the land; our Indian empire is flourishing; when suddenly war bursts forth in China, and in the midst of our Eastern dominions springs up suddenly a danger which threatens to shake our power to its very foundations. A little while since, and a small thing might have dammed this evil; now it is spreading like a mighty inundation, and will tax all our strength and try our resources.

In January 1851 he resigns and departs for England. His journey is one ovation. In Scinde, Kardars surround him in crowds, and present him with a sword—soldiers greet him enthusiastically. At Bombay he is fêted and praised.

Years pass on now, partly in repose, partly in suffering—partly in comfort, partly in litigation and contention. The end is drawing near. We see him bearing the pall, and standing by the grave of his old Captain; and "men saw that eagle-face, that bold strong eye, and felt that there was still a mighty man of battle before them." He was not long to be. We pass on to the chamber of death. It is a morning in August. The old warrior is lying "on a naked camp-bedstead, the windows of the room open, and the fresh air of heaven blowing on his manly face;" trophies of Indian spears, Belooch shields, rich sabres, and other spoils hang around; "at his feet was the chief Ameer's white-marble chair of state, bearing on its seat his own good-service sword, inherited from his father, and never disgraced. His family surround him; "his grieving servants were present, and at his feet stand two veterans of his regiment, gazing with terrible emotion at a

countenance then settling in death, which they had first seen beaming in the light of battle." "The colours of the 22d Regiment—colours borne at Meeanee and Hyderabad—are waving over the dying hero;" the memory of the past lies at his heart, and closing over it now are visions of the future that shall be. Thus, calmly and grandly Charles Napier passes away.

In following him thus through his history, we seem to be following him to his tomb, and mourning over his grave. As mourners, we would speak his funeral oration, and write his epitaph.

The whole man lies before us—his heart was an unveiled sanctuary, his thoughts were uttered as they arose, and his feelings expressed as they awoke in his heart. "Has he not in his journals laid his own character bare even to the bones?" "Has he not in this work been presented naked—shown as the dead body of Hector was when crowding Greeks admired its manly beauty and superior size?" Yes—we have the face, the words, the life before us. In all, we see the strong man—strong in deed, strong in word, strong in thought, strong in purpose, strong in will, strong in love, strong in hatred, strong in passion, strong in prejudice. His nature attached and repelled strongly. It drew Kennedy, M'Murdo, Brown, Rathborne, around him; it drove Hoggs, Outrams, Jacobs, Buists, into the hostile lists. Most surprising of all the strengths was the marvellous and untiring energy which animated the man from boyhood to his grave—which was ever stirring, ever acting—drawing him from sick-beds, and carrying him onwards under the weight of years, through labours, perils, and fatigue, undaunted and unsubdued. Struck down by a *coup-de-soleil*, he rises up to think of his plans—sixty-five years old, he travels seventy miles, and is twenty-two hours in the saddle. Earnest he was, too—earnest and vehement. Loving, too—loving to the horse which bore him to the battle, to the child which hung round his knees, to the comrades who had fought by his side. That he was prudent, we see and know—that he was avaricious, we believe not. As

he himself says, who would have thrown 2000 men <sup>against</sup> 35,000, and staked his life and fame on the issue, for the sake of plunder? We see no traces of avarice, of generosity very many. Self-denying and self-abstaining he was, in all stages and under all circumstances.

To characterise him we should say he was a soldier, "egg and bird a soldier." The love of soldiers and soldiery was inbred and innate. His faculties were inspired by it. The creative faculty he thought his peculiar gift. 'Twas a mistake. Whatever he devised and did was in the spirit of a soldier. Even in his dreams of a future he speculated on meeting Alexander, Cæsar, and Napoleon hereafter. His paradise was not that of the Mohammedan, a sensual scene, where houris sat by cool fountains, and birds sang from luxuriant trees, but a grim Valhalla, where warriors should meet and look each other in the face. Endurance, fortitude, readiness, love of action, love of danger, were the attributes of his soldier nature. He had also many of the virtues of a leader. With him the virtues of a chief were based on the knowledge of a soldier. "The man who leads an army cannot succeed unless his whole mind is thrown into his work, any more than an actor can who does not feel his part as if he feels the man he represents. It is not saying come and go that will make battles; you must make the men you lead come and go with a will to their work of death; and this can only be done by stirring them up, by making them believe you delight and glory yourself in your work. 'The great art of commanding is taking a fair share of the work.' When I see that old man incessantly on his horse, how can I be idle who am young and strong?" He had great faith in the presence of a general, and was seen everywhere on the march, in the battle, by the watchfire, and in the hospital. Thus he inspired soldiers—thus he knew them—thus they never failed him. Great, too, was his belief in moral effect; it was to him a great power, and he was ever studying its use. As a captain, his biographer compares him with Marlborough and Wellington. These men stand apart.

They were masters in war. To them great combinations were intrusted; their foes were the greatest European commanders. They "defy English rivalry." He places himself in the second class. There he may fairly stand, first and foremost among the able soldiers of his age. And it is no small thing to head the roll of such names as Colborne, Gough, Hardinge, Sale, Knott. In many of the faculties of command, and the principles of soldiery, he went beyond these his compeers. He was confident in himself. "A general should have no councillors, save his own heart and his pillow." He was ever prepared. The event always found him ready. It had been long anticipated. The thought was ripe ere it was born in action. He had great power of detail, great talent of organisation, as shown in the irregular horse and the camel corps; great control over agencies. But his chief distinction was—let it be told with all honour—that he was the first captain who recognised and recorded the deeds of private soldiers, who placed their names beside his own on the records of fame. Corporal Kelly and Delany the bugler are held up to fame as well as M'Murdo and Fitzgerald. The tactics of his battles were necessarily simple; but in the campaign of the Cutch hills, the fine and delicate operations by which he turned the disadvantages of the mountain fastnesses against the robbers themselves, were a novel and striking illustration of war. In the mobility of his troops, and the rapidity of his movements, he was in advance of English tactics. His attacks were as the swoop of an eagle.

From his works pass we on to his words; they were strong, too, original and characteristic of the man. Rough vigour marks every utterance, strong thought the phrases; they come forth vivid, tender, biting, humorous, according to the impulse. Thus he speaks to soldiers. He is giving new colours to the 22d. He has spoken to the veterans of old glories, and now he says,—

"Young soldiers of the 22d, when future battles arise, and the strife grows heavy and strong, remember the deeds that were done by these

old soldiers of Meeanee ! It was they who covered these colours with laurels—it was they who won the legends which these standards bear, emblazoned in golden letters on silk. Remember these things, and, shoulder to shoulder, win the day. And now, young soldiers, a word about drill. It is tiresome, and often disheartening, and annoys men ; but remember that it is drill that makes companies, and regiments, and brigades, and divisions act together, and to strike, as it were, with great and mighty blows ; it is drill which gives you the battle, and the glory of victory."

The man was eloquent in heart and word ; he was eloquent in wrath too. Reading the expressions of his anger, we see and feel how he was impracticable. No man can excite so much opposition and so much enmity without fault in himself. We can imagine that the heart which could nourish so much invective, would speak it also by look and movement. The words "fool," "imbecile," "scoundrel," would find other expressions than by the pen. Eloquent and strong was he in vainglory. All that he does, no man besides could do—neither he who went before, or he who comes after him. "Had I fought Goojerat"—"had I led at Aliwal"—"Oh, were I king of this country"—such are the exclamations in which he declares faith in himself, and distrust in all besides. He is eloquent, too, in praise and dispraise ; sometimes these are lavished on the same individual. The man who is an angel at the beginning, is dark as a devil at the close. Outram was at first the Bayard of Scinde ; he then becomes an imbecile and a slanderer. Lord Dalhousie is a good man, till the reprimand ; he then appears as weak, incompetent, "vain as a pretty woman, or as an ugly man"—"the laird of Cockpen." The shower of invective falls on all alike—Dalhousie and Buist, Ripon and Fonblanque. In this he copied not his great master. *He* would not have known even the name of Buist, or Fonblanque. He would not have whispered it even in his bed-chamber. Charles Napier has given it the immortality of associating it with his own. He could

not wait for time—time the justifier. Time justified Cephalonia, justified the fights of Scinde, justified his hopes of Kurrachee, will justify his thoughts on Indian rule and Indian armies. He would not trust to time, he must be his own justifier. His rival Outram, too, has found time the justifier. Able civil service and military exploit have given the answer to the words "fool" and "block-head."

He has, however, a more injudicious justifier than himself—his biographer. We could have borne the rough words of the old soldier ; they were emanations from the rough life and utterances of his many wrongs ; but when we see them elaborately phrased and pointed with all the polish of studied irony and vindictiveness, we grieve that such dragon's teeth should be sown around the memory of the old hero ; that thorns should be thrust thus among his laurels, and his grave planted with briars instead of Immortelles. We could have reversed the speech of Anthony : "The good that he had done should live after him, the evil be interred with his bones." We would have buried the animosities, the hatreds, the harshness with him, and thought only of his zeal and his glory. Sir William has bound up all with his life. The Napier was determined that nought of the Napier should be lost. None of the self-laudation, none of the combativeness—though thus all the old enemies he roused around his grave, the English people will still be faithful to the memory of the good soldier, will do honour to the happy warrior—

"Whose high endeavours were an inward light,  
That made the path before him always bright ;  
Who, doom'd to go in company with pain,  
And fear and bloodshed, miserable train,  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;  
In fate of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower ;"

and, looking on their deeds, will breathe the wish that it may be long ere the race of Napier be extinct, and that men may be long forthcoming from them to write histories and fight battles.

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## WHENCE HAVE COME OUR DANGERS?

"IF," says Shakespeare, "is a great peacemaker." It is so; and there is another word which is a great war-maker, and that word is, "REDUCE." If a man were to proclaim to the world, "I have £100,000 worth of plate and jewels in my house; I never travel without £20,000 worth of diamonds on my person; but I have such entire confidence in the justice, honesty, and pacific disposition of the whole people by whom I am surrounded, that I have sold all my fire-arms, taken all the bars off the doors and windows, and procured the dismissal of the whole police in the country," we all know what he might expect the first dark November night. Yet wherein would such preposterous conduct differ from that of Great Britain, which, during forty years of peace, has been continually boasting with reason of its vast and growing riches, its immense realised capital, its boundless wealth, and at the same time taking every opportunity to disarm its inhabitants, and expose its treasures, without protection or guard of any kind, to the depredation of its warlike and rapacious neighbours?

So equally has the blame of the insane conduct which has brought us into our present straits been diffused through all classes of the community, that no one has any title to lay it upon another. All classes, speaking

generally, were affected by the *mania of reduction*; the passion was universal. The few individuals who, like ourselves,\* never ceased to lift up their voices against the general delusion, were overlooked or derided; and every new Parliament was marked by successive reductions of the noble force which had brought the war to a glorious termination, and which, if kept together, would have rendered the country invincible. The urban constituencies clamoured for a diminution of taxation and a reduction of the standing army; their representatives in Parliament tamely submitted to be the organs of their insanity; the press almost unanimously hallooed on the same frantic course; Ministers, in their successive budgets, took credit to themselves for following out their injunctions, and shaping their estimates according to the universal wish. Amidst a chorus of unanimity and loud cheers from both sides of the House, the process of folly went on, with scarce any intermission, for thirty-five years, until at length the national defences were reduced to such a degree, that Sir Charles Adam, a Lord of the Admiralty, said in 1837, in Parliament, that it was "a mistake to say the empire was unprotected, for we had *three sail of the line and three frigates* to defend the shores of England;" and when Lord Hardinge was made

\* See "Our External Dangers," *Blackwood's Magazine*, February and March, 1851.  
VOL. LXXVII.—NO. CCCCLXXII. I

Master-General of the Ordnance in 1849, he found just ten thousand men and forty-two guns left in Great Britain, after providing for the necessary garrisons, to save London from capture and the British empire from destruction.

While this deplorable system of infatuation was going on, various events occurred which might have roused even the most insensible to a perception of the enormous danger with which it was attended. A war broke out with China: it cost seven millions, and lasted three years instead of one, because we could only attack the Celestial Empire, with its 360,000,000 inhabitants, with six thousand soldiers. Dost Mahomed offered to submit to the East India Company, and put the military force of the whole Afghanistan tribes at their disposal for £50,000 a-year; it was refused by Lord Auckland, on the principle of saving every penny; and the consequence was, we were driven into the Afghanistan expedition, which cost £10,000,000, shook the Indian empire to its foundation, and induced a disaster unparalleled since the loss of Varus's legions. Lord William Bentinck, with the cordial concurrence of the Directors, reduced our native army in India from 280,000 to 180,000 men, and the consequence was, that we were reduced to the last straits in the war with the Sikhs; and the nation, which possessed the resources of 150,000,000 men, was brought to the verge of ruin by one which had only the military strength of 6,000,000 at its disposal. But for the heroic determination of Lord Hardinge and Lord Gough, and the invincible courage of 7000 British troops under their command, our Indian empire would have been irrevocably lost, from the system of reduction, on the field of Ferozeshah. And the military strength of the empire which had struck down Napoleon was, within five-and-thirty years afterwards, strained to the uttermost to put down the insurrection of 30,000 naked savages in Southern Africa, who never could bring 6000 men into the field.

These were the open and known perils which attended the system of economy and reduction during the last forty years; but the secret and less

known, but not less real dangers, of this eventful period, were still more appalling. When its annals come to be written, it will be seen that twice during that period we were on the verge of a war with France, *and once with France and Russia united*, and that at a time when we had scarce any force to oppose to the armaments of either of these powers, far less of both put together. The rupture with Egypt in 1840, which was ended by the bombardment of Acre; the dispute about Queen Pomarre, in Otaheite, a few years after—both brought us to the very edge of a war with France; and in 1850 we were so near a war with France and Russia united, that the ambassadors of both of these powers had actually left London! We bullied ourselves into a quarrel with these great powers, by espousing a dispute of Mr Finlay and Don Pacifico with the Greek Government about £2000 or £3000, and only escaped out of it by abandoning the attempt, which had actually commenced, to extort damages from the Cabinet of Athens at the cannon's mouth, and submitting to the Russian proposal of arbitration. At the time when we incurred the enormous hazard of a war with these powers united, we could not have brought 12,000 men into the field to defend London and Woolwich, after providing, in the most restricted way, for the defence of the maritime fortresses. We now know what it is to maintain a contest with Russia, even with the aid of France, in the Crimea, for the conquest of Sebastopol; but what would it have been had we been driven singly to withstand the armaments of both these powers, in the Isle of Wight, for the defence of Portsmouth? Yet such a contest was not only probable, but imminent; far more so then than the one in the Crimea was a year ago. And at that time our popular orators, with "unadorned eloquence," were urging upon applauding multitudes, in London and Manchester, the propriety of selling our ships of the line, disbanding our troops, and trusting to the Peace Conference to settle the disputes of nations; and successive Chancellors of the Exchequer, amidst loud cheers from both sides of the House, and the

warm encomiums of the public press, were bringing forward estimates, cutting down to the very lowest point our military and naval establishments.

It cannot, at least, be said that this course was pursued without due warning. Sir Francis Head, and many military writers of distinction, pointed out the peril in the most emphatic manner; and if our readers will turn to *Blackwood's Magazine* for February 1851, they will find the following passage in an article on the "External Dangers of the Country:"—

"How rapidly will the scales one day fall from the eyes which have so long been blinded: how bitter will be the regret at the inexplicable insensibility now to solemn warnings: how intense the indignation at the delusions, which, for the sake of present advantage to the deluders, have so long been practised upon men! The burst of indignation with which the appointment of the Lord Cardinal was received throughout England can afford but a faint image of the feelings of agony which will then wring the British heart; the frightful cry of distress which will arise up from furnishing and anxious millions—the universal horror at past neglect, which will then send the iron into the soul of our whole people. Their efforts to redeem the past will probably be great; their struggles will be those of a giant; but it may be too late. They will be in the condition of the Athenian people after the expedition to Syracuse, or when Lysander cast anchor before the Piræus; of the Carthaginians, when the legions of Scipio, in the last Punic war, drew round their walls; or of the Parisians, when "Europe in arms before their gates" demanded the surrender of all their conquests. They will be profoundly mortified, they will be cut to the heart, they would give half they possess for a deliverance; but they may be forced to submit; and to the annalist of those mournful times will only remain the task of drawing the appropriate moral from the melancholy tale, and recording the peril and ruin of England, for the instruction of, and as a beacon to be avoided by, future times."\*

The theory that wars are to cease; that pacific interests are to govern the world; that the angry passions are to be stilled, and every man is to enjoy the fruits of his toil under the shadow of his own fig tree—is amiable

from its pacific spirit, and will always be popular with the simple and unreflecting, from its seeming economical tendency. It is liable only to two objections; that it is utterly impracticable under the existing constitution and circumstances of human nature; and if it were practicable, that it would lead to the ruin and subjugation of the State. If, indeed, all men were of the same disposition, placed in the same physical, moral, and political circumstances, and actuated by the same interests, it might reasonably be expected that this would one day be the case. If all men were equally virtuous and peaceful, and all alike inclined to pursue their own path without molesting or disquieting their neighbours, the Utopian vision might possibly be realised. When Moscow is as free and as dependent on commercial interests as Manchester, and Paris as London; when the Cossack ceases to long for plunder, and the Frenchman to sigh for glory; when women shall cease to be attracted chiefly by the halo of military glory; and the military spirit, when once thoroughly roused, shall cease to thrill through the inmost chords of the British heart,—we may hope for the cessation of war, but not till then.

In truth war, as men's minds are at present constituted, is an essential element in the moral government and improvement of the world. With our eyes fixed, indeed, on the charnel-house of Balaklava, the gory fields of the Crimea, the anguish brought into so many families by the loss of their bravest and their best, none can dispute the present evils and partial agonies of war. But observe, even at the moment when their sufferings are endured, the moral elevation and enlarged sensibility which war produces. Behold the heart of a whole nation throbbing as that of one man at the call of patriotic duty! Behold our nobles, standing forth, as their fathers did in the olden time, as the traditional leaders of the people, and casting aside all the follies and frivolities of peace to exhibit the patience and fortitude of war! Behold the people following them with alacrity to the combat, crowding with joy to



the scene of danger, braving wounds and death in the cause of their country, and renewing on the fields of the Crimea the devotion of Thermopylæ and Marathon! Behold a whole nation standing up with enthusiasm at the glorious spectacle, and making the shouts of their exultation and the thunder of their applause resound through the world; and every human being within it, from the Queen on the throne to the captive in the dungeon, uniting in deeds of gratitude, and in the expressions of thankfulness, and joining in the beautiful words of the Sovereign—"Let not any private soldier think he is neglected; his Queen thanks him, his country honours him." Let us think on these things, and compare them with the spectacle which the same nation exhibited a few years before, when selfish interests were alone predominant, when every man was trying to make a fortune at the expense of his neighbour, and we were raising statues, not to chivalrous heroes, but to railway kings! Let us think of these things, and bow with submission to the laws of Omnipotence, which have made war part of the destiny and the means of punishment and reformation to a corrupted being, and acknowledge that, if prosperity is joyful, "sweet often are the uses of adversity."

Even in an economical point of view this wretched system of reduction, which has so often been adopted by the English during peace, is as shortsighted and pernicious as it is perilous. It inevitably leads to the recurrence, and multiplies tenfold the cost of war. Deprived of all consideration and respect from the foreign powers by whom it is surrounded, a rich and renowned, but disarmed state speedily becomes the object only of envy and cupidity to its warlike and rapacious neighbours. Attack, attracted by riches, prompted by jealousy, suggested by ambition, is encouraged by the absence of defence, the prospect of helplessness. The prestige of former fame, the remembrance of past triumphs, may for a time protect it, and conceal present weakness by the halo of former renown; but that cannot be expected to last very long. The inevitable time will come, the hour of danger will arrive, when

the passions of ambitious and penniless rapacity will be let loose on the wealthy and unprotected state—and how is it then to be defended? Enormous efforts, gigantic expenditure, will be required to avert disaster or subjugation. Even if they are made, success can in the end be attained only at the cost of immense sacrifices of blood and treasure, and after the sufferings of a long, hazardous, and burdensome war. Four-fifths of the debt which now oppresses the industry and weighs down the national strength of England, has been occasioned by the selfish parsimony of former times. Danger is averted by preparation; war is often avoided by the inspiring of dread; if begun, it is shortened by the exercise of strength. Had four millions a-year additional been expended on the army between 1784 and 1793, Paris would have been taken in the first campaign, and nineteen years of subsequent most costly war, and the contraction of £600,000,000 of debt, would have been avoided. If we had had 100,000 infantry and 20,000 cavalry and artillery, and 80,000 militia in the British Islands in the beginning of 1854, the Czar would never have ventured upon war; or if he did so, he might, with an able Government directing their attack, have lost Cronstadt and Sebastopol in the first campaign. It was the defenceless state of England which prompted the Emperor Nicholas to his invasion of Moldavia and Wallachia in July 1853. Had we been even moderately prepared, he would never have crossed the Pruth. If we would discover the real authors of the war, we shall find them in those who counselled admiring and assenting multitudes at Manchester that the age of war was passed, that we should disband our troops and sell our ships of the line.—Their names are RICHARD COBDEN, JOHN BRIGHT, and JOSEPH STURGE.

Xenophon says that, if Athens had been an insular state, it would have conquered Sparta in the Peloponnesian war, because it could, with its command of the sea, have ruined its adversary, while its adversary could not have reached it. That advantage which Athens wanted England possessed; but it has been all but thrown away by the infatuation of our people

and the blind submission to popular dictation of our rulers. Wafted on board its powerful navy, its magnificent steamships, the army of England could in a fortnight have reached either Cronstadt or Sebastopol, while the forces of Russia were hermetically sealed within their granite bastions. If we had had such an army, what marvellous, what decisive success might, under able direction, have been attained in the first campaign! If 40,000 men had accompanied Sir Charles Napier to the Baltic, where would now have been the fleets of Sweaborg and Cronstadt? Burnt in their harbours, or prizes at Spithead. If a reserve of 30,000 men had been at hand in Malta to reinforce the army which conquered at the Alma, Sebastopol would long ere this have been taken. A real investment would have been made: and while half of our army pressed the fortress alike *on the north and south*, the other half would have covered the siege, and, if attacked, renewed the triumphs with which the campaign opened. Decisive success was within our power, if we had possessed, when hostilities broke out, a force at all commensurate to our national strength or material resources. If we have not gained it, and have only achieved barren victories, these are owing to the glorious chivalry of our officers, the indomitable courage of our men, which have, in some degree, compensated, though at the expense of their own blood, the long-continued blindness and infatuation of the country, which rendered useless all the immense advantages that Providence had put into our hands.

The anxiety which we now so generally feel for the safety of our heroic army, and the fearful chasms which sickness and hardships, more than the sword of the enemy, have made in its ranks, has forcibly drawn the attention of the nation to the causes of these disasters, and the way in which the prospects of a campaign, which began with such brilliant success, have become so overclouded in its close. The chief cause, as already shown, is to be found in the monstrous reductions of former years, and the infatuation with which our constituencies demanded, and our press applauded, and our rulers adopt-

ed, the system of economy which paralysed our strength just in proportion as our enemy was increasing his. An army is not made in a day; long training, extensive preparation, is indispensable towards its formation. It takes two years to make a horse-soldier; fifteen months to make a thorough foot-soldier. If hurried into the ranks before thus instructed and trained, they may indeed become *chair au canon*, or encumber hospitals; but it is in vain to expect from them the efficiency of real soldiers. They may fight bravely in the field, but they will melt away under the severity of military duty: the dripping bivouac, the stinted rations, the service in the trenches, will prove fatal to their inexperienced strength. This has been sufficiently proved in the siege of Sebastopol. The troops which suffered most from fatigue and sickness there, were the new regiments and the young soldiers. The idea so common with civilians, therefore, that it is time enough to raise soldiers when they are required, and folly to maintain a costly peace establishment for the eventualities of war, is an error of the most dangerous kind.—*If the army is not raised and trained in peace, it cannot act with effect in the first years of war.* Early disaster is inevitable; and this, accordingly, has been invariably experienced in England for a hundred and fifty years. The defeats in Flanders in 1793, in Afghanistan in 1810, and in Caffraria in 1819 were examples, of which the horrors of the Crimean bivouac has been the last. To raise soldiers and send them off at once, after a few months' drill, to the seat of war, is worse than useless. It is sacrificing life and strength, courage and devotion, for scarce any advantage. To make a good soldier in 1854, he must have been enrolled in 1852, and disciplined through the whole of 1853; and a dragon requires a still longer apprenticeship. There is but one way of having a powerful and efficient army in the beginning of war, and that is to have it established on an adequate scale, and thoroughly organised in peace.

Nor is this all. The administrative part of the army is not its least important department, and it is the one

in which long previous organisation and preparation is peculiarly indispensable. It is the one, accordingly, which invariably is found most deficient, and from the faults of which most disaster ensues on the first breaking out of hostilities. The waggon train, the providing huts and tents for the soldiers, the cooking department, the securing of magazines, the organising the means of transport for the baggage, the providing mules and bat-horses for the officers and men, the arrangement and preparation of hospitals, medicines, surgeons, and nurses, the clothing and equipments of the men, are as much the duty of those at the head of an army, and fully as essential to its success, as combatting bravely in the field. Caesar tells us, in his Commentaries, he began all his expeditions with "*Refrumentaria provisæ*;" and Marshal Saxe said, "he was the best general who fed his soldiers best." These administrative duties, however, are less conspicuous than those in the field. They are less imperatively called for in peace, and therefore, under an economical system of government, which, disregarding the interests of the public service, looks only to the diminution of its expenditure, they are the first to be neglected. Where is now the admirable waggon train, organised by Wellington, which brought up in the depth of winter the siege equipage that tore down the ramparts of Ciudad Rodrigo? Where the hospital establishment which awaited, and so wonderfully restored, the sick and wounded at Lisbon? The whole administrative department, which by incessant effort during six years he had brought to such perfection, has been quietly consigned to the vault of all the Capulets, in order that Liberal Ministries might obtain loud cheers from both sides of the House by bringing forward reduced estimates; and the camp at Sebastopol, the charnel-house at Scutari, the horrors of the mid-passage, have been the consequences.

Add to this, that the duties of a soldier are only *half learned* by all the military tuition he has received during the last forty years in the British Islands. Take a soldier in the Guards, the Highland Brigade, the Scots

Greys, or the 11th Hussars. He is admirably drilled, disciplined, and equipped; he is as brave as a lion, and excites the admiration of every beholder by his gallant bearing in Hyde Park and the hills of Chobham. If called into battle he will exhibit the heroism of the Alma, the devotion of Balaklava, the iron constancy of Inkermann. It is well; his country may well be proud of him, and *she is proud*. Is that all she has to do? Do these heroic efforts in the field exhaust his military duties? What preparation has been made for the remainder—that is, for nineteen-twentieths of the duties he has to perform, the life he has to lead? Put him in the trenches of Sebastopol, with the water up to his knees, and a cannon-ball every minute whizzing over his head; place him on a night-watch, with a stealthy Muscovite battalion creeping up in the dark to his feet; send him to cook his victuals, to put up his tent, to assist in getting firewood, to lend a hand in dragging guns through the mud, to forage a country for provender for the horses, to do any other of the daily *pacific duties* of a soldier in the field, and he is as ignorant of them as the child unborn. He has never been taught them, and he is left to pick them up as he best can, by the pressure of hardship and suffering in the field, often under the guns of an enemy, or by observing what is done by his better instructed and experienced Allies.

It is commonly said that this is owing to our insular situation, and happy exemption from actual warfare, by the respect excited by former victories. There never was a greater mistake, at least so far as the last forty years are concerned. The truth is, that, so far from having had less military experience than other Powers during that period, we have had *incomparably more*; and, in particular, *far more than the troops either of France or Russia*. Our naval supremacy and colonial empire have brought us into collision with fierce and barbarous nations in every quarter of the globe. The former of these Powers has never fired a shot during that period, except at Antwerp in 1832, at Algiers in 1830, and with the Arabs in Algeria afterwards. The lat-

ter has had no warfare since the peace of 1815, except in Turkey in 1828-9, and Poland for nine months in 1831, and Hungary in 1849, with occasional conflicts with the Circassians and Persians. But the English during that period have maintained great and long wars in every quarter of the globe: they have successively encountered the Mahratta alliance of 1817, the Pindarree war of 1819, the first Burmese war of 1825, the storm of Bhurtpore, the Goorkha war, the two Affghanistaun expeditions, the Scinde campaigns, the Gwalior conflict, the desperate passage of arms on the Sutledge, the battles of Ferozeshah, Sobraon, Chillianwallah, and Goojerat, the second Burmese war of 1852, the three Chinese campaigns, the two bloody ones in Caffraria. All the armies of continental Europe put together have not had the military experience which those of Great Britain, especially in India, have enjoyed since the battle of Waterloo.

How, then, has it happened that an army composed of such admirable materials, headed by such noble officers, and trained by so much and such dear-bought experience, is always found so lamentably deficient in practical skill and administrative organisation, when serious hostilities first break out? The answer is to be found in two circumstances, springing out of our constitution and government, which have been little attended to in the first conflict of parties during the last anxious months, more solicitous to heap blame upon individuals than affix a stigma on institutions or customs. It is in these, however, that the real cause of the present disasters and anxiety is to be found, and in the awakening of the nation to them that the only security against their recurrence is to be looked for.

The first of these is, that, from our army having been reduced to so low a figure since 1815—at an average not more than 100,000 or 110,000 men, of whom one-half was absorbed in *isolated colonial stations, or detached garrison duties at home*—great part of our army, and nearly all the young soldiers, have never known what it was to act in large bodies together. There are many regiments

in our army which, for the first time in the experience of nine-tenths of the officers and men in them, had never been brigaded with another before they stood shoulder to shoulder at the Alma or Balaklava. They had formerly seen only outpost duty in Ireland, or garrison duty in the Mediterranean or the West Indies. This is an evil of the very first magnitude, which, in the long run, and for the active administrative duties of a campaign, often renders the courage and strength of the men and heroism of the officers of little lasting avail. They are sent into active service, and exposed to the hardships and sufferings of real warfare, without the smallest knowledge or preparation for it on the part of either the civil or military authorities of the army. If, like all the Continental states—even the smallest—we had had camps of 20,000 or 30,000 men together annually formed, *moved about and provisioned from magazines* in England and Ireland during the last twenty years, we should never have seen the woeful and almost incredible ignorance in those respects which the Crimean campaign has exhibited, and with which, not less than with the courage of our troops, Europe is now ringing from side to side. It is impossible it could have been exhibited, if experience had taught our civil and military officers in the Queen's service, as it has long done those in the Native Indian army, the necessities of men when banded together. But the thing could not be thought of till 1853, when it was begun on a small scale at Chobham, because we had not *men* to brigade together; and if we had possessed them, the Chancellor of the Exchequer could not have faced a reformed House of Commons with a proposal of £200,000 or £300,000, to instruct our troops in the first elements of real military service.

The second is, that, during the forty years of peace and incessant clamour of the constituencies, the House of Commons, and the press, for economic reduction, it has become a fixed habit of all superior functionaries, in all departments of the public service, to estimate inferior ones according to the reductions of expenditure which they could effect in their several depart-

ments, and of these inferior functionaries to look for approbation or promotion according as they exhibited the same qualities, without the slightest regard on either side to the interests of the public, or the right administration of the public service. *Dread of visible expense* was the bugbear which stood before every one's eyes. There was an enemy whom they all had to face. He was to be found, not on the Continent, but in the House of Commons. His leader was neither Nicholas nor Napoleon, but Joseph Hume. Reduction in all departments was the one thing needful: it was the condition of ministerial existence, the *sine qua non* of official toleration or patronage. If any young public officer, unacquainted with the secrets of the service, was indiscreet enough to propose anything involving present expenditure, however small, to avert future disaster, however great, he got first the cold shoulder; next, if he persevered in his efforts, dismissal. We speak of a matter as notorious as the sun at noonday. If any one doubts it, let him consult, *in private*, any Government functionary, in any department of the public service. This has been the main cause of all our disasters during the present campaign, which otherwise would be incredible. Every public functionary, from the Chancellor of the Exchequer downwards, has been taught during nearly half a century to avoid everything which, however slightly, could entail present additional expense on the public service; and not even to hint at deficiencies or evils, how great soever, which by possibility could swell the estimates for the ensuing year. So invariable has been this practice, so stern this necessity, that it has stamped its image and superscription upon our whole public servants from the highest to the lowest. They all bent to necessity, and that was the necessity of propitiating a clamorous House of Commons, which during the same period was earning popularity by taking off taxes: they all looked for favour and promotion, and that by pursuing a course which was year by year bringing the nation nearer to perdition.

In proof that this was the real

cause of our Crimean disasters, it is sufficient to mention the fact, that the evils which have been experienced have been all those which belonged to what may be called the *extra-administrative service*, and required extraordinary outlay at the beginning of war beyond the usual and accustomed estimates. The ordinary commissariat was excellent, and it fed the troops as well at Constantinople or Varna, or day by day at Sebastopol, as it had done at Chobham or Knightsbridge; but nothing was provided for storing magazines in fine weather, and during summer, for the storms of winter, or providing a road while the sun shone which would stand when the storms of winter began. The ordinary clothing was good, and excited the admiration of all who beheld it, when the troops first arrived at the Bosphorus; but winter clothing was never thought of till absolute want forced attention to it upon Government, in the beginning of November. The regimental surgeons were excellent, and in more than the usual proportion to the men; extra surgeons, a medical staff at Scutari, though destined to receive the whole wounded from the Crimea, there were next to none. The artillery horses were good as they appeared at Chobham; where were the reserve horses and waggon-trains to bring up the siege stores and magazines, and supply the casualties of the campaign? It is not to be supposed that the many sensible and able men in the various departments in the administrative and medical branches of the army were not alive to these deficiencies, and, in fact, they were pointed out by the medical and civil officers of the army. But no one ventured to urge them on the Government, and the Government had not sense enough to propose them, for they had the *former* experience of a reformed House of Commons before their eyes. We say the *former* experience: for, like all other popular bodies, the reformed House, though steadily resisting *previous* expense or preparation, became loudly clamorous for effort, and regardless of expense, when the danger was before their eyes; and the British people, now thoroughly awakened to their danger,

would gladly agree to the most liberal grants of money.

Two other particulars deserve especial notice before concluding this subject.

The first is, that the department of the army in which the superiority of the Russians has been most apparent, is the very one in which the English, in the pride of intellect, expected the most decisive success. We boasted of our science, our mechanical skill, our arts; and the complacent admirers of existing things told us confidently our artillery would at once prove its superiority to the Russian, and that Sebastopol would be "smashed" in three days. Where are these boasts now? We have defeated the enemy, but it was by the qualities which have descended to our officers and their soldiers from their Norman and Saxon forefathers, but from no aid which we have derived, either from the wisdom and forethought of our popular Government, or the skill or genius of our mechanical people. In both these respects we have been beat by our despotic enemy, outdone by his barbarian subjects. In number and weight of guns, the Russian artillery has shown itself as superior to ours as the Russian administration has, in the raising, feeding, and bringing up of large bodies of soldiers. Whence this extraordinary difference, so exactly the reverse of everything which, in the pride of civilisation and intellect, we had expected? Simply in this, the one cost money, the other did not. The blood flowing in the veins of our officers, which recalled the chivalry of Richard Cœur-de-Lion, in those of our soldiers the constancy of Agincourt, cost Ministers nothing; but it would have cost them a great deal, and they must have faced a reformed House of Commons five years ago, to produce an artillery and siege equipage superior to what the Czar had collected at the very extremity of his dominions. Thence the victories of Alma and Inkermann won by our soldiers, and the siege of Sebastopol still protracted, amidst heroic constancy, from the long-continued faults of our Government.

The next circumstance worthy of notice is, that the deficiencies which have appeared in our service have

appeared chiefly in those departments where, according to the popular doctrines, we should least have expected them, and the success has been achieved in those where, if their principles were correct, deficiency and ruin were to be expected. There has been no failure in the Guards, headed by the flower of the aristocracy, at the Alma or Inkermann, or in the cavalry led by the chivalry of England in the immortal charges at Balaklava; but can the same be said of the commissariat department, the reserve medical staff, the harbour arrangements at Balaklava, the providing of draught-horses and passable roads at Sebastopol? In these departments, intrusted to the direction of the sons of the middle classes, the deficiencies we all deplore have chiefly appeared. Observe, we do not ascribe blame to the employees in these departments; we do not say they have failed because they were the sons of clergymen and physicians. We know well what the British empire owes to the sons of these men. We neither repudiate nor are ashamed of our own order. But what we do say is, that the calamities we deplore have been owing to a general cause which has rode over them both, and that that cause is to be found in the senseless economy and reductions which have been forced upon successive Governments since the peace, by public clamour and the Liberal press; and that it is unfair to say it would be remedied by substituting for the class in which glorious success has been obtained that in which chiefly deficiency has been experienced.

Having said so much on the general causes of our present difficulties, we have little space left for that which occupies so large a portion of public attention, which is, the comparative merit or demerit of the persons engaged in the service that has experienced them.

We are not among those who require much from a War Minister, still less of those who assert that civilians are incapable of rightly discharging the duties of the office. On the contrary, we think that a civilian, if an able and instructed man, is sometimes more likely to fill the office with advantage than a military man, because he is

loss liable to the influence of *insignificant* military details, objects of care to *martinets*, or of powerful military connections. But admitting this on the one hand, it seems equally clear, on the other, that there are some things which the nation has a right to expect in one who undertakes the direction of its military armaments. It is entitled to expect that he shall know that winter succeeds summer; that it sometimes rains, and somewhat heavily, on the shores of the Black Sea in November and December; that a Russian winter is severe, and absolutely requires warm clothing for the troops to be ready before it sets in; that it takes three weeks for the military tailor to clothe an army, and three weeks more to send it to the Crimea from London; that men require food at all times, and armies magazines in bad weather; that wounded and sick men require surgeons, and attendants, and hospitals—and vessels conveying the maimed to them, suitable attendants; that if roads are bad, or liable to be broken up, they should be mended during the fine weather; and if a winter campaign is to be entered upon, the men, if they are not to die like dogs, must be huddled; that meat cannot be ate raw, nor coffee drank unroasted; that fires cannot be made without fuel, nor fuel got without beasts of burden to bring it to the camp; that Russia is a great military power, and England, in comparison of its strength, a very small one. These are not great requirements from a War Minister; and if to these are added the essential requisites of *moral courage*, and ability to face a reformed House of Commons, the main duties of a War Minister will be satisfactorily discharged, though he possesses neither the energy of Napoleon, the administrative powers of Marlborough, nor the constancy of Wellington.

The first blame which we attach to Government, in the conduct of the present war, is that they did not call out the militia of the *whole empire*, and largely increase the regular army *years before it broke out*. They tell us themselves that it was long foreseen, that it was known to them, that it was unavoidable, and that they were made aware by the words of the

Czar himself to Sir H. Seymour, that he contemplated the partition of the Turkish Empire, and invited us to share in its spoils by accepting Egypt and Candia. Well, knowing this, aware of an impending rupture with the greatest military power in the world, what did they do to guard against its dangers? Why, *they went out of office in February 1852 rather than call the militia out even in England*, and for six weeks pertinaciously resisted Lord Derby's effort to establish it. In Scotland and Ireland it was not called out till August 11, 1854, and it is not yet embodied. Lord Eglinton and Sir A. Alison loudly complained of this extraordinary neglect at the great meeting on Scottish Rights, held at Edinburgh on November 4, 1853, six months before the war broke out, but four months after the Pruth had been crossed, and it was evidently unavoidable; but they met with nothing but ridicule and abuse for their pains, especially from the *Times* newspaper. Had their advice been followed, we should, in May 1854, have had 40,000 additional disciplined troops to defend our own shores, and serve as a nursery for the troops of the line. The Foreign Enlistment Bill was the child of this supineness and folly. We were obliged to incur the contempt of the world by seeking for foreign mercenaries with a population of 27,000,000, because we had not courage to face the hostility of a reformed House of Commons, by proposing in time the requisite measures for the arming of our own people.

When the war did break out in March 1854, our preparations at that, the eleventh hour, were wholly disproportioned to the magnitude of the contest in which we had engaged. Mr Gladstone proposed an increase of 15,000 men to the regular army, and £3,000,000 to the estimates, to combat an empire possessing 70,000,000 of inhabitants and 600,000 men in arms! It is true, £3,000,000 additional was voted when the war was raging and the House had somewhat warmed in the fight, but still no word of the Scottish or Irish militia, which to this day is not embodied, though we have been three months in mortal strife in the Crimea with above 100,000 Russians. When we now

see what the contest is in which we have engaged, it is lamentable to think of the supineness which has characterised our preparations for it. What have the Russians done? Levied 1 man in 100 in their whole dominions, which will bring at least 250,000 men into the field. What has Louis Napoleon done? Called out 150,000 men, and contracted a loan of £20,000,000. What has England done? Ordered 25,000 men additional to be added to the regular army, of which only half are enrolled; and none can be made effective soldiers for a year to come—that is, till Sebastopol is either taken, or the siege raised, and the fate of the campaign is decided. Thence the introduction of the Foreign Enlistment Bill, proposing to join German mercenaries to our noble soldiers, who “go into battle shouting England, England! and die saying we have done our duty.”

We attach no blame to *Ministers*—whatever we may do to all *Ministries* and Houses of Commons since 1815, for their senseless reductions—for not sending out a larger army to the East in April last, nor for the destination which they gave it. They sent out nearly 35,000 men, as that was all they had to send at the time. In fact, the regiments sent off were made up to that amount only by such copious drafts from those left at home that they were rendered perfect skeletons, and have since been filled up entirely with raw recruits, wholly unequal to the fatigues, however adequate they may be to the dangers of the campaign. As little is it any reproach that they were sent at first to Varna. To defend Constantiuople, at that time seriously menaced by the Russians, was the first object of the campaign: it was justly the first object to erect lines in front of it, like those of Torres Vedras before Lisbon. It was not till the siege of Silistria was raised in July that offensive operations could be thought of; and then Sebastopol was the great object, because its capture and the destruction of the fleet would at once, and in the very first campaign, have attained the principal objects of the war.

The fact of the victory of the Alma having been gained, and the Russians shut up, though with an army yet in

the field, in Sebastopol, proves that, though not nearly so strong as might have been desired, the allied army was at least able, in the first instance, to beat the enemy, and seriously menace his great stronghold. It was not, however, more than half the force required for its reduction, as Sir Howard Douglas has clearly demonstrated in his most able paper on the Crimean campaign, annexed to his great work on gunnery, and published in the *United Service Journal* for January 1855. But it was there that the great want of foresight in the conduct of the campaign became conspicuous. *We had no reserve force in Malta or Corfu to keep the army in the field up at its level of 27,000 men, which it had attained when the Allies landed in the Crimea.* The reinforcements sent out in September and October were mere dribbles, not amounting in all to 3000 men. In November 12,300 men, according to the Duke of Newcastle, were sent out; but “trop tard” to avert the carnage of Inkermann, and repair the subsequent waste of life during the siege. Eight thousand men, with a few guns, were then exposed to the assault of at least 50,000 Russians, with 81 guns placed on an advantageous height. Had they not resisted with an heroic constancy which rivals the devotion of Thermopylae, the allied army would have been pierced through the centre, and probably forced to capitulate. Reinforced by a reserve of 20,000 men from Malta and Corfu, as the army might have been—for the men were in the British Islands, and *were sent out, though too late* for the attainment of present success, or the averting of frightful disaster, between July and December—we would have routed the Russians at Balaklava, preserved the road by Kadikbi from Balaklava to the camp, hurled the Muscovites in confusion down the steepes of Inkermann, and enabled the French on the same day, in repulsing the sortie against them, to capture Sebastopol, and terminate the war in a single day.

But the greatest mistake of all, and which is the most incomprehensible, is the OMISSION FROM FIRST TO LAST TO INSTITUTE ANY REAL OR EFFECTIVE BLOCKADE OF ODESSA OR THE



SEA OF AZOFF! One and all of the Russian prisoners taken at Inkermann, said they came by sea from Odessa, and that the two Grand-dukes came in the same way. Ministers denied this; but the fact is now ascertained that Odessa has never yet been blockaded, for the *Gazette* of Jan. 10, 1855, contains for the first time a notification of an effective blockade of that harbour from February 1, 1855! The troops who came up in such unexpected strength at Inkermann, and so nearly destroyed the allied army, reached their destination, it would appear, a fortnight sooner than was anticipated, because, with thirty ships of the line and forty steamers in the Euxine, we had never blockaded the enemy's great commercial harbour. Odessa has been to them through the whole campaign as effective a magazine and place d'armes as Constantinople was to us! No wonder the Russian troops are well fed while ours were starving. No wonder they brought 80,000 men into the field from Balaklava to Sebastopol on November 5, and, but for the heroic gallantry of our troops, would have ruined the entire allied army at Inkermann. The effect of Dannenberg's corps, 40,000 strong, coming up so much sooner than was expected, was incalculable, for the assault had been fixed for the very next day, November 6th, and to all appearance would have been successful. In repulsing the sortie of the Russians on November 5, during the battle of Inkermann, the French were actually in Sebastopol, and the Russians sprung the mines, their last resource! Whence?—astonishing, this inexplicable, this inexcusable omission on the part of a Power possessing a decided and undisputed maritime superiority? Why were not Odessa and the Sea of Azoff blockaded closely since May 1854? How incalculable

would have been the results of so obvious a measure! We do not pretend to solve the mystery; we leave Ministers to do that. We suggest only one question which we should like to see noticed and answered: Were Odessa and the Sea of Azoff left open to CONCEAL THE EFFECTS OF FREE TRADE, and prevent the verification of the predictions made by the Protectionists as to the effect of that measure, by rendering us dependent on foreign supplies, to raise grain, even after the finest harvest in these Islands, to famine prices, when the foreign supply was intercepted?

Nothing need be said as to the unaccountable administrative omissions of Ministers in providing for the plainest and most obvious necessities of the allied army in the Crimea on the approach of winter. When was the order for winter clothing issued by Government? The Duke of Newcastle has told us. It was on November 8, three days after the battle of Inkermann, and when the bad weather had already commenced. The loss of the *Prince* was of little moment, as the parliamentary papers regarding its contents proved.\* When the warm clothing did arrive at Balaklava in the first week of January, after half the winter was over, where were the beasts of burden to bring it up to the camp? Were there no bat-horses to be bought in Constantinople or Turkey—a city containing 1,000,000, an empire boasting 35,000,000 inhabitants? Why were huts not provided for the men at Constantinople in September and October? Were there no shipwrights in the Golden Horn? Why not buy a few old merchantmen, and break them up into wooden log-houses for the soldiers? Why is our cavalry dismounted, our artillery without horses, our batteries unarmed with guns? Where was the

\* The warm clothing lost in the *Prince* was, according to the Parliamentary Return—

• Woollen socks, . . . . .	35,300	Watch-coats, . . . . .	2,500
Woollen frocks, . . . . .	53,000	Blankets, . . . . .	16,100
Flannel drawers, . . . . .	17,000	Rugs, . . . . .	3,700

A grievous loss, certainly, but by no means the clothing for the whole army which was ordered on November 8. Besides, who appointed, in the face of serious warnings, the captain of the *Prince*, or the harbour-master, who, after she had been in harbour, and landed the 46th regiment, sent her with such a cargo on board into the open sea, under the precipitous rocks of the Crimea, in the stormy month of November?

reserve medical staff when the wounded arrived in thousands from Alma at Scutari? Where were the attendants for them during the passage from Balaklava? Where are the magazines of biscuit stored up in the British camp for winter use, as they were in the French during the six weeks of fine weather after the army first arrived at Sebastopol? It is plain that nothing was foreseen or provided for; and the only conceivable reason why it was so, must have been that *forethought implied preparation, and preparation expense*. Even the miserable excuse of terror of expense is awaiting, for the country, long before November, was incessantly urging the necessity of winter preparations, and the papers loudly demanded it.

Mr Cobden said at Leeds that we had no concern with an aggression three thousand miles off—that we should leave the Russians and Turks to fight it out themselves, and withdraw our troops without delay from the Crimea. He forgets that, if we can reach the Crimea in fifteen days from Portsmouth, the Russians can reach Portsmouth in fifteen days from Sebastopol; and that if we shun the contest in the Crimea for that great fortress, we may have to maintain it in Hampshire for our own arsenals. He says the Czar is not more ambitious now than the French were in the time of Napoleon, or than we ourselves have been in India. This is too true. It is hard to say whether the American Government, elected by universal suffrage, and strongly influenced by mercantile interests, or the French Convention, springing from the storms of the Revolution, or the British rule in India, directed by a mercantile company, or the Russian in Europe, wielded at the will of the Czar, has proved itself most ambitious. We are all more or less ambitious—prudence or inability to rob alone restrains us. The conclusion Mr Cobden draws from this is, that since we live in a world of robbers, we should submit quietly to be robbed—since we live in a world of snuffers, we should present our cheek to be smote. The conclusion we draw is, that we should prepare ourselves manfully for the struggle, and avert

disaster by taking measures to prevent it.

Happily for the country, there can now be no longer any doubt as to the course which should be pursued to attain this object. In this respect, at least, the reformed Parliaments have done a very great service to the nation. They have presented a *beacon to be avoided* by all future rulers. We have nothing to do but *undo everything which they have done, and we are sure to be right*. Their principle was to sacrifice the future to the present, and we see the consequence; let ours be to sacrifice the present to the future, and we shall see the consequence. Submit to present burdens in order to purchase future advantages—that is the well-known secret of success in private life, and it is the equally certain means of attaining prosperity and security in public affairs. There is no royal road to safety in nations, any more than to kings in geometry. If we would be secure in the end, we must make sacrifices in the beginning, just as, if we would be rich in old age, we must be industrious in youth. Why is the Czar now so formidable, and able to bid defiance to banded Europe, and hold the balance, even notwithstanding his comparative poverty, with the united forces of England and France? Simply because in peace he did not relax the sinews of war, but, on the contrary, employed forty years of pacification in making a great and ceaseless preparation for future hostility, as we did in relaxing former efforts, and abandoning the means of future defence—*Eus et ab hoste doceri*. Let us, now that we are engaged in this conflict, imitate this example; and the superior wealth, energy, and courage of our people must in the end, as it did in the war of the Revolution, secure to us the victory.

Let us not be deterred by early disaster, even if, *quod Deus avertit*, it should occur. Recollect the disarming, after the victories of Marlborough, was punished by the convention of Closterseven; that after the American War, by the flight from Flanders; but recollect also that the energy of the Earl of Chatham produced the peace of Paris, the constancy of Wellington the triumph of

Waterloo. To attain similar advantages, however, we must make similar efforts. The first thing to do is to double the strength and increase the efficiency of our army. There is but one way to do this—draw your purse-strings. Foreign mercenaries will never do. To defeat the Muscovite hordes, we must have bone of our bone, and flesh of our flesh. But we cannot do this without an increase of pay. The war market in Europe has to compete with the peace market at home and in the colonies; and an increase of wages can alone secure for it the preference. *Raise the pay of foot-soldiers to 1s. 6d. a-day, and of dragoons and-artillerymen to 2s.,* and you will have no want of soldiers of your own race, who will perpetuate the glories of Agincourt and Inkermann. Encourage virtue and fidelity in the ranks, by opening the path of honour and promotion, in limited numbers, to the most deserving. *Increase immensely your field and heavy artillery,* that ceaseless object of Russian in-

crease and of English diminution. Remove from the officers the frightful injustice, that he who perishes in the services of his country loses the price of his commission, and leaves his family beggars, while he who deserts it leaves them in comfort. Call out without an instant's delay the *whole militia*, and raise by ballot a "landsturm" or local militia, immovable, save in case of invasion, to nourish its ranks and those of the regular army. Let the rich submit to a doubled income-tax, the poor to enhanced spirit, tea, and house duties. We are aware of the dangers of prediction in public affairs, but we will hazard one. We have the means of success within ourselves and our noble allies, if we will only use them: like the Douglas and Percy together, England and France may bid defiance to the world in arms. It is the unforeseeing only who are ultimately punished. Victory will in the end reward the arms of freedom, if those who wield them are worthy of its cause.

## TO AN ITALIAN BEGGAR-BOY.

THOU miniature of woe !  
 Thy half-clad, meagre form  
 Along the streets doth go—  
 Starvation's spectre ! Sun and storm—  
     To thee alike—  
     Unheeded strike  
 That Lead which ne'er did covering know.

Thy ravenous eyes do glare  
 Like a young wolf's, dread boy !  
 Fearful is childhood's stare,  
     Bereft of childhood's joy :  
     It makes me wild  
     To see a child  
 Who never gladdened at a toy.

Oh, hard must be the lot  
 That makes a *child* a dread !  
 Where children's smiles are not,  
     Thorns grow in flowerets' stead ;  
     A child's glad face  
     Is Heaven's own grace  
 Round manhood's stern existence shed. •

Turn off that hungry eye,  
 It gnaws at Pity's heart !  
 Here's bread—but come not nigh—  
     Thy *look* makes agues start !  
     There—take the whole—  
     To thy starved soul  
 No crumb of joy will bread impart.

Thine is the famished cry  
     Of a young heart unfed,  
 The hollow spirit's sigh  
     For something more than bread.  
     “ Give ! give ! ” it says—  
     Ah, vain he prays  
 To man, who prayer to God ne'er said !

Wert thou of woman born—  
 Did human mother's breast  
 Nourish thee, thing forlorn ?  
     Hath any love carest  
     Thine infant cheek ;  
     Did'st ever speak,  
 Or hear, the name of father blest ? •

No, no, it cannot be !  
 Thou art the birth of Want—  
 Thy sire was Misery  
     Thy mother Famine gaunt !  
     Thou hadst, no home,  
     The naked dome  
 Was all the roof earth thee could grant.

See! here a happy troop  
 Of real children come,  
 Their lips the fond names group  
 Of Father, Mother, Home!  
 They go not far—  
 Love is the star  
 That draws them back whene'er they roam.

But wherefore, with mock grin,  
 Dost thou pursue these now;  
 Hath childhood any kin  
 Or kith with such as *thou*?  
 One hand did form  
 The bird and worm—  
 No other kinship these allow.

Hark! there rings Nature's laugh  
 Fresh from those well-fed throats,  
 Old age leans on his staff  
 To listen to its notes:  
 That gush of joy  
 Makes him a boy—  
 How glad remembrance o'er it gloats!

Does that spasmodic scream,  
 Jerked from thy shrunken chest,  
 A human effort seem  
 To laugh among the rest?  
 It shocks the ear,  
 O God! to hear  
 Woe, through a child's false laugh, confest!

And have these children all  
 One Father, who each owns?  
 How partial blessings fall  
 Upon His little ones!  
 Why, outcast boy,  
 Must thou mock joy,  
 While these pour out its natural tones?

Ah! why indeed? Be hushed,  
 Short-sighted soul! and wait,  
 To learn why worms are crushed,  
 While birds sing at heaven's gate;  
 Why pools infect,  
 While lakes reflect,  
 The pure sky, and bear Fortune's freight.

## ZAIDEE: A ROMANCE.

## PART III.

## CHAP. XVIII.—THE CLERGY.

A LITTLE group of reverend gentlemen stand in the porch of Briarford school. The subdued hum behind, full of awe and a little excitement—the sun-burnt urchin peeping from the window, with his hand over his eyes for custom's sake, to shade him from the sun, though no sun is here—the neat little woman curtsying and respectful behind, taking leave of the Vicar and his reverend associates, give you note that some pastoral oversight or examination has been going on in this small noisy sheepfold to-day.

First of all, here is Mr Wyburgh, vicar of the parish. If the good man were minded to disguise himself, scarcely a scarlet coat could serve the purpose, for his trim and snowy linen, his close clerical vest and spotless costume, his stiff plain band of white neckcloth, is not more distinctly and decorously professional, than is the very voice and smile, the little gesture of the reverend hand, and measured cadence of the respectable footstep, so familiar on the parish highways. You will perceive that Mr Richard Wyburgh is what, when we would speak after a complimentary fashion, we call “under the middle size”—in plainer words, a small spare figure, without an ounce of superfluous weight to encumber his activity; not a strong man by nature, but knitted into sinewy vigour by a life of patient exertion, undemonstrative and unboastful; a little short-sighted, as those concentrated puckers round his keen, kindly, twinkling eyes bear witness; a little bald, with thin locks half-way between white and sand colour in complexion, and strangely feathery in texture, fringing his well-formed head; otherwise not a sign of age about him—as quietly alert and full of spirit as in his youth.

A singularly different person is Mr Wyburgh's curate, who stands beside him. Tall, lank, stooping, and “ill put together,” there is not much that

you can call handsome in the outer man of good John Green; and poor Angelina, though she sighs over them most dolefully, cannot manage to bleach those refractory neckcloths into anything like the purity of Mr Wyburgh's. This prosaic and commonplace care is a very novel one for the Curate's pensive bride; but, after all, she would do her duty if she could; and it is melancholy to see the Rev. John, how he holds out these neckcloths at arm's-length, and shakes his head with a comic ruefulness before he puts them on—though he is, after all, so much of a sloven by nature, that this is a fitting chastisement of his own evil ways. Mr Green's coats, however made, wear into a peculiar fashion of their own: the skirts so soon learn to hang heavy with ponderous volumes, of which burden they retain the shape even when itself is removed; and the collar stands out high and distinct from the neck, ~~slants away from it, stooping forward.~~ Mr Green carries a prodigious stick, a most truculent and suspicious-looking bludgeon, and has a wardrobe of handkerchiefs of all the colours of the rainbow thrust into one pocket, to balance the book in the other. So it is in reality a very odd figure which overshadows the Vicar, drawing back a little within the porch of the village school.

The third person is Mr Powis, rector of the small adjoining parish of Woodchurch, cadet of the antediluvian great family in Wales, servant and suitor of Margaret Vivian of the Grange; and it is needless to say how unstained and glossy, how irreproachable, at once in worldly fashion and in clerical propriety, is the costume of Mr Powis, in whom is nothing odd, nothing characteristic, not a stray lock or a spot of dust, to suggest to you that he has not newly stepped from his dressing-room—or “from a handbox,” as the village critics say. Daylight does not detract

from the good looks of Mr Powis; he is still a very handsome young man, and not exactly a coxcomb either, but with grace enough to be slightly shy in his consciousness of his own good looks. You could not find in all the county three men who have less natural affinity; and Mr Powis, with distinct politeness, and Mr Green, with a lumbering impatience much more sincere but not quite so courteous, stand lingering and holding apart, to hear the little lecture on education, on its importance, and the extreme necessity of clerical supervision, which Mr Wyburgh delivers with his clear voice and his forefinger, for the instruction of his juniors, who are by no means anxious to be instructed.

And now they advance along the village street towards the Vicarage; Mr Wyburgh and Mr Powis, extremely decorous representatives of the ecclesiastical estate, proceeding in good step and line; Mr Green sometimes straying a little before, sometimes falling a little behind. And now before the vision of the reverend brethren appears the high-seated Grange, overlooking village and country, with its background of trees waving in the brisk Cheshire gale; the church ~~the church~~ <sup>the church</sup> ~~around it~~ <sup>around it</sup> like aerial companions, and the sun ~~striking~~ <sup>striking</sup> red and cheery upon its shining roof and picturesque gables, but leaving the front in shade. A smile in which there was just a suspicion of complacency and smirking, and a little sigh sentimental and conscious, came to the lip of the young Rector, in acknowledgment of the home of his lady and love.

"A pleasant family the Vivians—a great addition to the society here," says Mr Powis, with an air of abstraction. Society is a word very much in Mr Powis's mouth.

"Capital young people, sir—excellent girls," answers the Vicar. "Many a cottage in Briarford will miss Miss Vivian when she is married. That is to be immediately. By the by, Mr Green, I think of asking Philip for a bit of ground behind the hill yonder for our district school; a good situation, sir; capital for the poor brick-makers, who begin to squat about there in these wretched huts of theirs. We must do something for these poor fellows, Mr Green."

"Rogues and reprobates," said Mr Green laconically, shaking his head.

"The more reason we should do something for them—the more reason," said Mr Wyburgh. "Philip Vivian must take measures, sir, to improve the condition of his tenantry, now he is come to man's estate. Not that I complain of his mother—a most admirable person; but Philip is young, and has all his life before him. We must do great things in this parish yet."

"Do they have much intercourse with Castle Vivian, I wonder?" said Mr Powis. "Sir Francis is a very influential person. Are our friends on good terms with the other branch of the family, Mr Wyburgh?"

"I have heard of Sir Francis Vivian," said the Vicar, in his turn shaking his head; "but I think my knowledge goes no further. They are on good terms undoubtedly; family feuds are unknown at the Grange; but I suppose there is little intercourse. I never remember to have seen their relation here."

"A great pity," lamented Mr Powis. "So influential a person as Sir Francis Vivian is an invaluable friend for young men. I have heard he has a great deal in his power."

A slight half-perceptible sigh concluded ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> speech. The Vicar turned ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> quick eyes ~~with~~ <sup>with</sup> an intelligent penetrating glance upon ~~his~~ <sup>his</sup> young companion, and there was something of irony in the Vicar's smile.

"Church preferment, a large share? I have heard of that," said the Vicar quickly.

"I cannot say. General influence in the world, and active life, is what I mean," said Mr Powis, with momentary confusion. "Large landed property and wide family connections make almost any man important, and Sir Francis is an extremely energetic man—certain to advance any one in whom he took an interest—an invaluable friend."

"Good for Percy Vivian," said the Curate, "if Percy were a steady fellow, and would work at anything—which he won't do."

"Time enough, sir, time enough. We never do great things when we are boys at home," said the kind Vicar. "I would rather not trust to

a Sir Francis, for my part. A good life and a true, where independence is, has more comfort in it than preferment. I have always found it so."

"I cannot see what possible cause there is why the one should compromise the other," said Mr Powis coldly, but with an increasing colour and some annoyance; and the young Rector was very well pleased to turn aside, and take leave of Mr Green at the Vicarage door. Mr Powis was to dine at the Vicarage to-day, not greatly to his own enjoyment; but it was one of the professional duties which this most proper and exemplary youth would not neglect on any score.

Mr Green, who had dined already, lumbered on upon his way; and shooting like a great cloud into the dim little parlour, where Angelina had at last been persuaded to have a fire, stood turning his back upon the shadowed window, and spreading his great hands over the grate for a moment before he sought his own more special retirement.

"There's that young Powis asking all sorts of questions about some great friends the Vivians have in the other end of the county," said the Curate. "If your friend Miss Margaret is to have him, Lina, she had better look up all her connections. A pretty fellow! I believe he likes her too; yet if they could not help him up the ladder, Margaret might pine here." Margaret Vivian might pine herself to death for aught he cared. "It is pity that she gives him such a chance. But we're all fools enough in such concerns."

So saying, the good Curate swept

away, knocking half-a-dozen little books off a table with a whisk of his heavy skirt as he passed, and putting in serious jeopardy Angelina's inkstand, and the light-coloured carpet which an ink stain would "ruin." Escaping rather more swiftly than he intended, after this, Mr Green saw nothing of the dark slender figure in shadow of his wife's green curtains, who had heard all he had to say; and only some ten minutes after, when, glancing up from his own window at a passing shadow, Mr Green saw Zaidee Vivian hurry forth from the door, did the horror of having made this speech to other ears than his wife's break upon him. Starting up, he hurried again, lumbering and disquieted, to Angelina's parlour. Yes, without dispute, Zaidee had been there.

"She will never think of it again," said the Curate, rubbing his forehead ruefully. "That girl is always dreaming and abstracted—she will never think of it more." So saying, Mr Green charmed away his own annoyance by the headlong plunge he made into next week's sermon, wherein the divine speedily forgot that there was such a family as the Vivians in the world.

Nor could the Curate have guessed, by any possible reasoning, how heavily these words fell upon poor Zaidee's heart, or how she lingered on her homeward way, desolate and solitary, with the last overwhelming drop hanging on the brim of that cup of bitterness, which was almost too much for her hand to hold.

#### CHAPTER XIX.—FAMILY PROSPECTS.

"I think, mamma, it would be good for Zaidee to go with me," said Elizabeth; "she grows very pale, and looks very sad. Poor child, the change would rouse her again. What can be the matter, I wonder? But I think she should go with me."

"Bernard would not like it, Elizabeth," said Mrs Vivian.

"Bernard could say so, mother," said the bride, with her sweet tranquil composure, and her faint passing blush. "We have not so slight a

confidence in each other surely *now*, that we cannot speak without disguise. If it displeases Bernard, he will tell me; but I do not think it can."

"Bernard will not like to share your company with any one. I should not be pleased if he did," said Mrs Vivian. "Your Aunt Blundell is going to London. I did think I should send Sophy and Zaidee with her for a little change. I confess, Elizabeth, Zaidee bewilders me; and she is not ill either, for I have spoken to



Dr Ellis. This is, let me see, the 10th of November—in a fortnight comes Philip's birthday, and the 27th is your *fête*, Lizzy. If all this—her new dresses, and the present I have for her, and being one of your bridesmaids, and all the gaiety—makes no improvement, I shall certainly send Zaidee away for a change."

"Take my advice for once, mamma—send her to school," said Margaret. "I am quite ashamed, for my part. We have all a tolerable education but Zaidee. It is quite a disgrace to us how she has been neglected."

"You forget that I am in fault, if that is the case," said the mother quickly. "Zaidee has not been neglected—nonsense. But I daresay she has been spoiled. Six months at a good school might do very well, and improve her greatly; I shall certainly think of that. But you must not take her, Elizabeth—certainly not—on a wedding tour. The thing is quite out of the question."

She looked like a queen assenting graciously to some great edict concerning a nation. But Elizabeth only said, "Very well, mother, if you think so," as she turned away. Elizabeth did not ask to be convinced, and that sweet grace of acquiescence with which will and personal opinion had so little to do, had a singular conformity with the majestic looks of this simple-hearted bride.

"We are almost ready, mamma," said Margaret. "I wonder if I could finish my poor little picture before Lizzy comes home to Morton Hall. There is really nothing to do now, except what must be done at the time; and all the things are so well prepared, and all the servants so interested to have them right. I don't think we have forgotten anything, which is rare enough when there is so much to do. I think I may perhaps get my picture finished, after all."

"Has any one seen it lately?" said Mrs Vivian, in the same undertone in which her daughter spoke. This picture, crown of all the love-tokens which Elizabeth should carry with her, was "a great secret," intended to be hung privately in the bride's own retirement in her new home, to surprise her when she returned, and was laboured at with great mystery, and

in the strictest seclusion, though Margaret had so many confidants as to startle her with perpetual fears of discovery.

"No, mamma; no one to speak of—only—oh yes, there was Mr Powis," said Margaret, blushing deeply. "That was Sophy's fault; she is so unguarded—it was not mine."

"And what did Mr Powis say?" said the mother, who was certainly not displeased.

"Oh, Mr Powis thought very well of it," said Margaret hurriedly, with an attempt at being careless. "A great deal better than I do, I am sure. I daresay he did not think I could do anything of the kind. Philip and Percy are coming to lunch, mamma—I can see them. Oh no, indeed, it is not Philip—I do believe it is *that* Mr Powis again."

Well, he is not a ghost to startle you so," said Mrs Vivian with a smile; "and we must give him some lunch, I fancy. Philip is in the library—go and call him, and don't look frightened. Lizzy, Bernard is not near so handsome as Mr Powis."

"Do you think so, mother?" said Elizabeth. She was returning from the little room at the moment, and such a bright sparkle of mirth and satisfaction awoke in Elizabeth's smile.

"I am sure of it," said the gratified mother, smiling too, and scarcely with less brightness. "There is *some* Sophy grows pretty like the rest of you, and by-and-by I suppose I shall grumble, like poor Mrs Morris, that there is no rest for me till you are all gone. A bad example, Lizzy—and to beset by you!"

"I am four-and-twenty, mamma. At least I have been in no haste to leave home," said Elizabeth, with her tranquil grace, drawing a seat to the table by her mother's side.

The tears came to the mother's eyes. Something, that sounded indistinctly like a blessing on "my dear child," fell like music on the ear of Elizabeth; but the others were trooping in by different doors to this little family refreshment;—Philip from the library, with Margaret in her fresh sweet flush of awakened feeling—shy, and hanging back upon his arm; and handsome Mr Powis, very eager to please everybody; and Percy, with so much bright affection, fun, and

mischief in his eyes. As they took their places round the table—this kindly table, which was used for all purposes, and was not above a comfortable mid-day meal—Mrs Vivian had to raise her quick hand to her eyes once more before she could see them all clearly;—those young, joyous faces, those lives so rich with immeasurable hope. She thought she had never realised so fully before the bright unclouded future which lay before these dearest children—that they themselves had never seen its fulness of blessing so well.

The door opened again. This time it is Sophy, flushed and eager, solemnly followed, first by Sermonicus, afterwards by Zaidee, looking so pallid, dark, and pale, like the autumn sky, and with something of dogged and obstinate resistance in her face. Sophy, who has evidently something to tell, and whose excitement, much different from her cousin's, makes all her lilies and roses only the prettier in their flush and glow, begins hastily, "Mamma!"—but catching a sudden glimpse of Mr Powis, pauses and grows embarrassed, stopping in her course a little within the door.

"What is it, Sophy? No secret, I should think," said Mrs Vivian, with a slight frown, calling her forward. Mrs Vivian was much too polite to let even a chance guest fancy himself in the way.

"Mamma, I want to tell you of Zaidee," said Sophy hurriedly. "I am sure it is something wrong—it must be something wrong, or she

never would have hidden it from me. I have watched her since ever she began to be so sad, and she is constantly stealing away to the little room where Margaret found that oak chair. She has something there, mamma! I cannot tell what it is—something she hid away in a great book, looking as if she could have killed me. I am very sorry for Zay. I would not vex her for the world," said Sophy, the tears coming against her will; "but only look at her now—see how she looks at us all—and make her tell what she has there."

Sophy's excitement was so real and genuine, and Zaidee's blank gloom of despair so evident, that every one was startled. Mrs Vivian rose almost with a tremble. "I do not understand what all this means," said Mrs Vivian. "What is it, Zaidee? Sophy, you must calm yourself. Sit down, child, and tell me what it is."

"It is nothing, aunt Vivian," said Zaidee; but Zaidee's voice was hoarse and strained, and had a sound so unnatural, that Elizabeth and Philip rose at once from the table and hurried towards her too.

"If it is nothing, show it to mamma; show it to Philip," cried Sophy eagerly. "~~Oh, say, only let anybody see it!~~ It cannot be nothing if you hide it so."

"Where is the place?" said Philip. Zaidee looked up at him wildly, into his clear prompt eyes, and, with a cry, sprang from the hands extended to detain her, and fled from the room like a startled deer.

#### CHAPTER XX.—ANOTHER DISCOVERY.

She could hear his steps behind her in swift pursuit as she flew along those bewildering passages, and Zaidee's feet rang upon them in the wild pace of despair. Reaching the door at last, Zaidee swung it behind her in the force of her excitement, and snatched at the book in which her secret lay. But, alas! she had only plucked the paper out, and held it visible in her trembling fingers, when Philip entered after her into the little distant room.

Philip was considerably excited, too; for neither frolic nor trifle was

consistent with the strange desperation of Zaidee's face. "Come, let me see it, Zed," he said, with a half smile. "What is this mystery? Zaidee, give the paper to me."

But Zaidee, with her wild despairing face, looked up to him and clenched her hands upon the treasure she held. "Don't, Philip! it's only mine. I found it—don't take it from me!" cried Zaidee; and her breast heaved almost to bursting with a great, tearless, convulsive sob.

"This is something serious," said Philip Vivian. "No trifle could move

you to such passion. I must see the paper. Zaidee, this is like a boy—not like a woman.”

She had been holding it still with a wild struggle to retain possession. At these words Zaidee's hands fell; she could resist no longer, deep shame overpowering for the moment even the stronger emotions which had inspired her resistance; and with a scared and colourless face, trembling, but perfectly silent, she turned upon him the breathless eager observation of a child.

The paper rustled in Philip's hand. Philip's strong youthful frame wavered for a single instant, as if before a sudden blow; then he went on steadily to the end; and even when he had reached the end, was silent still, like a man stunned, and needing time to recover. Then once more Philip looked up, and now, as colourless as Zaidee's, blanched and ghastly was Philip's face, and his tongue stammered, and clove to his mouth as he began to speak. “Where did you find it?—why did you not bring it at once to me?”

Poor Zaidee made no answer—only another loud, strong sob without the relief of tears, burst from her lip. Over her eyes lay a burning, heavy weight, but she could not weep. There was no softening film upon her vision to hide Philip's face, and the sudden stroke of calamity which Philip manfully laboured to bear up against, but scarcely could in this moment of overthrow. Again the same question, and Philip's lips were parched, and fluttered still.

Zaidee was struck with all a woman's awe and compassion for the suffering of the man before her. She could not bear it. Involuntarily she sank down upon the ground at his feet, and touched them humbly. “Philip, it broke my heart,” said poor Zaidee, and she lifted up to Philip's eyes a face which bore full testimony to the truth of what she said.

Philip threw himself abruptly upon an old bench which they had left here, the only piece of furniture in the desolate little room, and, bending down his head, covered his face with his hands. Why should he be too proud to acknowledge that this blow stunned and stupified him? It is no such easy

thing to lose an inheritance, the certain patrimonial right to which a man is born—no such light matter, in the flush of early youth and happy prospect, to look these things called beggary and ruin suddenly, without a moment's preparation, full in the face. Into this chamber of fate Philip had entered only a few seconds ago, the young Squire, the Lord of the Manor, heir and master of the Grange. Now the poorest peasant in Briarford was a less penniless man than he. And all the misfortunes involved—the possible consequences to his mother and sisters, the overwhelming change in his own destiny, the overthrow of Percy's dreamings—flashed upon the young man's mind. A single groan, low and bitter, burst from his heart; it was impossible to feel and see and experience all the depths of this fully, and make no sign.

But Philip felt the humble touch of Zaidee's hand, and indistinctly saw her at his feet. Then he remembered all her solitary misery, her woe-begone and ghost-like face, her childish forlorn unhappiness, her very words so recently spoken, “it broke my heart”—and Philip's heart was moved with a softening compassion, which brought heavy tears to his eyes in the weakness of his own calamity. He put out his hand and <sup>unsteadily</sup> laid it on her head. “Poor child!” said Philip; and he, too, was so young—a home-bred, inexperienced youth; and they burst together into one sympathetic outbreak of sudden tears.

Only a few great burning drops, which he hid with his hands in the shame of manhood; but they did relieve the *hysterica passio* which struggled at his breast; and Philip Vivian looked down once more on his little orphan cousin, now weeping in wild abandonment, all her defences broken down. “Poor child!” repeated the disinherited heir, whom Zaidee's hapless existence deprived of his birthright—and tender compassion, true and brotherly, was in Philip's heart. He thought it was a very sad fate to be the means of depriving one's dearest friends of all they had in the world. He never for a moment thought that Zaidee could find any counterbalancing comfort in the inheritance which she gained; and it seemed to Philip's

ingenuous, unworldly eyes, as if his own misfortune was actually less than hers. His heart was full of the sincerest, unaffected pity for Zaidee, and he laid his hand upon her drooping head, with a vain attempt to comfort her, and repeated again, "Poor child!"

And Zaidee suddenly stayed her weeping, and took his hand within her own. "Philip," she said, looking up with sudden courage, "you will not make us all unhappy—you will not kill *me*? I cried, because I had nothing in the world to give you on your birthday. Philip, will you take this from poor Zaidee? You never were cruel to any one all your life before. Do not shake your head, and hide your face. Oh, Philip, you would not kill me?"

"No, Zay: I would not harm you for all the pride on earth," said Philip, with strange and touching humility; "and I am grieved for you more than I can say. But the Grange is yours, Zaidee. Neither it, nor this sacred piece of paper, can I accept from you. I know your heart very well, how sincere it is, but you are only a child; and I!"—The young man rose with a singular boyish perception of his manhood, erect and noble—"I, though I am now a very poor man, helpless in the eyes of the world—I am your natural protector, Zaidee, and bound to see that you have all your rights."

"It is not my right—it is your right, Philip!" cried Zaidee, starting up in her turn with flashing eyes. "My grandfather Vivian was mad—he must have been mad, or he could not have done anything like this. And

grandfather Vivian never thought of me; it was my father he thought of. My father is dead. Mo! I am no one—I am only a woman, Philip! It was never meant for me."

But Philip remained unmoved. The youth had recovered his balance of mind and purpose; and though his heart was heavy still, a hundred sudden springing hopes roused him already to strength and confidence. Something slightly comforting, too, was in this last view of the subject which he had just taken. A will could disinherit Philip, but no will could make him less the head of the family, the representative of the ancient line, the dedicated champion and defender of all its children and its rights. A chivalrous glow warmed the breast, which this stroke had stunned for the moment, and with a grace of generous love and protection, he held out his hand to this "poor child."

"Come, Zaidee. they must all know," said Philip. As he spoke, his face once more clouded. This was no pleasant news to carry to them in their happy family assembling; and however he might master the calamity in his own person, it was very hard to realise it once again for them. He took Zaidee's hand almost with solemnity, he scarcely heard her renewed burst of supplication and tears; and Zaidee could not struggle against the absorbed force of decision and purpose in her cousin's face. Very pale, very awe-stricken and silent, she submitted to his guidance, and they went down solemnly together to the family room.

#### CHAPTER XVI—A FAMILY MISFORTUNE.

The family party had been excited in no small degree by the sudden flight of Zaidee and pursuit of Philip. Mrs Vivian and her elder and younger daughters gathered together in a little group apart, in considerable anxiety and dismay, fearing something, though they could not tell what. Percy was expostulating, Margaret alone, occupied with other thoughts, sat in her place by the table, persuading herself that common civility demanded of her some answer to Mr Powis's soft-toned speeches. Mr Powis seemed

rather to enjoy the confusion, Margaret thought, and insensibly his chair had approached her own.

"Because it pleases Zay, a romantic young lady, to make a little mystery," said the sensible Percy—"everybody knows the habits of young ladies—because this X Y Z of ours has some crotchet in her brain, here are you all disturbing yourselves as if there was an earthquake. You, mother!—and even so composed a person as Elizabeth. I suppose this little bit of excitement is a pleasant

foretaste of what awaits us. I suppose women like to be flurried. Sophy, I beg you won't cry at least;—make the most of it, if you must, but spare your tears."

"Oh, mamma, how long they are! What can it be?" cried Sophy, wringing her hands. Sophy's distress was far too real, even to hear what Percy said.

"We must look to Zaidee, Elizabeth," said Mrs Vivian. "Poor child, I believe it is all her foreign blood, so excitable, and with such strong feelings—we must do something whenever there is time."

Percy shrugged his shoulders. "There is not a philosopher among us but Peggy, yonder; see how well she bears up," said Percy; "and, in good time, here are the hero and the heroine. Lo, they come!"

But even Percy turned with a start to consult the looks of the others when Philip's pale determined face, so singularly changed, and Zaidee's awed and trembling pallor appeared at the open door. The two advanced solemnly and silently, like leaders of a procession; Philip holding firm in his own Zaidee's hand, and Zaidee rendering a passive helpless obedience strange to see.

"Mother!" said Philip Vivian as he approached; and his voice was strange and harsh, and the word came with so much difficulty that he had to repeat it again. "Mother, a great change has befallen us all. I can say nothing to prepare you—I can only beg you to summon all your courage. Zaidee has had good cause for her grief—poor little Zay! But I am young, and so is Percy; we will set out on the world together," continued poor Philip, almost hysterically, and with glistening eyes. "Mother, you do not understand me; you cannot understand me, I know; but I—I am no longer heir of the Grange."

Mrs Vivian rose from her seat with a low cry. Her daughters clustered hurriedly about her; Margaret for the moment forgetting that there was such a person as Mr Powis, who for his part stood at a little distance, with more curiosity than he cared to show. "It is Zaidee," said Philip, hastily.

"All these years, while I have had the credit of it, she has been the true heir of the Grange. Here is the will. But it is my office to see her righted now."

And Philip loosed his hold of Zaidee's hand, and hastened to support his mother. A flush of generous pride and courage supported himself; but it was very hard once more to realise and recognise this misfortune, as it fell sudden and sharp upon them. And Philip's "office" was to support, to protect, and comfort. The old Squire and his arbitrary will could take nothing but house and lands from Philip; not an atom more of natural right or dignity could be subtracted from the inalienable possession of the young chivalrous Head of the House. He felt this in his inmost heart, and it defended him like triple mail.

But Philip's mother was moved with very different feelings. "My boy! my boy!" cried Mrs Vivian, "what do you tell me—a will—the will my poor Percy looked for so long?—and you are disinherited for Zaidee?—that child! and we have all had her in our heart so long? Oh Philip, Philip, do not speak to me! At her age I would have died a hundred times rather than wrong another so!"

"Zay could not help it. Oh, mother, Zaidee is not to blame," cried Sophy, generously, through her tears.

"Dear mother, look at her. Poor child!" said Elizabeth, her sweet eyes overflowing with pity and grief. "Whatever comes to us, Zaidee will suffer most of all."

"And Zaidee would have died; Zaidee would have broken her heart, and perished, before she said a word," said Philip, with reproof in his tone; "but I thank heaven I am her natural guardian, and right shall be done to her now."

"I wonder who dares speak to me of right," said Mrs Vivian, wildly. "Right! Percy was his father's eldest son—so is Philip. Philip is the heir of the Vivians, the head of the family. You need not speak to me. Do you think I cannot judge? The Grange is Philip's birthright, children,—do you all hear? I will dispute it to the

last. Zaidee, do you say? What is Zaidee compared with my son? Only a girl, a friendless little orphan, who has known nothing but love and kindness here; and my brave noble boy—O Philip, Philip, it will break my heart!"

Mrs Vivian threw herself into her chair once more, and sobbed aloud. Elizabeth knelt down before her, and took in her own her mother's hands. No one spoke. In their youthful respect they all forgot what individual share in the matter they had, and grouped around her silently, the principal sufferer; while a natural instinct taught them all, that their mother herself had reached the softening point, and would subside to a softer emotion now.

An interval of silence, during which Mrs Vivian struggled with this hysterical sobbing, followed, and then she laid her hand softly on the beautiful head bending at her knee. "Elizabeth, too!" said the mother, "my dear beautiful Elizabeth—a bride—and all this misery to come now;—and Percy setting out in life—and Margaret,—where is Margaret? Has she left me at such a time as this?"

"I am here, mamma," said Margaret, faintly, from behind her mother's chair; for Margaret had just seen Mr Powis edging stealthily towards the door, as if in fear.

"And I," said the mother, "I was so happy and so thankful for you all," continued the mother, "this very day—at table here—where the bread is not broken still—not half an hour ago, Philip; troubled for nothing but for Zaidee; thinking you were all so well—so well—almost boasting to myself. God help me! How can I bear to see you all cast down and brought to poverty? I could bear anything for myself; but you, children—you!"

"We will help each other; we will hold together," said Percy, eagerly. "Do not fear, mother; you have two sons."

And Mrs Vivian melted into gentler weeping, saying their names as they gathered round her, each pressing closer than the other. Such a wealth of youthful energy, affection, love, and generous emulation! She was mistress of the Grange no longer, but so rich a mother still.

Meanwhile Zaidee stood alone, in her solitary misery unconsolated. Tearless and dry were Zaidee's eyes, and her forehead burned and throbbed over them with such a glow of pain that she almost fancied she must be going mad. Wild flashes of light came and went before her sight; a wild hum of sound rung in her ears; her heart leaped in her breast with a strong and rapid pulsation; her hands were burning hot, as they clasped each other with that involuntary desire to hold by something which assailed her in her solitude. But Zaidee neither moved nor spoke. When her cousins crowded round their mother, she alone, like a statue, stood still, and made no sign. In a strange haze of other half-discerned words, Mrs Vivian's first bitter exclamation came back upon Zaidee again and again, and she reasoned with her own vexed soul. Should she have died? Almost a sanction seemed to come to this dread experiment, from the outcry of Mrs Vivian's grief. Would it be lawful now to go away and die, to relieve them at once and for ever, from such a miserable supplanter? The thought burned in upon Zaidee's brain;—what should she do?

She did what it were well if all would do in the great straits of life. She went away with her noiseless step, alone and silently, to the far-away retirement of her own room. She knelt down upon her little cushion, laid her burning brow upon her father's Bible, and carried her desolate heart to God. She was no philosopher, this poor child. Careful thought and reasoning were unknown to her—she never thought it unlawful to carry one desire or another into that sacred presence, but went with them all, simply and humbly, in the boldness of a child. And Zaidee asked for the immeasurable boon of Death; asked that it might be freely given her from the good hand of God, and, with weeping and passionate sobs of love, prayed for blessings on them all, name by name, but that she herself might die. The early afternoon darkened over her forgotten loneliness, but neither anger nor bitterness came to the forlorn heart of Zaidee; she was only heart-broken—very sad.

## CHAPTER XXII.—WHAT EVERY ONE MUST DO.

"Zay, Zay! you are not asleep?"

"No, Sophy." Poor Zaidee does not add what she believes, that she will never sleep again.

"Mamma sent me to bring you down stairs; we did not forget you, Zaidee. I have been thinking of you all the time," said Sophy, putting up her hand to her eyes, which were red, and had wept many tears; "but Elizabeth said it was best to leave you alone. People might think it was very weak, perhaps," continued Sophy, with a little relapse into crying, "but we are all so very sad."

Zaidee, in her despair, writhed under these words as at another blow.

"But everybody knows very well you are not to blame. How could you be to blame?" said Sophy. "That wicked old grandfather Vivian never saw you. I am sure he did not care for you more than for Philip. They say we must not call him names," said Sophy, clenching her pretty rosy hand; "I am sure I cannot help it. If it was good for you, I should not care, but you are as sad as any of us. Oh, Zay, that wicked old man!"

"~~It is only the living who can do harm.~~" said Zaidee; "he cannot harm any one now. It is ~~only~~ the living who can do harm. If I had died when I was a baby, or before I came to the Grange, grandfather Vivian's bad will could not have wronged Philip. I wish I had only died when my mother died."

"And I wish you would not speak so, to make things worse," said Sophy, with a half-petulant sob. "What good does it do to talk of dying? You are to come down stairs, Zay—they are all there—and we are talking of what we are to do."

"But aunt Vivian does not want to see me; aunt Vivian cannot bear to look at me, Sophy," said Zaidee, sadly.

"You must come; mamma sent me herself. If she was overcome at first, Philip says you must forgive her, Zay," said Sophy. "Poor mamma, she was so proud of Philip! Zaidee, you must come."

Without the chamber door, Sermonicus, very solemn and disconsolate, sat erect, solempn watch. Sermo, in his wisdom, saw that the climax had

arrived, whatever it was; but why his old ally and dearest friend should forsake his company, Sermo could not tell, and he was depressed like all the rest. Wistfully inquiring with his eyes what the mysterious cause might be, Sermo descended after the two girls; but still more bewildered grew Sermo in sight of those youthful footsteps grown so heavy, and the silent clinging together of those young figures—not a word passing between them, each so drooping and downcast. Sermo could make nothing of this strange and sudden change.

Once more within this kindly room, the family rest and haven—once more in this sweet glow of home-like twilight, the curtained windows at one end, the broad cold sky and sweeping clouds looking in through the heavy mullions at the other, the warm central flush of ruddy light from the fire. But no one observes now this fall and kindly comfort—no one notices those pretty effects of light and shadow; common use and custom establish them all in their wonted places; yet far from the wonted use of fire-side discussions is this one which is beginning now.

Not a mind ~~which~~ which does not tingle still with the sudden blow; not a heart that is not wise, and uneasy, ready to groan over the new and unaccustomed pain, but toiling after a fictitious cheerfulness for the others' sake. Every one thinks "I could have borne it gladly, had it been only *me*;" every one questions, wonders, "what can I do?" Calamity has found them singularly unprepared—open at every point of attack, and sensitive in all; but the first result is a rush together, a silent embracing, and blending into one of all their interests—and a unanimous struggle to throw off the burden, and find modes of exit and deliverance from this family overthrow.

And there sits Mrs Vivian, the fairy godmother of poor Zaidee's fancy, more upright than she ever sat before, playing the tips of her fingers restlessly upon her lips, and leaning upon the arm of her chair. Mrs Vivian's mind is full of conflicting schemes, conflicting feelings; for the mother has

no sooner boldly formed a plan, than she shrinks with sudden humiliation, thinking of her children. If they could but be kept out of the necessary hardships—but, alas! it is herself rather in her elder age that must be kept out, whereas the heat and burden of the day remains for them. But Mrs Vivian is unwilling to compromise a dignity—unwilling to touch, with so much as a finger-point, a single sensitive youthful feeling; yet ever comes back to the certain starting-point, something must be done; and she is so anxious, too, to do something. The failure of all her endeavours for a feasible project fills her with vexation, yet nothing will come to unite what she would do with what she must.

And here is Zaidee—poor woe-begone, forlorn child, stealing in the dark behind her chair. "Mother," said Philip in a warning under-tone—but his mother's own heart had already warned her. She rose and drew the orphan to her usual place at her own side.

"Zaidee," said Mrs Vivian, holding both Zaidee's hands in her own, and folding them over each other with tremulous agitation—"they tell me I said something very cruel to-day. Poor child, you do not think I ever meant to blame you—you whom have brought up since you were almost a baby? But Zaidee, it was dreadful to think of Philip. I never grudged anything to you; but Philip was the heir, the head of the Vivians, and my own noble boy!"

Zaidee made no answer, except by a shudder which crept over all her frame, slow and violent—a kind of bodily earthquake—and continued to look up intently into the speaker's face.

"I have known this as his birth-right all his life," continued Mrs Vivian rapidly, looking down upon Zaidee's hands, and plaiting them over each other. "I have never thought but of the natural succession, that he should hold his father's place; and it was a great shock to me—and in the shock I spoke rashly. You will never think again of what I said—for Philip and the Grange have always been one to me, Zaidee—I never thought of them apart."

"Then you will speak for me, aunt Vivian?" said Zaidee, eagerly, but in the very low tone of deep emotion.

"What can I do with it all?—it was never meant for me. I am only a woman—I never can be anything but a woman; and I would be so proud—oh, aunt Vivian!—instead of breaking my heart as I do now, I would be Zaidee at home again, so proud and happy, if you would only ask Philip to let me burn that paper on his birthday, that no one may ever know that it was possible to wrong him. It is not righting me, Philip—oh, you cannot think so—it is wrong to me, and to us all; for Philip, aunt Vivian—Philip is the true heir."

Aunt Vivian shook her head mournfully. The true heir—yes, so he was, by all the rights of natural justice, of usage, and ordinary inheritance; but Philip's mother, still more than his estate, regarded his honour. Her eye wandered to that fatal bit of paper spread open upon the table—that weighty document which Philip would not trust out of the range of his own hand, and the vigilance of his own eye; and Mrs Vivian sighed drearily, and shook her head once more.

"Oh, aunt Vivian, speak for me!" cried Zaidee. "Philip is proud, but you know better. He would not kill me with his own hand, but it will be as bad. I will kill myself rather than ~~any one say that the Grange is mine!~~"

And Zaidee suddenly started up with passion in her eyes, and all her tears dried in a moment. She could not distinguish what the remonstrances were which rose around her; she only understood a vague outcry of expostulation and reproof, in which every one joined save Sophy, who alone, scared and horror-stricken, sat silently weeping, and looking up with mute looks of appeal into Zaidee's face. But a gentle arm stole round the excited girl. Elizabeth, mild and self-possessed—a little paler than usual, but with her sweet womanly composure unbroken—drew her young cousin to her own side—subdued her outburst of passion, Zaidee could not tell how—melted her once more into quiet weeping—and, keeping round her the kind enclosing arm which seemed to restrain Zaidee's very heart, brought her back to the family circle. They all owned the calming influence of Elizabeth, and gathered close again in their household deliberations, for-



getting this agitating episode, and resuming the council where it had been broken off.

"I hope every one understands," said Philip, with the slightest possible tremor in his voice, "that though we are all grieved for Zaidee, this is a subject which must never be mentioned again among us. Every one must perceive at once my duty to Zaidee, and I trust no one doubts that I will do it."

A flush at once of manly pride and youthful modesty—the rising blood of the brave young heart which entered thus upon its generous vocation as family head—covered Philip Vivian's face. His mother and sisters looked at him proudly with tears in their eyes. Philip had been but a youth, easy in his undisputed right, and owning all the family subordinations—himself no head, but only a member of the loving circle, when this morning rose. Now, and suddenly, Philip was a man—deciding for himself with a man's steadiness, if still with a youth's rash and rapid promptitude, and with a man's loving and solicitous forethought looking anxiously into the future for them all. Little wonder that Mrs Vivian covered her eyes with her hand, and again, in her heart blessed "my noble boy!"

"You remember the appointment in India that Sir Francis Vivian offered to get for Percy?" said Philip, speaking rapidly. "Mother, our own feelings must not stand in the way. If it is still to be had, I will accept it. I have made up my mind; and Percy can still go to London. After the first year, I will surely be able to help him through his studies. This misfortune can have no effect on Elizabeth; and for yourself, mother, you are Zaidee's natural guardian. I think you should remain with Margaret and Sophy at home. I mean," said Philip, faltering as he cast a wistful glance round the familiar room—"I mean, here, in the Grange."

"I cannot, Philip, I cannot!" exclaimed Mrs Vivian. "Stay here, in my own house, after it becomes the property of another heir—after you are banished from it, and all my children scattered? I cannot, Philip. Anything else—anything else! But I cannot stay in the Grange, when it is neither yours nor mine."

"We could go to London and be near Percy," said Margaret. Margaret was very pale, and her eyes looked heavy. Altogether, a startled, chilled expression, full of apprehension and dread, which she would not whisper to herself, but which appalled her with her first suspicions of human truth and trustworthiness, was upon Margaret Vivian's face. And they all perceived it—all had a perception of its cause, but no one dared to speak of sympathy to the maidenly reserve which would rather die than be pitied on such a score.

"It would not be so very expensive living in London; they say people may live as they like there. I should like that, mamma," said Sophy; "and then, if we must lose Philip, we should at least have Percy still."

Mrs Vivian made no answer for some time; and when she did speak, it was rather her thoughts breaking forth and becoming audible, than words addressed to her little audience. "And Colonel Morton—and your Uncle Blundell—and all our friends who were to be here.—Colonel Morton is a worldly man.—Heaven help us! What if we have greater misfortunes in store? Elizabeth, my dear love, what will you do?"

Elizabeth answered readily in her most tranquil voice: "I will write to Bernard to-night, mother; and Colonel Morton is Philip's guardian, and ought to know. If anything is changed by this, I will say it has happened well; but I fear no change."

The bride did not blush now. Her beautiful cheek rather paled a little, but her composure was unchanged. Elizabeth, who never spoke of such a thing as love, nor knew what high-flown expressions meant, knew—a better satisfaction—how surely a true heart might be trusted, and feared no evil. Like Faith herself in her lofty humility, Elizabeth always trusted and never feared; the others took confidence from her very look, there was so strange a power in its repose.

But Zaidee, with Elizabeth's arm round her—subdued and broken down, crouching in her corner, and weeping out her tears—Zaidee had no part in the family consultations,—Zaidee was alone.

## CHAPTER XXIII.—A NEW IDEA.

Yet Zaidee, helpless and without a word, listened to all they said. They fancied her absorbed in her own grieving, and inattentive to their deliberations. They forgot that her keen senses were never so much absorbed as to lose sight of anything that passed before her; and they were too much occupied themselves to think how every word and look penetrated the heart of this poor child, who was the innocent occasion of all their care. Always quick to perceive the changes of these beloved faces, Zaidee read, as in a book, the chivalrous resolve of Philip, the impatient eagerness of Percy, the dreadful doubt and trembling which struck poor Margaret like a palsy. Through her tears looking at them all, she interpreted every glance aright; but Zaidee's words were all spent and exhausted. Elizabeth's arm round her controlled her strangely from any renewed outburst of passion or entreaty. She had nothing more to say.

By-and-by the family council broke up. They dispersed to write letters. Philip, Elizabeth, and their mother, had each to communicate this unlooked-for change to some one; and they went to their separate apartments heavily, as if the act of telling communicated their sudden fate.

"Never mind, Sophy," said Percy, with the ghost of his former smile trembling on his lip, "some great fortune will come to us yet. Never fear. Philip will marry a Begum; or some great lady will lay hold of me. Never fear."

But Sophy only sat still on her stool by the fireside, and cried. Margaret went wistfully to that great mullioned window, where the darkening sky of night looked in, and from which all those solitary bleak lines of road stretched away under a faint gleam of early moonlight into the horizon before her eyes; while Percy himself, afraid to compromise his manhood by a sympathetic weakness, left the room hurriedly for some occupation of his own. Unnoticed in the darkness, Zaidee escaped after him, her cheeks burning, her heart throbbing. A new chance opened to Zaidee. She was still but a child,

and, fearless in her innocence, never dreamt of evil interpretation to her guileless thoughts. With something like renewed hope she hurried once more to her own apartment, to think over this possibility which appeared before her tearful eyes. She was no reasoner, poor child; and to think over, with her meant to muse upon and realise in fancy the thought presented suddenly in a flash of inspiration to her rapid mind. Breathless and greatly agitated, much unlike a person gravely thinking over a reasonable project, Zaidee idled away a few troubled moments in her own room. Then dashing away her tears with a hasty hand, hearing her heart beat loud in her ears, and feeling all her pulses throb with terror and excitement, she descended once more with the flying step of her old use and wont. The drawing room was still dark, and still Sophy sat disconsolate by the bright hearth, and Margaret stood wistfully gazing out from the window. Zaidee's errand was not to the drawing-room; she passed through it hastily to the library-door.

With one dim light burning on the table—with the fire dying on the hearth, the curtains undrawn, and that black, pale, wintry sky looking in again like a watchful spirit—very chill and gloomy was the aspect of this room. Its dark piles of books withdrawing into the shadow, its black unlighted corners, and that old vacant easy-chair, where Zaidee could almost fancy grandfather Vivian, triumphant in successful malice, glorying over the desolation he had made. But to look upon that manly youthful face, glowing with new necessities and new powers, full of generous ardour and an old-world knightly devotion, was enough to defeat the malice of any Satan. If Philip had lost the Grange, he had found better gifts to make compensation. As for Zaidee, catching only with her quick glance how he sat there at the table writing, with the light of the lamp full upon his face, she did not venture to look at Philip, but, gliding in with her silent rapid footstep, came unobserved to his side.

"Zaidee—is it you?" Philip's nerves were somewhat excited; so

that, looking up in the half light, and seeing suddenly this figure beside him, he was considerably startled, and left a trace of his start on the page before him, in shape of a great blot.

"Philip"—Zaidee was breathless with agitated haste—"Philip, Percy says you may marry a rich lady. You will not let me burn that paper. Philip, will you marry me?"

Philip Vivian's face flushed crimson; but, in her earnest innocence, Zaidee, unblushing, stood before him, her eyes lifted to his, her whole soul in her intent and steady look. In most cases there is something sufficiently embarrassing in the commonest proposal of this kind; but Philip, in the present strange reversal of ordinary wooing, faltered under Zaidee's grave and resolute eyes like a timid girl—faltered, blushed, could find no words to answer her. But no blush came to the dark pale face of Zaidee, lighted up with the gleaming anxiety of those eyes. No more than of some abstract creature did Zaidee think of herself—herself had no share in this proposed transaction; only a last hope, a desperate expedient for restoring the Grange to Philip, was this bold proposal; and sincere and single-minded, the child in her defended the budding woman. Zaidee knew no shame.

To Philip Vivian the moment of silence seemed an hour. "Zaidee," he stammered, his embarrassment taking almost the aspect of anger, "a woman never asks this question of a man."

Then for the first time a flush stole over Zaidee's face. "Twice to-day," said Zaidee, drooping her head and folding her hands, like a reproved child—"twice to-day you have called me unwomanly, Philip—but I cannot help it; it is not my fault—nothing is my fault, though I am so miserable. But you could send me away," she continued, looking up with renewed supplication: "I do not care where you sent me to—I could go away. Philip, will you answer me?"

Philip turned away his head: for the moment, with a young man's sensitive pride, he only saw how absurd his position was, with his little cousin standing here by his side, urging this extraordinary proposal upon him. He felt ridiculously embarrassed and ashamed; and, in the second place, he felt impatient and angry. "I have no answer to give," said Philip hastily; "and I must beg you to leave me, Zaidee. Go to my sisters—go to Elizabeth, and do not tell her what strange things you have been saying. Never mention this to any one. I suppose you are too young to know," said Philip, very red and much embarrassed still; "yet one always expects a girl to have some perception. Zaidee, go."

Zaidee went, but not to Elizabeth. The poor girl in her solitude strayed out to the dark, to the windy elevated fore-court which lay between the moat and the door of the Grange. The trees bent and swayed with their long bare branches before the wild Cheshire wind. Fresh and strong this gale blew upon her flushed and heated face, catching her hair out of the braid, as it caught these stray leaves in the corners where last night's gale had left them; and the clouds rushed at a flying pace along the sky, keeping strange time to the dreary rustling among the trees. Zaidee drew a long breath, and opened her arms with a weary gesture to the fresh assailing wind. Her heart was sore—wounded for the first time, and aching with poignant injury and shame;—shame, for now she began to think of what she had done, and to perceive why Philip thought her unwomanly. The child had almost died in Zaidee's breast at that moment, to give place to the premature woman; but her original grief stepped in once more, overpowering all slighter emotions. No expedient served her; every hope had failed—and she was indeed the supplanter of her cousin, the usurper of Philip's birthright and Philip's ancestral home.

#### CHAPTER XXIV.—DELAY.

"He said I was not to tell Elizabeth. If it was so very wrong, they ought to know; they should not

think me better than I am," said Zaidee in her thoughts, as she stood facing the night wind without the door

of the Grange. "I will tell Elizabeth—I will tell Aunt Vivian; and then—"

And then——. What should follow did not appear; but something had softened once more the dull despair in Zaidee's eye. Again there was a gleam of light in her face—a wavering illumination of reverie and musing. Some project or other, perhaps as wild as her last hope, but at least sufficient to give temporary comfort and animation, had risen again in Zaidee's mind. She turned her face homewards once more. There were lights now in the forsaken, disconsolate drawing-room, where Margaret, composing herself by an effort, sat in melancholy state by the table alone. Margaret was professedly reading, but you might have watched for hours before you saw her turn a page.

Zaidee directed her steps this time towards the bower of the household—that pretty bright "young ladies' room," which with all its decorations—those home adornments which made home so lovely—preserved still a glimmer of brightness where everything else was dark. Mrs Vivian and Elizabeth were seated here together by the fire, and nothing neglected or out of order proclaimed the calamity which had come upon the house. The ordinary use and wont of the daily composure and quietness which these few hours had interrupted more violently than years of common life could have done, startled Zaidee in her excitement as she crossed the threshold. She almost persuaded herself that the dreary change which had passed over everything else was but a dream. But to tell her own guiltiness and shame, in the matter of her proposal to Philip, was a sufficiently hard task to claim all her attention now. Pale and breathless with the boldness of terror, Zaidee told her tale—what she had done; and stood before her judges, appalled at her own grievous misdemeanour, waiting to hear her doom.

But Aunt Vivian only kissed the culprit, and drew her handkerchief across her own eyes; while Elizabeth, with a blush and smile, contracted her beautiful brows the slightest in the world, as she whispered, "Zaidee, never do it again." Zaidee had no

mind ever to do it again; but she was comforted to find no thunderbolt of condemnation descend upon her, after all.

"Mamma, will you come and have some tea?" said Sophy, looking in with a disconsolate face. Sophy could still drown all her grievances in a good fit of crying; and her heart was all the easier that her eyes were red. They followed her silently once more into the family room. They were all weary and languid with the emotion of the morning; they had no heart for further consultation—further discussions or arrangements. The fire was low and the lights few, for Margaret was fanciful in her grief; but no one had the heart to brighten this comparative gloom. Far apart and silent, the family, who were wont to cluster so lovingly together, had thrown themselves into corners of sofas and separate unused chairs. A faint murmur of conversation, question and answer, only made the quiet heavier. The drawing-room of the Grange had never looked so dreary since Squire Percy died.

In the window lay a little heap of Zaidee's work. With a faint perception of Zaidee's meaning in labouring at these coarse and homely household necessities, Mrs Vivian gathered them up to put them away. "This was never work for you, Zaidee," said the old lady. Zaidee looked up at her with tears in her eyes, but made no answer, though her look followed Mrs Vivian's movements with a mournful regret, strangely different from her former passion. Mrs Vivian continued to move about with melancholy activity, while all the rest sat quiet round her. Percy, who was of the irritable genius, and had nerves easily annoyed, broke out in uncontrollable impatience at last.

"If you would but sit down, mother!" exclaimed Percy. "We are not to leave the Grange to-morrow, are we?—and you are not preparing for a funeral or some great solemnity? There is surely no need for all this dreary putting away."

Mrs Vivian had been "setting things to rights," as that strange operation which conveys familiar matters out of the way to put them "in their proper place" is called. All the pretty tools of the sisters—the

materials of their graceful industry—she had begun to arrange in solemn order, and shut up in drawer and workbox; and she had even lifted some books, naturalised in the drawing-room, to carry them off to their proper position in the library. At Percy's remonstrance his mother suddenly stopped—said, with a long sigh, "that is true"—and retreated drearily into the nearest vacant chair. It was a chair in a corner quite apart and separate: they were all seated so.

"I have written to most of the people, Philip," said Mrs Vivian, after another long pause; and very strangely Mrs Vivian's voice rang through the unusual silence of the room. Philip made no answer. There seemed some spell upon them all; for every one tried to find something to say, and no one could succeed.

When suddenly Zaidee rose, and hovered with a blush and hesitation between her aunt and Philip. "Will you do this for me, then?" broke forth Zaidee abruptly. "If you will only do this for me, I will ask nothing more. Don't tell any one yet. There is surely no need to tell any one. Let everything go on till Philip's birthday. Aunt Vivian, I will never ask anything else, if you will do this for me. You can tell the people if you will, on Philip's birthday."

"But why delay till then, Zaidee?" said Mrs Vivian. "It is hard to do, and it had better be done soon."

"No, no," said Philip hastily; "we have held a false position too long; let us be done with it now."

"I will never ask anything again," pleaded Zaidee—"never all my life, Aunt Vivian. I will never trouble you again, if you will but do this for me now."

And Percy, who had been whisper-

ing with Elizabeth, interposed, with a gleam of mischief in his eye. "If Philip will neither take the estate, nor marry Zaidee, nor do anything she wants, I think, mother, at least he has no excuse for refusing so modest a request as this."

Philip, who was grievously ashamed of Zaidee's proposal, and dreaded nothing so much as a mention of it, shrank back in instant confusion. Zaidee, who did not quite know why her cousin should be so mightily ashamed, stood her ground; and Zaidee triumphed. The letter which Mrs Vivian had written to Colonel Morton, and Elizabeth's communication to her betrothed, were the only ones sent to-night; and it was with a sigh, half of satisfaction, half of disappointment, that Mrs Vivian committed her other letters to the flames, and sat by, absorbed in thought, while they fell to ashes at her feet. If the record of this day could but be destroyed as easily! "And I might have burnt it, and no one ever have known," said Zaidee, with bitter self-reproach. But no burning of that fatal bit of paper, though the Grange itself made the bonfire, could suffice to destroy it now. Grandfather Vivian's will was in Philip's keeping, and Philip's proud young honour was

to establish it. The rights ~~vowed and sworn~~ <sup>which were rights this morning</sup>, could never be rescued back again from the change which had come upon them; for while memory lasted, every Vivian here would remember this day.

"Zaidee has thought of something—something may happen still before Philip's birthday." This was Sophy's secret comment. No one else made any comment at all, but they went to their rest heavy and wearily, to sleep, or not to sleep, as their case was.

#### CHAPTER XXV.—SCHEMES.

Zaidee has indeed thought of something. What is this the girl is about in her little turret-chamber, where the wintry light breaks in, in many coloured patches, and the wild wind without, rushes, as if to force admittance, against the casement? Not a very elevated or lofty task; but her whole sincere soul is in Zaidee's face.

It is only an old copy-book, spread upon the window-sill before her; and work for which she has less taste could scarcely be than this doleful writing of copies, which Zaidee pursues with silent and absorbed earnestness. Truth to tell, with no great success either; for still poor Zaidee's straight lines will not be straight, and these capital letters limp woefully,

heading the lessening file of words, which come to such a dwarfish stature before they reach the end of the line. When the page is finished, it is hard to see any improvement; and, shaking her head sadly over it, with a dreary sigh *Zaidee* begins again.

The chamber door is closed for hours—closed upon *Sophy*, who is offended, and wonders what it means—wonders if *Zaidee* is changed in heart by her new position—and goes away heavier than ever in her own spirit;—closed upon *Sermo*, too, who sits without, now and then appealing pathetically with paw and voice. But *Zaidee* has no leisure for *Sermonicus*, and he also must go away, much wondering, to find another companion; while hour after hour—alas, such lengthy, weary, slow-paced hours!—*Zaidee*, faithful to her copy-lines, bends over her book and writes, till mere fatigue overcomes the rising fervour of visible improvement, and the new heiress of the Grange rises from her labour at last.

It is only to put on hastily her plain brown straw bonnet, with its blue ribbon, and to draw her little cloak over her shoulders. Very sombre in colour is the dress of *Zaidee*—not much unlike that brown girlish complexion of hers, through which you can scarcely prophesy what kind of womanhood may bloom. *Sermo*, poor fellow, has only now retired, in offended dignity, to his place by Mrs *Vivian's* footstool; but *Zaidee* does not care to have *Sermo* with her in her present expedition. The rain is sweeping white across the country, from which every sign of life seems to have been driven by the blast. The sandy path leading to *Briarford* trickles all over in little channels with streamlets of the rain; and the wind, though somewhat cowed, does no discredit to the mouth or to the locality. There is little out of doors to tempt the wayfarer; but *Zaidee*, much indifferent to the weather, passes through it undismayed, turning her solitary rapid footsteps towards the little house, with its scrubby flower-pots and green shutters, the curate's cottage, where *Angelina* has her bower.

A very shady and not over-cheerful apartment to-day is the bower of *An-*

*gelina*. This young lady has not learned yet the charm of the fireside; and instead of the fireside, the Curate's wife sits by the window with her poetry book, looking out upon the dreary rain, upon those poor drenched dahlias and hollyhocks in her little garden, and upon the broken hedge and rushy watery field which lies without. *Angelina*, to tell the truth, is as dull to-day as the dullest young lady who has no "resources." A needle and a thread, if she had skill to use them, would be unspeakable comfort to this mistaken lover of the Muses; but *Angelina* has a lofty disdain of all the pretty labours of lady-like leisure, and has not learned yet the housewifely necessities which by-and-by will compel her to occupation. The poetry book, however, proves a very poor substitute for the woman's work which *Angelina* scorns; and she looks out disconsolately over her drenched flower plot—looks in with a dreary glance to the dim room shadowed with its green curtains—wonders if anybody will call—and thinks, with a tear rising in her eye, of mamma and her little sisters, and all the needful, natural subordination from which she was so proud to escape into the dignified freedom of a married lady—a clergyman's wife. But, however, here she is now, uncommanded and insubordinate—no one to please but the indulgent Curate shut up in his study, who may shrug his shoulders sometimes, but never grumbles in comprehensible words. So the Curate's wife once more draws herself up, and bends her face between her drooping curls over her book of poetry—a production not much more cheerful to look upon than the dreary *Cheshire* flat before her, under this white blast of November rain.

When suddenly there flashes upon her disconsolate reverie the illumination of *Zaidee's* face. *Zaidee's* face has been wetted by rain-drops, and flushed with striving against the wind, but is glowing bright with intention and purpose, such as never fell to *Angelina's* lot. Looking forth with vague wonder, the Curate's wife almost forgets to smile a recognition of her welcome visitor. What can *Zaidee* want? Mrs *Green* marvels—for no one can doubt that *Zaidee* wants some-

thing. Meanwhile Zaidee herself, without so much as observing that there is any one at the window, presses forward to the door and enters, the fringes of her cloak—alas the day!—dripping upon the light-coloured damask which covers Mrs Green's chairs, and leaving a visible print upon the sofa as she brushes by.

"How wet you are!" cried Angelina, springing up to unfasten the cloak, lest Zaidee, careless of the damask, should throw herself, fringes and all, into the easy-chair, the glory of the room. "Dear Zaidee, did you come all this way through the rain to see me?"

"No," said Zaidee, with unhesitating and simple sincerity. "But I ought to say Yes," she added immediately. "I came to speak to you about something. The strings are wet—never mind the cloak. Are you sure Mr Green is busy, and no one will come here but you?"

"I must mind the cloak," said Mrs Green, not quite so sincere as Zaidee; "you will catch cold; and so shall I, I believe, it is so very wet. I will ring, and send it away"—and Angelina held the unfortunate garment at arm's length, and went daintily towards the bell—"and then we shall be quite alone."

Zaidee had not thrown herself within the magnificent arms of the easy-chair. She stood before the fire, holding her bonnet in one hand, her face a little downcast, her other arm hanging listlessly by her side. The Curate's wife shivered slightly, and complained how cold it was; but Mrs Green took her chill, not from the weather, but from the look of Zaidee, so absorbed and self-contained, and full of incomprehensible energy and intention. Zaidee was at all times very unconscious of being looked at—she was more so than ever now.

Mrs Green, full of expectation, sat down in the easy-chair. Zaidee stood still, full of her own thoughts, before the fire. The cloak had been removed, the door was closed—they were alone.

"I want you to tell me," said Zaidee hurriedly, "if you have ever found that girl yet for the nursery governess; for, if you have not, I know one that would like to go."

"What girl?" Zaidee's abruptness confused Mrs Green, who was never over-quick of comprehension.

"You told me—you remember?" said Zaidee, with a slight gesture of impatience, "about the young lady who was to be married, and had written to you. Have you found the governess yet?"

"No, indeed, Zaidee," said Angelina eagerly. "How strange you should come to speak of that; for I have just had another letter from Charlotte this morning."

"And what does she say?"

Mrs Green fortunately did not pause to wonder at her visitor's strange and anxious interest, or Zaidee might have been moved to some greater demonstration of impatience; for Zaidee, alas! was only a very fallible human girl, and knew she might be arbitrary with this sentimental Angelina almost to any extent she chose.

"She says, poor thing, that she can't be married till some one comes to take charge of the children," said the Curate's wife. "There are six of them, Zaidee; no wonder she is anxious to get away. It is a delightful task, no doubt; but then one's own little brothers and sisters are hard to manage sometimes. And you think you know some one? Shall I go to see her? What shall I do?"

"I want you to write now. Pray, if you please, do this for me," said Zaidee, trembling slightly. "I want you to lose no time: here is your blotting-book. I will never ask you anything again, if you will do this now for me."

Mrs Green could not explain why she too trembled and was frightened when Zaidee thrust a pen into her hand, and stood over her with an excited face; but Zaidee had never been so peremptory and despotic before. Her friend faltered, but could not refuse to obey.

#### CHAPTER XXVI.—A LETTER.

"What shall I say?" asked Mrs Green, holding the pen suspended in

her hand, and looking up with a troubled, timid eye. She had wondered at

Zaidee many a time; but Angelina, to tell the truth, was now a little afraid.

"You know whether you were great friends," said Zaidee impatiently. "If you were, you should say 'Dear Charlotte,' I suppose."

"Oh, I assure you, I need no instruction how to begin," said Mrs Green, with considerable offence; saying which, in a handwriting which could not have been distinguished from Miss Disbrowe's own, or from the handwriting of any of all Mrs Green's female correspondents, so exactly similar was its running angular lines to theirs, Mrs Green began—

"My dearest Charlotte"—

("I thought you were not very great friends," said Zaidee, in astonishment. Angelina's rapid pen ran on)—

"I cannot tell you how much delighted I am with what you tell me of your prospects. May you be happy, my sweet friend! for, alas! so bright a lot does not fall to all; and I, who have now experience in life, know better than you can do, how bare it is of all those blessings we expect when we are girls. I know it becomes us all to be thankful and submissive, and I hope I fulfil my duty and try to be so; but I do congratulate you, dearest Charlotte, on your approaching union with the first object of your unwithered affections—the man of your heart!"—

Angelina paused—and so did Zaidee, out of breath. Zaidee's interest was caught for the moment into another channel. She looked up anxiously in her friend's face. "Do you mean you are not happy," said Zaidee wistfully; for since she came to know what unhappiness was, a great pity had risen in Zaidee's heart. "And Mr Green—he is so good a man, too. I like him myself."

"I wonder what you mean, Zaidee," cried the Curate's wife in alarm. "I am sure I have not said a single word of Mr Green. I am quite sure I did not mean anything—and he will come in and see it, and think I am complaining of him. And it is all your fault, Zaidee Vivian. Oh, what shall I do?"

"You are not to put it away. Don't, if you please," said Zaidee. "Tell the young lady about the go-

vernness, and I will send it away myself."

After a pause of faltering indecision, Mrs Green took her pen once more. "But I know nothing of this governess—you have not even told me her name—I can't tell if she will suit or not. Fray, Zaidee, be content, and leave me till I can write by myself; it flurries me so, to have you here."

"Say she can read," said Zaidee hurriedly, without at all heeding this remonstrance, "and write, but not very well; and can work at her needle too, though not like Margaret or Elizabeth; and I would be content to do anything," continued the girl, unconsciously appearing in the first person, as her face reddened with emotion and the tears came to her eyes. "I would serve the children, and teach them all I could, and work at what the lady wanted, and be very quiet and humble, and never angry; and I do not want any money—only to let me go into their house into London—and keep me there."

"Zaidee, you!" Mrs Green's pen fell from her hand in the pause of utter dismayed astonishment which followed Zaidee's speech.

"Yes, it is me," said Zaidee. "I cannot stay at home any more. I must go away somewhere, and you will do me good if you will send me there. No one is to know. I want to go where no one can find me again. I want to go away for ever and ever. You need not cry, though it is very kind of you; for I should do a great wrong if I did not go away. Now that you know it is me," continued Zaidee, suddenly sitting down on a stool by the fire, with a sigh of weariness, "you can say yourself what I am able to do."

Pale with fright and agitation, the Curate's wife sat looking at her, as she turned with a strange worn-out indifference to gaze into the fire. Mrs Green waited long for Zaidee looking round again, that she might catch her eye; but Zaidee never looked round. She seemed to have completed her revelation, and sat waiting passive and absorbed till her commands were obeyed.

"But I dare not do it, Zaidee," cried poor Angelina at last, almost hysterically. "I dare not for my



life. I must tell Mr Green and Mrs Vivian first, and hear what they say. I could not help you to go away secretly; it would be a sin. Oh, Zaidee, surely you cannot mean it! They are so kind to you at the Grange. Why would you go away?"

Zaidee rose hurriedly. "Do you know the pool in the hollow at the foot of Briarford Hill?" she asked with great gravity, but almost in a whisper. "If you tell Aunt Vivian and Mr Green, and any one tries to keep me here, I will go to the water yonder and die; for I am in earnest—I am not deceiving. Mind, no one shall hinder me. If you will not help me to go away, I have only the pool left—nothing more."

The Curate's wife was stayed in her scream of horror by Zaidee's gesture. "It is a dreadful sin—a dreadful sin," cried Mrs Green, trembling over all her frame.

"I do not know that—I cannot be sure of that," said Zaidee, speaking quick, and with a bewildered face. "I think of it till my head aches, but I can never tell. It would be for *them*—not for myself, but for them; and nothing that was done for them could be so great a sin."

"Will you ask Mr Green—he could talk to you?" said Angelina, in great distress. "I cannot say anything in such a dreadful matter, Zaidee. I am older than you, but I do not know very much. I—I dare not do anything. Oh, pity on us! What can I do?" And fairly overcome by horror and perplexity, poor Angelina, quite unprepared for such a strait, burst into tears.

But there were no tears in Zaidee's shining eyes. She put her hand upon her friend's arm, and Angelina looked up from her weeping. "Tell the young lady I will go. You will make me happy—you will save my life," said Zaidee. "Write what I can do—say I will do anything, if they will let me come. You cannot change me, but you will make me happy if you write."

"Then let me ask Mr Green first?" sobbed the victim of Zaidee's despotism.

Zaidee withdrew her hand. "If you please," she answered with solemn composure; "but I have told you then what I must do."

"Oh, Zaidee, never say that—never think of that," cried Angelina, with a shiver of terror. "I will do anything to put that dreadful thought out of your mind. Yes, I will—I will, indeed, whatever you like, Zaidee. Tell me what to say."

It was some time before a letter could be produced which satisfied Zaidee: but it was concluded at last. Zaidee herself had relapsed into her former quietness, but the Curate's wife trembled with agitation, embarrassment, and terror. "What will I say to Mr Green? What would Mr Green say to me, if he knew what I had done?" mourned Angelina, who had at heart a devout belief in her husband, and respect for him. But the thing was done, and Zaidee sat before her, looking into the fire, with her face so pale, her air so self-occupied and resolute, her simple girlish sincerity so visible through all, that Angelina's perceptions were quickened into clearer insight than their wont. "She could do it—she would do anything she had made up her mind to," concluded Mrs Green, looking on, awe-stricken and afraid; for there was no possibility of doubting that Zaidee had made up her mind.

She went away by-and-by, pacing with her long quick dreamy steps along the road—the letter in her bosom, and the purpose firm in her heart. Poor desolate heart—it throbbed so high with its wild romance of love; for Zaidee's youth had been nourished with dreams, and inspired with the breath of those great heroisms which teach us the secret of self-sacrifice. Zaidee knew His example, first of all, who gave Himself, an unspeakable ransom, for a world of enemies; and Zaidee was too young and untought to think there was sin in withdrawing from the visible ordinance of Providence; or to remember that she had no right to dispose of the life which God had given her for His will, and not for her own.

## FERRIER'S INSTITUTES OF METAPHYSIC.

WHAT is Metaphysic? Imagine a trout rudely taken out of a deep brown pool in a broad river, where it can either lie in luxurious ease, and wait for the rolling worm, or, darting off in its more lively moods, arrogate to itself, with a large unchartered liberty, the whole breadth of the clear many-plashing stream; imagine the smooth, shining, rapid, well-conditioned creature suddenly lifted up from these large waters, and transported into a garden pond of moderate dimensions; and then consider what will take place. Do you conceive the finny animal will sit down at once, satisfied with its condition, and make no attempt to explore the character and the boundaries of its new habitation? Assuredly no fish, though physiologists say they have very small brains, was ever so stupid. Depend upon it the creature will make many a desperate bolt, and not a few magnificent leaps, and glorious plunges, before it settles down contentedly in one quiet nook of this very limited corner of the watery world, within which your human masterdom has confined it. Before it has consumed its first worm in this narrow tabernacle, it will certainly have made the range of its whole confinement, and, after poking its nose against half-a-dozen ragged promontories, and blinding itself more than once in unknown beds of slime and reeds, will betake itself to its first meal in somewhat of a sullen temper, and after dinner suffer, for the first time in its life perhaps, no doubtful indications of incipient dyspepsy. Its first sleep in the new narrow world will, in like manner, be troubled with very disagreeable dreams; imaginations of grinning vampyres and water-kelpies sitting upon its stomach—of merciless shepherd boys grasping its slippery throat with firm hand—and half-a-dozen other sensations of pressure, stricture, and asthmatic anxiety about the chest. After waking from this

first troubled sleep, the creature, instead of saluting the first twinklings of the bright morning sun with a clear serene joy, will no doubt preface its morning meal by another exploring expedition. Every little creek, formerly passed over, will now be minutely explored; every troubled eddy, indicative of the entrance of some meagre brooklet, a feeder of the stagnant water, will be shot through with many an impatient dash; and the little brooklet itself traversed eagerly, till, scarcely affording water for so large a traveller, it ends in a waterfall thinly plashing down a high stone-faced wall, over which, alas! to trout of trout born, there is no leaping; for my lady certainly did not make her pond in such a foolish fashion, that a bright-scaled tenant, once in, might by any possibility get out; except, of course, in the desperate suicidal way, which no wise fish will attempt, of leaping, with white-spotted belly, clean upon the dry grass and the butter-cups. There is plainly no hope for the fish to get beyond the watery boundary thus set; but the fish will not believe this, and ought not to believe it, till it has made every possible trial to get out. After having made these trials, however, it will begin to consider how best it may make the most of its altered condition; it will first cease exploring, and then forget even to grumble; it will make a minute and accurate survey of its narrow realm, and learn to find out the admirable variety that to a scrutinising eye is revealed, even within the limits of what to the first glance appeared a very weary and dreary monotony. In a word, it will gradually be developed out of a sullen grumbler, and a desperate kicker against the pricks, into a very bland, benign, philosophic trout, talking to itself, like old Goethe, largely of the benefits of limitation, and painting out in imagination, with a mild artistic

satisfaction, the dangers which arise to fish and men from too large liberty, and the various frightful accidents of storm and flood.

These things, to the non-metaphysical reader, may serve as an allegory. Metaphysics, according to our notion, is the science that teaches man the length of his tether. Philosophy—we use the word with Professor Ferrier and the Germans—is that system of reasoned first truths that teaches the delicate-plumed human soul where and how far it can flap its wings with comfort and prosperity. It teaches a man that he may not fly to the moon; that he cannot know what is not knowable; that he cannot walk before his own nose, or leap out of his own skin. In a word, it is the strict, systematic, scientific statement of the ultimate circumambient and inherent necessities of our nature.

Many people have doubted whether such a science be possible; the majority certainly do not see the use of it, even if it were possible; and what is worst of all, very many of those who have attempted to establish it, instead of bringing out any clear and intelligible result, have only succeeded, like the poor fish whom we have symbolised, in raising a commotion among beds of otherwise quiescent mind, and blinding their own eyes with the results of their own impertinent enterprise. But, despite of all such unfortunate issues, man is a restless creature, and must philosophise.\* Eyes may be blinded and noses may be broken, but the coast of our limited human thought must be surveyed, and the soundings of our little ocean registered. If it be vain to hope to know everything, it were cowardly to try to know nothing. Wherever there is thought and aspiration, there must be metaphysics of some kind. Most men are content to carry it about with them in a concrete form; it may be in the shape of a calmly enveloping atmosphere, it may be in that of a rude, dashing instinct: but there are men who will dig at the root of our mys-

terious life-tree, and see how it grows; who will elaborate for years a subtle theory of our vital growth, and pile it up into a bright, intelligential palace of absolute truth. One of these full-mailed, heavy-armed soldiers of speculation is Professor Ferrier; and in these days of light skirmishers and flying riflemen, it is really a rare delight to greet an academic gentleman, in full harness, striding, without any modesty, like a strong Ajax, into the bristling battle-field of abstract speculation with mighty paces—*ὡς ἄρ' ἔβης*—and brandishing his huge, seven-hided shield in the face of a whole army of Hector's, as lightly as if it were my lady's fan. Whether Professor Ferrier be right or wrong in the fundamental position of his subtle theory, may puzzle wiser heads than those who swear by Reid and Stewart to determine; but certainly he comes forth like a true metaphysical knight, and magnifies his vocation gloriously. No one will charge him, as Hume, we believe, did Beattie, with dressing up “philosophy for the ladies.”

To those extremely practical and exclusively utilitarian people who will persist in asking, *What is the use of metaphysics?* we might content ourselves with replying by asking a wider question, *What is the use of living?* There is no use of living, because living is an end and not a means—a supreme τέλος, as Aristotle is always saying, concerning which the question for *what purpose* (τὸ οὐ ἐνεκεν) is not put by any sane man. A cup exists for the sake of a draught; and a draught exists for the sake of being drank; and drinking exists for the sake of supporting life; but life exists for no sake at all. It is. Men love life for the sake of life, and for no ulterior purpose. For if you say that you love life that you may enjoy it, this adds no new idea, but merely expands that which we already possess. For all life, in its normal state, is pure enjoyment; and it is only by its normal state that the nature of

\* Πάντες ἀνθρώποις τὸ εἶδέναι ἐπιγονταὶ φύσει—the first words of Aristotle's *Metaphysics*—a commonplace enough, no doubt; but, common as it is, a sufficient statement of the ground why, in all ages, when there is a full and free development of mind, men, in some shape or other—poetry, perhaps, or theology—must at least attempt metaphysics.

anything can be accurately characterised. Now, metaphysical investigation requires no plea of utility any more than life, of which, in fact, it is but one among many forms. As the life of a bird consists principally in flying and singing, of a toad in creeping, and of a weasel in running after rats, and an ichneumon in breaking crocodiles' eggs, so the life of certain persons called metaphysicians consists in hunting after first principles; and no person is entitled to question the use of this particular species of activity, any more than to inquire why all foxes should not be bears, or all bears should not be foxes. The good people of Miletus, as Aristotle tells us in the first book of the Politics, used to be very hard on Thales, the grave old water-philosopher, for his strange habits of star-gazing when sensible people were asleep; in astronomy and meteorology they could see no use: but when on a certain occasion, by help of curious meteorological observations, the philosopher had foretold the state of the weather and the prospects of the olive crop—and not only so, but also filled his own pockets and outwitted all the merchants in Ionia by getting the command of the olive market—then they doubted no longer the utility of philosophy, and the solid terrestrial value of gazing at the far firmament. But Thales did not for that reason become a merchant. He happened to make money by his meteorology on that occasion; but money was not the thing he cared for—he therefore remained a philosopher as before, thinking nothing of this grand exhibition of the utility of his speculations. He thought that knowledge, and the exercise of our highest faculties, was in itself, and with no ulterior purpose, as worthy an object to be lived for—or say rather as proper a function of living—as gathering olives from green trees, squeezing oil out of them, and exchanging that oil for so many pieces of yellow gold. Nothing indeed could more distinctly show the necessity of metaphysics, than that certain people will put the question *what is the use of it*. The very putting of this question shows that the persons who put it have formed to themselves no distinct idea of what an *end* or *object* is as distinguished from a *means*, a *work* as dis-

tinguished from a *tool*; are perhaps living altogether at random, or in the daily habit of mistaking a material instrument for a moral purpose, a mere machinery for a manufacture. For if the first result of metaphysical investigation be, as we have just indicated, a merely negative one, to ascertain beyond what limits the human mind cannot go, there comes out also, as the necessary correlative of this, the positive result of how far the human mind can go and ought to go. It is a pettish humour that leads the baffled speculator altogether to despise what appears a merely negative result; no result of a large and well-conducted inquiry is, or can be, merely negative. If you find your north-west passage blocked up with eternal ice, you have at all events sailed over some large space of salt water that is not blocked with ice; you have made your observations on white and red snow, on bears and porpoises, on the northern lights, and on the magnetic pole of the earth. You have, moreover, spurred the enterprise and steeled the hardihood of our British navigators. Though baffled in what you set up as your main end, you have gratified your curiosity in a thousand other points equally interesting—in a large human view, perhaps more so. Your negative result, how far soever beneath the altitude of your anticipation, is certainly a great way above the level of nothing. Be thankful for that.

It is amusing among men to observe how many persons in this country, fond of proclaiming their aversion to metaphysics, are found daily in their reasonings to proceed on principles of which metaphysical science supplies the only exact and satisfactory foundation. A painter, for instance, if he be an honest devotee of his art, and no hireling, is dissatisfied when you attempt to break off from the discussion of the merits of some famous work of art, by quoting the vulgar maxim *De gustibus non est disputandum*, and publicly declaring your belief in Lord Jeffrey's famous heresy, that beauty is a mere matter of association, and has no fixed principles of certitude. He knows by experience, or at least he feels, and has spent his life in the practical carrying out of the contrary.

He believes that there are eternal principles of beauty, recognised equally by Praxiteles and Raphael, subject to no innovation, and imperatively commanding assent from every thinker that knows what art means. The belief in these principles, as indeed of all first principles, is essentially metaphysical,\* can be justified by no science but that which is above and beyond anything that mere external nature and sensuous feeling can witness to—and yet your painter hates metaphysics! So our Protestant theologians, who are eager to build the exquisite architecture of their creeds on “the Bible, the whole Bible, and nothing but the Bible,” are continually starting from a foundation which owes any stability it can possibly receive, not to the Bible, but to that substructure of ineradicable convictions and instincts in the mind of man, which it is the business of metaphysics to muster and to marshal. And yet your theologian suspects philosophy! It is in vain, indeed, that the far-spraying, fair-blossoming, rich-fruited branches of the great tree of our humanity strive to shake themselves free from the deep earth-imbedded root, which, though it lives in darkness, is the great conductor of those vital juices, without which neither branches, nor blossoms, nor fruits can exist. No man is bound to cultivate, but as little is he entitled to despise, metaphysics. If you have no time or no inclination to make a reasoned system of the principles and motives on which you are daily acting, and as a man cannot but act, you have no right to quarrel with those who do so.

Such are the general views that strike us with regard to the nature and objects of metaphysical science, and its right to maintain that position which it has always claimed among the liberal arts. We shall now see how Professor Ferrier states his own case.

“A system of philosophy is bound by two main requisitions,—it ought to be true, and it ought to be reasoned. If a system of philosophy is not true, it will scarcely be convincing; and if it is not reasoned, a man will be as little satisfied

with it as a hungry person would be by having his meat served up to him raw. Philosophy, therefore, in its ideal perfection, is a body of reasoned truth.

“Of these obligations, the latter is the more stringent: it is more proper that philosophy should be reasoned, than that it should be true; because, while truth may perhaps be unattainable by man, to reason is certainly his province, and within his power. In a case where two objects have to be overtaken, it is more incumbent on us to compass the one to which our faculties are certainly competent, than the other, to which they are perhaps inadequate.

“This consideration determines the value of a system of philosophy. A system is of the highest value only when it embraces both these requisitions—that is, when it is both true and reasoned. But a system which is reasoned without being true, is always of higher value than a system which is true without being reasoned.

“The latter kind of system is of no value; because philosophy is “the attainment of truth *by the way of reason*.” That is its definition. A system, therefore, which reaches the truth, but *not* by the way of reason, is not philosophy at all; and has, therefore, no scientific worth. The best that could be said of it would be, that it was better than a system which was neither true nor reasoned.

“Again, — an unreasoned philosophy, even though true, carries no guarantee of its truth. It may be true, but it cannot be certain; because all certainty depends on rigorous evidence—on strict demonstrative proof. Therefore no certainty can attach to the conclusions of an unreasoned philosophy.

“Further,—the truths of science, in so far as science is a means of intellectual culture, are of no importance in themselves, or considered apart from each other. It is only the study and apprehension of their vital and organic connection which is valuable in an educational point of view. But an unreasoned body of philosophy, however true and formal it may be, has no living and essential interdependency of parts on parts; and is, therefore, useless as a discipline of the mind, and valueless for purposes of tuition.

“On the other hand, a system which is reasoned, but not true, has always some value. It creates reason by exercising it. It is employing the proper means to reach truth, although it may

\* This is Aristotle's well-known definition, in *Metaphysics*, i. 2:—“*Ἐπιστήμη τῶν ἀρχῶν ἀρχῶν καὶ αὐτῶν θεωρεῖται.*”

fail to reach it. Even though its parts may not be true, yet if each of them be a step leading to the final catastrophe—a link in an unbroken chain on which the ultimate disclosure hinges—and if each of the parts be introduced merely because it is such a step or link,—in that case it is conceived that the system is not without its use, as affording an invigorating employment to the reasoning powers, and that general satisfaction to the mind which the successful extrication of a plot, whether in science or in romance, never fails to communicate.

"Such a system, although it falls short of the definition of philosophy just given, comes nearer to it than the other; because to reach truth, but not by the way of reason, is to violate the definition in its very essence; whereas to miss truth, but by the way of reason, is to comply with the fundamental circumstance which it prescribes. If there are other ways of reaching truth than the road of reason, a system which enters on any of these other paths, whatever else it may be, it is not a system of philosophy in the proper sense of the word."

This looks modest enough; but the Professor is by no means destitute of that high confidence in his own system, without which no man will attempt so arduous a work as a reasoned theory of "Knowing and Being." Indeed, through the whole body of the work, he may well be charged rather with an over-confidence in his own footing on ground so slippery, than with a deficiency in that decision which is necessary for the pronouncement of a distinct dogma. He tells you, loudly, that he considers himself to have made a great speculative discovery that no man ever made before, unless it were Plato, perhaps, and Bishop Berkeley, and Spinoza; but these three, great as they were, only saw through a glass darkly, whereas Professor Ferrier looks on absolute knowing and being in the face, and, like Diomedes, sees clearly all the gods in the battle, because Pallas Athena has blown from his eyes the mist that obscured the vision of all previous champions. This will, no doubt, be an offence to many; and there is a whole army of keen Hamiltonians in this city who will not willingly be reputed blind: but, for our own part, we have a very kindly feeling to any man who is mounted on a hobby,

especially a metaphysical hobby; and when he rides so valiantly, and so gracefully too, as Professor Ferrier unquestionably does, instead of curling the critical brow, we are inclined rather to give our good humour full swing, and to cry, *Bravo! Euge! σοφως!* even to what we do not perfectly understand. A ship with full sail and a galloping tide will often ride gallantly over shallows, where a moderately-tigged slow-sailing hulk would be stranded. With a half-conviction we should never have got this theory of Knowing and Being at all; but now we have it, and rejoice. In such matters, a great attempt is better than in other matters a small success. If, again, the grand problem has been truly solved—if the *τὸ ὄντως ὂν*—that which veritably exists—the alone true and the truly substantial—is, through the subtlety of our Saint Andrean Professor, at length within our gripe—there is nothing impossible, or contrary to the history of human science, that the discovery should now for the first time have been made, or at least clearly and consistently stated; for though the principles of metaphysical truth are deeply seated in the heart of humanity, their evolution is slippery, and their exposition difficult. On this subject the Professor's introduction contains some admirable observations, which we shall here subjoin:—

"The unreasoned and generally unsatisfactory state of philosophy is to be explained by the circumstance, that no inquirer has ever yet got to the beginning; and this, again, is to be accounted for by a fact for which no man is answerable, but which is inherent in the very constitution of things—the circumstance, namely, that things which are *first* in the order of nature are *last* in the order of knowledge. This consideration, while it frees all human beings from any degree of blame, serves to explain why the rudiments of philosophy should still be to seek, and why speculation should have exhibited so many elaborate, although unreasoned and ungrounded, productions, while its very alphabet was in arrear. This view may be the better of some illustration.

"First principles of every kind have their influence, and indeed operate largely and powerfully, long before they come to the surface of human thought

and are articulately expounded. This is more particularly exemplified in the case of language. The principles of grammar lie at the root of all languages, and preside over their formation. But these principles do their work in the dark. No man's intellect traces their secret operation, while the language is being moulded by their control. Yet the mind of every man, who uses the language with propriety and effect, is imbued with these principles, although he has no knowledge of their existence. Their practice and their influence are felt long before their presence and their existence are perceived. The operative agencies of language are hidden; its growth is imperceptible.

'Crescit occulto, velut arbor, ævo.'

Like a tree, unobserved through the solitudes of a thousand years, up grows the mighty stem, and the mighty branches of a magnificent speech. No man saw the seed planted—no eye noticed the infant sprouts—no mortal hand watered the nursing of the grove—no register was kept of the gradual widening of its girth, or of the growing circumference of its shade—till, the deciduous dialects of surrounding barbarians dying out, the unexpected bole stands forth in all its magnitude, carrying aloft in its foliage the poetry, the history, and the philosophy of a heroic people, and dropping for ever over the whole civilised world the fruits of Grecian literature and art.

"It is always very late in the day before the seminal principles of speech are detected and explained. Indeed, the language which owed to them both birth and growth may have ceased to be a living tongue before these, the regulating elements of its formation, come to light, and are embodied in written grammars. That most elementary species of instruction which we familiarly term the A, B, C, had no express or articulate existence in the minds, or on the lips, of men, until thousands of years after the invention and employment of language; yet these, the vital constituents of all speech, were *there* from the beginning.

"Logic is another instance. Men reasoned, generation after generation, long before they knew a single dialectical rule, or had any notion of the construction of the syllogism. The principles of logic were operative in every ratiocination, yet the reasoner was incognisant of their influence until Aristotle anatomised the process, and gave out the law of thought in its more obvious and ordinary workings. Whether Aristotle's rudiments of logic have not an antecedent rudiments—which time may yet bring to

light—is a somewhat unsettled problem in speculation.

"The same analogy may be observed, to a large extent, in the formation of our civil laws. The laws which hold society together, operate with the force of instincts, and after the manner of vague traditions, long before they are digested into written tables. The written code does not create the law; it merely gives a distinct promulgation, and a higher degree of authority, to certain floating principles which had operated on people's practice antecedently. Laws, in short, exist, and bind society, long before they exist as established, or even as known laws. They have an occult and implied influence, before they obtain a manifest and systematic form. They come early in the order of nature, but late in the order of knowledge; early in the order of action, but late in the order of thinking; early in the order of practice, but late in the order of theory.

"So in regard to philosophy. Its principles, like all other principles—like the elements of every science and of every art—though first in the order of nature, are last in the order of intelligence; only there is this difference between philosophy and all other creations, that its principles, being the earliest birth of time, are therefore among the very last that shall be completely extricated from the masses in which they lie imbedded. They force man's general powers forward into the light; for themselves, they shrink back, and keep aloof from observation. The invariable rule seems to be, that what is earliest in the progress of existence is latest in the progress of discovery.—a consideration which might lead us to suppose that all science can advance only by going, in a manner, backwards, or rather by *coming round*; that the infinite future can alone comprehend or interpret the secrets of the infinite past; and that the apotheosis and final triumph of human reason will be, when, after having traversed the whole cycle of thought, she returns—enriched only with a deeper insight and a clearer consciousness—to be merged in the glorious innocence of her primitive and inspired *incunabula*.

We shall now endeavour to give a short exposition of Professor Ferrier's system, and its relation to those of most note in the speculative world.

Concerning "knowing and being," as the two ultimate entities or forms of entity with which the science of first principles has to do, there are four main schemes towards one or

other of which all thinking men feel themselves necessarily determined,—

I. That which can be known, and that which alone exists, is one thing, viz., MATTER.

II. That which may be known, and that which alone exists, is one thing, viz., MIND.

III. Two things essentially diverse and opposite exist, the one active and the other passive — MATTER and MIND; and both are known separately and independently.

IV. Matter and mind both exist, but in such necessary interaction and intercommunion that they cannot be separated, and are not separately knowable. Nothing exists truly, or is knowable, but the conjoint concrete action of these two elements of all existence.

Of these schemes the reader will at once recognise in the first the system which is usually denominated MATERIALISM. Of all schemes of the philosophy of existence, this certainly is the most unsatisfactory and absurd; for it starts with ignoring that which we know better than anything else, viz., the spiritual unity within, and ends by turning the perplexing, but certainly not orderless, multiplicity without, which we can never directly know, into a chaos. We much doubt, indeed, whether a thoroughly consistent believer in mere matter ever existed; for mere matter, as we commonly conceive it, is something that does not and that cannot originate motion. The question, then—*πότεν ἡ ἀρχὴ τῆς κινήσεως*—*whence the beginning of motion?*—with which Aristotle pressed the early metaphysicians of his country, the materialist can only answer by assuming along with matter, or rather inherent in matter, a motive power or force, which altogether contradicts and annihilates the idea of matter as vulgarly conceived; and a materialist will then be, not a person who believes in mere matter, but in matter combined with blind, unintelligent, and purposeless force. Thus stated, this system, though altogether inadequate for the interpretation of the laws of a world where order is everywhere manifest, and confusion only occasional, at least takes a form which is not utterly nonsensical in the mere statement of it; and, in fact, nothing

is more easy than to point out how such a disorderly way of viewing the universe may arise. When a man's inner life has got into a habit of mere whim, freak, impulse, and ephemeral passion, and he has thus, by real experience, become acquainted with a little world of disorder within his own breast, it is not difficult, but rather extremely natural and easy, to suppose a similar chaotic state of the great world of which he is a part. Men are accustomed to make their gods after their own likeness. A confused microcosm—to borrow the phraseology of some of our old mystics—will not readily conceive, or may not willingly admit, the idea of a well-ordered macrocosm. The broken surface of a troubled pool will not reflect the clear image of the one unbroken sun. An ill-governed mind and a disorderly life, joined to a loose habit of thinking and a love of paradox, will generally be found sufficient to account for the existence of a thorough and consistent system of materialism such as we have described. But the fact is, that no word is used in a more loose way than Materialism; and as the most pious pantheists are in common parlance often slumped into the same category with insane and godless atheists, so we have no doubt that many an honest thinker has been branded as a materialist, who, if his maligners had understood the meaning of their own language, would have been sent adrift floating in the limbo of an unsubstantial Spiritualism with Bishop Berkeley.

The second of the four schemes above indicated is even this Idealism, or transcendental Spiritualism, regularly associated in this country with the name of the pious Bishop of Cloyne and the long-forgotten virtues of tar-water. This philosophy, in its pure and unmixed form, is more noble than the other, but not a whit more reasonable. Using the word "mind" in the sense naturally belonging to the word, as a permanent, central, intangible force, capable of projecting ordered schemes of thought and action, to say that nothing exists but mind, is to speak mere nonsense; for the world is made up not merely of motions, but of things that move and are moved. Pure idealism, therefore, like



pure materialism, starts with a glaring contradiction to its own terms; and it is not to be supposed that a sensible and sane man would be satisfied with such a baseless phantasm of a theory of the *τὸ ὅντως ὄν* even in a dream. Professor Ferrier accordingly denies that Bishop Berkeley refused his belief to the existence of matter; he only said that it was not knowable to the mind except through the medium of ideas, and does in fact derive all its worth and all its truth from mind, just as the solid many-nurturing earth derives all its form, all its colour, all its blossom, and all its fruitage from the divine power that walks aloft in the sky, which the oldest Greeks called Hyperion, and their later children Apollo. In this sense, also, we shall see that Professor Ferrier himself is an idealist; while to materialism, and every possible form and modification of the sensuous philosophy, from Epicurus down to Locke and Condillac, he presents a front of irreconcilable and internecine hostility.

The third scheme is not the scheme of any particular school of philosophers, so much as it is everybody's scheme, and the catholic categorical declaration of common sense. It is that scheme which, in his famous article on the theory of perception, Sir William Hamilton designates natural realism, or natural dualism. According to this doctrine, the existence both of mind and matter is assumed as the great primordial fact given in the act of consciousness, which no man ever doubts of but philosophers; because philosophers are the only race of men subject to the disease of attempting to prove everything, and who, with their feet firmly planted upon a rock, are guilty of the madness of being curious to demonstrate that they are not floating in the air. 'Tis an old story. "*Nihil est tum absurdum quod non dixerit aliquis philosophorum.*" But, on the other hand, common sense, when pronouncing on such matters, must not be allowed to be over-conceited. Common sense was given us to judge of common matters; but surely ontology, or the science of the *τὸ τί ᾗ ὄν*, is not so very simple and superficial a matter, but that "vulgar

thinking" may possibly err in pronouncing definitely thereon. There are mysteries about the connection, and inter-dependence of mind and matter, which no common sense ever did explain. While, therefore, we would by no means quarrel with those philosophers who assume mind and matter as two opposite and separable entities, which we are bound religiously to believe and take cognisance of as contrary, distinct, and separate, we cannot, on the other hand, charge with any flagrant absurdity the thinker who refuses to take cognisance of matter or mind separately, but insists pertinaciously on the fact, that what we know and what we are is not so properly an opposition of two separate and contrary things, as a combined concrete action of two things contrary, indeed, but always conjoined (like the opposite poles in a magnet), inseparable, and not even to be conceived of as separate. This view of the matter is the fourth of the four schemes, and also the theory of Professor Ferrier; to whom—whatever may be thought of its value— unquestionably belongs the merit of having been the first among our Scottish metaphysicians, clearly, distinctly, and elegantly to set it forth. No doubt "vulgar thinking" will be apt to be startled at a doctrine so directly in the teeth of its dearest and most familiar dogmas; but vulgar thinking would annihilate metaphysics altogether if it could; and it is the special mission of such thinkers as Professor Ferrier to teach common sense to take in a reef from its high-blown conceit, and confess, with Socrates, how much wisdom lies sometimes in a confession of ignorance. That a man of Professor Ferrier's subtlety and learning should profess himself not thoroughly satisfied with the received doctrine of the relation of mind to matter, may teach self-satisfied Common Sense that there may possibly be more things in Heaven and Earth, and in the human brain, than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the shop and the market-place. If a mouse, capable of living in a hole, and nibbling cheese, were to project a theory of political economy, this, placed side by side with Plato's *Commonwealth* and Aristotle's *Politics*, would

present an instructive sample of the "vulgar thinking" current among mice, no doubt; but men would object to many things, and perhaps find the whole attempt ludicrous. So the "vulgar thinking" of our wisest men of the field and the forum may contain many maxims at which angels smile, and which to a god shall appear sheer delusion. There is a vulgar notion, for instance, that gravitation is a property of matter, that attractions and repulsions of all kinds are properties of matter; but when this vulgar notion comes to be analysed, it will be found that there can be no attraction without the permanent action of a force; and that a force permanently acting according to a law, is the proper function, not of matter, but of mind, even according to the ideas of "vulgar thinking" itself. There is, therefore, in the whole extent of the external world, nowhere to be found anything corresponding to that which "vulgar thinking" calls matter *per se*; but always and everywhere that matter is presented to us in organic combination with mind working according to a law. In other words, as old Anaxagoras saw, more than two thousand years ago, to talk of a mass of ordered *ἄλγ* without a *νοῦς* to put it into order, and to keep it in order, is just as absurd as to suppose an organ playing without wind. So in all existence and in all knowledge where "vulgar thinking" supposes that there is an object, separably and distinctly known. Professor Ferrier, as a metaphysician, says that cognition is not the mere apprehension of an object, but the result of an action between the object and the knowing mind. As when an acid is brought into contact with an alkali, it is impossible for the keen fluid ever to lay hold of the acrid solid in such a way as that the alkali shall still be an alkali, and the acid an acid—but the action of the two is only possible on the condition that both shall lose their separate identity, and co-operate towards the production of a new compound; so knowledge is not possible of a thing, but only as the product of two things—which two things, for aught that we know, may be as inseparable and indispensable to one another, as the numerator is to the denominator of a

fraction. It is not the sun that gives light, when we see, nor the eye that sees; but seeing is the product of a living eye and a quickening sun, and, except as the expression of the conjunct action of these two factors, has no meaning.

Metaphysics have generally been accused of being useless; and Sir William Hamilton, in one of his massive and masterly essays in the *Edinburgh Review*, has favoured this idea so far, as to limit the utility of metaphysical thinking to the gymnastic which it supplies to the faculties; but in the doctrine which Professor Ferrier in this book presents, elaborated with such ingenious and erudite care, we are made familiar with a principle than which none that we know exercises a wider influence on the growth of opinion and the formation of character. The sophism of hasty generalisation has been often alluded to by logicians as the great source of error in our common reasonings; that is to say, our tendency from a few carelessly collected and inaccurately observed facts to draw sweeping conclusions, which may seem to us as a hobby-horse with which we shall override the universe. But take the other grand sophism of "vulgar thinking," which Mr Ferrier has exposed, viz., the imagination that the object of thinking is an object separate from the mind that knows it, and we shall soon see what a litter of lame Vulcans this haughty Juno, apart from her male and legitimate lord, has brought to light. A painter never pretends to give you the object which he represents—he only gives you his view of it; that is, in Professor Ferrier's phraseology, *the object plus his point of view, his faculty of vision and representation*—that is, notwithstanding the *plus*, something always considerably less than the whole object: but in our moral, political, and religious judgments of all kinds, we continually forget that the thing on which we give judgment is one thing, and the point of view from which we judge it another thing. Not that we would articulately declare ourselves infallible—we leave it to the Roman Pope to do that; but we do not deliberately and clearly see, perhaps never wish or care to see, how much the result which

we present as a purely extrinsic and objective something, is inoculated with a strange virus which comes from our own bad blood. We quietly assume that our judgment of the thing is really identical with its inmost nature and character; we drop the ego out of the account, and calculate very valiantly that  $5 - 2$  is still equal to 5! Hence arises the gigantic pretence, the dogmatism, the despotism, and the intolerance of opinion in individuals, but specially in great masses and associations of men. Hence church rages against church, and dogma tramples dogma on the ground; hence the Czar of Russia styles himself the alone orthodox, and does not care to know anything of the claims of John Knox and other orthodox personages in this quarter of the world. For why? — simply because they have ignored Professor Ferrier's great proposition, that all cognition is a compound of the object known and the mind which knows it; and that some fragment of every belief, not yet purged by philosophy, must be a figment of him who holds it. So much for the amount of error, which the untutored Ego may impart into cognition; but the Ego, when separated from the disturbing elements of crude passion that envelop it, is the foundation of the most important familiar truth; in which capacity also, however, it is too often disregarded, and becomes the source of another class of errors, which Professor Ferrier has, in the following passage, very forcibly and elegantly set forth.

"That the common, permanent, and necessary constituent of all knowledge should not have been brought clearly to light, and turned to good account, and had all its consequences pressed out of it long before now, is not a little remarkable. It has scarcely, however, been even enunciated — certainly not emphatically dwelt upon. There cannot be a doubt that speculation, from a very early period, has aimed at the ascertainment of the immutable and universal feature which all cognitions present. It might have been expected, therefore, that the first consideration which would have occurred to the inquirer would have been this, that the factor in question must be that which we are more familiar with than we are with anything else — must be that, to find which we must have a very short way to

go. For, surely, that which we always know, and cannot help knowing, must be that which we are best acquainted with, that which lies nearest to our hand, and which may be most readily laid hold of. This reflection might have been expected to bring him to the question, What, then, is that which we are most familiar with, and cannot help knowing, during every conscious moment of our lives? And this question would have been followed, one might have thought, by the prompt answer, It is *ourselves*. Nevertheless, both the question and the answer were missed. The common element has indeed been sometimes obscurely indicated, but its importance has never been efficiently proclaimed; its fruits have never been gathered in. The words inscribed over the porch of the temple at Delphi, *γινώσκω σεαυτόν* — which, properly interpreted, must mean "Consider well; it is *thyself*, oh man, that thou art conscious of, in and along with all that comes before thee" — have been oracular in vain.

"Several causes might be pointed out in explanation of this oversight: they are, however, mostly, if not entirely, reducible to the one great and leading cause which has been already referred to; to wit familiarity. The influence of this principle in deadening the activity and susceptibility of the mind is overwhelming to an extreme. Drugged with this narcotic, man's intellect turns with indifference from the common and the trite, and courts only the startling and the strange. Every one must have remarked, both in his own case and in that of others, how prone we are to suppose that little advantage and no valuable result, can accrue from a careful study of that to which we are thoroughly habituated. "Perpetual custom," says Cicero, "makes the mind callous, and people neither admire nor require a reason for the things which they constantly behold." Rare events are the natural aliment of wonder; and, when it cannot be supplied with these, our inquisitiveness is apt to languish and expire. Abundant examples of this tendency — this proneness to prefer the unusual to the customary, and to conceive that things are marvellous in proportion to their rarity, and that the seldomer they appear the more are they entitled to our regard — might be drawn from the practice of mankind in the daily conduct of life, as well as from the history of science in all periods, but especially in the earlier stages of its development. The Science of an untutored age passes by unheeded the ordinary appearances of nature; but her interest is easily aroused, her attention is readily enchaind, by such

mysterious portents as the earthquake and the eclipse. She is blind to the common and familiar phenomena of light; she is deaf to the common and familiar phenomena of sound: she has eyes only for the lightning; ears only for the thunder. She asks with eager curiosity,

Quæ fulminis esset origo,—  
Jupiter, an venti, discussâ nube tonarent?

But she leaves unquestioned the normal or every-day presentments of the senses and the universe; she pays the tribute of admiration to nature's exceptions far more promptly than to her majestic rule.

"It is thus that uncultivated men neglect their own household divinities, their tutelary Penates, and go gadding after idols that are strange. But this proclivity is not confined to them; it is a malady which all flesh is heir to. It is the besetting infirmity of the whole brotherhood of man. We naturally suppose that truth lies in the distance, and not at our very feet; that it is hid from our view, not by its proximity, but by its remoteness; that it is a commodity of foreign importation, and not of domestic growth. The farther it is fetched the better do we like it—the more genuine are we disposed to think it. The extraordinary moves us more, and is more relished, than the ordinary. The heavens are imagined to hold sublimer secrets than the earth. We conceive that what is the astonishing to us, is also the astonishing in itself; thus truly making 'man the measure of the universe.' In this superstition the savage and the *sarav* fraternise (bear witness, mesmerism, with all thy frightful follies!)—and, drunk with this idolatry, they seek for truth at the shrine of the far-off and the uncommon; not knowing that her ancient altars, invisible because continually beheld, rise close at hand, and stand on beaten ways. Well has the poet said,

'That is the truly secret which lies ever open  
before us;  
And the least seen is that which the eye  
constantly sees.'

SCHILLER.

But, dead to the sense of these inspired words, we make no effort to shake off the drowsing influence, or to rescue our souls from the acquiescent torpor, which they denounce—no struggle to behold that which we lose sight of, only because we behold it too much, or to penetrate the heart of a secret which escapes us only by being too glaringly revealed. In lead of striving, as we ought, to render ourselves strange to the familiar, we strive, on the contrary, to render ourselves familiar with the strange. Hence our better

genius is overpowered; and we are given over to a delirium, which we mistake for wisdom. Hence we are the slaves of mechanism, the inheritors and transmitters of privileged error; the bondsmen of convention, and not the free and deep-seeing children of reason. Hence we remain insensible to the true grandeurs and the sublimer wonders of Providence; for, is it to be conceived that the operations of God, and the order of the universe, are not admirable, precisely in proportion as they are ordinary; that they are not glorious, precisely in proportion as they are manifest; that they are not astonishing, precisely in proportion as they are common? But man, blind to the marvels which he really sees, sees others to which he is really blind. He keeps stretching forwards into the distant; he ought to be straining backwards, and more back, into the near; for there, and only there, is the object of his longing to be found. Perhaps he may come round at last. Meanwhile, it is inevitable that he should miss the truth."

From this extract the reader will see that in Professor Ferrier he has not to do with a mere metaphysician—that is, according to "vulgar thinking," a dim grey anatomy of abstractions, but with a living man that can handle a pen, in literary form, feature, and expression well-rounded and complete. There are, indeed, many indications in the present volume that the author is something more than an academic thinker, and is well able to put forth fair buds and blossoms of rich concrete beauty, so far as his subject will allow. On several occasions he bursts out not at all like a sober Professor with a black gown, but very like an alert brush-tailed red squirrel, sometimes even like a bomb at Sevastopol exploding furiously beside a sick man's hammock. Witness the following:—

"The early physiologists gave out that the mind was some kind of *aura* or finer breath, some highly attenuated species of matter; but they certainly never succeeded in showing that it was known as this. That very important point was prejudged. Their hypothesis was founded upon analogy. Matter was patent to universal observation. All things were seen to be material. Man's organism was material,—why should not his mind, his most intimate self, follow the same analogy, and be material too? Hence its materiality was assumed. The word,

indeed, by which the thinking principle is designated in all languages bears evidence to the inveteracy of the superstition that the conception of mind might be formed by conceiving a material substance of extreme fineness and tenuity. Many circumstances have conspired to keep this fanaticism in life. The supposed visibility of ghosts helps it on considerably; and it is still further reinforced by some of the fashionable deliriums of the day, such as *clairvoyance* and (even A. D. 1854, *credite posteri!*) spirit-rapping. These, however, are not to be set down—at least so it is to be hoped—among the normal and catholic superstitions incident to humanity. They are much worse than the worst form of the doctrine of materiality. These aberrations betoken a perverse and prurient play of the abnormal fancy—groping for the very holy of holies in kennels running with the most senseless and god-abandoned abominations. Our natural superstitions are bad enough; but thus to make a systematic business of fatuity, imposture, and profanity, and to imagine, all the while, that we are touching on the precincts of God's spiritual kingdom, is unspeakably shocking. The horror and disgrace of such proceedings were never even approached in the darkest days of heathendom and idolatry. Ye who make shattered nerves and depraved sensations the interpreters of truth, the keys which shall unlock the gates of heaven, and open the secrets of futurity—ye who inaugurate disease as the prophet of all wisdom, thus making sin, death, and the devil, the lords paramount of creation—have ye bethought yourselves of the backward and downward course which ye are running into the pit of the bestial and the abhorred? Oh, ye miserable mystics! when will ye know that all God's truths and all man's blessings lie in the broad health, in the trodden ways, and in the laughing sunshine of the universe, and that all intellect, all genius, is merely the power of seeing wonders in common things!"

What say you to this, gentle reader? Surely the man that wrote these sentences has blood in his veins; and that's more, one sometimes thinks, than could be said of Aristotle. Professor Ferrier, indeed, seems in his whole make and type to fraternise more largely with Plato than with the Stagyrity. What a fine compliment to the grand architect of the ideal philosophy is paid in the following short passage:—

"Nevertheless, if Plato was confused and unsystematic in execution, he was large in design, and magnificent in summarise. His pliant genius sits close to universal reality, like the sea which fits in to all the sinuosities of the land. Not a shore of thought was left untouched by his murmuring lip. Over deep and over shallow he rolls on, broad, urbane, and unconcerned. To this day all philosophic truth is Plato rightly divined; all philosophic error is Plato misunderstood."

But there are other things about Plato, in Mr Ferrier's book, well worthy of very serious consideration. What, for instance, will Professor Thomson of Cambridge, and his brother Platonists, say to the following exposition of the *ἀνοθητόν* and the *νοητόν*?—

"We have had expositors of Plato, commentator after commentator, talking of their great master's super-sensible world as something very sublime—something very different from the sensible world in which the lot of us poor ordinary mortals is cast—insinuating, moreover, that *they* had got a glimpse of this grand supramundane territory. Rank impostors. Not one of them ever saw so much as the fringes of its borders; for there is no such world for them to see; and Plato never referred them to any such incomprehensible sphere. This *terra incognita* is a mere dream—a fable, a blunder of their own invention. *Plato's intelligible world is our sensible world.* We shall see by-and-by in the ontology that this announcement may require a very slight modification, but one so slight that meanwhile it may be proclaimed, in the broadest terms, that Plato's intelligible or super-sensible is our sensible world—just the material universe which we see and hear and handle: this, and nothing but this, is Plato's ideal and intelligible home. But then,—his sensible world must be moved a peg downwards. It must be thrust down into the regions of nonsense. It must be called, as we have properly called it, and as he certainly meant to call, and sometimes did call it, the nonsensical world, the world of pure infatuation, of downright contradiction, of unalloyed absurdity; and this the whole material universe is, when divorced from the element which makes it a knowable and cogitable thing. Take away from the understood the element which renders it understandable, and nonsense must remain behind. Take away from the intelligible world—that is, from the

system of things by which we are surrounded—the essential element which enables us, and all intelligence, to know and apprehend it, and it must lapse into utter and unutterable absurdity. It becomes—not nothing—remember that—not nothing, for *nothing*, just as much as *thing*, requires the presence of the element which we have supposed to be withdrawn; but it becomes more than nothing, yet less than anything; what the logicians term ‘an excluded middle.’ The material world is not annihilated when the intelligible element is withdrawn—as some rash and shortsighted idealists seem inclined to suppose. Very far from that: but it is worse, or rather better, than annihilated: it is reduced to the predicament of a contradiction, and banished to the purgatory of nonsense.”

Before concluding, we must make one remark on a phasis of Professor Ferrier's philosophy, not the least important in a practical point of view,—we mean the remarkably concrete and real character which it presents. The shallow conclusion, from a first glance at the Professor's book, that some persons may have made—viz., that he is a transcendental idealist, who will have nothing to do with matter—will be sufficiently checked by the following extract:—

“It may be proper at this place to remark, parenthetically, that the discussion respecting matter *per se* is interesting and important, not so much on account of any conclusion as to the independent existence or non-existence of matter which the inquiry may lead to, as on account of the truths in regard to knowing and thinking which the research brings to light. Philosophers have been too apt to overlook this consideration, and to suppose that the main object of the research was to prove something either *pro* or *con* respecting material existence. That, however, is a point of very secondary importance, and one which, at the outset, ought not to be attended to at all. The inquiry should be gone into as if it were merely the smelting process, by which the most secret and essential laws of cognition and of thought are to be extricated from the dross of ordinary opinion, and submitted to the attention of mankind. Viewed in this light, the importance of the discussion cannot be too highly estimated. The agitation of no other question can make known to us the fundamental laws of all knowledge—the binding necessities of all reason. If any other topic will answer this purpose, let it be announced: philo-

sophers will very readily proceed to its examination. Would people inquire directly into the laws of thought and of knowledge, by merely looking to knowledge or to thought itself, without attending to *what* is known, or to *what* is thought of? Psychology usually goes to work in this abstract fashion; but such a mode of procedure is hopeless,—as hopeless as the analogous instance by which the wits of old were wont to typify any particularly fruitless undertaking,—namely, the operation of milking a he-goat into a sieve. No milk comes in the first instance, and, *even that* the sieve will not retain! There is a loss of nothing twice over. Like the man milking, the inquirer obtains no milk in the first place; and, in the second place, he loses it, like the man holding the sieve. Modern wit has not equalled that intolerable jest, which describes exactly the predicament of our psychologists, in their attempts to ascertain the laws of thinking and knowing, by merely looking to these, considered as mental operations. Our Scottish philosophy, in particular, has presented a spectacle of this description. Reid obtained no result, owing to the abstract nature of his inquiry; and the nothingness of his system has escaped through the sieves of all his successors. They drag for abstractions in nets composed of abstractions; and, consequently, they catch very few fish. If we would avoid this termination to our toils; if we would protect ourselves against the unpleasantness of losing no result twice over, we must go to work in a very different way. It is of no use inquiring into the laws of knowing and thinking, considered as abstract operations. We must study the contents, and not the mere form of knowledge; for the form without the contents,—the law without that which the law determines,—is elusory as the dream of a shadow. We must ask, and find out, *what* we know, and *what* we think;—in other words, we must inquire whether matter *per se* be what we know or think, or whether we have not, all along, been practising an imposition upon ourselves in imagining that this was what we knew, when, in truth, this was not what we knew. If any important conclusions are to be reached, the concrete, and not the abstract, must be the object of our investigation, and this is what these Institutes have endeavoured to keep constantly in view.”

In these observations is brought out a point of the utmost importance for all metaphysical inquirers. “*They drag for abstractions in nets composed*

*of abstractions ; and, consequently, they catch very few fish."* We would have this sentence written in letters of gold on the frieze of every metaphysical professor's hall. By all means, Mr Ferrier, let us have done with abstractions ! If we are to have a reasoned system of first principles, let it be a system of the principles of our whole life in this complex order of things, not merely of one-half of it, imagined as separate from that from which it never is separated. From this distinct recognition of the essentially concrete nature of all knowledge, we anticipate the greatest benefits to metaphysical science. Under this form, it will no longer insist on standing alone, as it were, on a haunted tower, holding grey communion with itself, and with the ghosts of its own conceit ; but it will go forth lustily, and lend itself to poetry, and history, and art, inhabited, like the eloquence of Plato, by the very soul of music, and clad with the beauty of green fields. We hope, also, at no distant day, from the fair promise of the present volume, to see Professor Ferrier engaged in a work affording a larger field for "concrete" philosophy than the subtle discussion of the present volume presents. We have already said that he wields the pen gracefully, and that he is anything but a dry bloodless speculator, a "mere metaphysician ;"—

which, like a mere mathematician, a mere lawyer, a mere theologian, a mere scholar, or a mere anything else, is a monster always with a most religious instinct to be shunned. Would Professor Ferrier, who evidently reads Greek—not at all a necessary accomplishment in a Scotch professor of Moral Philosophy—perhaps be so kind as work out for us an elegant exposition of the philosophy of Plato in its principles and its applications ? Or shall we still be indebted for all our good books, on such subjects, to the Germans, with their eternal prosy interminable tomes, and complex overlaid sentences, the very aspect of which in a healthy-minded Briton produces horror ? Shall it be said that philosophical scholarship is to be found nowhere within the bounds of broad Scotland, save in the brain of Sir William Hamilton ? After two such names as Dr ADAMS of Banchoory, and Colonel MURK, may not Scottish scholarship at length aspire to rise from those "grammatic flats and shallows" in which it has been floundering, and dare to wing its way into those higher regions of thoughtful learning which have hitherto been swept almost exclusively by birds of German feather ? Is it altogether beyond the power of our five universities to produce a STAHR, a BRANDES, or a SCHLEIERMACHER ?

## SCHAMYL AND THE WAR IN THE CAUCASUS.

THE question has doubtless ere this been asked, How could it for a moment have entered into the heads of any of her Majesty's Ministers, that it was possible to remodel the constitution of the country by a new Reform Bill, and at the same time, by way of a light employment between its heavy readings, to conquer the Russian empire, a distance on the surface of which may be measured equal to half the diameter of the world at least, with a contingent of some twenty-five thousand men? The only answer to such a question must be, that Russia's powers of resistance have been greatly underrated, or at least that they have been measured by her apparent powers of aggression. And her powers of aggression have been measured by her inability to completely subdue a little mountainous corner of her vast dominions. It is quite true—while Russia was in amity with the Western powers, while England was busy spinning cotton and France was busy settling and unsettling her domestic affairs, as she is wont when she has nothing better to do, just as fastidious house-keepers move their furniture and re-hang their pictures, never satisfied with the last arrangement—that all this time the whole military power of this monster empire, unbroken and undistracted, was kept at bay year after year by a ridge of mountains, and a handful of semi-barbarous tribes garrisoning them. And this fact appears the more surprising when we consider that the Caucasus has been for a long time nothing more than a large fortress completely invested, having Russian land to the north and south of it, and Russian lakes to the east and west of it; nor even thus a compact fortress, but a long line requiring defence cut through the middle by the pass of Dariel, and dividing diagonally the trapezoid figure formed by a line drawn from the

Caspian to the Black Sea on the north, by the coast of the Caspian on the east, by the coast of the Black Sea on the west, and the Russian province of Georgia on the south-west and south, and thus assailable by sea or by land by a power possessing the resources of both, in every part of it.

Nor must it be forgotten that Russia has long established her garrisons in the outer works of this great fortress; that many of its original defenders have succumbed to her, and have even co-operated with her against their neighbours; and that it is only, as it were, the central keep or natural donjon which has held out in so unparalleled a manner. If we examine the conditions which have made such a state of things possible, our attention is primarily directed to two facts. The first is the easy defensibility of a country which is both mountainous and wooded; the second is the overwrought and uncompromising religious fanaticism of the inhabitants.

Now, it appears that there is but one way of effectually subduing a country that is both mountainous and wooded. This is to pierce the mountains with military roads and destroy the bush. But as the country must be subdued to a great extent before either of these measures can be taken, we are reminded of a means of bird-catching familiar to all nurseries. That even mountains comparatively bare present great military obstacles, has been abundantly proved, as they constitute natural fortresses of the very strongest kind—the deficiencies of which, where they exist, the very rudest kind of art is capable of supplying.

Nowhere do we get a better notion of this than in the picturesque narrative of Xenophon, where he describes the march of the Ten Thousand through the mountains of Kurdistan before they debouched on the wintry table-

*Schamyl als Feldherr, Sultan und Prophet und der Caucasus. Schilderungen der Völker und Länder Kaucaasiens.* Von Dr FRIEDRICH WAGNER. Leipzig, 1854.

*Die Kaukasischen Länder, mit Illustrationen und Karte.* Carl B. LÖCKE, in Leipzig.



lands of Armenia. Wherever there is a defile there are heights above it. The army must march through the defile, and the heights are in possession of the enemy; so it is necessary to storm the heights, in the face of all opposition, before the defile can be used; and even in case of the best success, when the heights are stormed and the main army has safely passed—unless the storming party are prepared to occupy the heights for ever—they must expect annoyance in retiring, as the enemy will probably immediately occupy the vantage-ground they have left. But difficult as it may be for a military power to act in a bare mountain country, this difficulty is incalculably increased by the existence of woods. In naked mountains, the enemy, though often difficult of access, may be found when looked for, and attacked; for where one man can climb, another can. Nor are even caverns an efficient protection, as a poor North African tribe once found to their cost, when, as has probably happened in more instances than one, they were smoked out. But it is otherwise in the case of woods. This any one who has been in the habit of fox-hunting may judge of from his own experience. Every sportsman knows the average extent of the largest covers, and how small they appear in comparison with a genuine continental wood. He also knows that he may have the bad luck to be kept in one a whole day, galloping in every direction, forwards, backwards, and sideways, pushing through thickets, plunging through quagmires, with his horse all thorns, and sweat, and excitement, pricking up his own ears at all kinds of strange noises which give alternate hope and disappointment, till at last his temper fails, and he begins to think Lord Chesterfield right, who, when asked why he did not go hunting, replied, "I have been." Now, this will give no bad notion of what war must be in the bush; the only difference being—and that no slight one, even to the strongest nerves—that each party is pursuer and pursued. It is hunting an enemy, who will never break cover if he can help it, for the good reason, that his means both of offence and defence

consist in keeping close to it, added to the occasional whistle of a ball from before or behind, and a puff of smoke from some tree or other; and as there are trees everywhere, any one of them may screen the next assailant. Thus, as we should expect, history abounds with instances of regular forces being bewildered and cut off in woods by irregular, who of course are the best suited to this kind of work. Besides many modern instances, one of the most striking of which was the misfortune of the French general Vandamme, in a *cul-de-sac* of wooded hills at Culm in Bohemia, we have an abundance of such cases before the invention of firearms; such as the loss of the Athenian force, under Demosthenes the general, in the woods of Ætolia; the defeat of the Roman army at the Caudine Forks; and the destruction of the legions of Varus in the Westphalian forest, which was part of that Hercynian wood which then covered the face of half Germany. But supposing the wood to be on even ground, and of limited extent, it is possible to clear it of the enemy, by a line of skirmishers advancing across it. Not so when it climbs the side of a snow-covered ridge, and extends far away over the horizon. This is perhaps the greatest condition of difficulty to an attacking army; and it is with this that the Russians have had to contend in the Caucasus. With a country of such a nature, it requires no great amount of courage in the defenders to give much trouble. But supposing courage and resolution in the defenders superadded to the difficulties of the ground, the unequal nature of the contest is increased, and we do not wonder that, in this way, mere handfuls of men have often put to flight large battalions. The most striking case of this that occurs to us was the battle of Morgarten in Switzerland, in which a large body of Austrian men-at-arms, amounting to some thousands, was attacked and discomfited by a few hundred herdsmen of Schwytz, Uri, and Unterwalden. To arrive at Schwytz from the plain country of Switzerland, it was necessary for the invading army to pass along the shore of the Lake of Egeri, at the end of which they found the passage closed by a wooded mountain dipping

down to the water's edge. As they were defiling round this corner, difficult enough of itself, on a sudden they were astonished by an avalanche of rocks and tree-trunks rolled down upon them from above by invisible hands; and, while in confusion, made more inextricable by the encumbrance of armour, they were attacked and slaughtered hand to hand by the light-limbed mountaineers, who drowned those they could not cut to pieces, and, stopping both ways of retreat, left few to tell the tale of the day.

We have mentioned the first condition which has enabled the Caucasians to hold their own so long against Russian aggression, and to keep their highlands standing dry in the deluge of her dominion, like a hog's-back reef in the sea. We now come to the other condition—the animus of the inhabitants, a strong independent feeling fostered by a religious fanaticism, kept at its highest pitch by a succession of prophets pretending to divine inspiration. Now we know that it is most poetical to refer heroic deeds done by small forces against large, to the simple inspiration of the love of liberty; but we question whether this feeling has not been immensely overrated as a motive of action. No people in the world, always excepting our friends of the Peace Society, like to be murdered and robbed without resistance; and no less than this has generally been the alternative of fighting, in cases where resistance has commonly been attributed to an innate love of freedom. The story of Tell, who is looked upon as the champion of Swiss liberty, is quite a case in point, whether it be true in fact, as we most sincerely believe, or a myth, as literary heretics love to think. Tell only flies to arms when the tyranny of Gessler has become personally inconvenient to himself. The abstract love of freedom is the result of education, and capable of becoming a strong motive of action only with the educated and refined. Hence the indifference of the great mass of the Italian people to the efforts of the revolutionary agitators, and, consequently upon that, the speedy exhaustion of the revolutionary fire. It is difficult to move the peasant of the Campagna, as long as his siesta may be taken equally

undisturbed under Pio Nono or Mazzini. We do not wish to pursue this subject further here, than merely to observe that, however agreeable it would have been to ourselves to represent the Caucasian tribes as actuated by a stern attachment to liberty in their resistance to Russia, it is perhaps more consistent with truth to say, that such resistance was principally brought about by religious fanaticism, kept at boiling-point by a series of personally interested chiefs. This is a case in which we must, it is to be feared, part with romance for the sake of truth, as Aristotle parted with Plato's theory of ideas, alleging that Plato and Truth being both his friends, his conscience obliged him to prefer Truth, in a case where they clashed. We should be delighted to make Schamyl and his people appear pure-minded and unselfish champions and martyrs of liberty at war with despotism. We fear that they must be looked upon chiefly in the light of bigots of the first water, puritan Mussulmans, hating everybody and everything Christian, and objecting to the Czar for a very different reason from that for which we object to him—namely, because they consider him as the very embodiment and quintessence of Christianity. They oppose him to the death, because they believe that his object is to convert them to his faith. That they think he means also to subvert their ancestral liberties, has doubtless a force with them, but a secondary one.

Before we proceed to speak of Schamyl, the chief instigator of the crusade against Russia—if that, indeed, can be called a crusade, which is a war of the Crescent against the Cross—we will just observe, by the way, that with the Circassians, properly so called, this movement has little to do.

The Circassians or Tcherkesses inhabit the mountains west of the Elburz, which overhang the coast of the Black Sea; while it is in the mountains east of the Elburz, and even farther still, east of the pass of Dariel, that the chief resistance to Russian power has been kept alive, the country to the westward having more or less submitted to Russia, and having been bridled with a set of frontier fortresses, extending from Redout Kalè to Anapa.

This limitation must be carried still farther. We see by the map that the Caucasus ends to the east in a point called Cape Apscheron, in the Caspian. From this point westward the mountains increase in extent and height, and being more accessible for some distance, from this point westward, have been Russianised, so that Daghestan is virtually joined to Georgia for nearly half its length; and to that extent the Russians may boast "il n'y a plus de Caucasus," as the French boasted once with regard to Spain, "il n'y a plus de Pyrénées." Thus the really independent tribes inhabit a comparatively small portion of the Caucasus. They are included in a loop formed by the Terek to the north and west of the main chain of mountains to the south, and the Kofssu to the east, and are called by the general names of Tchetchenzes and Lesghians. Amongst these tribes are laid the principal scenes of the life and exploits of Schamyl; and it will be seen by the map that the neighbourhood of Tiflis in Georgia is more exposed to their inroads than other parts of that Russian province. By this it appears how much more the subjection or independence of mountain tribes depends on geographical than on moral conditions. Thus the recesses of the Caucasus have proved, in modern times, as effectual a barrier to Russian conquest, as those of the Grampians did in ancient times to Roman, or in the middle ages to English; in modern times, the improvement of the means of offence requiring for the defence greater inaccessibility. Of these Caucasians the Ossetines are said by Dr Prichard to be probably of the purest and most ancient blood. These inhabit as nearly as possible the centre of the chain, close upon the country of the Tchetchenzes, whom we must therefore conclude, taking also into consideration the difficulty of their country, to partake in a great measure of the same characteristics. It is not probable that the Tartar and other conquerors of the East found the central Caucasus easier to subjugate than the Russians, who, whatever may be their barbarism in other respects, are quite as forward, as we find to our cost, as any nation of Europe in the art of war. The hostility of the Cau-

casian tribes to Russia is not new. We find in 1711 that the murder of several merchants' families by the Lesghians, induced Peter the Great to march against them at the head of twenty thousand men, supported by vessels in the Caspian. He punished the Lesghians effectually; built the fort of Sviatoikrest (Holy Cross) on the Sulak; took Derbend; ordered a descent on Baku, a town to the south of Cape Apscheron, where the roads from Georgia and Daghestan meet round the mountains, and pointed out the spots most favourable for the placing of castles. The Empress Anne lost all her possessions in the Caucasus, and contented herself with founding Iisliar, on an arm of the Terek of the same name, as a boundary to the Russian possessions in this direction. The Empress Elizabeth endeavoured to reduce the Ossetines, by sending missionaries to convert them; but their success was not equal to her wishes: they built a church, but could not fill it. The Empress Catherine II., however, was more successful. She took possession of Iiabardah, and founded Mosolok, on the northern curve of the Terek, and several of the surrounding tribes submitted to her. The power of Russia gradually increased all about the Caucasus, until the end of the eighteenth century; but the heart of the country still remained untouched. About the year 1812, General Jermoloff received the command of the Caucasian province, and he has left a reputation second to none of his predecessors. Yet it must be taken into due consideration, that the hostilities between Russia and the mountaineers were not so important then as they have become since, because at that time the different clans were at feud among themselves. Jermoloff conciliated the submissive tribes, but showed great severity towards those which still held out against him: The Schamyl of that time was Amulad Bey, who excited insurrection in Daghestan. He was taken prisoner, but managed to escape. Jermoloff, nevertheless, succeeded in suppressing the rebellion, and put a price on the head of Amulad. He, however, contrived to avoid all pursuit, and to vanish from the scene of action, leaving no trace behind him. In the year 1818, this

Jermoloff built some fortresses in the Tchetchna country; but the mountaineers surprised the castle of Amir Hadji Yar, and put the garrison to the sword. Two Russian generals, Grekof and Lissanewitch, came to besiege this castle, now in the enemy's possession. The Tchetchenzes fought till their powder was exhausted, and then made a rush, sabre in hand, by which they succeeded in cutting their way out through the Russian army. The Russians now thought it worth while to invite them to a conference. They dared, however, to admit only one Mullah to the council of war. Fearlessly did this Tchetchan listen to their proposals; but when the generals began to speak of falsehood and treachery, the proud mountaineer gave them back their own, and expressed his hatred against the oppressors of his country in the strongest and most unmeasured terms. "Peace, traitor," said general Grekof, "or I will have thee hanged." "Is that the way ye honour the laws of hospitality?" answered the Tchetchan, in a fury, threw himself on the general, and stabbed him to the heart. There was a clash of sabres, a report of pistols, the room was filled with soldiers; but before the Russians could bring down the Mullah, not only General Lissanewitch, but a colonel and two subordinate officers, had yielded their lives to the force of his single arm.

After the recall of Jermoloff, Paskiewitch was appointed to the command of this province. Without immediately assailing the central Caucasus, he drew the meshes of Russian conquest closer round it, by the subjugation of the Persian provinces to the south of it, and by his brilliant campaign in Asiatic Turkey in the year 1828. After this he was engaged in an expedition against Abchasia in 1831, which he left for the Polish war, resigning his command to General Pancratieff. About the same time the Russian general Pullah received a severe check in the so-called Devil's Pass, the Gibraltar of the Tchetchenzes.

General Williamoff, who died a natural death in 1839, inherited Jermoloff's popularity with his countrymen. He affected a peculiar style in his general orders, which commonly

began, "The worthless Tchetchenzes have again revolted;" and used such expressions as, "If heaven were to fall, the Russian bayonets would be able to prop it up." Absurd as this style may appear to European ideas, it was calculated to impose on Oriental imagination, and was defensible on the same grounds that the pompous restoration of the gates of Somnauth, in India, was defended.

A General Sass made his name so terrible in the Caucasus, by his rapid expeditions and severe measures, that it became a bugbear to unruly children, as those of many worthy and unworthy heroes of modern and ancient times have been. The same compliment was occasionally paid to Lizianoff; and Jermoloff himself was called by the Circassians the "Russian Devil." But the official successor of Paskiewitch, as governor-general of the Caucasus, was General Rosen. In the mean time the war had considerably extended its limits; for Kasi Mullah, like a true descendant of the Prophet, had gone forth preaching a holy war, with the standard of insurrection in one hand, and the Koran in the other. He raised Daghestan to revolt, attacked the Russian garrisons on the Caspian Sea with partial success, and plundered the adjacent country. To stop his aggressions, Rosen determined to attack him in his stronghold of Iimri, the place where he was born. He placed himself at the head of the expedition directed on this point in the year 1832; but though he shared its fatigues and perils, its laurels were reserved for Williamoff. On the 18th of October Kasi Mullah was massacred with his Murids; whilst Schamyl, one of this religious order, whose fame dates from that day, escaped in a marvellous and apparently miraculous manner. Before we proceed with our notice of this singular personage, we must caution readers that doubts have been entertained as to the simple fact of his existence, as if he had lived long ago instead of in our own time—the same kind of doubts that have been thrown out regarding the existence of Theseus or Hercules, or other semi-mythological characters. An habitual reserve and assumed sanctity has wrapt up Schamyl in the same obscurity in

which other heroes are enveloped by time and distance. Most of the facts related with regard to him only rest on hearsay evidence; some of them, as we shall see as we go on, being of a character to invalidate the evidence on which they rest. He is extraordinary and mysterious in every way, most extraordinary in the hair-breadth escapes he is said to have experienced. In this, as well as the general character of his exploits, he resembles closely the semi-fabulous hero of ancient *Mossonia*, *Aristomenes*. This difficulty of obtaining authentic information regarding *Schamyl*, seems owing in part to the unapproachableness of the scenes of his life, in part to the religious seclusion in which he lives, either from natural disposition, or with a view to his influence on those about him. The very nature of the narrow escapes told of him would make many sceptical as to his surviving them; for supposing them true, his safety would appear miraculous.

We have before mentioned the affair of October 18, 1832 (only twenty-three years ago, we must remark), when the Russians stormed the castle of *Himri*, after having long been kept at bay by *Kasi Mullah*, and the *Murid Schamyl*. They won the stronghold only after they had battered the defences with cannon, and also had fought for a long time hand to hand with the besieged. In the storm, *Kasi Mullah* fell, and several of the *Murids*. *Schamyl* himself, wounded by a musket-shot and bayonet-thrust, managed to cut his way out and disappear, to be heard of soon again in some other direction. This was the first of these strange escapes. One version of this event is singular. It was long maintained by some that *Schamyl* was taken prisoner at *Himri*, and, after having been brought to *St Petersburg*, appeared in his own country again as a Russian officer in arms against his countrymen; but having taken umbrage at some conduct of his general, deserted back to his own people. This story is again said to be true, not of *Schamyl*, but of one *Daniel Bey*, a Caucasian chieftain, who deserted the Russian service, in which he held a command, to join *Schamyl*. Two years afterwards, *Schamyl* is said to have had another escape of the same kind. The

story of this is connected with the "vendetta," or traditional family feud, which appears to be as common in the Caucasus as in Corsica, or as formerly among the Highland clans. In the country of *Daghestan*, that region about the south-western coast of the Caspian, lived a *khanum*, or princess, of the name of *Pashubike*, who, being Russianised, had acted as an enemy towards *Kasi Mullah*. *Hamsad Bey*, the follower of this prophet-chief, who was killed, as we may remember, at *Himri*, having enticed the two sons of this *khanum* into his tent, under pretence of negotiation, slew them, and by these means more easily succeeded in capturing *Chunsak*, her capital town, and putting the *khanum*, their mother, to death. Here was a glaring case for the avenger of blood. *Omar Khan*, the eldest son of the *khanum*, had been brought up with two brothers, named *Osman* and *Hadji Murad*. These brothers fell on *Hamsad Bey*, as he was worshipping in the mosque, and, undismayed by the sanctity of the place, killed him on the spot. This deed, however, cost one of them his life. *Osman* was sabred by the *Murids* who were present. His brother, however, escaped, and raised a revolt among the people, who fell upon the *Murids* in overwhelming numbers. Those who escaped the massacre which ensued made their way to the tower. *Schamyl* was one of these; and his presence, added to their despair, prolonged the defence. *Hadji Murad* ordered the tower to be set on fire. Two *Murids* only escaped. One was a man who had betrayed to *Hadji Murad* the original plan of his associates, after swearing to keep their secret. His escape was only for a time, for he was dragged back and burnt alive. The other was *Schamyl*. How he escaped, none knew; but he did escape, leaving no clue as to where or how he was gone. *Schamyl's* third extraordinary escape happened in the year 1839, at the taking of the fortress *Achulko*. This was a siege in which a remarkable contempt of death was displayed on both sides. The *Tchetchenzes* defended, and the Russians attacked. The place was at last carried in spite of the precipices on which it stood, and which were crowned not only by men, but by women, who

emulated the fabled Amazons of the Caucasus, and were seen above, in fluttering robes, loosening masses of stone, handling firearms, and exciting to the contest the men themselves. It was on account of Schamyl, and with hope of taking him that this eagle's nest was attacked. Achulko was taken, but not Schamyl. He was looked for, first among the slain, then among the prisoners; but he was nowhere to be found. There were left, indeed, a few Tchetchenzes, who had climbed to the clefts of the rocks higher up. Their movements were watched; and some, who gave themselves up, were asked if they knew what had become of Schamyl. After much hesitation, they confessed that he was still above, but intended to let himself down in the night, and make for the open country. His capture now seemed certain, and a party of soldiers were expressly set to watch for him. After waiting till midnight, this party heard a very slight noise overhead. Down came one of the mountaineers, who, after an examination of the ground, made a sign to those above that the coast was clear, and on this down came another as softly and as nimbly as a cat. A third followed. It must be he, thought the Russians, who as yet had not moved, for this one was wrapt in the white mantle which Schamyl was known to wear. The soldiers rushed out, pounced upon them, caught all three, and went off with them to the General's tent, eager for thanks and reward. Great was their disappointment when they found that neither of these was Schamyl. As for the real Schamyl, he had taken advantage of the short absence of the Russian guard to slip down at the same spot, and to gain the bank of the river Koissu. They fired in the direction in which they thought he was gone, but they could not prevent him from gaining the other bank and vanishing in his peculiar and supernatural manner.

Schamyl kept his own counsel with regard to this escape from Achulko; if his people considered it miraculous, so much the better for his influence over them.

This singular man, who has ever since these occurrences been the life and soul of the anti-Russian party in the Caucasus, is said to have been

thirty-seven years of age when he became chief of the Tchetchenzes. He was born in the village of Iimsi, the scene of the first of his great escapes, in the year 1797, and is consequently at present fifty-seven years of age, though said by some to be nearer seventy.

Of course, in such cases figures are hardly ever infallible. Men and women who lead hard lives in the mountains, look older than they are; and most semi-barbarous people seem to have a superstitious objection to too great accuracy on these points, so that those who obtain information from them can only profess to approximate to the numbers of a tribe or the age of an individual, as some railway directors, in defence of their notorious unpunctualities, only profess to approximate to the hours marked on their time-tables.

Schamyl, even in boyhood, distinguished himself by precocious intelligence, and a proud spirit impatient of control. He was never satisfied with a second place in any attainment, physical or intellectual. He ever strove to overcome a natural weakness of body by exertion strained to its highest pitch; and whenever he was surpassed in the sports and trials of strength in which he and his companions engaged, he would shut himself up for whole days to mourn over the discomfiture. Nor was his mind less active than his body. This was the reason why the untamable boy was yet all respect and obedience to one man who had power over him, that man being his tutor, Jellaladdin. By him he was thoroughly imbued with knowledge of the Koran and of the Arabian school of philosophy. His tutor, a member of the school of the Sufis, directed all the latent enthusiasm of the pupil into the channel of religious fanaticism, and by this mean prepared him to achieve his peculiar greatness. At the death of Hamsad Bey, Schamyl was invested with his mantle by acclamation. He has ever since remained the acknowledged head of an ultra-Mahomedan sect, the very Jesuits of Islam. He professes to be guided in all he says and does by direct inspirations from Allah. Then a feverish exaltation, not in his case without its majesty, attends his words

and deeds, and has a strong effect on those who are under him. "He has," says a poet of Daghestan, "lightnings in his eyes, and flowers on his lips."

He is of middle height, fair countenance, and light hair; but fire is added to his eyes by their contrast with the shade of dark and bushy brows. The only exception to an appearance of energy and youthfulness is a beard which has become grey early in life. Nor is this fiery activity artificially kept up, for, though an old campaigner, he messes like an anchorite. He eats little; he drinks, as some would say, nothing, as he only drinks water; and sleeps the fewest possible number of hours.

These particulars rest on the evidence of Russian prisoners of war who have returned from Daghestan. Schamyl's residence, or rather stronghold, was for a long time the castle of Achulko, the scene of the third of the strange escapes we have mentioned. He made his Russian prisoners build him a two-storeyed house there in European style. From this little spot he made his sway felt far and wide for many years. For some time he was without the sinews of war—he had no pay for his troops—in fact, it is said they had to keep him; yet their fanatical spirit, kindled by his, made him as rich in influence as if he had possessed millions. The lives of his Murids were at his disposal at a moment's notice, and at the slightest sign.

The Russian general Grabbe was the most determined enemy that Schamyl ever had. Having obtained permission to reach him if he could in his rat's-hole of Achulko, in the spring of 1837, he set out on his perilous expedition. The place was sixty versts from the most advanced Russian post. The intervening country was cut up with ravines, and it cost the Russians many toilsome days to arrive at the foot of the rock where Schamyl's castle stood. But as yet the invaders had none but natural difficulties to overcome. The Tchetchenzes had been gathering at Achulko to receive them, and thus had forborne to impede their march. The Russians thought that the great business was to get their guns and mortars within range of the castle; and this done, the surrender of the enemy would follow.

Shot and shell soon did their work on the rudely-built walls; but they were as far from taking the place as ever. The rock was burrowed like a rabbit-warren; and from the subterranean passages of this inland Gibraltar, the mountaineers, out of danger themselves, fired with the deadliest effect upon the besiegers. Nothing was to be done without storming, so an assault was attempted, which failed, with the loss of two-thirds of the assailants. Consideration for the lives of his men might have deterred a Wellington from a desperate attack on Burgos, and induced him to place his fame in abeyance till the next campaign, but was not likely to interfere with the programme of a Russian general. Two fresh assaults put the Russian commander in possession of two important points, and it was determined to attempt to carry the whole place by undermining it. The besieged, fearing to be blown up with the fortress, withdrew for a time to the surrounding rocks, and prepared to resist the assault there.

The Russians took advantage of their momentary panic to assault the place, and this time with success, on the 22d August 1839. All the garrison were put to the sword, Schamyl, it was believed, being among them. We have already related the particulars of his escape. He turned up suddenly and unexpectedly among the Tcherkesses or Circassians proper; and how he came there, no one knew. Driven from Daghestan, he preached with but moderate success the holy war against Russia among the Adighes and Ubiches. Finally, he reappeared in his own mountains, and established himself in Dargo, where Grabbe again determined to find him out, making the attempt in May 1842. This time the Russian general fared worse than the last. The Russian column got entangled in the woods and defiles, and in this state was fallen upon by Schamyl's people, and obliged to retreat with the loss of half its number. Ever since that time, war has been going on with changing fortunes, but unabated violence. Latterly, the pressure of the Russian power has been taken off the Caucasus by the war with Turkey, and Schamyl is said to have taken advantage of this to

make forays into the Russian territory, in which the mountaineers have carried off a considerable amount of booty, and on one occasion several Russian ladies, whose restitution the representatives of the allies at Constantinople are said to have endeavoured to procure, as a graceful present to a national enemy—with what success we know not. It is to be feared that some of them may have already been added to the numerous wives of the mountain chiefs, this fate having befallen other captive ladies. Schamyl is now no longer the mere head of the Tchetchenzes, but all the neighbouring tribes pay him the blindest obedience. His deeds against Russia are only a part of his greatness. The state of the Caucasus in our time has been like that of the Rhine-land in the middle ages—a sort of feudal anarchy, where what the Germans call “fist-right” was the only code of laws systematically acted upon. Not only was every tribe hostile to its neighbour on civil and religious grounds, but family was in feud with family in the same tribe, and the law of blood-vengeance, which we have already adverted to, was the rule under which all lived and many died. Schamyl, seeing that the perpetuation of this state of things prevented any common action against the public enemy, and especially objecting to offering up valuable lives to petty feuds, has managed to modify it so that even the hostile sects of the same religion—namely, those of Omar and Ali—are induced by him to make common cause against the Christian foe. When it is taken into consideration that religious sects commonly hate each other more in proportion to the slightness of their doctrinal differences, and in all cases each other more than those of an entirely opposite religion, this will not appear the least difficult task that he had to perform. The whole of the country over which he rules is divided into twenty provinces, each governed by a man called *Il Naib*; but only four of these governors, who are the most tried adherents of the prophet, have absolute authority: the rest are obliged to refer to the superior power for the ratification of their acts. Each furnishes three hundred horsemen—

every ten families providing one. The family to which that one rider belongs is exempt from other imposts: the other nine furnish equipment and provision. These horsemen must be ready to mount and ride for their lives at all times, even in the night. This reminds one of the martial law enforced by the fiery cross of the Highland clans. In the year 1843, Schamyl had eight thousand of such horsemen. These serve for his standing army; but besides these he has a militia. The whole male population of the Auls or Caucasian hundreds is exercised in arms and horsemanship. This militia is bound to defend its own district in case of attack, and on emergency to take a part in the prophet's expeditions. Schamyl's own body-guard consists of a thousand men, each of whom has a fixed portion of the spoils of war, besides an allowance of three florins a-month. To belong to this body is an object of ambition to all the Auls of Daghestan. Schamyl's revenues consisted at first entirely of the black mail he levied in the Russian provinces. Of this he had a fifth, according to immemorial custom. Of late, however, a regular taxation has been introduced, and the common treasure is swelled by a tithe of the harvest. Another source of the sinews of war is remarkable, considering the fanaticism on which the system rests. It consists of a kind of lay appropriation of the revenues of the mosques and dervishes; but some of the ministers of religion are indemnified by being taken into military service, and others by receiving civil appointments; and, after all, the war might be considered in the light of a crusade, and that, in carrying it on, religious funds would not be much misapplied. A system of couriers riding from village to village has also been set on foot, probably revived from antiquity, as we know the Persians had it in the time of Xenophon. Bravery in war is honoured, in the European manner, by orders; while the punishment of death is inflicted for cowardice, treachery, theft, or murder. Schamyl does not disdain to resort to pious frauds to uphold his power, and pretends, perhaps himself in part believing, that he has confer-



ences with Allah on the most important matters. These conferences are supposed commonly to take place once a-year, and he prepares himself for them by a long course of seclusion, prayer, and fasting. During the whole of this time his house is strictly watched, and no one is admitted to his presence. That Schamyl practises systematic imposition, is to be expected from his fanatical character; nor must we suppose this to detract from the sincerity of his fanaticism. A fanatic may impose, without being an impostor in the worst sense of the word. Nor is it quite correct to call Mahomet, or Cromwell, or Schamyl, half-fanatic, half-impostor. All fanatics practise imposition, because fanatics; nor must they therefore be charged with the moral meanness of those who impose for little selfish ends. Full of their own views of religion, they have no eyes to see the plain right and wrong of simply moral questions. The end of all they say and do is to them so paramount, that the means become a secondary consideration. This seems to us to constitute the very distinction between fanaticism and healthy zeal. But we must be cautious here of extending our charity too far; for by far the greater number of religious impostors are certainly not fanatics, but mere swindlers. Do not let us for a moment be supposed to place Schamyl in the same category with Joe Smith, the Mormon prophet, and the blasphemous leaders of the "Agapedome." Joe Smith's memory has the advantage of a quasi-martyrdom, and on the strength of this his followers are making hundreds of converts, especially among the Welsh sects. It is almost a pity that the people who lynched him did not content themselves with tar and feathers. Unless we take the more charitable view of Schamyl's fanaticism, nothing can be said in palliation of a crime which, according to Dr Wagner, will for ever stain his memory—a crime no less than matricide. The story is told by the German doctor much as follows: it seems to us of doubtful authority, as it was told to a Russian officer, name unmentioned, by one of the most confidential of the Murids, being not improbably a mere cock-and-bull story,

to inspire an exaggerated fear of the character of the prophet-warrior. In the year 1843, the inhabitants of the Greater and Lesser Tchetchma, being hard pressed on all sides by Russian troops, and left helpless by the Lezghian communities, resolved to send a deputation to Schamyl, with the request that he would either send a sufficient number of warriors to enable them to make head against the Russians, or else empower them to submit to the Russian government, as their means of resistance were at an end. Now, it was well known that any one taking such a proposition to Schamyl, did it at the risk of his life, and in consequence no one could be found to volunteer to play the part of Archibald Bell-the-cat. The Tchetchenzes saw there was nothing to be done but to choose their envoys by lot. The fatal choice fell on four inhabitants of the village Gumri. Dangerous as was their mission, these proud mountaineers dared not show timidity, and they started on their journey to seek out Schamyl in his township of Dargo. In proportion, however, as they approached it, the danger of their errand appeared to them in stronger light, and the instinct of self-preservation was awakened. They held several consultations as to the safest means of approaching the chief on the subject, yet without fixing on any plan, till at last the eldest of them, called Tepi, turned to his companions with these words—"You know," said he, "how impossible it would be even for those Murids, who are most intimate with the mighty Imam, to use with impunity the expression 'submission to the Giaour.' What would then be our fate if we dared to appear in his presence with such a mission? He would at once command that our tongues should be cut out, our eyes put out, or our hands lopped off; and all this would not do our people the least good, but simply leave our families without support. I have turned the matter over in my mind, and thought of only one feasible plan of effecting our mission." Tepi's companions, of course, pressed him to communicate this plan. "I have heard," he continued, "that there is but one person who exercises a decided influence on the Imam, and

dares to utter words in his presence which would be the death of any one else. That person is his mother. A connection of mine, Hassim Mullah, in Dargo, will manage to introduce us to her without much difficulty, especially if we make him a present of part of the money we have brought." The other envoys were satisfied with this proposal, and empowered their companion to carry out his views. When they arrived in Dargo, Tepi's friend received them in an hospitable manner, and Tepi took the earliest opportunity of letting Hassim Mullah know the object of their visit, and asking for his co-operation. No sooner were the words uttered than Hassim broke out in a passion. "How could I," said he, "be so unmindful of my honour as to put my hand to help so shameful a project as that of subjection to the Giaour?" Tepi knew his man,—made a dive into his pocket, and let slip, as if quite by accident, a handful of gold pieces on the carpet. Hassim Mullah's features immediately relaxed from their sternness, and he begged his friend to go over the story again, as he had understood him but imperfectly the first time. He asked him, at the same time, how many of such gold pieces he had brought with him. "Three hundred pieces," answered Tepi. "Our whole tribe has subscribed to make it up. There are seventy of them. We intend to devote the residuary two hundred and thirty of them to the Khanum, if she succeeds in obtaining our object from her son." Alas for human nature! Hassim Mullah agreed to further their design, on condition of cutting down to two hundred pieces the old lady's bribe, and pocketing the remaining thirty himself. When all had been agreed upon, Hassim went to the Khanum, a lady universally respected for her benevolence, but who nevertheless was known to have an itching palm, and succeeded in persuading her to speak with her son on the dangerous subject. Accordingly, the same evening she entered her son's apartment, who, with the Koran in his hand, was just preparing to despatch the Murids in attendance on him with exciting messages to different tribes. In spite of this urgent business, he granted his mother a private audience,

which was prolonged beyond midnight. The precise nature of what passed between them was never ascertained. The next morning, when Hassim Mullah visited the Khanum, he found her in tears, and deadly pale. "My son," she said, with faltering voice, "does not by himself venture to decide on so important a point as that of the submission of the Tchetchenzes to the Giaour; so he is gone into the mosque to pray and fast there till the moment when the Great Prophet shall reveal his will to him from his own mouth." Schamyl had, in fact, shut himself up in the mosque, having commanded all the people of Dargo to come about it and pray until he should make his appearance with the Prophet's verdict. The whole people responded to this appeal, and surrounded the mosque, praying and howling. But thrice twenty-four hours passed; many of the devotees failed for hunger and want of sleep. At last the door opened, and Schamyl came out, pale, and with bloodshot eyes. After he had spoken in a low voice to one of the Murids who stood near, he mounted on the flat roof of the mosque, whither several Murids accompanied him. There he remained standing in silence for some minutes, while all the people looked up to him with trembling expectation; and as for the Tchetchenzian envoys, they scarcely dared to breathe. Suddenly one of the Murids, who had been sent to fetch the Khanum, appeared with her on the same roof. The Imam immediately ordered her to stand before him, and exclaimed, raising his sorrowful eyes to heaven—"Great Prophet, thrice holy are thy commands; they will be done." Then he turned to the people, and spoke with a loud voice. "Men of Dargo, I have a fearful thing to announce to you. The Tchetchenzes have entertained the shameless thought of submitting themselves to the Giaour, and have even gone so far as to send envoys to ask for my permission. These messengers well knew the criminality of their business, so they did not venture to appear before me, but turned to my wretched mother, who, with the weakness of her sex, gave way to their importunity, and laid the wicked plan before me. My tender love for

her, and her urgent entreaty, emboldened me even to consult Mahomet, the beloved of God, with regard to the Divine will. Wherefore have I, through three days and three nights, supported by your prayers, invoked the Prophet's judgment. He has honoured me with his answer; but that answer came on me like a thunder-clap. According to the will of Allah, it is decreed that the first person who brought the infamous proposal of the Tchetchenzes before me must be punished with a hundred heavy strokes of a whip. Alas! this first person was no other than my mother." When the poor old woman heard her name so mentioned, she raised a shriek of lamentation; but Schamyl was inexorable. The Murids tore the long veil off the Khanum, bound her to a pillar, and Schamyl himself took the scourge to accomplish the frightful penance. At the fifth stroke, the Khanum dropped down dead under the lash of her son, who fell weeping at her feet. This was enough for nature; in a few minutes he sprang suddenly up, and his eyes sparkled with an expression of joy. He raised himself to his full height, and spoke in a tone of dignity. "God is God, and Mahomet is his prophet; he has heard my earnest prayer, and permitted me to take upon myself the rest of the strokes to which my poor mother was condemned. I do it joyfully, and recognise therein, Holy Prophet, an invaluable sign of thy grace." And quickly, and with a smile on his face, he threw off his upper garments, and commanded two of his Murids to inflict upon him the rest of the blows. They did so, laying on the bare back of their commander ninety-five heavy strokes, each of which drew blood, without his face changing a feature. After the last stroke, he put on the clothes lying at his feet, came down among the astonished people, and asked, in a quiet, collected tone, "Where are the miscreants for whose sake my mother was obliged to suffer this frightful punishment? Where are the envoys from the Tchetchenzes?" "Here, here," cried a hundred voices; and in another moment the trembling victims were dragged before the face of the fanatical chief. Every one expected

their instant death, and some Murids were already unsheathing their heavy sabres to be ready to execute them at a word from the Imam. The Tchetchenzes lay with their faces to the earth, and muttered their dying prayer; but not one of them dared to lift his head to ask for a pardon which all thought impossible. Schamyl, to the surprise of all, lifted them up with his own hand, bade them take courage, and said, "Return to your own people, and relate to them, as a fit answer to their criminal and inconsiderate request, all that you have seen and heard about me." One may easily conclude that no message of sin: lar import ever again found its way to Dargo. Now, on whatever authority this horrid story may rest, we cannot help being sceptical about it, for internal evidence seems against it. If Schamyl could obtain the Prophet's permission to receive ninety-five lashes for his mother, he surely might, in the first place, have obtained permission to be her substitute for the whole hundred. Any hero of the same stamp, whatever his religious frenzy, would have preferred suicide to parricide. We have Scriptural authority for Jephthah's sacrifice of his daughter; and such stories as those of the sacrifice of Iphigenia by Agamemnon, and the case of Aristodemus the Messenian king in classical antiquity, have probably a true foundation; but in Oriental custom, as in Roman law, children were considered the slaves and property of their parents; in no case, even under the woman-degrading regime of Islam, parents of their children. In fact, the entire subjection of the child would point, if anything, to an exaggeration of parental reverence. We cannot believe that Schamyl's influence over his people would have been increased by the sacrifice of his mother, though it might have been by his own vicarious penance. They must have inverted this part of the story to frighten the Russians. As to his strange escapes, there is no reason to believe them untrue, any more than those of the Bruce or any other authenticated hero. Some of our own men in the Crimea have escapes to relate just as miraculous. We will quote a few words from a letter in the *Times* from a private in the Scotch Fusiliers, a

native of Girvan, in Ayrshire. "A musket-ball went through my right arm. It was just like a pin touching me at the time. I continued firing about five minutes; then I got a ball in the left breast. I never fell; but, thank God, the ball passed quick as lightning through my back, just below my shoulder. The wound is three or four inches higher before than it was behind, because the enemy were higher than we, they firing in a slanting direction." He goes on fighting, nevertheless. "I was staggering down the hill as well as I could, when I was soon struck on the arm with a bit of a shell. I had no time to say a word till another ball went through my left thigh. I got about twenty yards further down, then fell on my face. I never got timorous till then." [Did you get timorous then, Joseph Coulter? We question it; at all events, we should think ourselves rather brave with your allowance of timidity.] . . . "I tried to get up, and with the help of God I got to my feet once more. I was not one minute on my feet till a ball struck me on the first joint of the middle finger of my left hand, and broke it. I still kept my feet. . . . My thigh is quite well. In my next I will tell you how I got off the field. I am now able to walk about. I will soon be as good a man as ever. . . . Our quartermaster-sergeant, happening to pass, called out, 'Halloo, my dear fellow, where are you struck?' I said, 'Well, sir, I am struck with four balls and a bit of a shell.' 'Good God!' he said, 'and are you not dead yet?'" He surely ought to have been dead long ago, on the same principle as that on which the Duke ought to have been beaten at Waterloo. He was dead by every rule of science, but he told his own story. Here is an escape as miraculous as any of Schamyl's. It is a great disadvantage to Schamyl's reputation that he enshrouds himself in such inaccessibility. Few Europeans have been favoured with an interview with him. The Caucasus has been dangerous to any travellers who might have been taken for Russian spies, and it would be difficult, without a knowledge of the language of the inhabitants, to identify oneself. One of our steamers was fired at, in mistake for a Russian, by the Circassians when they were burn-

ing the forts that the Russians had abandoned, although, when they found out their error, they were profuse in apologies. Our officers who landed on a subsequent occasion, though they fraternised with the Circassians, could learn little or nothing about Schamyl. The fact is, that Circassia proper has been only occasionally the scene of his operations, and the fishers on the Black Sea have been in a manner, more so formerly than now, brought under Russian power. These very Circassians about whom most is known, and with whom Mr Bell and Captain Spencer became acquainted by actual residence among them, are very odd people. The position of woman amongst them in some respects resembles that of woman in the West. Being to a great extent monogamists, probably because they cannot afford polygamy, their women seem to play a higher part than in Turkey proper. We have mentioned their exploits in war, equal to those of the maid of Saragossa. Nevertheless they export their daughters for sale in the Turkish slave-markets, and to replenish Turkish seraglios. It may be that the high position of woman is an old tradition in the purer races, and that some of the original blood of the Teutonic stock still lingers in the Caucasus, which in the West runs in the veins of those who, heathen or Christian, have always revered woman; so that Tacitus remarked, in astonishment at this trait of civilisation eighteen hundred years ago, "Aliquid divini inesse putant." We must not be considered ungallant if we do not impute this Teutonic woman-worship entirely to moral and intellectual superiority. The women of the German races are more beautiful than the men. It is not so with the Turks and Greeks—not so even with the Italians, in spite of Lord Byron—or, dare we say, even with the Spaniards. We have ourselves observed a superiority in the beauty of the men of Catalonia and Arragon, at least in the mountains, to that of the women, who are beaten by their French sisters on the other side of the Pyrenees. But in the Caucasus, female beauty appears to be in perfection, and must have its effect on society in spite of Mahomedanism. Thus we cannot help thinking that all the good the Caucasians have, belongs to their ori-

ginal traditions. They resemble in their good points the mountaineers of the Tyrol and Servia; but they are spoiled to a great extent by Islamism. It is well to ponder this. Our ladies and the ladies of Paris are really in danger of a little sentimental Islamism, for they play Omar Pasha quadrilles, forgetting that the Turks, like the fabled Tenth, "never dance;" and they wear in their head-dresses gilded crescents, as the Athenians used to wear golden grass-hoppers. This is anything but the place for theological discussion, but we have surely a right to observe, in spite of our Ottoman alliance, that a religion can be worth nothing which is no religion at all for half the world, except by special favour, and that half the fairer and the better. Those whose Turkish sympathies would lead them astray, would do well to take Scott's *Talisman* from the shelf, and read over the dialogue between Sir Kenneth and Saladin. We do not believe that civilisation in Turkey can ever be more than a mere varnishing of decay. Her Christian races must rise, her Ottoman race must fall, and woe be to us if we attempt to arrest the decrees of Heaven. It is for her Christian races that we are warring now, if we know what we are about, and that they may be left to their natural development, unshackled by Muscovite interference. We must not for a moment suppose that we are fighting to rivet the sceptre in the hand of a power—

"A Dio spiacente, ed a nemici suoi"—

or no great good fortune can attend our arms.

The highest praise we can give the Turkish government is that of "*laissez faire*,"—that it does not interfere with its Christian subjects. As long ago as 1849, we met at Chamouny some Moldavian gentlemen. They assured us that under the Porte they enjoyed nearly perfect civil and religious liberty, for they never saw a Turkish official; they only paid a trifling tribute; while, even then, they lived in continual dread of the encroachments of Russia. All this, however, is owing, not to the benevolence, but the imbecility of Turkey,

whatever galvanic life Omar Pasha may give to her armies. Considering all this, we must not hope too much from Schamyl's co-operation. It is doubtful whether he will ever be in a position to carry on war beyond his own mountains; though in his own mountains the diversion our arms are making makes him easily impregnable, and takes off the weight that he has felt for the whole of his former life, so that he may fortify himself in them, always supposing his existence, at his leisure. The Caucasus safe, Georgia is isolated, and a little organisation of the Turkish armies there by European officers would give them the upper hand. Their Asiatic armies are disorganised now, because the officers are sunk in sloth and every degrading vice; for it is in the rich, and not in the poor, that the worst effects of Islamism are seen. Schamyl might possibly be able to get as far as Tiflis, as we see that a spur of his mountains runs out in that direction; but we question if he has artillery for a siege, and we should fear that his manner of carrying on war might make his alliance questionable, for the same reasons that Lord Chatham objected to our employing the Red Indians and their scalping-knives in the American War. If we cannot beat Russia by fair civilised fighting, we had better not beat her at all. As it is, she has shown but a bad example, although the Emperor is to be acquitted of such deeds as murdering the wounded, as he publishes an ukase against it; yet we should scarcely be justified in retaliating, as long as she is more cruel to her own soldiers than to the enemy—such cruelty appearing to be part of her military system. This is due to the Tartar blood of subordinates, more than, we should think, to the disposition of Nicholas. When speaking of Schamyl, we forget how little the Czar himself, who is so much more accessible, is really known by the world as a private man. He is probably only now beginning to come before the world in his true colours. He is too near us for us to see him, as Napoleon was to our fathers. Posterity will see him and judge him, and One higher than posterity.

## REVELATIONS OF A SHOWMAN.

WE have often regretted that the inimitable author of *Gil Blas* has not given us, in his entertaining volumes, a minute and detailed biography of that ingenious personage, Ambrose de Lamela. He appears but too rarely in the pages of that excellent romance, and we are rather tantalised than satisfied by the glimpses which we are permitted to obtain. Rigid persons may object to certain of his actions as slightly latitudinarian, but we are left in no doubt as to his principles. If, from some unexplained confusion in his ideas, he decamped with his master's portmanteau two days after entering his service, he had previously made a visit to church, "where he had been, to return thanks to heaven for having preserved him from all evil accidents on the road from Burgos even unto Valladolid." A little later, we find him levying contributions on the country, in the disguise of an abstaining anchorite; next, he puts on the garments of an Inquisitor, and makes free with the ducats of a Jew; afterwards, being convinced of the iniquity of cheating, he becomes a Carthusian monk, and is advanced to a place of trust in the convent; and finally, towards the close of the romance, we find him, in consequence of a relapse from the ways of virtue, walking in procession to the pile as one of the victims of an *auto da fé*. To this sad fate, Le Sage, though by no means the most austere of moralists, thought fit to condemn his pattern of the hypocritical rogue; nor, though we admit the ingenuity of Ambrose, and are vastly tickled by the account of his depredations—though we admire his dexterity in gulling the public, and acknowledge the aptitude of the means which he employed—can we find fault with the author for his measure of retributory justice. On the contrary, we should have felt rather shocked had we been compelled to take leave of Ambrose in the character of a grandee and millionaire, enriched by the proceeds of his swind-

ling, and maintaining a considerable position in society, on account of the wealth amassed by such very equivocal proceedings.

It is, we think, a most desirable thing, that in all works of fiction, whether high or low, there should be a distinct development of the Nemesis, or retributive power—that vice or fraud, however exhibited, should not be portrayed as finally triumphant—but that each action, according to its merit or demerit, should have its proper moral consequence, and produce its legitimate effect. What interest could any of us find in Bluebeard, if popular tradition had allowed old Indigo to chop off Fatima's head, to hurl the screaming sister Ann from the heights of the bartizan, and to impale the avenging brothers on the stake? Is it not an immense relief to our feelings when, in the concluding act of the melodrama, Jack, who is supposed to be far away at sea, perhaps whitening the corals of the Pacific Ocean with his bones, darts upon the stage all alive and hearty, at precisely the right nick of time, and scores with his cutlass the skull of that villainous smuggler, who, after having impugned his fidelity, is now proceeding to take liberties with the disconsolate and despairing Poll? Rely upon it, there is a fine moral stratum at the base of the popular heart. Even thieves and housebreakers will admit that the reputation of Jack Sheppard would have been lessened, and the professional glories of David Haggart have been dimmed, had not these illustrious individuals consummated their career upon the gallows. We cannot do without our moral. Some of the dramatists, such as Beaumont and Fletcher, Dryden, Congreve, and others, attempted to reverse the rule, and to exhibit vice as triumphant. Posterity has righteously judged them for their offence, and has dismissed them with ineffable disgust to a limbo from which there is no return.

Passing from the domain of fiction,

*The Life of P. T. Barnum.* Written by Himself. London: Sampson Low, Son, & Co. 1855.

and entering the territory of history, we find but few instances of rogues openly congratulating themselves upon the success of their roguery, and confidently demanding from the public applause and congratulation. Haggart, to whom we have already alluded, did certainly, while under sentence of death, compile or dictate a biography, in which his various misdemeanours were palliated with excusable leniency; but then he never denied the justice of the sentence, nor attempted to maintain that predatory courses were the best qualification for honour and distinction in this world, or for happiness in that to come. Vidocq, the French police spy and informer, has given us some curious revelations; but he does not exhort others to adopt the same line of business, neither are his antecedents likely to allure many followers. Ten years have elapsed since the railway mania was at its height, and yet we are without any authentic memoir of a "stag." Doubtless, some of these agile beings must have escaped the general "tinchel" or demolition of their race; but no survivor has had, as yet, the hardihood to tell us how he imposed upon a credulous public—by what nefarious means he inveigled victims to buy his worthless scrip at an astounding premium—or how he emerged, in the possession of a plum, from the general wreck of bankruptcy. We believe, with Shakespeare, that this kind of creature has fine feelings of his own; and that the tears "have coursed down his innocent nose," not by any means on account of his own losses, but from a due sense of Christian commiseration for the fate of multitudes whom he had swindled. That every one should put some flattering unction to his soul, for every misdeed which he has committed, is natural and common. The gold-fever, at the period to which we allude, was so universal that it may almost be styled an epidemic; and therefore we are the less inclined, perhaps entitled, now to challenge the erratic movements of those "dumb denizens of the forest." They are, at all events, quiet; and do not, reversing the parable, call their neighbours, and kinsfolk, and the public in general, to rejoice with them over certain pieces of silver,

which they never had lost, but which, on the contrary, had been acquired in a manner, and through a process, not quite creditable to their own morality.

Adventurers there have been in all ages, who, calculating upon the inexhaustible score of credulity contained in the public reservoirs, have turned that superabundance to their profit. The world has known quacks of all degrees, from Cagliostro of the diamond necklace down to St John Long of the cabbage leaves, and doubtless it will know many more; but up to the present time adventurers, quacks, and other impostors have been chary of their confessions. Some, having achieved their end and made their fortunes by unscrupulous practices instead of honest industry, have settled down into respectable obscurity, and even changed their names, in order to escape an unenviable notoriety. Others have attempted to brazen out their impostures, and have maintained to the very last that they were in truth and in reality what they represented themselves to be; and the same credulity which supported them when alive has gained them posthumous adherents. But it was reserved for our age and generation to be requested to honour a man who, after having practised, by his own confession, innumerable deceptions upon the public—after having fleeced them so successfully, that he has already, though but in middle life, realised a large fortune—has the astounding audacity to make a full revelation of his practices; representing himself, at the same time, as an eminently moral and religious character, and absolutely closing his book with an expression of his gratitude to heaven for the blessings which have been showered upon him!

Mr Phineas Taylor Barnum is, we are thankful to say, not a native of this country. If he is, as the preface to the English edition of his *Life* advises us, "essentially a popular man in his own country"—America—we cannot form any exalted idea of the standard of morals which prevails among our Transatlantic brethren. But we rather apprehend that the writer of the said preface is by no means a master of synonyms, and that he confounds "popular," which is one thing, with

"notorious," which is another. Dando, the oyster-eater, was decidedly notorious, but we never heard him described as popular; and we doubt much whether Barnum has any more title than Dando to the latter epithet. The great predatory consumer of the bivalves left behind him no autobiography. Had he done so, we are sure that, in the words of the preface, "the career of such a notability must present details of much interest, with lessons of practical wisdom;" and as Dando was really a genius in his way, we can hardly doubt that his adventures, had he chosen to relate them, would have been quite as interesting as Barnum's. Both of them adopted as their motto and rule of life, from an early age, the apothegm of ancient Ilistol:—

"Why, then the world's mine oyster,  
Which I with sword will open."

But Dando was a straightforward creature; and, being unskilled in tropes, interpreted the passage literally, and confined his efforts to the *crustaceæ*; whereas Barnum, having the *Vestiges of Creation* in his eye, considered man in the light of a developed oyster, and attacked the figurative mollusc. But how his acknowledged and vaunted success in this enterprise should render him "popular," we really are at a loss to conceive. Dando was not popular either with oysters or oyster-venders—does the higher state of development necessitate a lower tone of the moral sentiment?

Seriously—we have not read, for a long time, a more trashy or offensive book than this; and we should not have considered it worthy of the least notice had we merely looked to the intrinsic merits of its contents. But it is worth noticing as a satire upon all of us; and we hope it may have the effect—very different from what its author intended—of opening the eyes of the public, for some little time at least, to the shameless exhibitions which have become matter of regular trade and speculation. In saying this, we are so far from making a reflection upon honest showmen, that we are really advocating their interests. In the days of our boyhood there were no zoological gardens; and we remember what in-

tense delight the arrival of a caravan of wild beasts occasioned. There, on the Mound of Edinburgh, stood the mysterious quadrangle of waggons, with a huge and somewhat incongruous picture of lions, tigers, panthers, leopards, wolves, and boa-constrictors, making their way towards some common centre-piece of carrion; whilst pelicans were seen ladling up bucketfuls of fish; and macaws, with bills like pickaxes, were smiting into the hearts of cocoa-nuts. But what were the outward depicted glories to these of the interior? Wretched paint! Our shilling paid, or rather paid for us by a sympathising relative, we walked into the menagerie with a far more excited feeling than any middle-aged traveller experiences when he first catches a glimpse of Timbuctoo. Strange and wildly tropical was the commixed odour of the sawdust, ammonia, and orange-peel. An undefined sensation of terror seized us on the trap-stair, while descending into the interior of the caravan; for a hideous growling, snarling, hissing, baying, barking, and chattering, warned us that the inmates were upon the alert, and between the entrance and the quadrangle there seemed danger of a protruded paw. But—once in—what a spectacle! There was "Nero," the indulgent old lion, who would stand any amount of liberties—into whose cell you might go, safely as another Androcles, for the moderate fee of half-a-crown, and pluck with impunity the beard that erst had swept the sands of the Sahara. But in those days nobody gave us two-and-sixpence to make the experiment; and, sooth to say, we would rather have expended the money, if offered, in the purchase of nuts and gingerbread, for the monkeys, racoons, and the dearly-beloved elephant. What a nice beast that elephant was, and what an appetite he possessed! From nine in the morning till six in the dewy eve, his trunk was a mere vehicle for cakes, of which he must have swallowed as many as ought to have deranged the digestion of a ragged school; and yet, when the ordinary pasture-hour approached, the unappased devourer trumpeted with his proboscis, and absorbed as many carrots as would have made broth for the army of the



Titans. Then there was "Wallace,"—styled, *par excellence*, the Scottish lion—a rampant, reddish-maned animal, who, though whelped in the North, retained all the ardour and passion of the Libyan blood, was characteristically tenacious of his dignity, elevated his tail in defiance, and would not tolerate the affront of being roused by the application of the long pole. Horrid, with his demon eyes, lay couchant the awful form of the royal Bengal tiger, for whose innate ferocity we needed not the vouchment of the keeper. Never shall we forget the ecstacy of fear that came over us, when the prowler of the Hoogley, waking up from some pleasant reverie of masticated Hindoo, directed his glassy stare right at our chubby countenance, and gave utterance to his approval of our condition by a suppressed growl, accompanied by a licking of his grisly chaps, and a display of the most tremendous fangs! Need we be ashamed to confess that we recoiled from the dangerous proximity with a scream of abject terror; and, in doing so, came within sweep of the trunk of our former friend, the elephant, who, possibly conceiving that our cap contained inexhaustible stores of gingerbread, picked it from our head, and instantaneously added it to the miscellaneous contents of his stomach? Then there were at least half-a-dozen leopards, leaping over each other in fun, as though they were the most innocent creatures in the world; and hyenas with their everlasting snarl; and slaggy wolves; and, O, such a magnificent grizzly bear, brought direct from the Rocky Mountains! We need not speak of the serpents, who, poor devils, spent most of their time under blankets, and seemed to survey with perfect indifference the rabbits who were munching greens beside them; nor of the ostrich, good to swallow a peck of twopenny nails, if not to furnish head-gear to a lady from its somewhat bedraggled plumage; nor of the zebra, whom we greatly coveted for a pony. There can be no doubt whatever that the ambulatory menageries were most valuable schools for instruction in natural history; and therefore we regard with reverence the names of Wombwell and of Polito.

But we cannot extend our commendation to the traffickers in human excrescence and abortion. They are not one whit better than slave-dealers; nay, in some respects, they are positively worse. We might be brought to tolerate a fellow who should advertise an exhibition of spanking Georgians or Circassians; for beauty has its allurements, and we never yet knew the man who would not like to get a peep at the interior of the Sultan's seraglio. But beauty is no recommendation at all to the modern caitiffs of the caravans. They look out systematically for deformity, and earn their degraded beer through the medium of the mishaps of nature. What advantage, what pleasure, what information can any one gather from an interview with a blinking Albino, whose eyes are as red as those of a ferret, and whose hair, ostentatiously combed over her shoulders, is as white as the snow on Ben-Nevis? What charm can the most ardent votary of Bacon find in the conversation of the Pig-faced Lady? What coalitionist could brave the disgust engendered by a survey of the Pie-bald Girl? We do not object to a certain degree of *en-bon-point* in females; but, when they surpass the weight of twenty stone in the scales, they are anything but pleasant to look on. As we never happened to fancy one of the Caryatides, we may be excused for abstaining from worship at the enormous feet of the Swiss Giantess; and a sneeze, rather than a sigh, is our tribute to the Hottentot Aphrodite. We object to giants quite as strongly as did Jack of Cornwall. They are, generally speaking, a knock-kneed, ill-made, ungainly, unshapely, and preposterously stupid section of mortals, who are only superior to the standard population in respect of a few inches, to which cork soles do considerably contribute, and they are of an ogre-like appetite. Look at one of them, and what do you see to admire? Has he the form of an Apollo, the front of a Jove, or even the brawn of a Hercules? Nothing of the sort. He is shaped like the monster in Frankenstein—his forehead is villainously low—and the calves of his legs, from long confinement, are as flaccid as the bladder in the interior

of a well-kicked football. Then look at the dwarfs;—can anything be more absolutely loathsome? When Providence, in its inscrutable ways, sends such an addition to a household, it is as carefully kept out of sight as if it were a fairy changeling. All the family are kind to the *cruilt*, as such a deformity is called in Scotland, but it is certainly not paraded as an object of wonder and congratulation. Yet there are men who gain their livelihood by hawking such unhappy and unfortunate beings as shows; and a Legislature which has prohibited dogs from being used as draught animals of carriage, to the ruin of many a dismembered tar, who would rather have wanted meat for his own mouth than neglected the companions of his pilgrimage, sanctions, without any scruple, these disgusting and degrading exhibitions of human deformity!

We repeat, that showmen, in their legitimate sphere, have our entire sympathy. They have done, in their own line, good service to the State, and we hope they may continue to do so. Even the humblest penny show, with no more apparatus than a magnifying glass, through which is seen a tolerable view of Paris, Rome, or St Petersburg, tends to give new and more extended ideas to thousands of our rural population. A lecture from Lord John Russell upon the Constitutional History of England has immeasurably less effect on the popular mind, than the poor engine, resembling an organ in atrophy, which yonder plodding mendicant carries upon his shoulders; for within it there are pictures of the death of Nelson at Trafalgar, the final charge at Waterloo, and the coronation of our beloved Queen, which will make youthful hearts bound and throb with a sensation of patriotism and loyalty, more estimable by a thousand times than the dull assent of dotards to the effete prosing of a Whig. And, before the year is out, there will be, in every village and hamlet, representations of Alma and of Inkermann, battles in which Jack, Tom, and Harry have not merely an historical but a real family interest; for in the one a father was engaged, and in the other a brother was wounded, and the national quarrel has become their own,

and the boys are ready, if need be, to devote themselves for their Queen and the country.

Recognising, as we thus do, the power of showmen, it follows that we regard as a huge delinquency, or rather crime, the conduct of those who abuse and desecrate such power. By his own showing, Barnum is the chief of such sinners. The moral obliquity of the man is so decided and confirmed, that we need be at no pains to point it out, for he openly proclaims it. He can discern no distinction between truth and falsehood, save as either tends to swell his amount of personal profits. We need hardly remark, after this, that truth is at a fearful discount; and he chuckles over successful knavery, as if it were a passport to the gates of heaven! The memoirs of such an individual do not form the most agreeable subject for an article; but as Barnum professes to love publicity, he shall have it, at least in so far as lies in our power. It would be cruel to deny to such a distinguished and indefatigable aspirant any of the honours of the pillory.

While saying this, however, we by no means pledge ourselves to give him a regular review. All fish are not worth the gutting; and really Barnum presents to us such a superabundance of garbage, that we are compelled to exercise a due discretion. Therefore we shall pass over, without any especial notice, the family-tree of the illustrious Barnums, merely remarking that the plant in question had its roots in the state of Connecticut. Nor need we bother ourselves much with the infantine recollections of our Scapin, whose precocious genius for money-making was exhibited at the early age of six, when he commenced business on his own account, or rather *by his own* account, as a manufacturer and vender of molasses-candy, gingerbread, and cherry-ruin. This is pretty well to begin with. The young purveyor who, at six years, was at once a confectioner, cook, and distiller, and made large profits on each branch of trade, is almost as good a subject for a heroic hymn from a Yankee Homer, as was Hermes, whose predatory exploits, four-and-twenty hours after he was born, have been celebrated by the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle. By the way, we should like to know what

kind of state this Connecticut really is. If we are to take Barnum's word for it, the division in which he and his were raised, was a mere colony of sharpers; every man, woman, and child in it attempting to outwit, overreach, and defraud their neighbours. Our friends in America had better look to it in time; for if the statements in this book as to the tone of the moral perceptions prevalent among the bulk of the middle classes are allowed to remain uncontradicted and unrepudiated—if Barnum's sketches of society are acknowledged to be true—then they dare not hereafter take exception to the harshest and most unfavourable pictures which have been drawn by European travellers. We say this in the most friendly spirit to America and the Americans; recollecting how often they have complained, with evident soreness, of being maligned and misrepresented. Well, then, we can assure them that this book of Barnum's, which we doubt not will have a very considerable circulation in this country, is calculated to do them more harm than anything that was ever written by an alien. What can we think of a community in which a combmaker, represented as a man of some substance, suborns a boy, the son of a practising physician, to steal horns from a warehouse in the docks, and if he can "manage to hook some of them occasionally," offers to give him rather less than half their market value? No doubt such things occur in London, among the slopsellers and venders of marine stores; but not in the way of selecting boys of respectable parentage as their instruments. In the instance which Barnum cites, the youth was a great deal too knowing to place himself within the grasp even of such law as is administered by the "Judges" of Connecticut; but he had no mind to forego the plunder; so, with an acuteness which might have done honour to Macchiavelli ere he assumed his first pair of breeches, the sharp juvenile accepted the engagement, and drove for a considerable period a profitable trade in horns. These, however, were abstracted, not from the wharf, but from the stores of his unconscious employer, who was thus buying his own property from his own accredited thief! Ancient Sparta, with

its queer system of infant ethics, is outdone by modern Connecticut.

Beautiful pups these people of Connecticut appear to be, according to the revelations of Mr Barnum! Here he is, as a clerk in a store, having previously dabbled in lotteries. Let us hear our moralist, *atutis* 17, on the state of provincial traffic:—

"Messrs Keeler and Whitlock sold out their store of goods to Mr Lewis Taylor in the summer of 1827. I remained a short time as clerk for Mr Taylor. They have a proverb in Connecticut, that 'the best school in which to have a boy learn human nature, is to permit him to be a tin pedlar for a few years.' I think his chances for getting 'his eye-teeth cut' would be equally great in a country barter store like that in which I was clerk. As before stated, many of our customers were hatters, and we took hats in payment for goods. The large manufacturers generally dealt pretty fairly by us, but some of the smaller fry occasionally shaved us prodigiously. There probably is no trade in which there can be more cheating than in hats. If a hat was damaged 'in colouring' or otherwise, perhaps by a cut of half a foot in length, it was sure to be patched up, smoothed over, and slipped in with others to send to the store. Among the furs used for the nap of hats in those days, were otter, beaver, Russia, nutria otter, cony, muskrat, etc., etc. The best fur was otter, the poorest was cony.

"The hatters mixed their inferior furs with a little of their best, and sold us hats for 'otter.' We in return mixed our sugars, teas and liquors, and gave them the most valuable names. It was 'dog eat dog'—'tit for tat.' Our cottons were sold for wool, our wool and cotton for silk and linen; in fact, nearly everything was different from what it was represented. The customers cheated us in their fabrics; we cheated the customers with our goods. Each party expected to be cheated, if it was possible. Our eyes, and not our ears, had to be our masters. We must believe little that we saw, and less that we heard. Our calicoes were all 'fast colours,' according to our representations, and the colours would generally run 'fast' enough and show them a tub of soap suds. Our ground coffee was as good as burned peas, beans, and corn could make, and our ginger was tolerable, considering the price of corn-meal. The 'tricks of trade' were numerous. If a 'pedler' wanted to trade with us for a box of beaver hats worth sixty dollars per dozen, he was sure to obtain a box of

'conics' which were dear at fifteen dollars per dozen. If we took our pay in clocks, warranted to keep good time, the chances were that they were no better than a chest of drawers for that purpose—that they were like Pindar's razors 'made to sell;' and if half the number of wheels necessary to form a clock could be found within the case, it was as lucky as extraordinary."

The old entomological adage as to the necessity of creeping before flying is well illustrated in the case of Barnum; and therefore we need not refer to his small preliminary "dodges." With that strange infatuation, or rather moral obliquity of vision, to which we have already referred, he does not seem to be conscious that all his professions of piety and religion are utterly negatived by his conduct; and that, while he wishes to be considered theoretically a saint, he is practically describing himself, by his deeds, as a very serious and inveterate sinner. Many vices there are to which youth is subject and peculiarly prone; and rarely does it happen that even the best guarded and instructed pass through that fiery ordeal without stains, which ought to be so many mementoes to them to avoid harsh and illiberal judgments, and to be merciful and forbearing in their estimate of their fellow-men, as they trust one day, at the highest Tribunal, to obtain the meed of mercy. But are the passions of youth, or its excesses even, to be named in the same category with that lust of gold, which, when it once gains the mastery, overthrows every moral principle or precept which stands between it and the coveted acquisition? God forbid! Possibly Mr Barnum, in the course of his literary researches, never happened to fall in with the sayings of the son of Sirach, and therefore may not be able to appreciate the ethical force of such sentences as these:—

"Set not thine heart upon goods unjustly gotten; for they shall not profit thee in the day of calamity."

"Winnow not with every wind, and go not into every way; for so doth the sinner that hath a double tongue."

"Devise not a lie against thy brother; neither do the like to thy friend."

"Use not to make any manner of lie, for the custom thereof is not good."

"Hate not laborious work, neither husbandry, which the Most High hath ordained."

Such learning can hardly be expected from one who is clearly ignorant of the rudiments of ethics. He meets the adage that "honesty is the best policy" with a broad and emphatic denial. He seems to think that if a man professes teetotalism, is punctual in his payments, and discharges his family duties in a creditable manner, he is entitled to claim *carte blanche* as to anything else, and play whatever tricks he may find most conducive to his immediate profit. Before he was two-and-twenty, he had set up stores, started all manner of lotteries, taken unto himself a wife, established a newspaper called the *Herald of Freedom*, and been fined and imprisoned for libel! Until we read this book of his, we really believed that Mr Dickens, in his *Martin Chuzzlewit*, had slightly exaggerated matters in his depiction of "Colonel Diver," and the boy-editor "Jefferson Brick." We now acknowledge our error, and cheerfully admit, on the strength of this corroborative evidence, that the sketches of Mr Dickens, so far from being caricatures, are very decidedly within the mark. Let us hear Squire Barnum's own account, as published in his own paper, of his triumphal return from jail:—

"P. T. Barnum and the band of music took their seats in a coach drawn by six horses, which had been prepared for the occasion. The coach was preceded by forty horsemen, and a marshal, bearing the national standard. Immediately in the rear of the coach was the carriage of the orator and the president of the day, followed by the committee of arrangements and sixty carriages of citizens, which joined in escorting the editor to his home in Bethel.

"When the procession commenced its march, amidst the roar of cannon, three cheers were given by several hundred citizens who did not join in the procession. The band of music continued to play a variety of national airs until their arrival in Bethel (a distance of three miles), when they struck up the beautiful and appropriate tune of 'Home, sweet Home!' After giving three hearty cheers, the

procession returned to Danbury. The utmost harmony and unanimity of feeling prevailed throughout the day, and we are happy to add that no accident occurred to mar the festivities of the occasion."

What were the triumphs of Scipio Africanus, of Pompey, and of Cæsar, compared with the ovation of Barnum?

Of course, a man who had received, and, as he tells us, merited such honours, could not be expected to confine himself for the rest of his life to dealing in paltry traffickings in wooden nutmegs, or the sale of pocket-books, combs, beads, cheap finger-rings, and "stewed oysters." He acknowledges that his mercantile business did not thrive; and we are not surprised at the confession. In 1835, he commenced his real career. His first speculation was of the following kind:—

"In the latter part of July 1835, Mr Coley Bartram, of Reading, Ct., and at present a resident of the same State, called at our store. He was acquainted with Mr Moody and myself. He informed us that he owned an interest in an extraordinary negro woman, named JOICE HEN, whom he believed to be one hundred and sixty-one years of age, and whom he also believed to have been the nurse of General Washington. He had sold out his interest to his partner, R. W. Lindsay, of Jefferson county, Kentucky, who was now exhibiting her in Philadelphia, but not having much tact as a showman, he was anxious to sell out and return home.

"Mr Bartram also handed me a copy of *The Pennsylvania Inquirer*, of July 15, 1835, and directed my attention to the following advertisement, which I here transcribe *verbatim*:—

"**CURIOSITY**—The citizens of Philadelphia and its vicinity have an opportunity of witnessing at the MASONIC HALL one of the greatest natural curiosities ever witnessed, viz., JOICE HEN, a negress, aged 161 years, who formerly belonged to the father of General Washington. She has been a member of the Baptist Church, 113 years, and can rehearse many hymns, and sing them according to former custom. She was born near the old Potomac river in Virginia, and has for 90 or 100 years lived in Paris, Kentucky, with the Bowling family.

"All who have seen this extraordinary woman are satisfied of the truth of the account of her age. The evidence of the Bowling family, which is respectable, is strong, but the original bill of sale of Augustine Washington, in his own handwriting, and other evidence which the proprietor has in his possession, will satisfy even the most incredulous.

"A lady will attend at the hall during the afternoon and evening for the accommodation of those ladies who may call.

"The New York newspapers had al-

ready furnished descriptions of this wonderful personage; and becoming considerably excited upon the subject, I proceeded at once to Philadelphia, and had an interview with Lindsay at the Masonic Hall.

"I was favourably struck with the appearance of the old woman. So far as outward indications were concerned, she might almost as well have been called a thousand years old as any other age. She was lying upon a high lounge in the middle of the room; her lower extremities were drawn up, with her knees elevated some two feet above the top of the lounge. She was apparently in good health and spirits, but former disease or old age, or perhaps both combined, had rendered her unable to change her position; in fact, although she could move one of her arms at will, her lower limbs were fixed in their position, and could not be straightened. She was totally blind, and her eyes were so deeply sunken in their sockets that the eyeballs seemed to have disappeared altogether. She had no teeth, but possessed a head of thick bushy grey hair. Her left arm lay across her breast, and she had no power to remove it. The fingers of her left hand were drawn down so as nearly to close it, and remained fixed and immovable. The nails upon that hand were about four inches in length, and extended above her wrist. The nails upon her large toes also had grown to the thickness of nearly a quarter of an inch.

"She was very sociable, and would talk almost incessantly so long as visitors would converse with her. She sang a variety of ancient hymns, and was very garrulous when speaking of her protégé 'dear little George,' as she termed the great father of our country. She declared that she was present at his birth, that she was formerly the slave of Augustine Washington, the father of George, and that she was the first person who put clothes upon him. 'In fact,' said Joice, and it was a favourite expression of hers, 'I raised him.' She related many interesting anecdotes of 'her dear little George,' and this, mixed with her conversations upon religious subjects—for she claimed to be a member of the Baptist Church—rendered her exhibition an extremely interesting one."

We give the passage entire, in order that our readers may understand what kind of exhibitions are popular in America. Supposing the story to be true, though even Barnum does not affect to believe it, here is a miserable old object, scarce better than an ani-

mated corpse, sold, at the age of 161, to be hawked about the country, for the gain of the exhibitors. Mrs Stowe, in her famous novel, has brought forward nothing so hideously repulsive; and we are satisfied that, had she narrated such a story in her book, one-half of her European readers would have thrown it down with an impatient exclamation of incredulity. But old as she was, Joice Heth appeared to Barnum capable of the production of many dollars. He sold all that he had, and even borrowed; but in the end became the proprietor of this unhappy being for the sum of one thousand dollars, engaged a certain lawyer, Mr Levi Lyman—no inappropriate name—as an assistant in exhibiting, and set the press to work.

The exhibition, for a time, proved very profitable, as the old woman was made to sing a succession of Baptist hymns; but when it began to fail, the adroit Barnum was ready with a new stimulant for the public curiosity. Here it is:—

“When the audiences began to decrease in numbers, a short communication appeared in one of the newspapers, signed ‘A Visitor,’ in which the writer claimed to have made an important discovery. He stated that Joice Heth, as at present exhibited, was a humbug, whereas, if the simple truth was told in regard to the exhibition, it was really vastly curious and interesting. ‘The fact is,’ said the communication, ‘Joice Heth is not a human being. What purports to be a remarkably old woman is simply a curiously-constructed automaton, made up of whale-bone, india-rubber, and numberless springs ingeniously put together, and made to move at the slightest touch, according to the will of the operator. The exhibitor is a ventriloquist, and all the conversations apparently held with the ancient lady are purely imaginary, so far as she is concerned, for the answers and incidents purporting to be given and related by her, are merely the ventriloquial voice of the exhibitor.’

“Maelzel’s ingenious mechanism somewhat prepared the way for this announcement, and hundreds who had not visited Joice Heth were now anxious to see the curious automaton; while many who had seen her were equally desirous of a second look, in order to determine whether or not they had been deceived. The consequence was, our audiences again largely increased.”

The success of this expedient, “dodge,” or whatever else it may be called, was so marked, that it was necessary to curtail the psalmody of Joice. It is impossible not to recognise the candour of the following avowal:—

“We hastened our return to New York to fill a second engagement I had made with Mr Niblo. The American Institute held its annual Fair at his garden, and my engagement was to commence at the same time. The great influx of visitors to the Fair caused our room to be continually crowded, inasmuch that we were frequently compelled to announce to applicants that the hall was full, and no more could be admitted for the present. In those cases we would hurry up the exhibitions, *cut short a hymn or two*, answer questions with great rapidity, and politely open the front door as an egress to visitors, at the same time opening the entrance from the garden for the ingress of fresh customers.”

Sorry are we to say, that the outrages upon the old negress did not end even with her death. She expired a few months after Barnum bought her, and the dissection of the body gave rise to a controversy touching her age: in the course of which controversy, Lyman, Barnum’s assistant, stated to the editor of a newspaper, with a view to publication, that the whole history and the years of Joice Heth was the invention of his employer; that Barnum had found the negress in the outhouse of a plantation in Kentucky, extracted her teeth, and instructed her in the Washington story.

Mark the impudence of the following remark on the part of the moral Barnum! He had been accused by the editor of a leading newspaper, upon the information of his own assistant, not only of having perpetrated a gross imposture upon the public, but of having used brutal cruelty on the person of an old woman, to give her the appearance of a perfectly fabulous age. He was so far from manifesting any resentment towards his assistant, that he continued him in his employment until Lyman became a Mormonite, and removed to Nauvoo. And so little desirous was he of wishing the American public to understand that, in his first essay at showmanship, he

had acted in good faith, that he now says:—

"The story of Lyman has since been generally accredited as the true history of the old negress, and never, until the present writing, have I said or written a word by way of contradiction or correction. Newspaper and social controversy on the subject (and seldom have vastly more important matters been so largely discussed) served my purpose as 'a showman,' by keeping my name before the public."

What does this amount to, but an assertion that, in America at least, it is better to be accounted a clever rascal than an honest man? Again we repeat, that this is a matter for the Americans to take up. It is for them to decide whether Barnum has libelled his countrymen, or whether the general moral tone prevalent on the other side of the Atlantic is such as he insinuates it to be. For Barnum's pretensions are very large. He represents himself now, not only as opulent, but as being a man of high consideration; and he attributes his position to practices inconsistent with common honesty. Is he right or is he wrong in his estimate? We cannot say. Impudence like this baffles speculation; and we must leave him to the judgment of his countrymen.

"Aunt Joice" being evidently not likely to last long, whether her age was 160, or only the half of it, Barnum, with his usual prudence, looked out for a novelty to take her place, and pitched upon a certain plate-spinner, or mountebank, called Antonio—a very poor Italian snake, no better than the half-nude acrobats who are permitted, by the negligence of the police, occasionally to infest our streets—whom, having got thoroughly washed, he dignified by the name of Signor Vivalla. This signor could balance guns upon his nose, walk on stilts, and perform various of the feats which are now only astonishing to the most remote of our agricultural population. But they were quite new when Barnum engaged him, and might possibly, as feats, have drawn a dollar or two per night for their exhibition, after all the expenses were paid. Not much more assuredly; but the acute Barnum saw his opportunity. A native professor of gymnastics had

a strong party, and, when Vivalla first appeared, that professor had collected a sibilant audience. Immediately Barnum took his line. He challenged, in the name of the great Vivalla, any native performer to compete with him on the stage, for a wager of a thousand dollars, and, that being accepted by the American acrobat Roberts, rashly, and in such a way as must have led to his forfeiture of the stake, Barnum brought the two men together, made the show, and reaped the advantage, as long as it would pay, of the seeming competition between the American and Italian artists. That Barnum should have engaged in such petty frauds is not surprising; our only wonder is at the apparent complacency of his revelations.

Yet, notwithstanding all his "Jodges," Barnum was for a long time unsuccessful. In fact, he was so far from making a fortune in America, that in 1841 he became, as he candidly admits, "about as poor as I should ever wish to be. I looked around in vain for employment congenial to my feelings, that would serve to keep my head above water."

His first decided hit was the purchase of the American museum, New York, a transaction which he contrived to carry through upon credit. This emporium of delights is not to be classed with the collections of specimens of natural history and antiquities which are to be found in most large cities. It was, and we presume is, a gigantic congregation of shows of all kinds, as may be gathered from the following description of it by the spirited proprietor:—

"Industrious fleas, educated dogs, jugglers, automatons, ventriloquists, living statuary, tableaux, gypsies, albinos, fat boys, giants, dwarfs, rope-dancers, caricatures of phrenology, and 'live Yankees,' pantomime, instrumental music, singing and dancing in great variety (including Ethiopians), etc. Dioramas, panoramas, models of Dublin, Paris, Niagara, Jerusalem, etc., mechanical figures, fancy glass-blowing, knitting machines and other triumphs in the mechanical arts, dissolving views, American Indians, including their warlike and religious ceremonies enacted on the stage, etc., etc.

"I need not specify the order of time in which these varieties were presented to

the public. In one respect there has been a thorough though gradual change in the general plan, for the *moral drama* is now, and has been for several years, the principal feature of the Lecture Room of the American Museum.

"Apart from the merit and interest of these performances, and apart from everything connected with the stage, my permanent collection of curiosities is, without doubt, abundantly worth the uniform charge of admission to all the entertainments of the establishment, and I can therefore afford to be accused of 'humbug' when I add such transient novelties as increase its attractions. If I have exhibited a questionable dead mermaid in my Museum, it should not be overlooked that I have also exhibited camelopard, a rhinoceros, grisly bears, ourang-outangs, great serpents, etc., about which there could be no mistake, because they were alive; and I hope that a little 'clap-trap' occasionally, in the way of transparencies, flags, exaggerated pictures, and puffing advertisements, might find an offset in a wilderness of wonderful, instructive, and amusing realities. Indeed, I cannot doubt that the sort of 'clap-trap' here referred to is allowable, and that the public like a little of it mixed up with the great realities which I provide. The titles of 'humbug,' and the 'prince of humbogs,' were first applied to me by myself."

The story of the mermaid is rather a curious one. It was, says Barnum, "an ugly, dried-up, black-looking, and diminutive specimen, about three feet long. Its mouth was open, its tail turned over, and its arms thrown up, giving it the appearance of having died in great agony." This interesting exile from the bowers of Amphitrite was in reality neither more nor less than an ingenious manufacture, composed of the head, body, and arms of an ape, and the tail of a fish, and was said to have been brought from Japan. An ordinary showman would probably have rejected it as little likely to prove attractive: Barnum, however, saw his way at once, and hired it for his museum. The first thing was to set the press to work, and the puff preliminary was administered in the following fashion:—

"In due time a communication appeared in the *New York Herald*, dated and mailed in Montgomery, Ala., giving the news of the day, trade, the crops, political gossip, etc., and also an incidental para-

graph about a certain Dr Griffin, agent of the Lyceum of Natural History in London, recently from Pernambuco, who had in his possession a most remarkable curiosity, being nothing less than a veritable mermaid taken among the Feejee Islands, and preserved in China, where the doctor had bought it at a high figure for the Lyceum of Natural History.

"A week or ten days afterwards, a letter of similar tenor, dated and mailed in Charleston, S. C., varying of course in the items of local news, was published in another New York paper.

"This was followed by a third letter, dated and mailed in Washington city, published in still another New York paper—there being in addition the expressed hope that the editors of the *Empire City* would beg a sight of the extraordinary curiosity before Dr Griffin took ship for England."

Flinty indeed would have been the heart of "Dr Griffin," had he resisted such appeals; and accordingly a gentleman, bearing that fabulous name, in due time appeared at one of the principal hotels in Philadelphia, where "his gentlemanly, dignified, yet social manners and liberality, gained him a fine reputation." Previous to taking his departure, he indulged the landlord and a few select friends with a view of the remarkable phenomenon in his possession; and this fact being duly chronicled in the Philadelphia papers, naturally excited considerable curiosity in New York. Now, who was "Dr Griffin of Pernambuco?" Even the same trusty Levi Lyman, who acted as Barnum's assistant in the disgusting exhibition of Joice Heth, and in consequence of whose communications to the newspapers, his employer had been accused both of imposture and cruelty!

This fraud was rather successful. Barnum prepared woodcuts of most enticing nereids, and got them inserted in the newspapers. He had transparencies painted, and hung out gigantic flags with such exaggerated pictures upon them, that even Lyman experienced the unusual sensation of shame, and threatened to strike work and abscond, if the energetic Barnum did not draw it a little milder. How the American public could tolerate such a piece of impudent imposture is to us incomprehensible.

The mermaid, however, could not be



reckoned on as a lasting attraction, and Barnum was on the look-out for novelties. At Bridgefort he heard of a remarkably small child, whose age was, in reality, *five* years. Barnum hired him from his parents, had him brought to New York, and announced him for exhibition in his Museum bills, "as General TOM THUMB, a dwarf of *eleven* years of age, just arrived from England!"

The infant was sharp, and, under the unscrupulous training of Barnum, rapidly became an adept in the art of deception. We need not chronicle the success of this speculation, both in the United States, and in England, whither Barnum brought his dwarf. By dint of persevering impudence he made his way. Tom Thumb was exhibited at Buckingham Palace, and, in consequence, every one flocked to see him. The profits of a successful show are enormous; and Barnum realised a competency before he returned to America.

Many will remember that passage, which poor Haydon, in the hour of his bitter agony, entered in his journal but a few days before his deplorable end—contrasting the reception of this diminutive mimic with that which the English public accorded to his last pictorial efforts. He wrote:—

"They rush by thousands to see Tom Thumb. They push, they fight, they scream, they faint, they cry help and murder! and oh! and ah! They see my bills, my boards, my caravans, and don't read them. Their eyes are open, but their sense is shut. It is an insanity, a *rabies*, a madness, a *furor*, a dream. I would not have believed it of the English people."

Such thoughts must have come naturally, and painfully, not to Haydon alone, but to many neglected men of genius, who in the midst of their poverty, misery, and despair, saw an adventurer reaping a fortune by the exhibition of a freak of nature. But the reflection is hardly just. The public has an undoubted right to select its own amusements; and if people choose to pay their shillings or half-crowns to see the absurd mummeries of a dwarf, rather than for recreation of a higher intellectual order, we have no right to blame them. Tastes vary. Queen Elizabeth, though she had no

objection to the representation of the plays of Shakespeare, was more partial to the spectacle of a bear-baiting; and there are practical philosophers who would rather enjoy a pipe and a pot of porter, than regale their minds and fatigue their limbs by a visit to the glories of the Crystal Palace. We have already stated our dislike and objection to the exhibition of dwarfs, or any other monstrosities of the human species; but we have no wish to dogmatise even upon that sentiment. Those who have a hankering after giants, dwarfs, and albinos, will of course repair to the caravans; nor shall we push our censure further than an expression of extreme dubiety as to the correctness of their taste. We do not blame Barnum for having exhibited Tom Thumb; but we denounce him for his acknowledged lies, and for his confessed deceptions. Fraud, falsehood, and wilful imposition were the principal causes of his success in almost every speculation which he has set down; and so far from being ashamed of his conduct, he is positively proud of it. The mendicant who, on the highway, exhibits sores on his person produced by the application to the skin of a half-penny dipped in aquafortis, and solicits charity on account of his affliction, stands, morally speaking, quite as high as Barnum, who, if one-half of his narrative be true, has most richly deserved the treadmill. Read his book, and you will see that most of what he calls his "speculations" are attempts to obtain money under false pretences—an article of dittay well known in this country, and constantly visited with punishment. If it should be said that the public must take the consequences of its own credulity; we ask what is the difference between the case of Barnum, and that of the person who tries to collect alms by means of false certificates?

We really have no patience to go further with this book. It does not even amuse us; for the anecdotes which are meant to be amusing are so disfigured with Yankee slang, and so intolerably egotistical, that the gorge rises as we read. More merciful towards Barnum than he has proved to himself, we pass over the scandalous story of the "Woolly Horse"—that

of the "Buffalo Hunt,"—and various other instances of imposture and depredation. His last and crowning successful speculation was the engagement of Jenny Lind to sing in America, in consequence of which his "gross receipts, after paying Miss Lind," amounted to 535,486 dollars; whereas the Swedish vocalist's net avails were only 176,675 dollars. Lately Miss Lind seems to have been disgusted with the individual to whom she had surrendered her services by contract; and we are not surprised at it, for it must have been a very humiliating thing to make the tour of the United States in company with the Barnum family. So she threw up her engagement before its close, preferring to pay forfeit rather than terminate her professional career under auspices to which antecedents had given so doubtful a character. There is, however, no reason to think that Barnum behaved otherwise than honourably in his pecuniary transactions with the Swedish Nightingale. He made an offer which, after due consideration, was accepted, and of course he was entitled to reap the benefit. That he should have used every means in his power to excite and maintain the public enthusiasm, was only natural, however unpalatable to the lady may have been the ordeal to which she was subjected. In the eye of her exhibitor she was but as Joice Heth, Tom Thumb, or the artificial mermaid. Certainly, on this occasion, Barnum did put on the stein, as may be gathered from the fact that a Bostonian, rejoicing in the name of "Ossian E. Dodge," purchased a single ticket for a concert at auction for 625 dollars. We should like, however, to hear Ossian E. Dodge cross-examined as to the particulars of that transaction.

Mr Barnum now resides near New York, at his villa of IRANISTAN, built, according to his own directions, from the model of the Pavilion erected by George IV. at Brighton. He has become, like Mr Mechi, an improver, and delivers lectures; and, on a deliberate review of his career, conceives that he has "a just and altogether reasonable claim" to be regarded as "a public benefactor, to an extent seldom paralleled in the histories of

professed and professional philanthropists!!!"

If we could enter, with anything like a feeling of zest, into the relations of this excessively shameless book, we should be inclined to treat its publication as the most daring hoax which the author has yet perpetrated upon the public. But it has inspired us with nothing but sensations of disgust for the frauds which it narrates, amazement at its audacity, loathing for its hypocrisy, abhorrence for the moral obliquity which it betrays, and sincere pity for the wretched man who compiled it. He has left nothing for his worst enemy to do; for he has fairly gibbeted himself. No unclean bird of prey, nailed ignominiously to the door of a barn, can present a more humiliating spectacle than Phineas Taylor Barnum, as he appears in his Autobiography.

The book, however, may be useful. It discloses much of which the public are not generally aware; and is, in fact, the profoundest and most pungent satire ever written upon the modern system of newspaper puffery and deceit. "Advertise!" says Barnum; and, in the main, he is perfectly right. The power of the press is prodigious; but, like all other powers, it may be fearfully misapplied. Of course so long as advertisements are, in their own character, unobjectionable, they must be inserted. If a man chooses to aver that he vends the best wine, meat, bread, tea, sugar, breeches, or boots in the community, he is entitled to say so, taking the responsibility of "making his vaunting good." These things do not derange trade: the serious evil commences when journalists pledge their reputation for the excellence of things which they know to be truly unworthy, or for the authenticity of deceptions. In America it would appear, judging from Barnum's revelations, that the press is generally venal. He takes every opportunity to insinuate that he had it at his command, and does not attempt to disguise that the preliminary Mermaid puffs were written by himself. How then came they to be inserted? We would advise the American editors, if possible, "to wash this filthy witness from their hands," otherwise it will be difficult to acquit

them of direct complicity with Barnum. Such, at least, is the deduction which every unprejudiced reader must form from a perusal of his book; but, as the man is obviously not to be relied on, this may possibly be a slander. In Great Britain, the character of the press, generally speaking, is high; but it might yet be higher. We know that whenever there is a case of palpable abuse, a corrective is sure to follow; but we wish that there were fewer instances of abuse. Above all, we would impress most strongly upon our journalists, who have a most important function to perform, the absolute necessity which exists of applying themselves vigorously to the detection and exposure of the frauds which are now constantly attempted to be palmed upon the public. Let us state instances. About two years ago, if so much, a couple of wretched little dwarfs, called Aztecs, were exhibited here by people of the stamp of Barnum. They were, unquestionably, greater curiosities in conformation than General Tom Thumb, for they were not merely dwarfs, but they seemed hardly allied to the human family. They were, if we recollect aright, stated to be children of the Incas—hereditary priests of the sun—carried off by the survivor of two or three daring explorers, who had ventured their lives by penetrating into a still-existing city of the ancient Peruvians in Central America; and we have a lively recollection of the woodcuts which portrayed the escape of the heroic Yankee from the town, clasping the two sacerdotal pledges with one hand to his bosom, whilst the other was more formidably occupied by the presentation of a Colt's revolver towards thousands of bereaved worshippers. The only mistake which the Aztec showmen committed, was that they did not lie with sufficient confidence. They were timid in their statements. They merely said, that such was the story they had received from the individual who first brought these interesting little objects within the pale and ken of civilisation, &c.; and by declining to indorse the lie authoritatively, they gave occasion for suspicion. It is now understood that the poor little things were mere *cretins*

from some Indian community, selected because they were so miserably small, decrepid, and helpless, and then hawked about, for enlightened European exhibition, under cover of a story which was really more preposterous than any which Barnum has devised, or, at all events, chronicled in his confessions. It was not the fact, but the fiction, which, in the case of the Aztecs as well as in that of Tom Thumb, excited the curiosity of the public. The humble showman who attacked Barnum at Warwick, hit the nail on the head when he exclaimed, "Tom Thumb has got the name, and you all know the name's everything. Tom Thumb couldn't never shine, even in my van, 'longside of a dozen dwarfs I knows, if this Yankee hadn't bamboozled our Queen—God bless her—by getting him afore her half-a-dozen times." Barnum deliberately falsified the age of his dwarf; the exhibitors of the Aztecs got up a spurious history for theirs—and in both instances the success was mainly owing to the deception. Nobody would pay sixpence for the sight of an ordinary monkey without a story or a pedigree; but if any showman possessed ingenuity enough to persuade the public that an ape in his possession had been the pet Jocko of the Queen of Sheba, and had received nuts from the hand of Solomon, his caravan would be crammed to overflowing. Many of us who sneer at the folly of clowns who have been victimised by pretended fortune-tellers, or at the intense stupidity of the farmer who has been pilaged by the adepts in thimble-rig, have, in our own persons, been quite as egregiously gulled. John Bull laughs with scorn at the mention of Popish relics, and professes himself unable to comprehend the imbecility of those who make pilgrimages to visit them; yet within half an hour afterwards, the excellent man takes Mrs Bull and the junior members of his family to see the wonderful exhibition of two infant priests, brought from a mysterious city in Central America, as detailed in a newspaper account which he read that morning with infinite gratification and amazement!

Great, indeed, is the power of humbug! In the absence of literary no-

velties from the pens of living authors, we are to be regaled with fiction, in the double sense, from the dead. Scarcely had Mr Lockhart, Scott's son-in-law and literary executor, been laid in the grave, than a gentleman in Paris announced that he had in his possession a most valuable curiosity, in the shape of an unpublished romance by the author of *Waverley* ! Of course, there is no want of vouchers ; nay, there is a letter said to be in Scott's handwriting, which accompanied the present of the manuscript. It is judiciously stated that the work itself is not of the highest degree of literary merit—not likely, in short, to rival *Ivanhoe*, or *Guy Mannering*, or the *Heart of Midlothian* in public estimation ; but that it contains unmistakable traces of the hand of its great composer. In short, the authenticity of *Moredun*, a romance, is now positively asserted. We are asked to believe that Scott was in the habit of bestowing valuable works of fiction upon his acquaintances, just as the Count of Monte Christo is described as acknowledging the most petty services with such trifles as diamonds and rubies, of which, it appears, he always kept a large stock in his waistcoat pocket. *Moredun* is not mentioned in Scott's diary, which affords a most accurate record of his literary labours :

—but what of that ? When the book comes out, my masters, you can read and judge for yourselves. Surely you know the style of the old master too well to be misled by a counterfeit ;—is it conceivable that any one would attempt a hoax which is so easy of detection ? Alas ! the good public has, times without number, been taken in by hoaxes quite as desperate as this. There was George Psalmanazar with his history and dictionary of Formosa, Chatterton with his Rowley poetry, and Ireland with his lost tragedy by Shakespeare. The adroit urchin in the brook always tickles his trout before he seizes it. 'There is no surer way to deceive the public than to appeal boldly to its discrimination—no better method of vending spurious ware, than an expressed appeal to the general verdict. How are men to judge unless they read—how can they read unless they buy ?

Ambrose de Lamela ! thy lot was cast centuries too early. Hadst thou lived in these latter days, we might have seen thee domiciled in a Pavilion, with any amount of dollars in the bank, enlightening and improving the world by virtuous precept and example, and claiming to be "a public benefactor, to an extent seldom paralleled in the histories of professed and professional philanthropists !"

## THE LIFE OF LORD METCALFE.

IN the commencement of the present century, at his residence in Portland Place, London, there was living a Major and Sir Thomas Metcalfe, a baronet, an East India Director, and member of Parliament for the borough of Abingdon. His fortune and his military rank had been obtained in India; his baronetcy had been won in Parliament by steady voting for the ministry of Pitt. Sir Thomas Metcalfe had two sons at Eton, Theophilus and Charles. The younger of these, having survived his brother, succeeded to the baronetcy, and was afterwards elevated to the peerage under the title of Lord Metcalfe. Leaving England at a very early age, as "writer" to the East India Company, he rose to be Governor-general of India; he afterwards served his country, at a very critical period, as governor of Jamaica; and finally, under circumstances still more difficult and discouraging, accepted and filled most creditably the office of Governor-general of Canada. There are few civilians who have rendered more substantial, laborious, unostentatious service to the State; there are few men whose lives, public and private, better deserve a record. More brilliant reputations may easily be found, but it would be difficult to select a safer example by which to stimulate our youth to honourable ambition. Lord Metcalfe rose by toil to the highest posts, and attained the prize without a speck upon his character. Amidst unremitting and often very anxious labour, he retained unimpaired a kind and amiable disposition. A firmness and determination, which might have become a military hero, were in him based entirely on sense of duty, not on the sentiment of personal pride, and were *therefore* compatible in him with a simplicity and gentleness of temper which might have become a woman. Nowhere surely shall we find, in more complete unison, an affectionate nature and

the spirit and talents which constitute the able governor.

Mr Kaye in these memoirs has done justice to his subject. The only objection to which his work appears to us to lie exposed is, that it is somewhat more bulky than was necessary. This is owing to the number of letters and other documents introduced; but his own narrative would be also improved, if it proceeded with rather more rapidity and precision. We forget who it was that, at the end of a long epistle to his friend, apologised for its length on the ground that "he had not time to write a shorter." Mr Kaye would probably make the same apology. He is lengthy out of haste. With a little more time, or a little more care, he would have produced a shorter book, and without the sacrifice of a single fact or a single thought. There are too many extracts. Some of these are furnished by a journal or commonplace-book kept by Metcalfe when very young. Now, nothing is more interesting than the narrative of the early days of men who have distinguished themselves, but nothing can be less entertaining or less instructive than the early efforts of composition which the clever lad makes, whether under the head of essay, or theme, or moral reflection. You might as well present us with the child's copybook, and show us how he made his pothooks. They can, at best, be characteristic only of the sort of tuition he is then and there growing under. Some long letters, addresses, and other state papers, might have been omitted with advantage. Though it is the habit or necessity of Indian statesmen to write much, it is not the habit of English readers to plod diligently through official correspondence. Mr Kaye seems aware that he has made some mistake of this description; but as the book was written, he contents himself with answering some imaginary objections in the preface.

These objections—which are not

precisely the same as his reader will be disposed to make—are answered in a manner so easy and ingenious, and which admits of so ready an application to every possible dilemma in which an author can find himself, that it would be unjust to pass it unnoticed. Mr Kaye says in his preface—"The records of Metcalfe's early life some may think have, in these pages, been unduly amplified. *But, rightly or wrongly, what I have done, I have done advisedly, systematically.*" And further on, when he presumes his reader may object to his fulness of historical detail, he says, "Such a stricture would not be without justice—so far, at least, as regards the fact. *But here again, if I have erred, I have erred designedly, and after mature consideration.*" Whether the reader will derive any comfort or satisfaction from being told that the weariness which occasionally oppresses him was inflicted systematically, designedly, and "after mature consideration," may perhaps be doubtful. Something, indeed, seems to be added about the system which is accompanied with this inconvenient result; but the whole ends in this, that whatever Mr Kaye does, he does with his eyes perfectly wide open—a fact which we have not the least disposition to dispute, and which, it seems, ought to silence any further opposition.

The defence, however, is as grave probably as the nature of the fault required. Some share of tediousness, more or less, seems inevitable in the biography of a civilian and a statesman. Besides, what *could* Mr Kaye do? The friends or the trustee of the deceased commit to his discretion whole boxes of letters, memoranda, diaries, addresses, one knows not what. Not to select a considerable handful from all these boxes would seem to cast a slight upon their contents. And after all, the reader has his remedy in his own hands—at his fingers' ends; and we can conscientiously say, that, with the aid occasionally of a rapid manipulation of the pages, these memoirs of Lord Metcalfe will be found both an entertaining and instructive work. For our part, we shall endeavour to put together, in a brief compass, some portion of its most interesting matter.

If Mr Kaye objects to this usage of his book, as being somewhat of a piratical character, we shall content ourselves with replying that, "Rightly or wrongly, we do it systematically—advisedly."

It does not appear to us that Mr Kaye is open to the charge of writing in that spirit of adulation so often displayed by the friendly biographer; and we are therefore a little surprised that he should deal so liberally, especially at the outset, in an epithet which the world in general confines to a chosen few. "When Metcalfe became great," "before his greatness," are expressions which startled us a little. Receiving our impression entirely from the memoirs before us, we yet should not speak of Mr Metcalfe as a great man. He was an excellent man, and amongst the highest order of public servants, and a better man than many whom we call great; but he does not stand out so completely from the throng of men as to justify this epithet. We really think that Mr Kaye was led into the use of it by an unconscious imitation of that youthful diary from which he has been extracting, and where it is a very favourite word. What we find in the character and career of Metcalfe, is a noble specimen of the men whom England breeds in her public schools and public life: a man of practical sagacity, of steadfast determination, of unimpeachable integrity; generous and affectionate in his private life, and animated by a due admixture of personal ambition and sense of duty in his public career. We say a due admixture of these, because a man will do very little in the world at all, unless he feels the promptings of ambition; and certainly very little good in it, unless he is directed by a strong sense of duty.

One trait in his intellectual character presents itself at the outset, and it is distinctive not only of himself, but of the majority of educated Englishmen. The sagacity requisite for the hour is combined with decision, and steadfastness of purpose; you have the man of action, of administrative ability, completely before you; but there is the utter absence of all speculative thought. Beyond the emergency of the present times, or the

plain duties for the next generation,—whether these concern government, or laws, or religion—he neither sees, nor makes effort to see. Neither in the youth fresh from Eton, nor in the ruler of Brahminical India, do we trace the least tendency to speculative thinking. There is no admixture of the philosophic element. Perhaps it could only have been purchased by the sacrifice of some portion of the courage, decision, and activity of the man. We are compelled reluctantly to confess that this is the penalty generally paid down for a participation in the meditative spirit. A Sir James Mackintosh and a Sir Charles Metcalfe could hardly have been united in the same person. If the laws of mental chemistry do not absolutely forbid such a combination, it is so rare that we have no right to feel disappointment at not meeting with it. We mention the fact as characteristic of his class. The young Etonian (and if it had been the young Oxonian, the case would not have been different) was not likely to quit the shores of England with any speculative tastes. In the classical education of England there is little room for philosophy. The camp, the court, the republican city—war and peace—Homer and Horace—something the young spirit learns of these. A long line of Pagan deities is seen retreating through some Gothic vista. But, for the rest, if anything divides the allegiance he pays to his own spiritual hierarchy, it is Zeus and Pallas, Apollo and the Nine—not any abstraction of philosophy. He may have *almost* made room in his imagination for more gods than his Church is cognisant of, but it is not the clouds which metaphysicians, those untamable Titans, raise up against all spiritual thrones, which have bewildered him. “Metaphysics, I abhor you!” cries young Metcalfe, then between the ages of eighteen and nineteen. *One glance* he must have thrown in that direction even to have abhorred; but everything assures that it was a very hasty glance. Judging from the materials his biographer has given us, he was never tempted into a nearer acquaintance with this detested shadow. Here is a quotation from the Commonplace Book.

“[*Ætat.* 18-19.]

“HUMAN MIND.—M—— is a strong in-

stance of the weakness of the human mind. He has entered on a discussion of too great magnitude for his understanding. He has adopted the modern notion that Reason—*Blessed Reason*—ought to be our guide in matters of religion and government, and that we are authorised by all the rights of man to oppose whatever is opposite to our reason. It is this fallacious, detestable principle which has loaded the world for the last twenty years with crime and misery. It is the doctrine of Paine, Godwin, and the Devil—the root of all vice and the bane of every virtue. O Lord, I humbly call upon you to release me from this abominable spirit, and to keep me steadfast in the right way!”

The piety of this prayer who can doubt? But one cannot help remarking that a Scotch youth of the same age might be equally pious, equally steadfast in his faith, and perhaps more conversant with the several articles of his creed, but he never would have expressed the tenacity of his convictions in this manner,—never would have spoken of “blessed reason” ironically. He never for a moment could have put his Faith in antagonism to Reason, however he might have thought this latter word abused by the Paines and Godwins of the day. His first and last boast would have been that his faith was the perfection of reason. A Scotch lad who had only breathed the air of Glasgow, or of Edinburgh, would have never shrunk from intellectual contest, or professed that the creed he held and cherished was not in perfect harmony with the truly *blessed reason*. He would as soon have thought of proclaiming himself a lunatic in the public streets, and avowing a preference for a slight shade of insanity. Such distinction we cannot help noticing between the systems of education in England and Scotland, but we have no intention of pursuing the subject, or drawing any laboured comparison between their respective merits.

Still less do we by this observation intend to throw disparagement on the subject of these memoirs. Academical education of any kind was dealt in very scanty measure; and if he does not rise into higher regions of thought than his own duties require, he is always seen equal to those duties.

If we do not trace in him the least *scintilla* of a Sir William Jones or a Colebrooke—if he lives in India, careless of what profound philosophy or mystical thinking may lie half hidden in that Brahminical religion which has retained possession of the country some thousands of years, and still continues to exercise a subtle and potent influence over the character of the people—he is nevertheless precisely the man to point out and mark down the line of conduct to be at this moment pursued towards that religion. He it is who sees with singular clearness what is due to the religious conviction of the populace, and what to the common claims of humanity. He would respect a temple—he would abolish the suttee; and if, in arguing on abstract questions or general principles of government, he may sometimes be caught tripping, sometimes convicted of inconsistencies, it may be said with perfect safety of him that he has displayed in his career more of practical and efficient statesmanship than a whole batch of orators—a whole corps of popular members of the House of Commons.

Though reared in England, Charles Metcalfe was born in India, at Calcutta, in the year 1785; but he was still very young when his parents quitted that country. We hear of him being “boarded and birched,” as our biographer has it, at some juvenile seminary, kept by a Mr Taft. At the age of eleven he was forwarded to Eton. Here he was very studious. He left before he was sixteen; yet in these few years he appears, in addition to the prescribed studies of the schools, to have read very sedulously in the literature of England. Nor had he neglected the languages of France and Italy. He was a quiet, retiring boy; his play-hours were spent amongst his favourite books. Neither the “flying ball,” nor the boat race, nor any athletic games, had attraction for him, nor had he any aptitude for them. It is said that he could never, at any period of his life, learn to ride. Books and tranquil friendships were his delight; but, as is so often the case with these retiring tempers, he nursed nevertheless a persisting unobtrusive ambition. He

dreamt early of becoming “great;” and his dreams of greatness took the form of high official appointments. He will be a statesman; he will one day lay his hand on the reins of government—will dictate treaties—will harangue in senates—will sit in council.

An indisposition to athletic exercises was in him indicative of no effeminacy of character. On the contrary, he has great firmness of purpose; and throughout his career an open manly spirit pervades all his conduct. In boyhood, whilst he retreats from the play-ground to write moral reflections in his journal, one favourite subject for his pen is the superiority of a public school, with all its trials, temptations, and petty oppression, over the more timid system of private education. In more advanced youth we find him at some siege in India, deserting the safe position which his diplomatic mission assigned him, to enter, sword in hand, into the deadly breach. His frame, which was short and thick-set, was not probably adapted for success in any achievement where strength and suppleness of limb were necessary; but he bore a brave heart within him, and had the true spirit of a soldier. He had, too, many of the qualities which fit men for command in armies—self-reliance, steadfast resolution, promptitude of decision.

The elder brother, Theophilus, was in many respects a contrast to Charles, being fond of sports and most other pleasures *except* those of a sedentary nature.

“The breaches between them,” says our biographer, “were frequent—as frequent they will be between boys of different character, each with pretensions of his own, each, after his own fashion, egotistical and intolerant (and there is no egotism and intolerance equal to that of clever boys); but there was a fund of good brotherly love at the bottom of their hearts, even when they were most vehement in their denunciations of each other. All through the year 1799 this fraternal antagonism seems to have been at its height. Their good mother declared that she quite dreaded the approach of the holidays on this account, and strenuously exhorted them to peace. Her exhortations were not at all successful. Early in November the two bro-



thers fell to quarrelling over the politics of the day. Charles was at that time, like his father, a Pittite; whilst Theophilus was in opposition. Charles declared that the ministers 'were the only men capable of governing the country,' and called his brother a democrat. Upon this Theophilus fired up, and, adverting to the expedition to Holland, asked what was to be said of 'ministerial liberality which now accuses the Russians, accuses the Austrians, accuses everything—but those who would have taken all the credit if it had succeeded. So much for ministers—for the only men that can govern the country!'"

But these boyish encounters and boyish feuds were soon entirely to be forgotten, and changed into brotherly love by the long separation that was destined for them. To be the sons of an East Indian Director, was to be banished to wealth and prosperity at the other end of the world. Theophilus was the first who received sentence of exile. He had no sooner left Eton and begun to enjoy his freedom and independence, and all the pleasures of his age, "making friends, falling in love, acting at masquerades, and drinking his wine like a man," than he heard that he was to be despatched to China. He was to grow rich at the Company's Factory at Canton—very rich; probably very yellow also; at all events, he was to be saturated with gold in the golden land of Cathay.

The intelligence was dismal in the extreme. One chance of escape occurred to him. Would not his brother Charles like to go and gather gold in China, and leave him to present enjoyment in England? He makes the disinterested proposal.

"When I consider," he writes to his brother, "of the difference between you and me, I am astonished. You a studious grave fellow, studying five hours a day; me a wild idle dog, who does not look into a book from the rising to the setting of the sun. You who would like to go to China and make a large fortune; me, who would like to stay in England and spend what I have. Would, Charles, that you were to bend your way to China in my stead! And I know not why I should be refused remaining in England, when I seem so anxiously to wish it. What, because the world styles it good, is a young man to be sent to a place which least of all suits his disposition, to be shut up

for ten or twelve years from all friends and relations?"

But Charles had as little disposition to quit England as Theophilus. He replied to this, and other letters on the subject, that he hoped his brother would not be offended; but if the decision were left with him, "he would have nothing to do with the China factory." Charles, however, was never called upon to refuse the expedition to China, for he himself was destined to Bengal.

"Whilst these young gentlemen were arranging for themselves the business of their future disposal, the elder Metcalfes were settling everything for them, and leaving little choice to the boys. Both, after a few years, acknowledged that their parents were right. But when it was finally decided—and all escape from the decision was impossible—that Theophilus should be despatched to China, and that Charles should go as a writer to Bengal, the two boys were ready to die with vexation. Charles was very sorry to leave Eton. He loved the school; he loved his tutor; he loved many of his schoolfellows; and he loved his books. He was sorry to think of leaving England, for he loved his parents, and he loved his sisters. Mrs Metcalfe, though Theophilus was her favourite, sometimes acknowledged that Charles was the more dutiful and attentive of the two. By his sisters, into whose school-room he would make frequent disturbing incursions, he was held in the fondest affection. He was very loving and very lovable. He was not one who could be banished to a distant country without grievous laceration of the heart."

In addition to all these *torcs*, here enumerated so energetically, was one of a still more tender description. To add to his affliction at departure, poor Charles must meet at a ball a certain fascinating Miss D——, whose graces, both of mind and person, made a deep impression on him. He had to leave England with this arrow in his bosom. It is remarkable that this is the only attachment of the kind we read of in his whole life. Though, at a subsequent period, his gentle manner, his courtesy, his hospitality, made him the favourite of all the fair sex in Calcutta, not one of them seems to have touched his heart. From all that appears, he passed through life a steady and determined bachelor.

With all these griefs in his heart, he sets sail for India, carrying with him the good wishes and sanguine hopes of many friends. Amongst these we find particularised a certain Aunt Winch, who, on his farewell visit, "gives him two pounds, encumbered with the laudable injunction to purchase therewith the *Whole Duty of Man*."

He landed in Calcutta under the very best auspices. Son of an East India director, and of one whose name was still remembered and respected at Calcutta, he had a ready passport to society. For a time nothing is entered in the Diary but the visits that he pays, the balls and dinners he attends. It is the cool season, too, when he arrives. But when the novelty of the scene had worn off, and the heat of the weather increased, the banished youth sank for a time quite dispirited.

"The exhausting climate of Calcutta had now for some months been doing its sure work upon the young stranger; and he felt, as hundreds before and after him have felt, worn, weary, and dispirited; needing some great exertion to shake off the depressing influences which were surrounding him, and yet utterly incapable of making it. He had been applying himself somewhat too closely to his studies; the mind had been on the stretch, and the body had been inactive. He had neglected to take that regular exercise which, in moderation, contributes so much to the health of the resident in hot climates. He was not addicted to field sports; he did not excel in athletic exercises of any kind. He said that he was 'out of his element' amidst such scenes. Foul vapours gathered about him, and there was nothing to disperse them. In these fiery months there is a general stagnation of the social atmosphere. A few languid dinner-parties feebly indicate that the spirit of hospitality is not dead, but sleepeth. Even the natives of the country shrink from the fierce glare, the scorching winds, and the intolerable dust of the summer solstice. How, then, when the sun is up, can English gentlemen pass about from house to house to visit one another, or indulge freely in mid-day intercourse? The hot weather is generally a period of dreary isolation."

What wonder that Charles Metcalfe should have written home to his parents to entreat them to remove him—to obtain for him some position

in England—a seat in Lord Grenville's office? He was home-sick. He saw at present no road open to distinction. He seemed to have left behind him in England the arena of ambition as well as the scene of his affections. Alone, in ill health, with no more enlivening pursuits than the study of the native language, his heart full of home-affections, and troubled too by one still more tender sentiment, it was inevitable that he should write to his parents begging to be recalled. "I cannot exist," he says, "in the absence of my family." His parents, however, who probably foresaw that Charles would have to pass through some probation of this kind, and that his "trial-year" would be a severe one, answered with grave admonitions—a little sympathy, and much good advice. His mother, who is described as "a woman of strong sense and of plain discourse," deals less in sympathy than the father, and rates her son for his weakness and instability of purpose.

"Your letters," she writes, "have given us little satisfaction. Instead of your parents being the objects of your wish to relinquish so important a situation, if you examine your heart, you will find it is Miss D—. Your father has not the means or interest to get even the paltry appointment of a clerk in Lord Grenville's office; and if he had, *there you might stay whatever were your abilities*. . . . If you have a grain of ambition, you are in the field for it, and the ball is at your foot. What is it you want? With friends, money, attention, credit, good sense, abilities, and a prospect before you which hundreds, I may say thousands, in this country have not—you want, I fear, my dear Charles, a contented mind."

But in a short time, and before even these letters could reach him, his melancholy humours were dispersing before a more active and hopeful career. He was appointed assistant in the office of the Governor-general, and the young "writer" had become attached, once for all, to the *political* department of the East India Company's service. Lord Wellesley, the then Governor-general, recognised his ability and the sterling merits of his character. We must find room for Mr Kaye's vivid description of the Governor-general, and the new office

in Government House which he had lately established :—

“ Lord Wellesley had some time before conceived the idea of planting in Government House an office under his own immediate superintendence. In prosecution of this design, it was his wont to select from amongst the young civilians at the Presidency those who had given the fairest promise of intelligence and zeal, and to make them his confidential assistants. And it is an eminent proof of the sagacity of this great statesman that he seldom made a selection that was not more than justified by the after-career of the man on whom he had fixed his regards. Nor was it the least pleasing of his retrospects, forty years afterwards, to recall the persons of the young men whom he, during the first year of the century, had assembled in Government House—the persons of John Adam, of Bayley, of Jenkins, and of Metcalfe, and to think of the distinction that in the interval had been attained by his pupils.

“ Of all men living, perhaps Lord Wellesley was the one around whose character and conduct the largest amount of youthful admiration was likely to gather. There was a vastness in all his conceptions which irresistibly appealed to the imaginations of his disciples. Their faith in him was unbounded. The promptitude and decision with which he acted dispelled all doubt and disarmed all scepticism. Embodied in the person of Lord Wellesley, statesmanship was in the eyes of his pupils a splendid reality; they saw in him a great man with great things to accomplish. As he walked up and down the spacious central hall of the newly-erected Government House, now dictating the terms of a letter to be despatched to one political functionary, now to another—keeping many pens employed at once, but never confusing the argument or language proper to each—there was a moral grandeur about him, seen through which, the scant proportions of the little Viceroy grew into something almost sublime. There could not be a finer forcing-house for young ambition. Charles Metcalfe grew apace in it. . . .

“ From this time Charles Metcalfe looked steadily forward. There were no more vain retrospects—no more idle regrets. The *vestigia retrorsum* were not to be taken. *He had formed the resolution of not leaving the country until the Governor-generalship of India was in his hands!* And that such would be the end of his career was not a mere passing thought—an impulsive hope — but an abiding and sustaining conviction.”

From Lord Wellesley's office Charles Metcalfe went for a short time as assistant to the resident of Delhi. He was next appointed to a mission to Lahore, of no little delicacy. It had for its object to form a treaty with Runjeet Singh. Here the young diplomatist was thrown upon his own resources: he had no one to share the difficulties or responsibilities of his mission. As Mr Kaye very justly adds, “ there was nothing like this in Lord Grenville's office.”

No; the young statesman would have found no school in England like that which he entered at the Government House in India. Even if that higher object of his ambition—a seat in Parliament—had been obtained, his political education, in any high sense of the term, would not have been much advanced. What a man may grow to, under any circumstances, there is no saying; but if we have statesmen in England, it is in spite of, and not owing to, the special training that public life accords. A Parliamentary orator, and skilful tactician in party warfare, rises to the post of statesman; and when there, he displays—what? Parliamentary oratory of a still higher character, and party tactics still more skilful. It was in the natural order of things that it should be so. Our public men talk well—they do nothing, or do nothing well. The discrepancy is lamentable between the speech and the measure. The principles on which we ought to act are so amply discussed, and then comes forth the action itself in the shape of some dim, disfigured measure, or some staggering, bewildered course of daily expedients. Any boat will do, so it will live in the Parliamentary vortex. It is not at all consolatory to be told that the evil is irremediable; that the House of Commons, with its shifting majorities, must not only shape the bill, but shape the man who frames the bill. We must, adopting the old reply, lament the evil, and lament also that it is irremediable. In reading these memoirs, and other works which detail our Indian history, we have been forced to confess that there is more practical statesmanship displayed by the servants of the Company than by our Ministerial orators. In India, the

grave question of war or peace is evidently *deliberated upon*; in England, a few traditional maxims, the current of diplomacy, and the temper of the House, decide all. The Minister deliberates only on his Parliamentary statement.

But we must return to Charles Metcalfe and his embassy to Runjeet Singh. At that time, as now, we were alarmed for the security of our Indian possessions, but France was the military power whose incursions were then dreaded.

"Already," writes Mr Kaye, "was French intrigue making its way at the Persian court. That was the sure commencement of the great game that was about to be played. It was a great thing, therefore, to re-establish our ascendancy at Teheran—and a great thing to achieve the diplomatic occupation of the countries between Persia and India before our enemies could appear upon the scene. To accomplish the former object, John Malcolm was despatched to the Court of the Shah-i-shah; and to secure the latter, Mountstuart Elphinstone and Charles Metcalfe were ordered to proceed, the former to Cabul, and the latter to Lahore."

It is a very spirited and entertaining account which Mr Kaye gives us here of the first embassy of the young statesman; and we wish our space would allow us to extract it. Metcalfe's object was to frame a defensive alliance with Runjeet Singh against the French; Runjeet, full of his own ambitious schemes, sought only from the Company liberty to extend his conquests as he pleased or could, and that over tribes who had put themselves under English protection. "If the French invade your territory," said our young ambassador, "you will profit greatly by our alliance. If they do not, you will not suffer by it." To which plain reasoning the crafty Indian replied, "If you want my alliance, you must have some object to gain; you must therefore give me something for my alliance—give me permission to extend my territories undisturbed on the southern side of the Sutlej." This was the last thing in the intention of England; so that our ambassador had to threaten war at one moment, and the next, to propose his new friendly and defensive

alliance. The alliance was framed; but the whole business ended practically in a coercion exercised over Runjeet Singh. Great was the skill, tact, patience, and determination which young Metcalfe displayed as he followed the Indian warrior from one encampment to another, or was compelled to wait in idleness while the versatile and inconstant chief gave himself up to pleasure, and would hear nothing of war or of politics. At one time he writes to Metcalfe proposing a meeting on the Sutlej. But he is tired of business—is eager again to enjoy the delights of the wine-cup and the zenana. "Before the British envoy had reached the banks of the river, Runjeet had again changed his mind, and was running in hot haste on the wings of love to Umritzur." Metcalfe had to follow him to the "holy city."

In this holy city of Umritzur the zeal of the Hindoos must run very high. An anecdote is here related, which shows that a "conversion" in those parts may even work more tremendous mischief than it does with us.

"Runjeet had hoped for a little while, in the arms of his favourite mistress, to forget all of royalty except its sensual delights. But that which was to have been to him only a source of refreshment and repose, became the existing cause of unexpected trouble and alarm. His favourite was a Mussulmanee dancing-girl. It may have been in the plenitude of her Mahomedan zeal—or it may have been in the mere wantonness of power—that either by force or persuasion she had recently converted a Hindoo to the faith of Islam—or at least subjected him to its external ritualities. The act, from whatever feeling it may have resulted, threw Umritzur into a ferment of excitement. The shops of the holy city were closed. The priests of the great temple issued their manifestoes, and forbade the people, under a ban of excommunication, to open them and return to their wonted business; and the houses of Mussulmanee dancing-girls, in expiation of the offence of one of their tribe, were plundered by the outraged Hindoos."

It may be some consolation to find that there are people, and a priesthood, a shade worse than any that exist amongst ourselves, and that a conversion in the city of Umritzur may

work more terrible consequences than it does at home. To be sure we have found it necessary to *ticket the wounded* as they are carried into the hospital of Balaklava, or Scutari, lest Protestant or Catholic should be assailed in this prostrate condition, and carried off as convertites by champions of an opposite creed, by some priest full of inmitigable zeal, or some Bible-reader from the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Chapel, as pious and as implacable. But even in the neighbourhood of Tottenham Court Chapel we have not heard of the shops being closed, or all commerce forbidden, on the occasion of the most portentous conversion. It is, we repeat, some consolation to think that there are men madder than ourselves in the holy city of Umritzur.

We cannot enumerate the several steps of promotion to which the admirable temper and ability displayed in this mission to Lahore conducted the young diplomatist. We must pass on rapidly. At the age of twenty-six we find him appointed Resident at Delhi; an appointment, we are told, coveted by the oldest officers of both services, civil and military, and inferior only, in the distinction it conferred, to a seat at the council-board of government. Delhi is, or was, the imperial city of the Great Mogul. The emperor Shah Allum, old, blind, and infirm, still held there the mockery of a court. Charles Metcalfe was Mayor of the Palace. It was the duty of the Resident to superintend the affairs of this Great Mogul, now the pensioner of the commercial company of Leadenhall Street. He had, in fact, to preside over the whole government of the Delhi territory, the collection of its revenue, and the administration of justice. The Resident "was a great man—he had a court of his own, and a large monthly allowance from government to support it in a state of becoming splendour. He kept open house. He had what was called a 'Family'—all the officers attached to the Residency, with their wives and children, were members of it." The boy who, a little more than ten years ago, was on the play-ground at Eton, is now a veritable prince in India.

The young prince, Mr Kaye thinks,

was not quite so happy as he seemed to be. Naturally of a cheerful temper, and with plenty of work to do, his condition could not have been otherwise than very endurable. "But there were times when he thought that for even his brilliant position he had paid somewhat too dearly; and when he took up his pen to discourse with some members of his distant family, the old clouds which had gathered over him during the first years of his Indian residence began to overshadow him again, and he spoke doubtfully of the apparent advantages of his present and the promises of his future life." He still felt that he was an exile. Prosperity itself loses half its charms when we have not our old friends about us, and cannot receive their congratulations or make them participants in our good fortune. It is in the family circle that the public honour is really enjoyed. Charles Metcalfe had laboured on alone, had received his reward alone. He began to look forward, when he returned to England, to a solitary life; he should have no friends there, no connections. Worse than all, one sees that the Resident at Delhi had allowed his ambition to step in between him and the prospect of a domestic hearth of his own. Marriage no longer wore the same aspect that it probably did when he was suffering from the memory of Miss D—. It was now a treaty of alliance to be entered into only with one of the noble, or the more elevated class of society. With these views of a matrimonial alliance, he calculates that he shall *never be rich enough* to marry. Writing to his aunt, he says, "I hope to lay by at the rate of £3000 per annum, which, in twelve or fifteen years, ought to be enough to enable me to live at home, in the plain manner in which I mean to live as an old bachelor; for you must know that I have no thought of *ever* marrying, as I shall never have money enough for it, unless I consent, which I will not do, to spend the whole of it on what is termed *living*." Metcalfe thought that money had better uses than to be spent on houses and furniture, dinners, coaches, and servants. He was right; but could he have found no woman to

think as wisely as himself in this respect? If marriage itself had not become an object of ambition, would he have done this injustice to the whole female sex, of supposing that no wife was to be had who would agree with him in preferring an unostentatious mode of living, with a fund in hand for purposes of charity and generosity? \*

Very liberal and very generous was the Resident at Delhi, both now and throughout his career. In this respect he had a princely heart. His donations were often munificent, and his habitual hospitality had no other limit than that which a manifest prudence imposed upon it.

It was not directly from the Residency at Delhi that the subject of our biography was appointed to be a member of council; there were intermediate steps too intricate to be here traced out; but we must follow him at once to this much-coveted position. In the year 1827, Sir Charles Metcalfe (for both his father and eldest brother are now dead, and he has succeeded to the title of baronet) took his seat in the supreme council of India. This position, Mr Kaye tells us, may be a most onerous one, or a most indolent, as the holder of it is disposed. He may enjoy his privilege of a seat at the same board with the Governor-general—write a few minutes—draw a salary of £10,000 a-year—be addressed as an “honourable,”—and subside into a nonentity. Or he may enter zealously and indefatigably into the administration and measures of the Government, and, in innumerable and immeasurable documents, combat incessantly the opinions of others and enforce his own; in fact, he may be overwhelmed in work.

“Attended by his secretaries, the Governor-general meets the members of council on certain given days—say twice—in every week. All the multifarious concerns of government requiring adjustment in the different departments of state—in the political, the military, the financial, the judicial, &c.—are then cur-

sorily discussed and decided; but the real business is done at home on the other days of the week, where the government-messengers are continually presenting themselves at the houses of the members of council, bearing certain official-looking oblong boxes, containing state papers to be examined and minuted by the councillors. Rough-hewn by the secretaries, important despatches, or minutes and memoranda on which despatches are to be based, are sent round for inspection and approval. Then the member of council either writes his initials on the draft, and passes it on without further comment, or he seats himself down to his desk, and draws up an elaborate minute on the subject. These minutes take the place of speeches delivered by the members of popular assemblies. They contain an expression of the individual opinions of the writer, supported by such facts and such arguments as he can bring to his aid. Thus is it, as was said by a distinguished living statesman, that ‘eloquence evaporates in scores of paragraphs.’ But the paragraphs have often more of ‘eloquence’ in them than the halting sentences which make up the oral discourses which would appropriate the name. Now it is just in proportion as the contents of these boxes of state papers are examined and commented upon by the member of council that his life is one of dignified ease or interminable toil. Metcalfe soon found that his was the latter.”

It could hardly have been otherwise. A man of active mind, accustomed to self-reliance, well acquainted with all the affairs of government, it was impossible that he should let the state papers in their despatch-box pass him by with the mark only of his initials. He wrote much, and earnestly. Often in the minority, we yet feel persuaded that this was because he outstript, not because he lagged behind, his fellow councillors in just appreciation of the principles on which the country should be governed. But we must first attend upon him till he reaches the pinnacle of his fortune in India, before we allude to the views or principles on which he administered its affairs.

We are now in the year 1831, and Lord William Bentinck is Governor-general. In the month of August,

\* Marriage is one of those subjects which men contemplate under very different aspects at different times. We must not be thought to bind Metcalfe all his life through to the expressions of a single letter. When jested upon this subject by his friends in India, we are told that he used to appeal to his own want of personal attractions—which was certainly an *answer*, but not a *reason*.

the five years' term of office, as member of council, would expire. The Court of Directors extended the term for two years more; and, to pass over some minor matters, Metcalfe was subsequently appointed to the government of Agra, and was also nominated Provisional Governor-general of India, on the death, resignation, or coming away of Lord William Bentinck.

The contingency almost immediately occurred. He had scarcely reached the seat of his government when advices arrived of the speedy departure (on account of ill health) of the Governor-general, and he was compelled to return to Calcutta. "On the 20th March 1834, he became, what more than thirty years before he declared that he would become, Governor-general of India!"

Whether Sir Charles Metcalfe would be allowed to retain his appointment, or whether Ministers in England would consent to bestow this great prize on any other than a political partisan, remained to be seen. Lord Melbourne was then at the head of the administration. The delay in making the appointment was unusual. The Court of Directors passed a resolution confirming the appointment of Sir Charles Metcalfe. The Crown Ministers were not disposed to ratify this choice. The Company, on their side, seemed equally indisposed to accept of the Whig nominees. Nothing was done. New rumours came to India with every ship. Never were the people at Calcutta kept in greater suspense. Before the contest could be terminated the Whigs resigned. Sir Robert Peel came into power. He appointed Lord Heytesbury to the Governor-generalship of India.

All through the hot weather and rainy season of 1835 Sir Charles Metcalfe remained at his post, expecting the arrival of Lord Heytesbury. But before this nobleman could set sail from England, another change took place in the Ministry. The Whigs returned to power. One of their first acts was to cancel his appointment. Lord Heytesbury had received the valedictory entertainment from the East India Company, and had made every preparation for his voyage by the *Jupiter*. The Whigs were just in time to arrest his

departure. The *Jupiter* carried out Lord Auckland as the Governor-general.

To Sir Charles Metcalfe were brought flattering messages, and the Grand Cross of the Bath.

After having received his dismissal and his diamond cross, the ex-governor, if he had consulted his own dignity, should have gracefully retired from the scene. He committed the anti-climax of accepting the government of Agra, now reduced to a Lieutenant-generalship. He was swayed, no doubt, by the flattering solicitation of friends who wished to retain him in India. But it was a mistake. The late Governor-general no longer felt himself at home in the subordinate position of Lieutenant-general of Agra. He suspected that some of the measures he had passed in his higher office had not rendered his name popular with the authorities in England, and that the offences of the late Governor-general were visited upon the lieutenant of Agra. He had lost, he thought, their confidence, or their respect, and under this impression wrote home to resign his appointment. The resignation was accepted in a cold official manner, without any attempt being made to remove the impression under which it had been made. Finally, in 1838, he set sail for England, leaving Calcutta under a shower of valedictory addresses from all classes of the community.

To enumerate the addresses which in the various periods of his life either welcomed his arrival or regretted his departure, would fill pages. There was a trunk full of them amongst the papers he left behind. Our Anglo-Indians are a generous, much-applauding people, or Sir Charles was an extraordinary favourite. Indeed, he deserved to be such, for his private life was as much distinguished by kindness and hospitality as his public career by a conscientious and intelligent fulfilment of all his duties. The following picture of his daily course of life, when member of the Supreme Council in India, will be read with interest, especially by those who are familiar with that country.

"Sir Charles Metcalfe was for nearly seven years a member of the Supreme Council of India, and throughout this

period he continually resided in Calcutta or the near neighbourhood. During the first years of his residence at the Presidency, he occupied a house on the banks of the river, at Garden Reach. He subsequently removed to Allipore, a more inland suburb, taking up his abode at Government House during the absence of the Governor-general, and spending occasional brief intervals of rustication at Barrackpore. Throughout all this period he enlivened Calcutta with magnificent hospitality. He was in the enjoyment of almost uninterrupted health, and he appears to have been cheerful and contented. The want which he most lamented was the want of leisure. He had little to devote to his books. Except from time to time, on the way to and from Barrackpore, when a volume of some favourite author—often a classical one—was his companion, the gratification of his love of general reading was almost wholly denied to him. He lived continually in harness, official and social. He rarely, until the business of the day was done, went beyond the limits of his own premises. His house at Allipore was surrounded by spacious park-like grounds, and at early morning he might sometimes be seen riding in top-boots—an article of equipment in which he always rejoiced—on a plump white horse, with a groom upon either side of him. His labours commenced every morning at seven o'clock. From nine to twelve he devoted to breakfast and the reception of visitors. For the most part they were visits of business. From twelve to seven he was continually at work, and frequently when at home, with no social claims upon him, returned to business after dinner. But in spite of these exhausting labours, in a most exhausting climate, he never seemed to be exhausted. When he appeared at the dinner-table in the evening, he was cheerful, animated, and entertaining, always courteous, affable, and good-natured.

"But the real history of his life at this time is to be found amongst his papers, the original drafts of which are now before me. They indicate in a very striking manner both the laboriousness and the conscientiousness of the man. There was scarcely a subject connected with the whole question of our position in India to the elucidation of which he did not address himself in an elaborate minute. He was not a wordy writer. He went straight to the point—in a few

pregnant sentences stated his opinions—and then proceeded to support them with a goodly array of facts and arguments. There was a straightforwardness of manner in all his writings—no shams and pretences—he was not capable of any kind of trickery and chicanery."

The character here given of his writings appears to us to be fully borne out by the specimens before us. There are especially some extracts from his "Minutes," which are both interesting and valuable. We wish we could transfer some of them to our own pages. The reader will find them in the second volume, page 190 *et seq.* Of such extracts as these we certainly do not complain of a redundancy.

As one member of a council, it would be difficult, we presume, to estimate the influence which Sir Charles Metcalfe exercised. We must go back to his personal administration of affairs at the Residency of Delhi, or elsewhere, to see him in distinct and individual action. We have a summary from his own pen of the traits which distinguished his administration at Delhi. "Capital punishment," he says, "was generally and almost wholly abstained from, and I believe without any bad effect. Corporal punishment was discouraged, and finally abolished. Swords, and other implements of intestine warfare, to which the people were prone, were turned into ploughshares, not figuratively alone, but literally also—villages being made to give up their arms, which were returned to them in the shape of implements of agriculture. Suttees were prohibited. . . . The rights of the people were better preserved by the maintenance of the village institutions, and by avoiding these pernicious sales of land for arrears of revenue, which in other provinces have tended so much to destroy the hereditary rights of the mass of the agricultural community."—Vol. i. p. 471.

Sir Charles Metcalfe shows himself elsewhere very partial to the village communities; \* and they form an attractive subject of contemplation. But

\* These village communities have been often described, yet, the following account of them, extracted from the "Minutes" of Sir Charles Metcalfe, will be read with interest:—

"I admire the structure of the village communities, and am apprehensive that



it must not be lost sight of that they are essentially part and parcel of a despotic arbitrary government. It is the weak herding together, and saying to the oppressor—take your taxes, take your tribute, and leave us to ourselves, to our labour, our poverty, and such peace as your wars will render possible. It is a striking instance of that law of compensation which some are fond of tracing throughout human life. The dread of the common oppressor binds together the village community in a contented poverty and an unbroken alliance. But pleasing as such an institution may be as a subject of contemplation (for ourselves we know nothing of its actual details, or whether the picture, if seen close at hand, would be equally agreeable), it must not be forgotten that its continuance would be impossible under the government of equal laws equitably administered. Such a government would excite the desire of gain—call forth, in short, the energies and aspirations by which we progress. The very element of this institution is contentment with what is and has been—a spirit of contentment not without its charms, but which must inevitably give way before the spirit of improvement.

As Governor-general, his administration is chiefly distinguished by his measure for the liberation of the Indian press. Under his immediate predecessor, Lord William Bentinck, the press had been as free as it is in Eng-

land; but there were still certain laws or orders of a severe character, which, at the pleasure of any future governor, might be called into operation. These Sir Charles Metcalfe repealed.

Every one will call to mind the case of Mr Buckingham, whom the authorities of the time thought fit to expel from India. Such a measure was soon found to be quite ineffective. They could send back an Englishman to his own country, and perhaps ruin him by so doing; but they could not banish a native Indian. Nothing was more easy than to put forth some miserable native as nominal editor, on whom the threat of banishment to England would operate rather agreeably than otherwise. It was a hopeless contest. But what was more to the purpose, the Government had outlived those terrors which formerly haunted it, at the least approach of education or enlightenment to the native population. There was a time, writes Mr Kaye, when it was our policy "to keep the natives of India in the profoundest possible state of barbarism and darkness, and every attempt to diffuse the light of knowledge amongst the people was vehemently opposed and resented." Such, happily, was no longer the reigning policy. It was confessed in India, as elsewhere, that light is better than darkness.

On this subject, the education of the native Indian, Sir Charles Metcalfe expresses the most generous and liberal views. He will not listen for

direct engagements for revenue with each separate landholder or cultivator in a village, might tend to destroy its constitution.

"The village communities are little republics, having nearly everything that they want within themselves, and almost independent of any foreign relations. They seem to last where nothing else lasts. Dynasty after dynasty tumbles down; revolution succeeds to revolution; Hindoo, Patan, Mogul, Mahratta, Sikh, English, are all masters in turn; but the village communities remain the same. In times of trouble they arm and fortify themselves. A hostile army passes through the country. The village communities collect their cattle within their walls, and let the enemy pass unprovoked. If plunder and devastation be directed against themselves, and the force employed be irresistible, they flee to friendly villages at a distance; but when the storm has passed over they return, and resume their occupations. If a country remain, for a series of years, the scene of continued pillage and massacre, so that the villages cannot be inhabited, the scattered villagers nevertheless return whenever the power of peaceable possession revives. A generation may pass away, but the succeeding generation will return. The sons will take the place of their fathers—the same site for the village, the same position for the houses, the same lands will be re-occupied by the descendants of those who were driven out when the village was depopulated. And it is not a trifling matter that will drive them out, for they will often maintain their post through times of disturbance and convulsion, and acquire strength sufficient to resist pillage and oppression with success."

a moment to the selfish plea of danger to our own power from the awaking intelligence of the people. Why do we govern, if not to improve the people? Do we expect to govern eternally, and that by a repressive system? How, indeed, any man can justify the retention of the territory of India, but on the ground that we are enlightening the people who live on it, is past our comprehension. And even the most hardened and unscrupulous politician must admit, that, in the event of our having to defend our possessions against any European power, it is the intelligent Hindoo, capable of comprehending the true interests of his country—and not the ignorant and passionate Indian, who, to escape from one tyrant, would blindly rush into the power of a greater—on whose alliance we can most safely depend.

But we must now leave India, and follow Sir Charles Metcalfe to England. We must pass over the reception and the compliments. Sir Charles had always cherished the desire to enter Parliament. Besides, it was absolutely requisite for him to have some sphere of public duty. Merely to live idle on the paternal estate at Fern Hill, near Windsor, would have been to him a most unsatisfactory existence. Coupled, too, with his hospitable practices, Fern Hill was found a too expensive residence. "If I must refrain," he said, "from seeing my friends, of what use is a large house and establishment to me?" It was evident that all his tendencies were still towards public life. A seat in the House of Commons was not an impracticable object to a man of high reputation, and in possession of £100,000. He had no sooner landed at Bristol than he received a note, intimating that he might have Maidstone for the consideration of £3000. Sir Charles thought that some opening might occur by which he could enter Parliament in a manner somewhat more consistent with his own views of the purity which ought to reside in a representative assembly. He held, indeed, some not very wise opinions upon this subject, and declared that he should vote "for the ballot, and for short Parliaments;"—yes, our oriental radical thought that short Parliaments would improve

the statesmanship of England! Leeds was afterwards suggested to him, and finally he was on the point of standing an election for Glasgow, when an offer from the Ministry of the day turned his steps in a quite different direction. Instead of entering Parliament as member for Glasgow, he left England as Governor of Jamaica.

The government of Jamaica was at that moment in a dead lock. So little harmony had existed between Sir Lionel Smith and the Assembly, that the latter had passed a resolution to proceed with no business except what was absolutely necessary to keep faith with the public creditor, till certain concessions had been made by the Governor. But what must be called the social condition of the island was worse than the political. The abolition of slavery had deprived the landed proprietors of compulsory labour, and a regular market for industry was not yet opened. Under the old system, plots of ground had been allotted to the slaves for their own maintenance. By cultivating these, the manumitted negroes could continue to support themselves. What motive had they to work for their former master? To have ejected them from these plots of ground would have been very bad policy, as this would have cut off all chance of a supply of labour. They were allowed to retain them on the payment of a certain rent.

And now the proprietors had recourse to a most unfortunate expedient, and one which wore all the features of harshness and injustice. As the payment of this rent constituted the sole immediate stimulant to labour, they raised it in a very arbitrary manner. They not only adopted a new assessment of the provision-grounds, but "instead of placing a fixed rent upon any particular house and grounds, they varied it according to the number of people occupying it. They compelled one person to pay rent for a holding already paid for by another. Even boys and girls capable of work were summoned to pay rent for sharing in the occupancy of grounds rented and paid for by the parents. Some who refused payment, or were incapable of payment, were

cast into prison." No measure could be more arbitrary. It was, in fact, reviving, under the name of "rent," their old right to compulsory labour. Stipendiary magistrates were sent out from England to protect the negro. These, in their turn, are accused of neglecting altogether the interest and the fair claims of the landed proprietor. Amongst the missionaries, too, there were men utterly incapable of taking a wide view of what constituted the welfare and prosperity of the whole island: good men, doubtless, but who cared *only* for the black population, and the interests, spiritual and temporal, which gathered round their own chapels.

Such was the state of things when Sir Charles Metcalfe was appointed Governor of Jamaica. What, it will be asked, did he effect? What could any mortal Governor effect? He could not bring with him that supply of labour without which the prosperity of the planter was at an end. There was one thing only he could do. He could reconcile opposing factions; he could do justice to the claims of very different parties; he could act as mediator and peace-maker. Firm, just, and conciliatory, Sir Charles Metcalfe appears to have succeeded in allaying animosities, and creating a certain degree of harmony amongst the heterogeneous races and conflicting functionaries of the island. He obtained the confidence of the aristocracy, and was, at the same time, recognised as the friend of the negro. A section of the missionaries were angrily opposed to him; but even these, before he left, were assured of the honesty and impartiality of his intentions.

Here, as in India, his hospitality was profuse. He thought it part of the duty of his position to give balls and dinner parties. But he himself was increasingly attached to the society of a private or domestic character. We hear of him living much with "his friend Higginson and his family." He had children about him, though not his own. To so kind a man this must have been the source of much pleasure.

Though his chief mission to Jamaica was to reconcile parties, we find him always prompt to act, where any necessary thing is to be done. The

barracks for the troops had been built, it seems, in one of the most unhealthy situations in the island. "There are," writes Mr Kaye, "climates of all kinds in Jamaica—the healthiest and the most deadly. The latter, in all parts of the world, are usually selected for the location of our British soldiers; and there being within the limits of the island pestilential low-lands, continued residence in which was almost certain death, they were selected for the site of our principal barracks. In the year 1840 Sir William Gomm, who then commanded the forces in Jamaica, wrote to Sir Charles Metcalfe, that the flower of the 82d regiment had recently been swept down *en masse* by a sudden 'blast of disease:'" adding, what perhaps may startle some of our temperance people, that all the healthiest and the steadiest young men in the corps had perished, whilst the old drunkards had generally survived. The old drunkards were well-seasoned vessels, we presume; the lucky residue of some wide general class of drunkards, whose fate we will not here inquire into.

Sir William Gomm found in the present governor a zealous ally in his attempt to remedy this state of things. Sir Charles Metcalfe at once sanctioned, by way of experiment, the erection of some barracks on the hills, and took the responsibility of the measure upon himself. To write home for instructions involved a dangerous delay. He was ready, therefore, if the arrangement did not meet with approbation, to regard the expense as falling on his own private purse. "I have considered," he says, "the health of the troops as too important to allow me to hesitate in incurring the risk."

When he had accomplished in Jamaica all that it seemed in his power to perform, he solicited to be recalled. He returned again to England. Now, at last, one thinks, the public servant will take his rest. And, alas! that painful disease of which he died has already made its appearance. Before his last voyage he had consulted Sir Benjamin Brodie on what proved to be cancer in the cheek. "My thoughts," he says in a letter to his sister, "dwell unceasingly on some quiet retreat with you, in some sequestered nook, secluded from the

world, its heartlessness and its vanity." The sequestered nook has been secured: it lies in the beautiful county of Devonshire. Surely he will rest here. No! Rumours reach him that he is to be appointed Governor-general of Canada. Was it the restless heart of the statesman, or the voice of duty, which drives him forth? Both; but, at all events, we are sure that the sense of duty was not absent. The appointment comes, and it is accepted; and the old Indian is, in a few months, struggling amidst the snows of Canada. For he has to perform the last part of his journey in a sleigh through the snow; the railroads are blocked up, and our tropical governor is being dragged for four days through the deep snows of the north.

No appointment could have been found for him, at that moment, in the whole political world, whose duties were more laborious, more anxious, more desperately difficult in their very nature, than this of Governor-general of Canada. Mr Kaye puts before us very succinctly the extremely perplexing position in which the Governor was placed. Besides the opposition of parties, embittered as it was in Canada by the diversity of race—besides that something like a civil war had scarcely subsided—there was a constitution which, as matters stood, *could not work*. It contained in it two rival Executives—the Governor and an Executive Council, appointed nominally by the Crown, but virtually by the Lower House of Assembly, to which the Council declared itself responsible. This Executive Council professed to govern the country as representatives of the majority of the House of Assembly. Such a plan was sufficiently intelligible, if the Canadas were to be independent States, or the Governor from England consented to be a mere tool in the hands of the Council. Sir Charles Bagot, Metcalfe's predecessor, had been for some time incapacitated by illness from making head against the encroachments of the Council, and the struggle between the two powers was reserved for Metcalfe's administration.

Into minute particulars we cannot, of course, enter; but the nature and results of the contest admit of being

told in a few words. The Executive Council demanded that no offices should be filled, no appointment made, without their sanction. We are, they argued, in the same relation to the House of Assembly, as Ministers in England to the Parliament in England. We are responsible to it for the acts of Government; these acts *must* be ours, or the result of our advice, otherwise we cannot be responsible for them. Unless our demand is complied with, there can be no such thing as Responsible Government.

On the other hand, Sir Charles contended, that, by relinquishing his patronage, he should be surrendering the prerogatives of the Crown; and should also incapacitate himself and all future Governors from acting as moderator between opposite factions.

It was not long before an appointment, made by Sir Charles, brought the contest to an issue. Messrs Baldwin and Lafontaine, the two leading members of the Executive Council, urged upon the Governor to retract this appointment, or to promise that no other should be made without their advice. The Governor was firm. The Executive Council resigned.

They resigned on the full conviction that the Governor would be unable to find successors to replace them. Unless these colonial *ministers* have the support of the House of Assembly, it is impossible for them to carry on the affairs of Government, and there was no other party except that which had seceded, to which the house would accord its confidence. But as Sir Charles had succeeded in Jamaica by his conciliatory temper, so here he triumphed by that firmness and constancy of purpose which so admirably united with the gentler traits of his character. To form a new ministry was, under these circumstances, a most difficult task. Office went begging; a Solicitor-generalship is offered to six individuals, and perseveringly refused by all. But Sir Charles is as persevering in his offers, and at last a seventh is found, who accepts. The simplicity and courtesy of his demeanour led his opponents into a great error. From the first they despised their antagonist. They thought their victory was sure. They even treated him, in their official intercourse, with

contempt. Sir Charles made no alteration in his own demeanour. He was the same earnest, straightforward, simple-minded man, intent on what he understood to be his duty. Men present addresses and petitions to him of no complimentary or friendly character. Never is there any offence manifested; never does he retreat even into official coldness and reserve. He takes every such opportunity to argue manfully his own case; he is strong in his own convictions; he is perpetually making converts of others; and whether he converts them or not, men begin to see that the Governor is neither a weak man nor a tyrannical man, but one who understands the duty of his own position, and means to fulfil it. He is ten weary perilous months in forming a Council or a Ministry, but he succeeds at length.

The new Council, however, could not hope for the support of the Lower House of Assembly as then constituted. It was necessary to exert his prerogative, and to dissolve the Assembly. And now all depends on the issue of a general election. The whole country was in a state of great excitement. There were serious apprehensions of riot and bloodshed. One party, there can be no doubt, would not have been unwilling to push the contest to a disruption with the mother country.

When the newly-elected Assembly met, the strength of parties was immediately tried in the choice of a Speaker. The Ministerial candidate was voted into the chair by a majority of three. In the next division, that on the Address, the majority was increased to six. Sir Charles had won.

But the position of the Governor was far from being a secure one. The majority continued very small, and any dissension amongst his followers would convert it into a minority. Gladly would he have returned to England; but he must stay, he felt, and watch over the work of his own hands. The mortifications, the anxieties, the personal annoyances he had to sustain, were such as tasked to the utmost his own fine temper and noble courage. "I never witnessed," says Mr E. G. Wakefield, who had large experience of the anxieties and irrita-

tions of Canadian politics—"I never witnessed such patience under provocation. I am speaking now of what I saw myself, and could not have believed without seeing. It was not merely quiet endurance, but a constant good-humoured cheerfulness and lightness of heart, in the midst of trouble enough to provoke a saint, or make a strong man ill. To those who, like me, have seen three Governors of Canada literally worried to death, this was a glorious spectacle."

But the story of his fortitude is not half told. These trials of his patience—this responsibility of the public man, who, in the discharge of his plain duty, ran the risk of finding himself proclaimed as the author of a civil war—all this was endured at a time when the most frightful of human diseases was eating into his very life. His face was being gradually consumed by cancer; the sight of one eye was already destroyed by it; in his darkened room, in incessant pain, either from the malady itself, or the sharp remedies applied to it, he had now to dictate the despatches to England, giving an account of all these civil broils.

Years ago, and when residing at Calcutta, a friend had one day noticed a red spot upon his cheek, and underneath it a single drop of blood. The blood was wiped away; the red spot remained. For a long while it occasioned neither pain nor anxiety. A little time before his departure from India, disquieting symptoms appeared; and on his arrival in England he consulted Sir Benjamin Brodie. But it was not till his return from Jamaica that it received the attention it really demanded. Then, consultations of the most eminent surgeons and physicians were held, and the application of a severe caustic was determined on. When told that it would probably "destroy the cheek through and through," he only answered, "What you determine shall be done at once;" and that same afternoon the painful remedy was applied.

The physicians and surgeons of London had done what they could for him, and he retired into the country. "They have given me," he writes to a friend, "my congee to return. So I returned; but there the malady is.

They, however, triumph in a supposed cure, and I ought to have more faith in their decision." The disorder had not been eradicated; but we presume it had been checked for a time, or he would hardly have accepted the appointment to Canada.

Here we have seen that it grew rapidly worse, manifesting all its most virulent symptoms. His Canadian doctors hesitated to apply the powerful caustic recommended by Sir Benjamin Brodie; they counselled him to return to England. "I am tied to Canada by my duty," was his constant reply. Mr George Pollock, house surgeon of St George's Hospital, was despatched from England to examine the case, and apply the most approved remedies. No aid which science could give was wanting, but the disease was beyond all medical control. Its ravages were now most painful and distressing. Still he bore up. "In his darkened room or his sheltered carriage he was still the Governor-general; and whatever might be the infirmities of his body, the strength of his mind was unimpaired. The confidential despatches which he dictated in the spring and summer of 1845 are unsurpassed in clearness and in vigour, both of thought and diction, by any that he ever wrote in his best days of bodily ease."

So far as the body was concerned, it was but the wreck of a man that now remained. On this wreck or ruin, however, was to descend, as if in mockery, the coronet of nobility. He was to write himself "Lord Metcalfe." Idle as the honour was in itself to the childless invalid, it was still a testimony that his services had been appreciated. It told the Canadians, too, that he was held in honour at home, and thus, in some measure, strengthened his hands.

"But he was dying—dying no less surely for the strong will that sustained him, and the vigorous intellect which glowed in his shattered frame. A little while, and he might die at his post. The winter was setting in; the navigation was closing. It was necessary at once to decide whether Metcalfe should now prepare to betake the suffering remnant of himself to England, or to abide at Montreal, if spared, till the coming spring. But he would not trust himself to form the

decision. He invited the leading members of his council to attend him at Monklands; and there he told them that he left the issue in their hands. It was a scene never to be forgotten by any who were present in the Governor-general's sheltered room on this memorable occasion. Some were dissolved in tears. All were agitated by a strong emotion of sorrow and sympathy, mingled with a sort of wondering admiration of the heroic constancy of their chief. He told them, that if they desired his continuance at the head of the Government—if they believed that the cause for which they had fought together so manfully would suffer by his departure, and that they therefore counselled him to remain at his post, he would willingly abide by their decision."

What their decision was it need hardly be said. Lord Metcalfe embarked for England quietly and unostentatiously, as his suffering state compelled. He carried with him the love of many and the respect of every generous opponent; but he could not, from the nature of the struggle in which he had been engaged, expect to quit the shores of Canada with the same unanimous approbation that had erected to his memory the "Metcalfe Hall" at Calcutta, or raised his statue in Spanish Town, Jamaica. Men will inevitably judge of the Canadian administration of Lord Metcalfe as their sympathies lean towards a free and independent government of that country, or to the preservation of its union with the Crown of England. To Metcalfe, however, it was not permitted to ask himself the question, whether the connection between the two countries ought to be continued or not? It was his duty, by every constitutional measure, to uphold that connection. Acting in this his administrative capacity, he was unavoidably thrown into opposition against those who bore the title of the liberal or patriotic party.

Lord Metcalfe returned to England—returned to doctors and the darkened room. He was in constant pain except when under the influence of narcotics; but he made no complaint, and not only endured with fortitude, but amidst his sufferings manifested the same consideration for the comfort and convenience of others which had always marked his conduct. All hope of ever being able to take his

seat in the House of Lords had been abandoned. Garter King-of-Arms sends him the prescribed formula of the ceremony;—court robe-makers solicit his lordship's patronage;—the doors of Parliament are thrown wide open to him—a little too late!

At the Oriental Club in Hanover Square are gathered together all the men of any note connected with the government of India. He is not forgotten by them amongst whom he had first and longest laboured; and an address penetrates into his sick chamber, signed by governors-general and governors of every department. "The parchment on which their names are inscribed could scarcely be spread out in his room, when it was presented by Lord Auckland." The dying man burst into tears. "It is easy," he said, "to bear up against ill-usage, but such kindness as this quite overpowers me."

Surely no man ever displayed a more admirable union of fortitude, of firmness, of decision, with tenderness of heart and constant gentleness of disposition. It is with pleasure we find that so amiable a man was not left, during this painful period of his life, without the care and affection of a female friend. The last thing we hear is the sound of a sister's harp soothing his anguish, or rendering him oblivious of it for a time. The last thing we see is the kindly patient tottering from his chair, to put the cover on his sister's harp when she had ceased playing on it.

Lord Metcalfe, first and last of the title, died 5th September 1846. He was interred in a quite private and unostentatious manner in the family

vault in the little parish church of Winkfield, near Fern Hill. He had often expressed a wish that this should be his last resting-place. On a marble tablet in this church is an epitaph written by Mr Macaulay, who knew him and had served with him in India. It is somewhat long for an epitaph, but it is brief and compendious as a summary of his history and his character. It is far better than any we could present to the reader. Let us therefore close our own abridged and necessarily imperfect account of this excellent man by extracting it.

"Near this stone is laid CHARLES THEOPHILUS, first and last LORD METCALFE, a Statesman tried in many high posts and difficult conjunctures, and found equal to all. The Three Greatest Dependencies of the British Crown were successively intrusted to his care. In India his fortitude, his wisdom, his probity, and his moderation are held in honourable remembrance by men of many races, languages, and religions. In Jamaica, still convulsed by a social revolution, he calmed the evil passions which long suffering had engendered in one class and long domination in another. In Canada, not yet recovered from the calamities of civil war, he reconciled contending factions to each other and to the mother country.

"Public esteem was the just reward of his public virtue, but those only who enjoyed the privilege of his friendship could appreciate the whole worth of his gentle and noble nature. Costly monuments in Asiatic and American cities attest the gratitude of nations which he ruled; this tablet records the sorrow and the pride with which his memory is cherished by Private Affection."

## BULWER.

EVERY age has its own recognised and authoritative mode of dispensing fame. When genius has stolen its way noiselessly, or with the shouts and exultation of a triumphal progress, as the case may happen, to that height of undisputed eminence, on the way to which so many falter, and stumble, and die, it is time for the approbation of the great spectator Public to take a distinct and definite form. We do not, in these days, crown the poet's bust with laurels, or make him a public ovation. We no longer confer upon him court appointments, or offices of state. He is a singer, a maker, a hierophant of the universal mysteries, but it is by no means certain that he is the better qualified on that account for the duties of a royal lackey, or the loftier necessities of a legislator. We cannot count it other than a specious fallacy, that the man who is inspired for song, or gifted for story, should be accepted in right of this one power which he has above his fellows, as the man most able to rule and govern a world of men. It may be very well for Mr Carlyle to rave of Burns as the one Titan in his mean century. Burns, poor glorious wail, who had no dominion in that lost empire, that world of unrule and rebellion, himself—had, happily, only songs, and not laws, to make for mankind, as the great Providence of heaven appointed it; and though we cannot sufficiently resent that contempt under the guise of honour, that wilful mis-appreciation and *lese majesty*, which would make genius the pensioner of wealth and rank, and fill the world with clamour, when the splendid beggar receives only a commission for "gauging auld beer-barrels" at the hand of power, we have an equally small esteem for the overweening estimation, which imagines the writer to be necessarily possessed of the latent might of government, an appanage and addition by the way to his more distinguished gift. If Burns were but a century or two farther back, we could imagine a fine allegory in his excisemanship—a bitter, but most needful and telling lesson to all who should come after

him. Here was a man whom God himself had gifted with one of the grandest gifts of heaven—the only man in his century fit to make laws and govern men, says Mr Carlyle; but at all events, in sober truth a wonderful man, reaching far above his fellows, with higher pleasures and higher achievements within his reach than any that they could aspire to; yet this man must build his hopes upon a piece of patronage—must wait to see what will be done for him! What was done for him was a just answer to the fatal and foolish theory which makes the poet a mendicant. He was able to be a poet than any one else in the three kingdoms; but he was not able to be a minister of state, or even an exciseman; and the man so greatly gifted, who could not, or would not, conquer fortune for himself, received justly that dolq of public charity, the record of which remains to us a bitter and a deserved satire upon the so-called claims of genius. Had Burns been made a privy-councillor, the Burnses of future generations, and many a deluded pretender who was no Burns, might have been bound for ever to this fatal mendicancy, this waiting for something to be done for them. But Burns was only made an exciseman; and worldly power, wiser in its generation than poets and their patrons, recorded thus for ever its contempt of the unseemly petition, and taught the world, by an example, what aims it thought meet to bestow upon one whose princely endowments reached to fortunes greater than it had at its disposal, and what luck the poet is like to have, when it pleases the poet to go a-begging, instead of working out his own fate and fortune like a common man.

We are not speaking of Burns, however, nor of that lamentable apotheosis of his ruin, nor of the claims of genius in general and the most adequate way of recognising them; but rather of the present form in which public approval is (without entering into the question of should-be) made known to the literary favourites of the public. Her Majesty does not call



them to her counsels, as our French neighbours did; nor confer embassies and consulships upon them, as our American cousins do. There is not even an order of merit, a ribbon or a cross, to mark out to public regard the man whom multitudes would delight to honour; but nevertheless these multitudes make a voice for themselves. When the favourite is sufficiently established in their regard, the crowd rushes, million-strong, against the stout barricade of copyright, and forthwith Fame, seated on the summit thereof, casts down a shower of volumes, green, and buff, and many-tinted, upon their heads; and in the glories of a People's Edition the author straightway becomes a classic, and takes his recognised seat upon the literary Olympus, one of the deities of the same.

Yes, though Mr Harrison Ainsworth shares his glories—though there are no green books so plentiful at railway stations as the multitudinous green books of Mr G. P. R. James—there can still be no doubt that the great public acknowledgment which we make in these days of an author's claims to the popular suffrage, is in this fact of a cheap edition of his works. It is the lasting *encore* to the poet's singing—the permanent call before the curtain of the great playwright—the seal of a popular reputation.

For our own part, we do not pretend to admire cheap editions. They are great things for the lovers of reading, who may chance to have a voracious appetite and a light purse; but they are very poor things for the lovers of books. We are content to wait a year or two for our set of the *Waverley Novels*—those household friends and kindly visitors, and to spend the price of it in a circulating library subscription, rather than buy the cheap edition of those cherished and familiar acquaintances. Notwithstanding, when it came to the public ear that the novels of Sir E. B. Lytton had been purchased at a fabulous price for a cheap reprint, there can be little doubt that this great test of the great writer's popularity gave, in almost every mind, a certain stability and permanence to his fame.

Fame is not gained in a day. Before you were born, young reader, who are still in the *Maltravers* period, and have a romantic admiration for those tall, gloomy, handsome, unfortunate heroes and poets, tli reputation—versatile, yet consistent—many-sided, but always individual, began to be. It has known its ebb and its flow, its decadence and revival, like everything else that is human. The public, who know very well, as Sir E. B. Lytton knows, that the great event of falling in love, however frequently repeated, is not enough to fill up the natural measure of a life, had even begun, if it must be confessed, to weary of Bulwer; when suddenly spring came to the languid genius, which was not made to sigh away its being upon the false ideals which please the young. The *Caxtons*, with its healthy English daylight, put out the lingering taper of the *Zanoni*, and the failing reputation burst into a blaze to decline no more.

And we would clearly premise, before we go further, that it is not to Bulwer the author of some score of tales, but to Bulwer the author of *Pelham*, *The Caxtons*, and *My Novel*, that we assign the highest place among modern writers of fiction. There is always power in the creations of his fancy; he is always polished, witty, learned; but his host of miscellaneous works do not raise him so much above the surrounding crowd as to call for a special distinction. In these three books, his first and his latest efforts, he alone raises himself to his full height of stature. His acquaintance with the lower groundwork of society does not at any time reach the kindly and familiar knowledge of Dickens; and his expositions of the lordly world of rank and riches, in which he is perhaps more at home, are not distinguished by the keen and poignant insight which belongs to Thackeray; yet his books are more perfect productions than either of these his contemporaries have yet to boast of, and he is himself a larger spirit, a more complete and perfect man. Touches of pathos, which he never reaches, and flashes of bright humour, equally foreign to his pages, are in other writers of the day; yet we do not falter in our judgment, that Bulwer is.

the greatest of modern artists in the sphere he has chosen—the first novelist of his time. We will never, indeed, say Sir Edward, as we say Sir Walter—we cannot take the man of fashion, the lofty sentimentalist, the profound thinker, into our heart with the affectionate appropriation wherewith we cling to the greatest of all fictionists, past or present, our own kind father-like Magician, the most real, the most human of historians. No one invades the supreme unenvied place of Scott; but in this generation, which has quickened its pace so mightily in its own self-complacent opinion, since the days of Scott were ended, there is, in our apprehension, no pinnacle so high as that on which we hang our wreath to Bulwer—like the Roman emperor, a prince among his equals, the first of his craft.

Before proceeding to discuss the merits on which we ground our preference, let us glance aside a moment upon two other authors of eminence, who have received, like Bulwer, within a very short time, the honours of a People's Edition. Novelists by the mere necessity of nature, and love of the art, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the present learned Recorder of Hull, can never be supposed to be. To neither of these distinguished writers is their story the principal object, and this deprives them necessarily of many of the easy and unconscious graces into which the man who tells his tale out of pure love for telling it, falls unawares. On the other hand, however, the Purpose, whose greater form is always visible behind the Story, gives a loftiness and weight to their productions; and while we set ourselves to make acquaintance with men in the pages of other novelists of equal standing, and have our eyes directed to those more delicate touches of perception and insight which qualify the author for his work, it is the flashing meteors of political opinion, the discussions of policy, the crafts of state, for which we look in the works of Disraeli; while in Mr Warren's serious histories we prepare ourselves to trace the hand of Providence working out their frightful doom upon vice and falsehood, but in due time vindicating and always sustaining the pure

and true. Mr Disraeli is no less a political writer for the scanty love-story which winds its silken thread through his pages. We do not think of accepting such a visionary personage as Sybil, or even the more real and human proportions of Coningsby, as representatives of the men and women of the time; but, without hesitation, we accept Tadpole and Taper, true impersonations of a class, which class, henceforward, are known as Tapers and Tadpoles, and by no other name. Nor can we think of mere heroes and heroines in either the first or the latest work of Mr Warren. In the terrible histories of his *Diary of a Late Physician*, we are overwhelmed by the constant presence of some great invisible power, which strides upon the criminal with the relentless steps of Fate; and we can feel the mad impatience of the slowly dying sinner, and the majestic calm of Providential retribution, which will neither be hastened nor retarded by all the chafings of humanity. The same principle, but the brighter side of it, makes the whole argument of *Now and Then*, where we feel again that we have less to do with the actors in the story than with the great unseen Dispenser of Events; and the book is not so much warm with the comings and goings of common men and women, as solemn with the stately steps of Providence, confounding guilt and establishing innocence, but only "in its own time." It is true that we owe to Mr Disraeli scenes of lighter and kindlier animation, with many a fine outburst of enthusiasm, and some admirable portraits; and to Mr Warren one well-compacted novel, and such a vivid picture of one phase of life, that we cannot enter at the glass doors of a fashionable shop, without finding ourselves accosted by the bland tones of Mr Huckaback, or "served" by the agile attentions of Mr Titmouse: but not the less do these gentlemen hold their distinct place among, and yet separate from, the writers of novels. The one, self-contained and passionless, is always in the tribune; the other, with a keen and serious eye, surveys the mystic crossings of the threads of fate—traces them one by one through the entanglement, and "justifies the ways of God

to man." Perhaps a better type of the political novelist could scarcely be found, take him all in all, than Mr Disraeli; and Mr Warren is our moralist.

Neither politician nor moralist, yet something of both—neither a weeping philosopher nor a mocking satirist, yet skilled in all the weapons of wit and wisdom, is the great writer whose name stands at the head of our page. That he is a man of lively and universal ambition, or, rather, that his conscious powers cannot endure to be foiled by anything, we may discern by a glance at the present list of Messrs Routledge, at the past lists of Messrs Colburn and Bentley. An old advertisement of novels is a curiosity; it is only twenty years ago, yet here are sundry files of books, arranged in the properest order, each with its little quotation, the praise of some kind critic, each—it is a humiliating truth—as dead as the Pharaohs, as much forgotten and out of mind as the builder of the Pyramids. Among these defunct volumes are sprinkled, with no sparing hand, the productions of our author; and descending from that period to this, we can trace him from vein to vein, and from age to age; from the revels of the gay Pompeians to the feats of the romantic highwaymen—from the table of Bolingbroke to the feast of Harold—from the Byronic twilight of sentimentalism to the lightsome day of *My Novel*. Turn another page, and the same hand, weary of perpetual conquest, has tried another field, and is already a successful dramatist, and a writer of terse and powerful verse. This is surely a wide enough basis to build reputation upon; and when it is added that Sir E. B. Lytton, when it pleases him, can speak as well as write, it may be fairly acknowledged that this restless intellect, this prompt and curious mind which is not content to leave any pursuit untried, has followed, with a worthy enthusiasm, almost all the peaceful pathways that lead to fame.

It is considerably more than twenty years since, in *Pelham*, the young author made his *debut*, with a brilliance which we in those days look back upon with envy. A first appearance is not nearly so much an event

now as then, for novel-writing was much less a common amusement twenty years ago, and the public had greater leisure to be interested. But he who would read *Pelham* to-day, does not get it in the musty volumes of its primitive issue: it is now one of those perennial books which are always renewing themselves, and you can choose your edition! To say what *Pelham* is, may look somewhat unnecessary at this time: how a young, inexperienced, and unmatured intellect could have produced it, is its great wonder, and that it is worthy of the Bulwer of to-day is its great praise. The grace and lightness with which the superficial character of *Pelham* is sustained, and the skill with which his deeper and true character unfolds and expands under this crust, show us at once the easy and graceful power, which does not require to rack or distort its faculties for a great achievement. Strangely enough, there are still matter-of-fact, good people, who complain that our hero is a coxcomb, and cannot see how nicely assumed is this mantle of superb foppery, nor how smilingly and good-humouredly aware of it is its wearer himself. From the easy tone of the beginning, the quiet and amusing narrative of those conventional falsities in the midst of which *Pelham* was born, the counsels of Lady Frances, and the purposes of her obedient son, how soon we begin to see the real soul kindling under the proper and well-considered garments of the young man of fashion—the “rising man” of the “highest circles.” Not that Mr *Pelham* is less real in his triflings than in his higher pursuits; there is so much vigour and unity in this gifted personage, that he enters into everything with gusto, and does his foppery as heartily as his statesmanship. Whether he is discussing most classic erudition with Vincent, or engaged in a course of moral philosophy with the respectable Job Johnson, or flirting with Lady Harriet, or dining with Lord Gulo-ton, there is always a sincere relish for his present occupation in the accomplished Mr *Pelham*. He is never awkward in his part, nor does it cost him trouble to cover his graver schemes with a veil of levity; for why, his levities and his schemes

are equally characteristic, and each an indivisible part of the man. When we find him at last awakened to real and deep emotion, and when his history and our interest in him attain their climax in the daring and successful enterprise by which he proves Glanville's innocence, we are no longer able to regard our hero with that toleration and good-humoured forbearance, which we have been apt to exercise towards this handsome coxcomb, the fashionable son of Lady Frances Pelham. Yet he is still an exquisite through all. One never loses sight of the dainty gentleman who does not scruple to risk his life on his friend's behalf, but who, with a half comic dismay, shudders at the risk of his complexion; and it is no small power which, while it makes us confident of Mr Pelham's nerve, and vigour, and cool courage, in the desperate expedition he is bound on, makes us quite aware, at the same time, of the wry face which Mr Pelham's politeness conceals, as he partakes of the duck and green pease which the philosophical Job has provided for his distinguished visitor. We do not wonder that Pelham has been taken for a real autobiography; the character is so well and delicately sustained in its two aspects, and we feel so vividly—sometimes with amusement, often with admiration—at once the consistence and the diversity of the two natures which are combined in this one man, that we find it difficult to believe that so real an individual is simply a creature of the imagination.

Pelham is the proper centre of his own little world. We are not disturbed by any independent and separate interest in the book; for we humbly submit that Sir Reginald Glanville is much too sublime a personage to interfere with ordinary sympathies. Lady Frances, whose counsels of policy look so perfectly real, so sincere in their insincerity—the learned Vincent—Lady Roseville and her circle—the noble makers of law—and the clever or ruffianly disturbers of the same—are all secondary lights to the steady shining of our hero. He is the book in his own person, and all its little circle of events hang upon his movements. The only things in the book which are

equally independent of Pelham and of the story, are those long critical conversations in which the author, of *malice prepense*, and in avowed defiance of criticism, too often indulges himself. The author of *Pelham* is, of necessity, an authority in the rules of his own art; but we cannot but think this a blunder, and not the less so that it is done with deliberation. If the first object of a novelist is to interest his audience in his characters, it is surely a very unfair exercise of his privilege, when he *has* interested them, and called into existence that pleasant anxiety which is the great attraction of a novel, to trifle with it by interposing a chapter of talk—pure talk—which might just as well be a dialogue between A and B, amiably bent on increasing the knowledge of their fellow-creatures, as part of an animated and rapid history. We do not fancy, for our own part, that we pay any great compliment to the author of a novel when we find ourselves able to read his book philosophically; and it must be a dull story indeed, and an insipid hero, which does not tempt the reader to a flying skip over those pages of reflections which break the action of the book. Wherefore, we would respectfully hint a suggestion to future artists—print the philosophical conversation, the moral essay; oh trusty historian! in an appendix, and merit the universal applause alike of those who read them, and of those who read them not.

We suppose *Pelham* to have been the first literary work of distinction of our own day in which that strange class which lives without the range of the laws, whose trade it is to break them, and whose language and haunts are alike strange to the daylight observation of the world, finds a place. It is no honour to have "set the fashion" in this particular; yet we cannot find fault with the introduction of this element into *Pelham*. There is something very wonderful in the skill with which the thieves' hiding-place, whither the hero penetrates in search of Dawson, is described and invaded. One feels a sympathetic excitement—half resolution and half terror—when one feels oneself with Pelham, fairly within this den and deadly labyrinth. There

is something very characteristic, too, in Mr Pelham's perfect unconsciousness of the world of common people who intervene between his own airy height and those lowest depths to which he is introduced by Job Johnson. There is a little of this in all Bulwer's early novels. He knows only great people, great people's servants, and this crowd which knows neither law nor social position—lower down than the lowest foundation of society—the pest and penalty of cities. This is perfectly in keeping, however, with the character of Pelham. He is not aware of any meaning in the word "rank," when he has stepped out of Mayfair; and he is just the dauntless, unhesitating, fastidious gentleman, to whom it is possible to penetrate into the very abyss of social evil and moral degradation, a visit to which would slur the purest respectability, and come forth afraid of nothing but his complexion, and injured only by Captain Ferdinand De Courcy's duck and green pease.

We have seldom been more surprised and disappointed than on leaving *Pelham* to take up the succeeding novels of Sir E. B. Lytton. From this brilliant picture of life and manners, from the easy grace and animation of its *dramatis personæ*, the admirable distinctness and reality of its hero, and all its sparkle of wit and philosophy, we come down, more rapidly than agreeably, like a man who has put forth his foot to descend one step, and, with a sudden shock, finds himself descend half-a-dozen, to a merely ordinary novel, a story intricate and much interrupted, with two separate interests, which do not naturally weave into each other, and various philosophical essays, slackening still more the much-retarded action. That there is much ability displayed in the book, good writing, close thinking, and a plot of considerable interest, by no means makes amends to the disappointed reader for his unexpected downfall. We are so little prepared for it, indeed, that we are sore and injured in our disappointment; nor do the successors of the *Disowned* regain the lost ground. *Devereux*, too, is a very good novel—a piece of historical writing very complete and dignified, with glimpses of

the higher inspiration; but we confess that these level flats of good composition look dreary and unfeaturing to us, when we contemplate them either from the elevation of their author's beginning, or the higher eminence of his concluding works. We will grant that they are good novels; and we grant also that the man who had written these alone, must have had a claim to fame and its rewards; but he had better not have written *Pelham* at the commencement of his career—he had much better not have written *My Novel* at its climax. An inferior reputation might be founded upon this little library of fiction; but when we give their author the highest place in our opinion, we drop these books out of the catalogue as unworthy of his fame.

We cannot help fancying—are we wrong?—that in his many dedications and prefaces the author himself mingles a half contempt with the secret fondness which Nature compels him to have for his literary progeny;—even though the book he is introducing may be no better than its predecessors, you cannot help feeling that he himself has reached a higher standing-point, and is even half ashamed, with the fine shame and dissatisfaction of a constantly advancing genius, that these past efforts should, by possibility, be accepted as all he can do. And full of talent, full of poetic powers and instincts as these books are, we cannot acknowledge as a public benefactor the man who has brought so much of this heated and unwholesome atmosphere into the common day. In these manifold histories there is but one deity, and the name of him is Love; but not that love which is the light of hearth and household, the origin of all the charities, the deepest and most pervasive of human qualities—which gives us a hold on heaven, and a home on earth. It is the love of luxury and idleness—the sensual sentiment which ripens into passion (as the fable goes) under warmer skies than ours, and among the dreamy and enervating influences, the music and the odours of some Armida's garden. That there are pure and delicate women introduced into this enchanted ground we do not deny, nor do we

excuse the author on their account. What an edifying example is that of the lofty, the sentimental, the gifted Maltravers! Once—twice—thrice—four times does this exalted spirit “fall in love”—it is, in fact, the principal vocation of his life; his other pursuits come by the way. He makes a great reputation in literature, he is about to make a great reputation in politics; but these are merely the amusements of his ethereal existence, and its occupation is to break the hearts of other people, and to have his own smitten so often, that his power of heartbreak is something beyond belief. But what interest could survive *four* loves? And to keep up the languid emotion, at last the hero is led into a frightful dilemma, which, if not quite unprecedented in fiction, is at least perfectly inexcusable. To appal us, and eventually Maltravers himself, with the dread that “he has fallen in love” with his own child, is alike bad policy, bad art, and bad morals. Imagination has nothing to do with such a horror; and though she taxes her invention to prove it a mistake, she is still guilty of the idea, an idea for which nothing can excuse her—an unwarrantable betrayal of the trust which her audience had in her legitimate powers.

Does it seem a work of supererogation to turn from the present, so noble and admirable, of this great writer, to his past, with all its brilliant faults and imperfections? But even now this past of his is spreading itself over the country with a breadth and universal extent which it never possessed before. That these books will succeed in exciting into interest the great proportion of those who read them—that one likes “to see the end” even of the history of Maltravers—is not to be denied; but we do not think the author can have much satisfaction other than this, when he thinks of some of these questionable people whom he has added to the world.

We know no writer who has so many periods in his literary history; nor can we classify Sir E. B. Lytton's works better than by the painter's jargon, with its early and late Raphaels, its pictures after such and such a style. In “his first manner” *Pel-*

*ham* stands alone; and then at intervals we have the legitimate historical novel, the mystical sentimental, the criminal picturesque. *Paul Clifford*, *Eugene Aram*, and some part of *Night and Morning*—which, however, we are bound to admit, is a powerful and striking story, full of interest and character, which may very well take ground on its own merits—represent the last. We take the *Last of the Barons*, *Devereux*, and *Harold*, as the best specimens of the historical, and are content to leave the rest within the vague and dreamy precincts of the sentimental. One of the latest of the series, *Lancelotti*, we are at a loss to put into any class. It is an elaborate illustration of the darkest and most unmitigated crime, written for what purpose we know not, unless it be to enforce our author's opinion of the diabolical character of intellect without heart or principle—a doctrine which he urges more or less through all his works, and which has come to perfection at last in the bloodless, but too often baffled schemer, Randall Leslie.

In the *Last of the Barons*, a gorgeous but melancholy picture, we have a great deal too much costume to come at the heart of the time. It is an admirable masquerade, where all the personages speak well up to their character; but in spite of its fine qualities, it is not the age it represents, and the abrupt and tragical conclusion of the story—that is, of Sybil and the philosopher—strikes us as an unnecessary pain. In this novel, as in the *Last Days of Pompeii*, there is a singular effect produced by the song of the tymbrestres in one book, and by the “Ho, ho, the merry, merry show!” of the other. The horror of this ghastly mirth strikes a powerful and striking discord in the first instance, though we become disgusted as it continues. In *Harold* again—which we ought to except with an apology from all that we have said respecting the atmosphere of the others—in *Harold*, there is singular and very telling use made of the same art which is so wonderfully employed in *Macbeth* in the prophecies of the witches—“To keep the word of promise to the ear, and break it to the hope.” True to her words come all the prophecies of the Vala, Hilda, but

in so different a sense from her interpretation of them, that it is easy to realise the death of horror and despair which strikes the unhappy sorceress, when she learns the real events to which she has been looking forward with so much faith.

And now there is a pause and period to the labours of our author: he has retired upon his laurels, or he is entering new fields of conquest. Which is it? Without any sound of trumpet or ostentation of announcement, a new fame begins to steal upon the world. Let us not be over-modest. It is the kindly pages of *Maga* which introduces the new-comer to his audience; but it would be mock humility to refrain from our due and natural admiration on such a score. It is an English landscape which brightens upon this canvass; and here is no overstrained romantic passion, but the sweet yet powerful bonds of common life in an English home. As this home enlarges before us—as we see the philosopher, with his quiet dignity, his learning, his humour, his great book—and Captain Roland, that knightly gentleman, the *preux chevalier* of modern fiction, in their loving brotherly intercourse—and the womanly humble wife, who is so reverent of the scholar, and whose matter-of-fact comprehension interprets his learned allusions so quaintly and after so amusing a fashion—and Pistratus, with his manly youth, open to every influence—and even Jack Tibbets and Mr Squills—we gradually become, not so much lookers-on, as members of the family party. We can no longer find fault with the learned disquisitions which now illustrate the delicate character of Austine, nor weary of her conversations, however slight their bearing may be upon the immediate story, which command, by a graceful, a guage so animated and sometimes so fund of illustration, so mingled always quaint and humorous, and so appropriate. The dialogue, indeed, is managed with so much sprightliness and individuality, the speakers are so distinctly, not A and B, but themselves, that criticism is silenced, and we forget that, in this sparkling and attractive talk, we are detained from the action of the tale. Even the sin-

ner of the book is not an irreclaimable sinner; and though we stand aside in respectful sympathy while Roland covers his face and weeps in despair, his noble heart overwhelmed with the shame and grief of a father, we have hope for the son, who does at last redeem himself, and has his name restored to the family chronicle, not as a disgrace to it, but as its latest hero. And Trevanion, with his love for both sides of an argument—and the boyish love of Pistratus, which it takes him such a manful strain of his stout good heart to overcome, and the brave way he does this without a touch of sentimentality—and Fanny, with her still and gentle character, born to be a marchioness, and not for Pistratus—and the chivalric old bean, and lofty gentleman, who has the fortune to be Fanny's husband—these are all fine and delicate delineations; nor is the hurried glance of the Bush—be it correct or incorrect to the learned—at all unsatisfactory to the reader, and we see Pistratus when he comes home a giant from the wilderness, and is afraid of running over the omnibuses when they cross his course in Oxford Street. The easy and felicitous expression in which this pleasant history is clothed, the elegance of its quaint humour, the beauty and purity of its leading characters, are enough to make a reputation of the highest class. In the case of Sir E. B. Lytton they did more; they covered a multitude of sins—they persuaded that more sensitive public which was dubious of the author of *Ernest Maltravers*, into the heartiest applause and sympathy. It was impossible to believe, on rising from *The Caxtons*, that even the novels we had before condemned could be so objectionable as we fancied them. This group of manly and high-hearted Englishmen—the scholar, the soldier, and the young man, whose hopes and endeavours did honour to both—charmed us, into so great a satisfaction with the author of their history, that we ceased to remember that he had ever offended us.

And though we generally have the strongest objection to any admission in the part of the novelist that his story is a novel, and not a veracious story, we are tempted to waive our

objections in presence of the initial chapters of the *My Novel* of Pisistratus Caxton. These glimpses of the family circle which is at rest awhile in that blessed exemption from the great events of life, which we never appreciate till the black shadow is stealing amongst us—that household calm into which children are being born, but from which none are departing—where Austin and Roland sit in the old hall, with their young representative beside them, doing his man's part, now that it is his turn, to "make up the balance;" and albeit, very peevish about the corn-laws, and somewhat impatient of everybody's advice in the conduct of his story, working very comfortably behind the screen, calling Blanche to advise with him, the happy fellow, and writing a novel, which surely must be a good one, coming into being under such pleasant circumstances. Mark you, there is a mighty difference between the love that sighs and dreams under an Italian moon, and that manlier and stouter Eros, who comes into the winter hearth of nights, where the elder people sit in the calm of their age, where the wife is full of the sweet familiar cares of every day, which are almost pleasures, and where the cradle is not banished out of sight and hearing. Our author has made this discovery by good fortune; and honour to the fire, the household centre, with its kindly glow and sparkle in the gloaming and the daylight—its hearty cheer by night! Who can tell how many evil vapours its healthful blaze has cleared away.

We cannot help lingering with a friendly regard upon those glimpses of the Caxtons which remain to us. The picture is so perfect that we are always glad to return to it; and though it is just possible that in the course of *My Novel* the initial chapters were not quite so welcome, it is certain that, now when we are satisfied as to the fate of Leonard and Helen, of L'Estrange and Violante, we return to them with affection. Down to the very latest of these chapters the characters are so nicely and delicately sustained, the learning of the scholar comes in to such quaint purpose, and every member of the family bears his or her part so well, that we would have no diffi-

culty in distinguishing the speaker, did the author spare himself the trouble of telling us their names.

*My Novel* itself, which has less unity of interest in its wider field, its larger extent of time and wider range of character, requires perhaps a greater discrimination in its verdict of approval. Rich to overflowing with character, a wise and weighty book, it is impossible to deny this to be; and the faults we find in it are extremely trivial, in comparison with the beauties which we are glad to acknowledge and admire. The plot is somewhat complicated, the interest is too much divided, and has a long retrospective interruption, which keeps back the story at a point where we are very unwilling to have it retarded. These are faults which injure a serial story very much more than they can do one which comes to the public only as one entire and completed work. We cannot say, either, that we have ever been quite reconciled to the somewhat melodramatic abduction and rescue of Violante. Granted that Italian craft could compass such a piece of old-fashioned and hackneyed violence in London, in the middle of the nineteenth century, it does not seem to us that this is a legitimate device for fiction, which depends for its effect, not so much upon what is true to fact, as upon what is true to nature. A matter of fact may happen to be a most extravagant outrage on common truth and order; but these exceptions are not the proper *matériel* for fiction, as has been too often supposed. In real life it does occasionally happen that a very rich uncle comes home from India at a crisis of family fortune, and changes dismay into rejoicing. In real life, sometimes a man who has planned to do some great evil in the morning, is suddenly cut off in his sleep, and does no more ill in this world for evermore. But when a novelist ventures to employ such an incident, if it should be the truest fact that ever befell, we are straightway down upon him with all the darts of an offended criticism; and, impaling his unhappy event upon the point of our spear, with what triumph do we exhibit to the world this *coup de théâtre*—this sure mark of an exhausted invention—this improbable, absurd, unnatural



solution of a problem which our charitable judgment pronounces him unable to solve in a more legitimate way. And we are right. It is not the vocation of the novel-writer to startle us with exaggerated events, which are only true because they have happened, but to order his world on the general principles of nature as the outer world is regulated—to keep his eye on the broad truths of existence, instead of the special and distorted realities of some individual life; in a word, indeed, to be true to nature, and leave fact to the expositions of a less ambitious art.

And on this principle we cannot reconcile ourselves to the abduction of Violante. It might have happened—very true; but it did not deserve to be invented. We think the Count de Peschiera and Harley L'Estrange might have made a sufficiently clear revelation of their different intentions and regards without this expedient, and we cannot feel that it is worthy either of the author or of the personages concerned. When we have said this, we think we have about concluded our grievances. Nay, once more; for our own individual taste we do not admire the *grand tableau* system of making a *denouement*, and never like Harley so little as when he stands there, in his father's hall, a kind of presiding Fate, holding everybody's destiny in his hands. Having thus relieved ourselves of the last ghost of an objection, we can turn with a good conscience to the singular wealth of this richest and most remarkable of Sir E. B. Lytton's famous novels.

One does not often meet with two philosophers like Parson Dale and Dr Riccabocca. Both so wise and so profound, both so ingenuous and simple, we have seen few things so good as the skill with which the author endows each of these friends with some innocent bit of worldly wisdom, on the point where the other is least suspicious and least defended, so that the Parson secures himself a smile at the simplicity of the exile, and that notable disciple of Macchiavelli chuckles aside in the conscious superiority of a man of the world over the guileless goodness of the Parson. They are so well pleased with this

power of smiling at each other, and yet exercise it so kindly and admirably, that there is a singular tenderness in the innocent self-complacency; and nothing can be finer than some of their joint undertakings—that descent, for example, upon Lenny Fairfield in his cottage, to teach the aspiring boy that knowledge is not power. How the Doctor charges with his sweep of cavalry when the Parson is out of breath! How the Parson comes in with his heavier metal while Riccabocca collects his forces! With what merciless kindness they demolish the poor lad's eminence of fancied greatness; and what a fine picture is that of the unconscious poet, dismayed yet convinced, looking up at them with all the humility of youth and genius, taking the lesson, which is hard but of good service. The masterly completeness of the argument, and the admirable spirit of its execution, are not more remarkable than the perfect consistency of character which the interlocutors maintain in their discussion, and which makes it, despite its abstract character, as sparkling and rapid in its flow as the lightest dialogue in the book.

Parson Dale never swerves from his character; and if Riccabocca does so, it is only once or twice under very trying circumstances, when he has to be a Duke, and conduct himself accordingly. The good-hearted and kindly Jemima, who has her own wisdom of the affections, deserves the trust which her husband at last comes to repose in her, and does not deserve the contempt which those atrocious doctrines, wherewith he envelops himself so amusingly, profess for her sex in general. And it does one good to enter the genial precincts of the English squire's most English and most kindly household. Hazeldean and all its doings—the stocks, the temporary estrangement of the rural monarch and his people, the great sermon of Parson Dale, and the return of squire and rustics to their mutual liking and hereditary kindness, are all equally life-like and pleasant. Unlike the reality which we acknowledge in many other remarkable works of fiction—as, for instance, in *Jane Eyre*—it is not the reality of one powerful individual mind seizing everything

in its fervid grasp, and throwing an impression of itself on the very clouds and atmosphere of its landscape—but a grander, broader faculty, which takes in the life and the sphere of our common race in their own full light and shadow, without the variable checkerwork of its personal passions and experience. In this picture, calm in its placid breadth of repose and quiet, lies the fair green country, with its hall, its church, its cottages. He is no democrat who writes, for his opinion of Mr Sprot, the radical tinker, is not flattering, and he inclines to support the rustic monarchy of Parson Dale and Squire Hazeldean, the spiritual and secular rulers—Church and State; and he is no aristocrat, for he finds his poet hero in Widow Fairfield's cottage—a peasant boy. It is fruitless to say that, in his former productions, neither Pellham, nor Mor-daunt, nor Earnest Maltravers, dissimilar as they are, is meant to represent the author—just as it would be very fruitless for Miss Bronte to make an indignant disavowal of having shadowed forth herself in Jane Eyre and Lucy Snowe. It makes small matter to us that the hero is not the author—enough that the author identifies himself with the hero, and views the other persons and matters in the book, not so much as they are, but as they affect him. In these matured and mellowed volumes—the essence of a life—this narrower individual view is gone. Knitted together as they are by almost too many threads of connection, every man stands upon his own footing in these volumes; but we do not feel any want of the intenser individuality, and we gain much in the general breadth of treatment and clearness of tone.

And the same country which produces Leonard Fairfield, the genius of the story, produces also the handsome, good-hearted Frank Hazeldean, the young man of the book, generous, honourable, but not too wise—the young squire and country gentleman; and Randal Leslie, the villain of the tale. In these days we are not good at villains; not that we love sin less, but, perhaps, that we admire virtue more than in times of old; but certain it is that our rogues are always our greatest failures, the poorest dupes in the

end. Randal, and the home which produces him, are powerful conceptions; but it is hard to keep up our interest in a sorry knave, whose schemes, as we are aware beforehand, must be foiled, and are foiled accordingly at every point and turn he makes. This cold-blooded and calculating schemer, without a single open vice, yet with every deliberate iniquity which steers clear of passion, is a great attempt at a villain; but while we would not have him more successful, we feel as if it were unnatural and a mistake that he should be so perpetually baffled. Iago works out all *his* wicked purpose. Randal Leslie succeeds in none.

But the most ambitious characters in this crowd are those two which occupy the foreground, and whose personal relations to each other form the main thread of the story—Audley Egerton and Harley L'Estrange. And now we can indeed properly estimate how great a way in advance our author has travelled, when we see how Glanville and Maltravers have progressed into Harley, and how their chaos of great qualities, half angel, half demon, have blossomed into the bright imagination, the noble powers, and the fresh youth's heart of this favourite of nature. A full grown man, of warm and ardent temperament, experienced in the world, one feels that Harley's thoughts are white and spotless as a girl's, and can understand how tenderly that old poetic sentiment of his first love keeps his heart. Nor is the self-contained and loveless statesman an unworthy companion to the man whom he has once deceived. Harley's excessive wrath, and intended revenge—his conflict of heart and purpose—the disturbance which his own sin brings into his soul, and which he supposes is caused by the knowledge of another's—are not out of keeping with his loving nature; but when that bursts forth into remorse and compunction, and in the flush of many discoveries he finds himself knit in a closer friendship with his friend, relieved for ever of his old fidelity to his first love, and able to free Helen, the whole man makes appearance under this glow of revival, and it is with a quickened breath and eager interest that we watch Harley

on his way to the election, remembering how many destinies are waiting to be concluded on his return.

Let us confess that, but for those perplexing things called heroes and heroines, fiction were the most fascinating of arts. But, alas! that impossible union of the ideal and actual which is demanded from the unhappy novelist in the form of a heroine;—an angel in luxuriant ringlets, and dressed with a due regard to fashion; does not pass muster in these criticising days. We are not quite sure what to say of Helen and Violante—the enthusiast temperament and the domestic one. Helen, a sweet child, does not grow in this book. We are told, but cannot be sure, that she has made much progress, and we certainly have not seen her advance from a girl to a woman. On the contrary, Violante does increase in stature and development, and is a worthy poetic creation, not too distinct, but beautiful and ardent enough to be Harley's inspiring genius. There is much vagueness, too, about Leonard. Perhaps it belongs to him rightly in his character of poet; but we think we could have endured a more distinct view; though there are, indeed, times when this young hero recalls to our recollection a portrait we have seen of Burns, where there are the sweet half-surprised eyes—that slightest touch of the feminine which belongs to the poetic character, and the bright ingenuous youthful look, as innocent as it is noble, which should be the singer's too.

We are of necessity passing over much of this book, and of its characters, full and overbrimming as it is, and can scarcely pause to specify Dick Avenel, with his ambition, his smartness, his humbug, yet his English good-looks and manliness; nor the subdued and admirable sketch of his father and mother. There is good Mrs Hazeldean too, and "poor" Mrs Dale; and big John Burley, and all the Italian interlocutors, good and evil. We can scarcely count the individuals for the crowd, yet we can say with safety that every member of the crowd is an individual; four mighty volumes full, yet every page rich with its own attraction. And so ends the greatest production which Sir E. B. Lytton has yet given to the world.

Thus far we have done our best to justify our judgment of the merit of this great writer. With all his faults, we believe him to be unrivalled in his vocation. He has a broader grasp, a fuller life, than any one of his contemporaries; a more easy and perfect knowledge of all the manifold phases of humanity—*The Varieties of English Life*. He is never at a loss, whatever the class into which the exigencies of his story lead him; but is equally felicitous in the stately and decorous Earl of Lansmere, and in the ruined genius of Burley; in that kindest of homoeopaths who tries to harden his heart by means of globules; and in the country tradesman's proud old wife, who preserves the good fame of her family with the sternness of a Spartan. Widow Fairfield, Mrs Leslie, and Lady Lansmere are equally characteristic; and had the author been a man of unknown rank and name, we should have found it quite impossible to tell in which class he was most at home. Genius alone does not give this wonderful facility; and these books could only have been written in the prime of a long-trained and much experienced maturity, and by a mind which, not content with mere knowledge of the world, has exercised its great powers to penetrate, not only into the more splendid mysteries of our existence, but into the homely heart of everyday life.

Yet the reputation of Sir E. B. Lytton contrasts strangely with these his more finished productions. This reputation is a restless, brilliant, dazzling piece of renown, flashing in our eyes with irregular and versatile splendour, and not at all like the steady light and broad full atmosphere in which his genius has now developed itself. In spite of his complaints and protests, we cannot separate him from his heroes; and to the imagination of most of his readers, the all-accomplished exquistism of Pelham and the romantic genius of Glanville, unite in the author, who constantly piques our curiosity, and excites and rouses our interest, by his impatience of his past achievements and daring rush upon the unconquered. Uncontented with one triumph, he forgets what he has gained to-day in the new enterprise into which he

throws himself to-morrow. He is never satisfied to leave a field of adventure unvisited, or a trial of strength un essayed. Instead of building himself up in his stronghold of undisputed excellence, a new opportunity of distinction has always a charm irresistible for this Orlando of literature.

"If a path be dangerous known,  
The danger's self were lure alone."

And there is an Admirable Crichtonism in his universal accomplishments, which gives a certain charm, fresh and boyish, to the sober and splendid victories of the man. We are reminded of Pelham's adventure with the pugilistic earl, who tempts the dandy to a bout at singlestick, with the amiable and good-humoured purpose of breaking the dandy's head for him. The exquisite humours the savage, and defends himself with affected awkwardness, till he is weary of the rough sport, when suddenly, with easy skill, he lays his rude opponent at his feet, and (like Ilogginarmo) there was an end of him. "Calton played well enough for a gentleman," says Mr Pelham, "but he was no match for one who had, at the age of thirteen, beat the Life Guardsman at Angelo's." And we can believe that Bulwer himself as little as his hero could endure the superiority even of the Guardsman at singlestick. That national attribute which runs through so many great and so many little matters—that "won't be beat"—which inspires our armies in the field, and strengthens Mrs Perkins for the labours of her ball—is strong in the nature of Sir Edward. His conscious power carries him on with a gay and rapid impulse. He flies at everything, in the rush of his high blood and eager spirit; and tempts, defies, and dazzles criticism in his endless changes. Perhaps more fables are told of him than of any other name in literature;—such rose-coloured bowers the popular fancy erects for its Sybarite—such dainty stories believes of his luxurious retirement. Did he don a smock-frock for the nonce to beguile us, we still could see only a superb dandy in the author of *Pelham*; for it is difficult to believe that even in this particular our novelist would tamely suffer himself to be surpassed. It is not in our rôle to discuss the qualities of Sir

Edward Bulwer Lytton as a dramatist, a poet, or an orator; but we know, as all the world knows, that in each of these avenues to fame he has pretensions, and that if his success there does not yet entitle him to the highest, it still confers upon him a distinguished place. To very few men has fallen such a lot of universal achievement—to very few, such unvarying distinction. One triumph is generally as much as one life is good for; but this man has won all the prizes in this brilliant lottery—has triumphantly rescued and increased the laurels which once seemed about to glide from his grasp, and has rung the changes upon the sweet bells of imagination and philosophy, only to gain from them, at each touch of his bold and rapid finger, a new and varying fame.

We will not congratulate our author on his triumphs; but we will congratulate him that he has lived to fulfil the high promise of his youth—that he has outlived all that could make his name a questionable sound in the literature of his country, and nobly obliterated the impression made by that one unfortunate period of his literary career which had almost lost for him, not success, but the good opinion of good men. Sentimentalism may sometimes wake weak echoes of false sentiment; but we can never persuade ourselves into love for the overstrained, the exaggerated, or the criminal, either in reality or fiction. To the two last works of Sir E. B. Lytton, on the contrary, we turn with affectionate gratitude. There are few men in the world who could introduce us on familiar terms to the society of Austin Caxton, to the friendship of Roland, or make us privy to the amicable controversies of Dr Riccabocca and Parson Dale. For placing such society within our power, we owe the author no common thanks; and in tendering them, we do not repeat only our belief that he has won thereby the highest place in modern literature, but—a greater matter—that he has made a fit use of the genius with which he is gifted, and done his devoir gallantly and well for his great audience, the people—as a man had need to do who exercises one of the greatest faculties bestowed upon earth, under the eyes of Heaven.

## THE LATE PROFESSOR EDWARD FORBES.

[EDWARD FORBES was born in the Isle of Man in February 1815, and died near Edinburgh on the 18th of November 1854, in his 40th year, six months after his appointment to the Regius Chair of Natural History in the University of that city. His great and varied gifts and accomplishments, his remarkable discoveries, and his singularly lovable, generous, and catholic spirit, made him an object of esteem and affection to a very wide circle of friends, and a still wider circle of acquaintances. All were exulting in the prospect of the long and honourable career which awaited him, when, in the height of his glory and usefulness, he was suddenly stricken by a fatal disease, and died after a brief illness.

The following lines seek to apply, *mutatis mutandis*, to the mystery of the great Naturalist's death, certain canons which he enforced in reference to the existence of living things, both plants and animals. Their purport was, to teach that an individual plant or animal cannot be understood, so far as the full significance of its life and death is concerned, by a study merely of itself, but that it requires to be considered in connection with the variations in form, structure, character, and deportment, exhibited by the contemporary members of its species spread to a greater or less extent over the entire globe, and by the ancestors of itself, and of those contemporary individuals throughout the whole period which has elapsed since the species was created.

He further held, that the many animal and vegetable tribes or races (species) which once flourished, but have now totally perished, did not die because a "germ of death" had from the first been present in each, but suffered extinction in consequence of the great geologic changes which the earth had undergone, such as have changed tropical into arctic climates, land into sea, and sea into land, rendering their existence impossible. Each species, itself an aggregate of mortal individuals, came thus from the hands of God, inherently immortal; and when He saw fit to remove it, it was slain through the intervention of such changes, and replaced by another. The longevity, accordingly, of the existing races can, according to this view, be determined (in so far as it admits of human determination at all) only by a study of the physical alterations which await the globe; and every organism has thus, through its connection with the brethren of its species, a retrospective and prospective history, which must be studied by the naturalist who seeks fully to account even for its present condition and fate.

Those canons were applied by Edward Forbes to the humbler creatures; he was unflinching in urging that the destinies of man are guided by other laws, having reference to his possession individually of an immaterial and immortal spirit.

The following lines, embodying these ideas, contemplate his death, solely as it was a loss to his fellow-workers left behind him: their aim is to whisper patience, not to enforce consolation.]

Thou Child of Genius! None who saw  
 The beauty of thy kindly face,  
 Or watched those wondrous fingers draw  
 Unending forms of life and grace,  
 Or heard thine earnest utterance trace  
 The links of some majestic law,  
 But felt that thou by God wert sent  
 Amongst us for our betterment.

And yet He called thee in thy prime,  
 Summoned thee in the very hour  
 When unto us it seemed that Time  
 Had ripened every manly power:  
 And thou, who hadst through sun and shower,

On many a shore, in many a clime,  
Gathered from ocean, earth, and sky,  
Their hidden truths, wert called to die.

We went about in blank dismay,  
We murmured at God's sovereign will;  
We asked why thou wert taken away,  
Whose place no one of us could fill:  
Our throbbing hearts would not be still;  
Our bitter tears we could not stay;  
We asked, but could no answer find;  
And strove in vain to be resigned.

When lo! from out the Silent Land,  
Our faithless murmurs to rebuke,  
In answer to our vain demand  
Thy solemn Spirit seemed to look;  
And pointing to a shining book,  
That opened in thy shadowy hand,  
Bade us regard those words, which light  
Not of this world, made clear and bright:—

“ If, as on earth I learned full well,  
Thou canst not tell the reason why  
The lowliest moss or smallest shell  
Is called to live, or called to die,  
Till thou with searching, patient eye,  
Through ages more than man can tell,  
Hast traced its history back in Time,  
And over Space, from clime to clime;

“ If all the shells the tempests send,  
As I have ever loved to teach;  
And all the creeping things that wend  
Their way along the sandy beach,  
Have pedigrees that backward reach,  
Till in forgotten Time they end;  
And may as tribes for ages more,  
As if immortal, strew the shore;

“ If all *its* Present, all *its* Past,  
And all *its* Future thou canst see,  
Must be deciphered, ere at last  
Thou, even in part, canst hope to be  
Able to solve the mystery  
Why one sea-worm to death hath passed  
How must it be, when God doth call  
Him whom He placed above them all?”

Ah, yes! we must in patience wait,  
Thou dearly loved, departed friend!  
Till we have followed through the gate,  
Where Life in Time doth end;  
And Present, Past, and Future lend  
Their light to solve thy fate;  
When all the ages that shall be  
Have flowed into the Timeless Sea.

GEORGE WILSON.

## THE STORY OF THE CAMPAIGN.—PART III.

## CHAPTER XII.—(CONTINUED).

I HAD heard much of the excellent arrangement of the French field-hospitals, and rode one day to see the principal one, near General Canrobert's headquarters. It was a tall wooden building like a barn, very airy, for there was a space between the roof and the walls, yet very warm—the change from the cold air without being most pleasant. The principal surgeon, a man of very fine and intelligent countenance, accompanied us round the beds, courteously indicating the most remarkable cases among the patients. These poor fellows, all wounded men, were arranged in rows, in excellent beds, and seemed as comfortable as such sufferers ever can be. Amputations had been very numerous, and the stumps of arms and legs projecting from the bed-clothes were frequent along the rows. One man lay covered up, face and all; he had undergone amputation of the hip-joint, the surgeon said, four days before, was doing well, and would probably live. I told him of the case of the young Russian officer, which I had witnessed a few days before, as already narrated. There was a little gleam of professional exultation as he repeated the fatal termination of the case to the surgeons in attendance; and then, turning to me, remarked that many similar operations had been successful in their hospitals. He pointed out one man, a chasseur, who had served in Algiers, as of noted valour. He had lost both arms in the French cavalry charge at Balaklava. The attendants seemed especially tender and assiduous in their treatment of the wounded.

The attacks of the 25th and 26th had shown the necessity of strengthening our position at Balaklava, and opposite Inkermann. A continuous intrenchment was carried in front of the former place, extending from the plateau across the entrance of the valley, up the hills, and round to a mountain path near the sea, which communicates with the Woronzoff road. On the lowest hill in the valley of Kadukoi, a strong fort was erected.

Batteries were placed at suitable points of the intrenchment, which was garrisoned by 8000 men, English, French, and Turks. The trees in the meadows and gardens of the valley were cut down, partly to furnish abattis and fire-wood, partly to prevent the enemy from obtaining cover, if they should succeed in penetrating the outer line of defence. I have already described the appearance of the valley when we entered it. Now it was sadly changed; all traces of cultivation had been stamped out by the multitudes of passing feet and hoofs, and only the stumps of the graceful willows or fruitful apple-trees remained to show where was once a garden or a grove.

The first division was posted about half a mile in rear of the second. On its right a narrow path descended the steep boundary of the plateau to the valley of the Tchernaya, crossing a ford of the stream between the ruins of Inkermann and the cluster of heights where part of Liprandi's force was posted. About a third of the way down, a shoulder projected from the precipice like a terrace, and on this the French made a small redoubt, into which we put two guns to fire down on the plain, and to sweep the terrace, and which was at first garrisoned by guardsmen, but afterwards made over to the French. The latter had formed an almost continuous intrenchment from their great redoubt on the plateau above the Woronzoff road to this point, and we had begun on the 4th November to carry it onward round the face of the cliff opposite Inkermann, so as to include the front of the second division. But the work proceeded but slowly and interruptedly; and up to that time, the ground which had already been the scene of an attack, and was now again to become so, had only two small fragments of insignificant intrenchment, not a hundred yards long in all—and more like ordinary drains than field-works—one on each side of the road, as it crossed the ridge behind which the division was encamped.

Amidst the many loose assertions and incorrect statements which have appeared in the public prints respecting the operations of the campaign, there is one frequently-recurring error which deserves notice, as it is calculated to mislead military readers in forming their estimate of the different actions. Every species of intrenchment which appears on a position is talked of as "a redoubt." At the Alma the English force has been repeatedly described as storming intrenchments, and the battery where the great struggle took place is always mentioned as "the redoubt." The two-gun battery where the Guards fought at Inkermann is also a "redoubt"; and one writer describes it as equipped with "a breastwork at least seven feet high." A remarkable breastwork certainly, since the defenders, to make use of it as such, must needs be about ten feet in stature.

There were no intrenchments, nor any works intended as obstacles, in the Russian position at the Alma. The only works of any kind were two long low banks of earth, over which the guns fired—intended, not to prevent our advance, but to protect the guns and gunners from our fire. The battery at the Inkermann was a high wall of earth, revetted with gabions and sandbags, sloping at the extremities, and having two embrasures cut in it for the guns to fire through—from end to end it was about twelve paces long.

Now, premising that field-works are said to be enclosed when they afford on all sides a defence against an enemy, and that, when they are so constructed that the defenders behind one face fire along the space in front of them parallel to another face, the one

is said to flank the other—a redoubt may be defined as an enclosed work without flank defence. It is either square, circular, or many-sided; and it is evident to the least informed reader, that a continuous parapet and ditch, guarded from behind at all points by musketry, must be a formidable obstacle to assail, and must greatly increase the facilities of defence.

The ruins of Inkermann, which have often been mentioned in this narrative, and which have given a name to a fierce battle, stand on the edge of a cliff-like precipice on the Russian side of the valley, about a mile from the head of the harbour of Sebastopol. They consist of a broken line of grey walls, battlemented in part, with round towers. The yellow cliff they stand on is honeycombed with caverns—in the valley close beneath runs the Tchernaya fringed with trees. Behind them the ground slopes upward to plains covered with coppice, and on two high points stand light-houses to guide ships entering the harbour. Masses of grey stone protrude abruptly through the soil around the ruins, of such quaint sharp-cut forms, that in the distance they might be taken for the remains of some very ancient city.

On the 4th of November it was known in our camp that the Russian army, which had been for some days past assembling north of the town, had received an important augmentation, and the arrival of some persons, apparently of distinction, had been witnessed from our outposts. During the night there was a great ringing of bells in the city; but no warning had reached us of the great enterprise, in preparation of which these were the preliminaries.

#### CHAP. XIII.—BATTLE OF INKERMANN.

Few of those who were roused from their sleep by the Russian volleys at daylight on the 5th November, will cease to retain through life a vivid impression of the scene which followed. The alarm passed through the camps—there was mounting in hot haste of men scarce yet half awake, whose late dreams mixed with the

stern reality of the summons to battle—many of whom, hastening to the front, were killed before they well knew why they had been so hastily aroused. Breathless servants opened the tents to call their masters—scared grooms held the stirrup—and staff-officers, galloping by, called out that the Russians were attacking in force.



It was a dark foggy morning, the plains miry, and the herbage dank. Cold mists rose from the valley, and hung heavily above the plains. During the darkness the enemy had assembled in force in the valley of the Tober-naya, between Inkermann and the harbour. A marsh renders this part of the valley impassable except by the Woronzoff road, which, after winding round the sides of the steep bluffs, stretches, level, straight, and solid, across the low ground. The Russian artillery had probably crossed this in the night, and been brought with muffled wheels to a level point of the road where, concealed by the jutting of the hill, it waited till the repulse of our outposts should afford it the opportunity of advancing to its destined position.

At dawn they made their rush upon our advanced posts of the second division on the crest looking down into the valley, which fell back fighting upon the camp behind the crest, 1200 yards in rear. The outposts of the division were well accustomed to skirmish with the enemy on the same ground; but Captain Robert Hume of the 55th, whom I met going out in command of a picket the night before, and who was shot through the knee in the action, told me that the Russians had ceased to molest us there since their repulse on the 26th October. A picket of the light division, in the ravine on the left, was captured with its officer.

The outposts driven in, the hill was immediately occupied by the enemy's field-artillery and guns of position. These latter are so named, because they are of too large calibre to be moved from point to point with ease, and are generally stationary during a battle in some position which has been previously selected for them. Their range is greater than that of field-artillery; at shorter ranges their aim is more accurate, and the shells they throw are more destructive. The heaviest guns were placed on the highest point, where they remained throughout the day, and the field guns spread themselves down the slope opposite our right. Our field-batteries, coming up the slope in succession, as they were more or less distant from the second division, found

themselves exposed at once to the fire of pieces answering to our 18-pounder guns and 32-pounder howitzers, so placed on the crest of the opposite hill that only their muzzles were visible. Over the brow, and along the face of the gentle acclivity, shot came bounding, dashing up earth and stones, and crashing through the tents left standing lower down the slope, while shells exploded in the misty air with an angry jar. Many men and horses were killed before they saw the enemy. Captain Allix of General Evans's staff was dashed from his saddle, not far from his own tent, by a round shot, and fell dead.

At the first alarm, the crest in front of the tents had been occupied by some troops of the second division. To their left extended the 47th and two companies of the 49th, which were immediately joined by Buller's brigade of the light division. Arriving on the ground, these regiments and companies found themselves close to a Russian column advancing up the ravine, which they at once charged with the bayonet, and drove back. The 41st, with the remainder of the 49th, had been sent to the right with Brigadier Adams, and advanced to the edge of the heights looking upon Inkermann. On arriving at the front, I was sent to this part of the ground with three guns, which opened on a column of the enemy, apparently about 5000 strong, descending the side of a steep hill on the other side of the Woronzoff road, and pursued it with their fire till the side of the ravine hid it from view. Immediately afterwards the enemy swarmed up our side of the ravine in such force that the 41st and 49th fell back; but the Guards, marching up by companies as they could be mustered, came on to that part of the ground in succession, and, passing on each side of our guns, checked the enemy's advance.

Hitherto all that was known had been that there was an attack in force, but the numbers and design of the enemy were now apparent. The plan of the Russians was, after sweeping the ridge clear by their heavy concentrated fire, to launch some of their columns over it, while others, diverging to their left, after crossing the marsh, passed round the edge of the

cliffs opposite Inkermann, and turned our right. The artillery fire had not continued long before the rush of infantry was made. Crowds of skirmishers, advancing through the coppice (which, as before mentioned, everywhere covered the field), came on in spite of the case-shot, which tore many of them to pieces almost at the muzzles of our guns, and passed within our line, forcing the artillery to limber up and retire down the slope, and spiking a half-battery which was posted behind one of the small banks of earth mentioned before as the beginnings of an intrenchment. Two companies of the 55th, lying down there, retreated as the Russians leapt over it, firing as they went back, and halted on a French regiment that was marching up the hill. The Russians retreated in their turn, and the French, arriving at the crest, were for a moment astonished at the fire of artillery which there met them, while the Russian infantry from the coppice poured in close volleys. They halted, as if about to waver; but General Pennecfather riding in front and cheering them on, they went gallantly down the slope under the tremendous fire, driving the enemy before them. It was a critical moment, and the French regiment did good service to the army by its timely advance.

Almost simultaneously with this attack on the centre, and as part of it, a body of Russians had passed round the edge of the cliff, and met the Guards there. There was a two-gun battery, revetted with gabions and sandbags, on the edge of the slope opposite the Ruins of Inkermann, which had been erected for the purpose of driving away some guns which the Russians were placing in battery near the Ruins: this effected, our guns had been removed. Into this the Guards threw themselves, the Grenadiers extending to the right, the Fusiliers to the left of the battery, and the Coldstreams across the slope towards our centre. The Russians came on in great numbers with extraordinary determination. Many were killed in the embrasures of the battery, and the Guards repeatedly attacked them with the bayonet, till, having exhausted their ammunition, and lost nearly half their number, they were

forced to retire before the continually increasing force of the enemy. They left one of their officers, Sir Robert Newman, lying there wounded by a bullet. Being reinforced, they returned, drove the enemy out of the battery, and found Newman there dead from bayonet wounds. He, as well as many other disabled men, had been savagely killed by the enemy.

Townsend's battery of the fourth division had arrived at the left of the position during one of the rushes made by the enemy. Four of the guns were taken almost as soon they were unlimbered, the Russians being close to them in the coppice unawares; but some of the 88th and 49th retook them before they had been many seconds in the enemy's hands—Lieutenant Miller, R.A., taking a leading part in the recapture of one of the guns of his own division of the battery. In all these attacks on our left, the Russians were prevented from turning that flank by Codrington's brigade of the light division, which, posted on the further bank of the ravine, skirmished in and across it with the enemy's infantry throughout the day. Four guns had been detached early in the battle to support this brigade; but they were met, whenever they came into action, by so heavy a fire, that they were compelled to remain inactive, for the most part, under shelter of a large mound of earth.

When the Russian infantry was driven back, a cannonade recommenced along their whole line, to which our guns replied warmly, though over-matched in metal and numbers. The Russians were computed to have sixty pieces, of which many were guns of position; while we had six 9-pounder batteries of six guns each; but our gunners continued the fire with admirable steadiness.

Soon after the Guards came up on the right, the three guns first sent there had been withdrawn for fresh ammunition, having fired away all in the limbers, and being separated from their waggons. I had then gone to the ridge where the road crossed it. The duel of artillery was at its height—there was not a moment when shot were not rushing or shells exploding among the guns, men and horses going down before them.

Grapeshot, too, occasionally showered past, from which it would appear that the Russians had brought some iron guns into position, as grape fired from brass pieces would destroy the bore from the softness of the metal. The ships in the harbour, and the battery at the Round Tower, also threw shot and shell on to the slope.

This cannonade was the preface to another infantry attack, which now again threatened our right, and a battery was ordered to that flank. While I was delivering the order, a round shot passed through my horse close to the saddle and rolled us over. He had shortly before been struck by a musket-ball in the haunch, which did not disable him; and had been wounded by a cannon-ball at the Alma, being one of the few horses that ever survived such an event. This was the poor fellow's last field; while on the ground another cannon-shot passed through him. A sergeant of artillery—a very fine young fellow, named M'Keown—ran to extricate me; he had just lifted me from under the horse, and I was in the act of steadying myself on his shoulder, when a shot carried off his thigh, and he fell back on me, uttering cries as if of amazement at the suddenness of his misfortune. I laid him gently down, resting on a bush, and looked at the wound; the leg was smashed, and almost severed. Calling two men to carry him to the rear, I hastened to the right after the battery.

Advancing in the thick bushes beyond the spot where the battery had come into action, I turned about and saw it retiring. It was already at some distance, and the movement was explained by the appearance of a line of Russian infantry suddenly extending along the upper edge of the slope, between me and our alignment, and at about forty yards' distance. On my left, lower down the slope, as I turned towards our position, men of different regiments, principally guardsmen, were retreating from the two-gun battery. The Duke of Cambridge galloped past me, calling to the men to fire, and ran the gauntlet of the whole Russian line, escaping with a bullet through his sleeve.

Being lame from a recent injury, I considered myself lost—the bullets cut the branches and leaves on every side, and all attempts to rally our men were met by the unanswerable reply that their ammunition was spent. At that moment the right of the position was absolutely without defence, and the enemy by advancing resolutely must have turned it. But, from panic or some other cause, they fortunately retired instead of advancing—a friendly dip in the ground afforded a shelter from their last shots, and the men who had retreated rallied and lay down under the low intrenchment already spoken of, while their officers distributed fresh packets of ball-cartridge. On this intrenchment a heavy fire of artillery was directed, which continued for nearly an hour. An officer whom I met here, to whom I was lamenting the death of my horse, told me he had placed his in a hollow close at hand, where he was quite secure—but going to visit him presently afterwards, he found that a shell had penetrated this admirable retreat, and blown him to pieces. I saw a magnificent team of chestnut gun-horses prostrated here by a single destructive shell, and five of the six did not rise again.

Many of the men of the fourth division had but just returned from the trenches when the attack of the Russians commenced. They, as well as those who had not been on duty during the night, were at once marched to the scene of action a mile and a half distant. Arriving at the tents of the second division, they received contradictory orders, and the regiments were separated. Part of the 20th and 68th, and two companies of the 46th, passing to the right of the position, were ordered to support the remnant of the defenders of the two-gun battery. These fresh troops at once charged the enemy, routed them, and pursued them to the verge of the heights, when, returning victorious, they found the battery, as they repossessed it, again occupied by Russians, a fresh force of whom had mounted the cliff from the valley. It was while collecting his men to meet this new and unexpected foe that Sir George Cathcart, who had

advanced with this part of his division, was shot dead.

At this juncture the remainder of Bosquet's division (except his reserve) came up on the right, and, passing at once over the crest, threw themselves into the combat, and, fighting side by side with our regiments, pressed the Russians back. A *porte drapeau* (onsign bearing the colours) of a French battalion, displayed great gallantry in this advance, leaping on the battery and waving the colours, amid a shower of bullets, from which he escaped unhurt. Some French cavalry were moved up at this time; but the ground was unfit for this arm, and they were withdrawn, having lost some men and horses. Shortly after the French regiments came to support ours, we received other efficient aid.

Seeing that our field-artillery was unequally matched with the Russian guns of position, Lord Raglan had despatched an order to the *depôt* of the siege train, distant about half a mile, for two iron 18-pounders, the only English guns of position landed from the ships which were not already placed in the defensive works at Balaklava and elsewhere. These were at once brought up by Lieut.-Colonel Gambier, the commander of the siege train, who, as he ascended the hill, was wounded by a grapeshot, which contused his chest and obliged him to leave the field. The guns were then brought up and placed in position among our field-batteries by Lieut.-Colonel Dickson, who directed their fire with admirable coolness and judgment, which he continued to display till the close of the battle, under a cannonade which, at these two guns alone, killed or wounded seventeen men. In a short time the Russian field-pieces, many of them disabled, were compelled to withdraw; and a French field-battery coming up shortly after the 18-pounders opened their fire, posted itself on the right, and did excellent service, though exposed, like our own guns, to a tremendous cannonade, which killed many of their men and horses, and blew up an ammunition-waggon.

Between these two opposing fires of artillery a fierce desultory combat

of skirmishers went on in the coppice. Regiments and divisions, French and English, were here mixed, and fought hand to hand with the common enemy, who never again succeeded in advancing, nor in obtaining, in any part of the field, even a partial success.

About noon the fire of the Russian guns slackened, as was surmised, from want of ammunition. After a time they reopened, though not with their former fierceness. Their intended surprise, supported by the attack of their full force, had utterly failed; their loss had been enormous, and the Allies had been reinforced. The battle was prolonged only by the efforts of their artillery to cover the retreat of the foiled and broken battalions.

During the battle Sir De Lacy Evans, who had been sick on board ship at Balaklava, rode up to the field with his *aide-de-camp*, Boyle, and, calling me by name, began to question me about the battle. He looked extremely ill, but was as cool and intrepid as he always is in action. While I was speaking to him, a shell, crashing through some obstacle close by, rose from the ground, passed a foot or two above our heads, and dropping amid a group a few yards behind us, exploded there, wounding some of them—but Sir De Lacy did not turn his head.

Officers and men fought the battle fasting. About two o'clock a group of us being near General Pennefather's tent, he told his servant to bring out wine and biscuits, which were never more welcome. A shell bursting over the hill sent its freight of bullets through and through the group without touching anybody.

At three o'clock the French and English generals with their staffs passed along the crest of the disputed hill. The enemy's guns, replying to ours, still sent a good many shot over the ridge, but this survey of the field showed it free from the presence of the enemy, whose infantry had withdrawn behind the opposite hill. At half-past three their guns also withdrew, and the whole force of the enemy retired across the Tchernaya, pursued by the fire of a French battery supported by two battalions, which, being pushed forward to a

slope of the heights commanding the causeway across the marsh, converted their retreat into a flight.

At the commencement of the battle, Liprandi's force had moved forward, threatening two distant points of our line—while a sally was made in force on the French trenches, which was repulsed, with a loss to the enemy of one thousand men, the French pursuing them within their works.

Until the arrival of the fourth division and the French, the ground was held by about 5000 of our troops. In all, 8000 English and 6000 French were engaged. The Russian force was estimated by Lord Raglan at 60,000.

Few great battles require less military knowledge to render them intelligible than this. The plan of the enemy was, after having succeeded in placing their guns unopposed in the required position, to pour on one particular point of our line which they knew to be inadequately guarded, a fire which should at once throw the troops assembling for its defence into disorder, and then to press on at the same point with overwhelming masses of infantry. Our position once penetrated, the plains afforded ample space for the deployment of the columns, which might then attack in succession the different corps of the allied army scattered on the plateau at intervals too wide for mutual and concerted defence.

The Russians succeeded in posting their artillery, in sweeping the field selected with a tremendous fire, and in bringing an enormously superior force to a vigorous and close attack. According to all calculation, they were justified in considering the day their own. But the extraordinary valour of the defenders of the position set calculation at defiance. At every point alike the assailants found scanty numbers, but impenetrable ranks. Before them everywhere was but a thin and scattered line opposed to their solid masses and numerous skirmishers, yet beyond it they could not pass. No doubt, to their leaders it must long have appeared incredible they could fail. Again bravely led, they came bravely to the assault, and with the same result; and, unwillingly, they at length perceived that, if the allied

troops could resist successfully when surprised, no hope remained of defeating them, now that they were reinforced, and on their guard.

On our part it was a confused and desperate struggle. Colonels of regiments led on small parties, and fought like subalterns, captains like privates. Once engaged, every man was his own general. The enemy was in front, advancing, and must be beaten back. The tide of battle ebbed and flowed, not in wide waves, but in broken tumultuous billows. At one point the enemy might be repulsed, while, at a little distance, they were making their most determined rush. To stand on the crest and breathe awhile, was to our men no rest, but far more trying than the close combat of infantry, where there were human foes with whom to match, and prove strength, skill, and courage, and to call forth the impulses which blind the soldier to death or peril. But over that crest poured incessantly the resistless cannon-shot, in whose rush there seems something vindictive, as if each were bestridden by some angry demon; crashing through the bodies of men and horses, and darting from the ground on a second course of mischief. The musket-ball, though more deadly, and directed to an individual mark, bears nothing appalling in its sound, and does not mutilate or disfigure where it strikes. But, fronting uncovered and inactive a range of guns which hurl incessantly those iron masses over and around you, while on all sides are seen their terrible traces, it is difficult to stave off the thought that, in the next instant, your arm or leg may be dangling from your body a crushed and bloody mass, or your spirit driven rudely through a hideous wound across the margin of the undiscovered country.

Rarely has such an artillery fire been so concentrated, and for so long, on an equally confined space. The whole front of the battle-field, from the ravine on the left to the two-gun battery on the right, was about three quarters of a mile. Nine hours of such close fighting, with such intervals of cessation, left the victors in no mood for rejoicing. When the enemy finally retired, there was no exultation, as when the field of the

Alma was won: it was a gloomy though a glorious triumph.

Neither our loss nor that of the enemy was fully known that day; but a glance at any part of the ground showed the slaughter to be immense. A few of the enemy were dead within our lines; along the whole front of the position they lay thick in the cop-pice. Every bush hid a dead man, and in some places small groups lay heaped. In a spot which might have been covered by a common bell-tent, I saw lying four Englishmen and seven Russians. All the field was strewn; but the space in front of the two-gun battery, where the Guards fought, bore terrible pre-eminence in slaughter. The sides of the hill, up to and around the battery, were literally heaped with bodies. It was painful to see the noble Guardsmen, with their large forms and fine faces, lying amidst the dogged, low-browed Russians. One Guardsman lay in advance of the battery on his back, with his arms raised in the very act of thrusting with the bayonet; he had been killed by a bullet entering through his right eye. His coat was open, and I read his name on the Guernsey frock underneath—an odd name—"Mustow." While I was wondering why his arms had not obeyed the laws of gravity, and fallen by his side when he fell dead, a Guardsman came up and told me he had seen Mustow rush out of the battery and charge with the bayonet, with which he was thrusting at two or three of the enemy when he was shot. In their last charges, the Russians must have trodden at every step on the bodies of their comrades. In the bushes all around wounded men were groaning in such numbers, that some lay two days before their turn came to be carried away. I passed a Russian with a broken leg, whom some scoundrel had stript to his shirt, and calling a soldier who was passing, desired him to take a coat from a dead man and put it on the unfortunate creature; at the same time directing the attention of a party of men collecting the wounded to the place where he lay. Passing the same spot next day, the Russian, still stript to his shirt, lay motionless, with his eyes closed. I told a French soldier who was near to see if he was dead;

the Frenchman, strolling up with his hands in his pockets, pushed his foot against the Russian's head; the stiffened body moved altogether like a piece of wood, and the soldier, with a shrug and one word, "*mort*," passed on. Large trenches were dug on the ground for the dead; the Russians lay apart; the French and English were ranged side by side. Few sights can be imagined more strange and sad in their ghastliness than that of dead men lying in ranks, shoulder to shoulder, with upturned faces, and limbs composed, except where some stiffened arm and hand remain pointing upward. The faces and hands of the slain assume, immediately after death, the appearance of wax or clay; the lips parting show the teeth; the hair and mustache become frowzy, and the body of him who, half-an-hour before, was a smart soldier, wears a soiled and faded aspect.

Down the ravine along which the Woronzoff road runs to the valley, the dead horses were dragged and lay in rows; the English artillery alone lost eighty. The ravine, like all those channelling the plains, is wild and barren; the sides have been cut down steeply for the sake of the limestone, which lies close to the surface, in beds of remarkable thickness. A lime-kiln, about ten feet square, built into the side of the hill, afforded a ready-made sepulchre for the enemy left on this part of the field, and was filled with bodies to the top, on which a layer of earth was then thrown.

While I was on the ground, a day or two after the battle, several shells were thrown from the ships in the harbour, some of which pitched amongst the parties collecting the wounded. General Pennefather, finding I was going to headquarters, desired me to deliver a message stating the fact. Next day a flag of truce was sent into the town to complain of this, and further, to say that, both in this battle and the action at Balaklava, Russian soldiers had been seen killing our wounded on the field; demanding if the war was to be carried on in this manner. The answer of Prince Menschikoff was, that the shells had been directed, not at the parties engaged in clearing the field, but at those intrenching the position; and that, if

any of the wounded had been put to death, it could have been only in a few particular instances; in excuse of which he remarked, that the Russian

soldiers were much exasperated in consequence of the fire from the French trenches having destroyed one of the churches of Sebastopol.

#### CHAPTER XIV.—WINTER ON THE PLAINS.

Early in November the weather, hitherto mild and sunny as the Indian summer of Canada, began to grow foggy, moist, and raw. The horizon of the Black Sea was blotted with mists, and its surface changed from blue to cold grey, while the sky was either leaden or black with clouds.

About daybreak on the 14th, a strong wind from the south drove before it a flood of rain; the tents, swelling inward beneath the blast, left no slant sufficient to repel the water, which was caught in the hollows, and filtered through. I was awake by it dripping on my face, which I covered with my cloak, and slept again. Again I was awoke, and this time more rudely. The wind had increased to a hurricane, in which the canvass flapped and fluttered, and the tent-pole quivered like a vibrating harp-string. At the opening of the tent, my servant appeared uttering some words, which were blown away, and never reached me till, putting his head within, he told me I must get up—adding, that the tents were nearly all blown away. As he spoke, the pegs that held mine to the ground parted—the canvass was driven against the pole, and the whole structure fell with a crash across my bed.

Sitting up and grasping my fluttering blankets, I beheld such of my effects as had not weight enough to keep them stationary, dispersed in the air, and borne on the wings of the wind into a distant valley. Half-written letters clung for a moment, in places, to the muddy ground before pursuing their airy flight, and garments of every description strewed the plain. My servant was in full pursuit of a cocked hat which was whirled onward at a tremendous pace, till its course was arrested by a low wall; and on the muddy wheel of a cart hung a scarlet waistcoat grievously bemired. All round me were figures like my own, of half-clad men

sitting amid the ruins of their beds, and watching, with intense interest, the dispersion of their property, while those tents which had continued to resist the gale, fell over, one after the other, like inverted parachutes. Horses, turning their scattered tails to the blast, leaned against it with slanting legs, blinded by their clothing, which, retained by the surcingle, was blown over their heads; and all around were seen men struggling up, with frequent loss of ground, each holding some recovered article. Whatever could be collected in this way was placed beneath the fallen tents, the edges of which were then loaded with heavy stones. In the distance other encampments were seen in similar plight, and everywhere the rows of tents which had dotted the plain had disappeared.

Hard as it seemed to be stripped of shelter by the storm, those who had passed the night in the trenches had still greater reason to complain. There they had consoled themselves during the watches of the wet, gusty night, by the promise of warmth and rest in the morning; and hastening, chilled and weary, to their camp for the comforting hot coffee, and pleasant well-earned sleep, officers and men found their temporary homes level as a row of Persians worshipping the rising sun, and the space they had kept dry, in the midst of mire, become a puddle. No fires could be lit, no breakfast warmed, for the blast extinguished the flame and scattered the fuel; and all that could be done was, to gather the blankets out of the mud, and to try to raise again the fallen tents.

But these were by no means the greatest sufferers. The hospital tents, higher than the rest, were blown down, leaving the patients exposed, almost naked, to the bitter wind and driving rain: and the first efforts of the men in camp were directed to

obtain some shelter for these unfortunates. The wooden building already described as so comfortably housing the wounded French, fell over, fortunately without seriously adding to the injuries of the occupants; but I heard that a Russian prisoner, who lay wounded in another hospital, was killed by its fall.

Towards noon the storm began to abate, though it still blew violently till next morning, when the extent of damage sustained by the ships, towards which many an anxious thought had been cast, was known. Our hardships on shore were as nothing compared with the state of those at sea, who saw instant destruction in the gale,—which bore towards them, on the one side, the most terrific billows, while on the other was a wall of perpendicular rocky cliff.

On the 15th the narrow harbour of Balaklava was strewn with floating timbers and trusses of hay so thickly, that boats were with difficulty forced through the masses; while numbers of the drowned were washed about the bases of the cliffs at the entrance. The ships inside, ranged in line close together as in a dock, had been driven towards the head of the harbour, and, pressing in a mass upon the *Sunspareil*, carried her a hundred yards from her moorings, where she grounded by the stern. One or two vessels went down close to others, who could aid only by saving the crews. Seven English transports were lost at Balaklava, and thirteen at the Katcha. The *Resistance*, a magazine ship cast away at the former place, contained large quantities of ammunition both for siege guns and infantry; and the *Prince*, a very large and magnificent steamer, had just arrived from England with a great supply of warm clothing for the army, all of which went down in her. She had also brought out an apparatus to be employed in our operations against Sebastopol; and Lieutenant Inglis, an engineer who had gone on board the night before to superintend the disembarkation of the machine, was lost along with the ship and crew. One of our line-of-battle ships was dismantled, and another injured; and the

French 80-gun ship, *Henri IV.*, the most beautiful vessel in their navy, went aground in eight feet of water; and it being impossible to float her, she was used as a battery against the shore. The *Retribution*, an English war-steamer, having the Duke of Cambridge on board, escaped with difficulty, casting her guns overboard.

The army soon felt severely the loss it had sustained when the *Prince* went down. For the remainder of November it rained almost without cessation, and the plains became one vast quagmire. The soil is remarkably tenacious, and, the feet both of men and horses were encumbered at every step with a load of clay. Not only all the interior of the camps was deep in mire, but the floors of the tents themselves grew muddy. It is difficult to imagine a more cheerless scene than that presented wherever you traversed the plains—the landscape, all lead-coloured above, was all mud-coloured below; the tents themselves, wet and stained with mud, had become dreary spots on a dreary background. Sometimes low walls of stone or mud were thrown up round them, and in part succeeded in keeping out the keen raw gusts. About the tents waded a few shivering men in greatcoats, trying to light fires behind small screens of mud or stones, or digging up the roots of the bushes where the coppice had vanished from the surface. Rows of gaunt, rough horses, up to their fetlocks in the soft drab-coloured soil, stood with drooping heads at their picket ropes, sheltered from wind and rain each by a dirty ragged blanket—in which it would have been difficult for the keenest connoisseur in horse-flesh to recognise the glossy, spirited, splendid teams that had drawn the artillery along the plains of Scutari.

When the Scots Greys, after landing at the Katcha, marched through the camp on the Balbek, the whole army admired their magnificent appearance—the horses, unsurpassed in any cavalry in the world for shape, size, spirit, and condition, contrasted strongly with those which had been through the campaign, and which, even then, except the strongest and soundest, had begun to look travel-stained and



battered. When the winter began, the survivors of the Greys, long-haired, bony, spiritless, and soiled with mire, preserved no trace of their former beauty. Perhaps the most painful feature in the dreary scene was the number of dead and dying horses scattered, not only round the cavalry and artillery camps, but along the various roads which traversed the position. Some had fallen and died from fatigue, some perished from cold, some from starvation. Once down, a horse seldom rose again. After a few faint attempts he lay still, except for a feeble nibbling at the bare ground; then he would fall over on his side, and, stretching out his legs, would so end his career, leaving a smooth space in the mud where his head and neck had moved slowly to and fro, or where his hind leg had scratched convulsively before he died. Sometimes an ownerless horse, probably too lame and unserviceable to be worth inquiring after, would linger about the neighbourhood of an encampment. Day after day he would be there, waiting patiently, wondering, perhaps, why no hay nor corn came, getting thinner and thinner; nobody could relieve him without robbing his own horse, on whose strength and condition his own efficiency depended—until, after wandering to and fro over the barren spot, if no friendly hand could be found to send a bullet through his head, he would drop and die there a lingering death. It was impossible to traverse the position in any direction without seeing many carcasses—some swollen and bloated, some mere skeletons. Here and there would be seen the curious spectacle of a horse's bones covered only with his loose, collapsed hide, all the flesh, muscles, and even ribs, having disappeared—which would be explained presently, when, on passing the next carcass, a gorged dog would put his head out from the hollow arch of the ribs, and, after looking lazily at the comer, ~~turn~~ <sup>turn</sup> to his horrible feast. These spectacles never ceased to be painful, though custom diminished their effect; for, a few months before, the sight of a dying horse would have haunted me for days.

The dogs had originally been inhabitants of the farm-houses and vil-

las of the plateau. Driven from their ruined homes, they collected in packs on the untenanted portions of the plain, and fed by night on the dead horses. At first they were, in consideration of their services as scavengers, and their inoffensiveness, left unmolested; but, latterly, I was sorry to see that the French soldiers began to shoot them for the sake of their skins. But very little native animal life was seen after the cold drove the numerous lizards underground. A hare would sometimes start from a bush—a few crows, magpies, and ravens occasionally held council over some dead horse lying remote from the camp—and, once or twice, I saw large flocks of magnificent eagles swooping so near that their stern searching eyes were visible.

On the setting in of rain, the road from Balaklava to the camp at once became almost impassable. Man and beast plunged along knee-deep, through thick sticky mud in some parts, while in others the mire was sloppy, with slippery stones beneath. Near Balaklava great pools were collected in the low ground: the gardens and vineyards had become swamps, and not a trace of cultivation remained in the desolate and melancholy valley. In a pool, between the posts of the gateway of a field near the town, a camel lay for days, which had fallen from weakness, and was unable to rise—its huge structure of ribs, bald and bare of flesh, was painfully visible—till, dying, it soon almost disappeared in the surrounding filth. Files of cavalry horses, carrying provisions and forage, might be met at all parts of the road, as well as artillery waggons, laden with hay and corn, instead of ammunition, all toiling slowly and painfully through the slough. The road along the margin of the harbour, more filthy and boggy than the rest, was thronged with arabas drawn by mules, bullocks, and camels, waiting for stores and provisions. These, in their journey to the camp, frequently broke down, or stuck too fast to be extricated—and, once abandoned, a carriage, no matter how serviceable or important, might be considered lost, for during the night it was sure to be broken to pieces and carried off for fire-wood.

Perhaps of all the privations of the army, the want of wood was the severest. Until a supply of charcoal and patent fuel was brought in ships, the necessary quantity for cooking the ration of meat was only procured with much difficulty and labour by those divisions posted on the centre of the plains. About the monastery of St George there was a good deal of thick coppice extending towards Balaklava, and the brushwood was interspersed with oak trees from three to six inches in diameter. These were, for the most part, used for poles by the Turks, who, as soon as the wet set in, quitted their tents and retired underground. Digging a trench about twelve feet long, eight wide, and four deep, they set up along the middle of its length a row of forked poles, and laid ridge poles across the forks which supported rafters from the bank on each side. These latter were covered thickly with branches, and mud was then plastered over the whole, excluding the air, while the slope of the roof enabled it to resist several hours' rain. A sloping path led down to the door—no provision was made for admitting light—the smoke escaped through a hole; and when the walls had dried it was much warmer than a tent, which, as may be supposed, is, in wet or windy weather, the dreariest abode in the world.

Now it happened that, in December, some staff-officers, who had built, near the small encampment of which my tent formed an item, a row of huts of the kind just described, only more elaborately finished, were ordered to Balaklava, and three of us, purchasing the fee-simple of the property, entered into possession. The main building, forty feet long by twelve or fourteen wide, was divided in half by a partition wall. The solid roof, perfectly air-tight, was supported by substantial props. To light each apartment there was a square hole in the roof, screened from the rain by a small roof of its own, like a garret window. The fireplace of the outer chamber had a chimney in the partition—that of the inner in the end wall. Near this was another hut, half the size, for a kitchen, and a trench had been already dug and poles erected for a stable, where,

with the somewhat desultory and dawdling assistance of a party of Turks, we succeeded in warmly housing all our steeds. About the middle of December we entered our new abode, and were for the next week the envy of all our acquaintance still under canvass. After that it began to rain, and continued to do so for four-and-twenty hours, at the end of which time, the habitation being still dry, we felt more pity than ever for the dwellers in tents, and retired to rest in a mood at once compassionate and grateful.

While it was yet dark, I was awoken by my companion in this *hermitage*, calling out to ask if I was wet through yet? and on opening my mouth to make reply, some wet mud dropt from the roof nearly into it. Sluices were established at numerous weak points of the roof, and the murmur of many waters was heard around. In some places the thin cascade poured tinkling into a rill on the floor, while at other points the dull noise of its fall showed some article of wearing apparel to be underneath. My pillow was drenched, my cloak thoroughly soaked, but as yet the water had not penetrated to the blankets; and after sounding with my hand the puddle on the floor, and satisfying myself that my coat, trousers, and boots could not possibly be any wetter, I became convinced that I might as well for the present lie still, and, drawing the end of my cloak over my head, slept till morning. At daylight, we, the late exulting possessors of the coveted huts, sought shelter in the neighbouring tents. But, having been thus shown the weak point of our position, we took effectual measures to strengthen it; and procuring from Balaklava enough tarpaulin to cover our roofs, we drained our abode, lit fires on the floor to dry it, and again became its tenants; and, except when the cold wind forced us to keep the door shut, darkening the place so that we were obliged to breakfast sometimes by candle-light, we really lived in great comparative luxury.

A plan for warming the tents, originating, I think, with the engineers, was very commonly resorted to. The water supply, which the aqueduct passing in front of our camps afforded

to Sebastopol, had been cut off, and the pipes conducting it laid bare. One of these, of solid iron, seven or eight feet long, made an excellent chimney, and was enclosed in a trench dug across the floor of the tent, and covered in, except near the door, when the fire was lit in it. The pipe, while conducting the smoke to the open air, became heated, and diffused through the interior a comfortable glow. But the French adopted the most luxurious plan—they elevated their tents on an oval stone wall about four feet high, having a chimney at the back, and opposite a wooden ~~door~~ framed in the opening of the tent: spaces were cut in the canvass, where squares of glass in wooden frames were let in; and with a good fire blazing in the chimney, the interior was, in the gloomiest day, light, warm, and cheerful.

The soldiers who, poor fellows, could adopt none of these inventions, had only the shelter of the tents, and such articles of clothing as were issued from time to time, to trust to for necessary warmth. Their misery was great, but they met it in an excellent spirit. Crime was rare—insubordination rarer—there were few murmurs—and they were as ready as ever to meet the enemy.

From the battle of Inkermann till the end of December but few events occurred to break the monotony of the siege. Day after day, the gunners, at intervals, exchanged shots with the enemy, and the French and English sharpshooters in the advanced trenches fired from their sandbag loop-holes at the Russian riflemen hid in pits or behind screens of stone, without other result than the loss of a few men on either side. Sometimes, shortly after dark, the Russians would commence a sharp cannonade, chiefly directed on the French; every instant the sky would be reddened by the flashes, visible even in the tents, and the rattle of musketry would be added to the roll of the artillery. Then the turmoil would subside, and the darkness and stillness would remain unbroken, except for the flash and boom of an occasional gun. Very little damage was done on these occasions by the enemy's fire.

Beyond the advanced trench in

front of our left attack, the Russians had made some pits, which, screened by small stone walls, were occupied each by a rifleman, and from whence they caused great annoyance to our people in the trench, and to the French across the ravine, whose advanced works they in part saw into. On the night of the 20th November, a party of our rifles was ordered to clear the pits, the men in which were supported from another row of pits behind. Sallying from the right extremity of the trench, they drove the Russians off, after a sharp struggle; and a working party immediately threw up on the spot cover enough to render the ground tenable. Lieutenant Tryon, who led the attack, was killed by a shot from the pits, and we lost about fifteen men killed and wounded. During the battle of Inkermann, Tryon fought all day armed with a rifle, and, being a good shot, killed an almost fabulous number of the enemy. The service of driving the enemy from the pits was so highly appreciated by the French, that General Canrobert passed a warm encomium on it in general orders; and the enemy's estimate of the advantage they had lost was shown by fierce attacks made to regain the ground, on the two following nights, without success.

We had begun, immediately after the battle of Inkermann, to intrench the front of the second division. The ditch and parapet already there were enlarged, completed, rendered continuous, and armed with batteries. Three redoubts, two French and one English, were constructed on commanding points, ours being on the ridge occupied by the Russian guns of position in the battle. In advance of these, other works and batteries were extended to the verge of the heights looking on the head of the harbour, on the causeway across the marsh, and on the last windings of the Tchernaya. To oppose them the enemy threw up batteries on the heights on their side of the valley, and opened fire from the nearest of them; while, farther back, long lines of intrenchment extended across the hills.

On the 6th December, Liprandi, after setting fire to his huts, quitted

his position in front of Balaklava, and retired into Sebastopol, leaving a force of cavalry and infantry, with some guns, in the villages of Kamara and Tcherzuna, and some field-works to guard the bridge over the Tchernaya. The French reconnoitred the ground in force on the 30th December. Ten battalions of infantry, and six squadrons of horse, with twelve guns, under General D'Espinasse, descended into the plain, and, throwing out skirmishers, supported by a troop of cavalry, advanced towards the hills taken from the Turks on the 25th October. As they went on, the single Cossack sentry always posted on the hill nearest the middle of the plains was joined by a detachment of about a hundred and fifty Russian lancers. These retired in good order, by alternate sections, as the French skirmishers ascended the slope, one section halting as the others went back, and then retiring in its turn while another faced about. The troop of French cavalry supporting the skirmishers, arriving at the summit, charged the section of lancers showing front, and drove it back upon the others; and the French supports appearing, the Russians retired in good order down the defile, across the bridge of the Tchernaya, and into the village on the other bank; leaving about a dozen troopers unhorsed or prisoners. A French officer received a wound from a lance in this affair, of which he died the next day. The whole of the French then advanced towards the river, and followed the bank on their own side till opposite the village, into which they threw some shells, setting fire to some of the houses, and dislodging the cavalry, which retired, covered by eight guns that the enemy withdrew from a field-work on the left bank when the French advanced. In the meantime, Sir Colin Campbell had ordered the 42d to move out of the intrenched hills to the right of Kadukoi, along the face of the mountain to Kamara, of which village they obtained possession without any opposition. Then the French, holding the defile near the bridge, detached two battalions up a mountain path to their right rear to a village in the hills beyond Kamara, where they knew 300 Cos-

sacks to be posted, and whom they nearly succeeded in surprising, the Cossacks having barely time to escape before the French entered the village: the latter, having destroyed the enemy's huts, and burnt a quantity of forage, rejoined the main body, driving off with them some cattle and sheep; and the whole of the reconnoitring force, having accomplished their object, which was limited to ascertaining the enemy's actual force and position, returned to the heights.

So ended the year 1854—to nineteenth of the army beyond measure the most eventful of their lives, and which, in retrospect, wore ~~the air of~~ romance. There were unfolded the departure with tearful friends on the one side, glorious uncertainty on the other—the scenes of the Turkish capital—the pestilence-haunted camps of Bulgaria, whose dreary sites are marked by so many of our comrades' graves—the march across the green sunny plains of the Crimea—our first passage of arms at the Alma—the sight of the prize we aimed at—the bright new-looking city, with its background of blue water—the bombardment—the minor actions of the 25th and 26th October—and the gloomy struggle of Inkermann, leaving us undisturbed possessors of the barren plains, where we had now spent three long months, feeling winter's grasp tightening day by day. Yet that grasp, evenhanded to both parties, was not altogether unfriendly to us. Fine weather and good roads would have brought upon us legions of enemies—day after day we must have renewed, for our bare footing, a struggle against odds sufficient to render it ever doubtful.

But now, while the accessions to the Russian force must, of necessity, be few and scanty, England and France were, to us, prodigal of aid. Our numbers had been inadequate to the task before us, but reinforcements had come, and more were on their way. We had been thinly clad, but comfortable garments were at hand. The state of the roads rendered the necessary transport of stores a work of extreme difficulty, but a railway had arrived, with men to lay it. Tents had for long almost ceased to be a shelter against the wind and driving

rain—but now, wooden houses for the army, proposed, as it seemed to us, only the other day, and but half believed in, were actually in the harbour, and, when put together on the heights, would at once place the troops in comparative comfort, and check the progress of disease. Austria was said to have at length joined us in earnest, though the terms of the treaty con-

cluded with her were as yet unannounced. Best of all, we felt how we were thought of and cared for at home, and knew that, for us tattered, bedraggled mortals, shivering on these muddy plains, a regard more anxious, deep, and generous than is often shown, except by the truest and warmest of friends, now formed the one absorbing impulse of the nation.

CAMP BEFORE SEBASTOPOL,  
4th January 1855.

[WITH reference to a passage in our last Number, page 118, our gallant correspondent, writing on the 29th December, says, "I believe I described the Royal Dragoons as charging with the Scots Greys at Balaklava; it should have been the Enniskilleners instead of the Royals, who were not in front, and only came up at the end. I know not how I made the mistake, as I was well acquainted with the circumstances."]

# BLACKWOOD'S

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### CONTENTS.

THE NARCOTICS WE INDULGE IN, . . . .	129 .
SOUTH AMERICAN TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE, . . . .	140
NAPOLEON AND SIR HUDSON LOWE, . . . .	159
NEW READINGS IN SHAKESPEARE, . . . .	181
THE INSURRECTION IN CHINA, . . . .	203
LADY LEE'S WIDOWHOOD—PART VIII., . . . .	220
THE MARQUIS DE LAROCHEJAQUELEIN—FRANCE IN 1853, . . . .	245

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We should be forsaking widely the field we usually occupy, were we to attempt to lay before our readers any analysis of a work so elaborate and so purely professional as this of Dr Pereira. We propose, however, to take it as our text-book, in considering a subject of great general interest—one scarcely of more importance to the professional physician than it is to the physiologist, the psychologist, and the economical statist. The book is replete with scattered information on the subject of the *Narcotics we Indulge in*, and some of this we propose to bring together in the present article. And among other sources from which we mean to draw the materials necessary to our purpose, are the *Confessions of an English Opium-Eater*, long, long ago noticed in our pages, but, to us who have been reading it to-day, as fresh and new as ever—as full of interest, as suggestive of profound reflection. We who are ourselves somewhat scientific, can scarce restrain a selfish sigh when we think how fresh and new, how sure of human sympathy this actual burning experience of a living man will continue to be when the heavy and toilsome tomes of Pereira shall have become mere records of the progress of science, and be turned up only to illustrate the ignorance of the most learned or trusted in their professions about the middle of the nineteenth century.

In ministering fully to his natural wants, man passes through three successive stages. First, the necessities of his material existence are provided for; next, his cares are assuaged and for the time banished; and lastly, his enjoyments, intellectual and animal, are multiplied and for the time exalted. Beef and bread represent the means by which, in every country, the first end is attained; fermented liquors help us to the second; and the third we reach by the aid of narcotics.

When we examine, in a chemical sense, the animal and vegetable productions which in a thousand varied forms, among various nations, take the place of the beef and pudding of the Englishman in supplying the first necessities of our nature, we are struck with the remarkable general similarity which prevails among them naturally, or which they are made to assume by

the artifices of cookery, before they are conveyed into the stomach. And we exclaim, in irrepressible wonder, “by what universal instinct is it that, under so many varied conditions of climate and of natural vegetation, the experience of man has led him everywhere so nicely to adjust the chemical constitution of the staple forms of his diet to the chemical wants of his living body?”

Nor is the lightening of care less widely and extensively attained. Savage and civilised tribes, near and remote—the houseless barbarian wanderer, the settled peasant, and the skilled citizen—all have found, without intercommunion, through some common and instinctive process, the art of preparing fermented drinks, and of procuring for themselves the enjoyments and miseries of intoxication. The juice of the cocoa-nut tree yields its *toddy* wherever this valuable palm can be made to grow. Another palm affords a fermented wine on the Andean slopes of Chili—the sugar palm intoxicates in the Indian Archipelago, and among the Moluccas and Philippines—while the best palm wine of all is prepared from the sap of the oil-palms of the African coast. In Mexico the American aloe (*Agave Americana*) gave its much-loved *pulque*, and probably also its ardent brandy, long before Cortez invaded the ancient monarchy of the Aztecs. Fruits supply the cider, the perry and the wine, of many civilised regions—barley and the cereal grains the beer and brandy of others; while the milk of their breeding mares supplies at will to the wandering Tartar, either a mild exhilarating drink, or an ardently intoxicating spirit. And to our wonder at the wide prevalence of this taste, and our surprise at the success with which, in so many different ways, mankind has been able to gratify it, the chemist adds a new wonder and surprise when he tells us, that as in the case of his food, so in preparing his intoxicating drinks, man has everywhere come to the same result. His fermented liquors, wherever and from whatever substances prepared, all contain the same exciting alcohol, producing everywhere, upon every human being, the same exhilarating effects!

It is somewhat different as regards the next stage of human wants—the exalted stage which we arrive at by the aid of narcotics. Of these narcotics, it is remarkable that almost every country or tribe has its own—either aboriginal or imported—so that the universal instinct has led somehow or other to the universal supply of this want also.

The aborigines of Central America rolled up the tobacco leaf, and dreamed away their lives in smoky reveries, ages before Columbus was born, or the colonists of Sir Walter Raleigh brought it within the chaste precincts of the Elizabethan court. The coca leaf, now the comfort and strength of the Peruvian muletero, was chewed as he does it, in far remote times, and among the same mountains, by the Indian natives whose blood he inherits. The use of opium and hemp, and the betel nut, among eastern Asiatics, mounts up to the times of most fabulous antiquity, as probably does that of the pepper tribe in the South Sea Islands and the Indian archipelago; while in northern Europe the hop, and in Tartary the narcotic fungus, have been in use from time immemorial. In all these countries the wished-for end has been attained, as in the case of intoxicating drinks, by different means; but the precise effect upon the system, by the use of each substance, has not, in this case, been the same. On the contrary, tobacco, and coca, and opium, and hemp, and the hop, and *Cocculus indicus*, and the toadstool, each exercise an influence upon the human frame, which is peculiar to itself, and which in many respects is full of interest, and deserving of profound study. These differences we so far know to arise from the active substances they severally contain being chemically different.

**I. TOBACCO.**—Of all the narcotics we have mentioned, tobacco is in use over the largest area, and by the greatest number of people. Opium comes next to it; and the hemp plant occupies the third place.

The tobacco plant is indigenous to tropical America, whence it was introduced into Spain and France in the beginning of the sixteenth century by

the Spaniards, and into England half a century later (1586) by Sir Francis Drake. Since that time, both the use and the cultivation of the plant have spread over a large portion of the globe. Besides the different parts of America, including Canada, New Brunswick, the United States, Mexico, the Western coast, the Spanish main, Brazil, Cuba, St Domingo, Trinidad, &c., it has spread in the East into Turkey, Persia, India, China, Australia, the Philippine Islands, and Japan. It has been raised with success also in nearly every country of Europe; while in Africa it is cultivated in Egypt, Algeria, in the Canaries, on the Western coast, and at the Cape of Good Hope. It is, indeed, among narcotics, what the potato is among food-plants—the most extensively cultivated, the most hardy, and the most tolerant of changes in temperature, altitude, and general climate.

We need scarcely remark, that the use of the plant has become not less universal than its cultivation. In America it is met with everywhere, and the consumption is enormous. In Europe, from the plains of sunny Castile to the frozen Archangel, the pipe and the cigar are a common solace among all ranks and conditions. In vain was the use of it prohibited in Russia, and the knout threatened for the first offence, and death\* for the second. In vain Pope Urban VIII. thundered on his bull against it. In vain our own James I. wrote his "Counterblaste to Tobacco." Opposition only excited more general attention to the plant, awakened curiosity regarding it, and promoted its consumption.

So in the East—the priests and sultans of Turkey and Persia declared smoking a sin against their holy religion, yet nevertheless the Turks and Persians became the greatest smokers in the world. In Turkey the pipe is perpetually in the mouth; in India all classes and both sexes smoke; in China the practice is so universal that "every female, from the age of eight or nine years, wears as an appendage to her dress a small silken pocket, to hold tobacco and a pipe." It is even argued by Pallas that the extensive prevalence of the practice in Asia, and especially in China,



proves the use of tobacco for smoking to be more ancient than the discovery of the New World. "Amongst the Chinese," he says, "and amongst the Mongol tribes who had the most intercourse with them, the custom of smoking is so general, so frequent, and has become so indispensable a luxury; the tobacco purse affixed to their belt so necessary an article of dress; the form of the pipes, from which the Dutch seem to have taken the model of theirs, so original; and, lastly, the preparation of the yellow leaves, which are merely rubbed to pieces and then put into the pipe, so peculiar—that they could not possibly derive all this from America by way of Europe, especially as India, where the practice of smoking is not so general, intervenes between Persia and China." \*

Leaving this question of its origin, the reader will not be surprised, when he considers how widely the practice of smoking prevails, that the total produce of tobacco grown on the face of the globe has been calculated by Mr Crawford to amount to the enormous quantity of two millions of tons. The comparative magnitude of this quantity will strike the reader more forcibly, when we state that the whole of the wheat consumed by the inhabitants of Great Britain—estimating it at a quarter a-head, or in round numbers at twenty millions of quarters—weighs only four and one-third millions of tons; so that the tobacco yearly raised for the gratification of this one form of the narcotic appetite weighs as much as the wheat consumed by ten millions of Englishmen. And reckoning it at only double the market value of wheat, or twopence and a fraction per pound, it is worth in money as much as all the wheat eaten in Great Britain.

The largest producers, and probably the largest consumers, of tobacco, are the United States of America. The annual production, at the last two decennial periods of their census returns, was estimated at

1840, . . . 219,163,319 lb.

1850, . . . 199,752,646 „

being about one-twentieth part of the whole supposed produce of the globe.

One of the remarkable circumstances connected with the history of tobacco is, the rapidity with which its growth and consumption have increased, in almost every country, since the discovery of America. In 1662, the quantity raised in Virginia—the chief producer of tobacco on the American shores of the Atlantic—was only 60,000 lb.; and the quantity exported from that colony in 1689, only 120,000 lb. In two hundred and thirty years, the produce has risen to nearly twice as many millions. And the extension of its use in our own country may be inferred from the facts that, in the above year of 1689, the total importation was 120,000 lb. of Virginian tobacco, part of which was probably re-exported; while, in 1852, the quantity entered for home consumption amounted to

28,558,753 lb.

being something over a pound per head of the whole population; and to this must be added the large quantity of contraband tobacco, which the heavy duty of 3s. per lb. tempts the smuggler to introduce. The whole duty levied on the above quantity in 1852, was £4,560,741, which is equal to a poll-tax of 3s. a head.

Tobacco, as every child among us now knows, is used for smoking, for chewing, and for snuffing. The second of these practices is, in many respects, the most disgusting, and is now rarely seen in this country, except among seafaring men. On ship-board, smoking is always dangerous, and often forbidden; while snuffing is expensive and inconvenient; so that, if the weed must be used, the practice of chewing it can alone be resorted to.

For the smoker and chewer it is prepared in various forms, and sold under different names. The dried leaves, coarsely broken, are sold as canaster or knaster. When moistened, compressed, and cut into fine threads, they form cut or shag tobacco. Moistened with molasses or with syrup, and pressed into cakes, they are called cavendish and negro-head, and are used indifferently either for chewing or smoking. Moistened

in the same way, and beaten until they are soft, and then twisted into a thick string, they form the pigtail or twist of the chewer. Cigars are formed of the dried leaves, deprived of their midribs, and rolled up into a short spindle. When cut straight, or truncated at each end, as is the custom at Manilla, they are distinguished as *cheroots*.

For the snuff-taker, the dried leaves are sprinkled with water, laid in heaps, and allowed to ferment. They are then dried again, reduced to powder, and baked or roasted. The dry snuffs, like the Scotch and Irish, are usually prepared from the midribs—the rappees, or moist snuffs, from the soft part of the leaves. The latter are also variously scented, to suit the taste of the customer.

Extensively as it is used, it is surprising how very few can state distinctly the effects which tobacco produces—can explain the kind of pleasure the use of it gives them—why they began, and for what reason they continue the indulgence. In truth, few have thought of these points—have cared to analyse their sensations when under the narcotic influence of tobacco—or, if they have analysed them, would care to tell truly what kind of relief it is which they seek in the use of it. “In habitual smokers,” says Dr Pereira, “the practice, when employed moderately, provokes thirst, increases the secretion of saliva, and produces a remarkably soothing and tranquillising effect on the mind, which has made it so much admired and adopted by all classes of society, and by all nations, civilised and barbarous.” Taken in excess in any form, and especially by persons unaccustomed to it, it produces nausea, vomiting, in some cases purging, universal trembling, staggering, convulsive movements, paralysis, torpor, and death. Cases are on record of persons killing themselves by smoking seventeen or eighteen pipes at a sitting. With some constitutions it never agrees; but both our author and Dr Christison of Edinburgh agree that “no well-ascertained ill effects have been shown to result from the habitual practice of smoking.” The

effects of chewing are of a similar kind:—Those of snuffing are only less in degree; and the influence which tobacco exercises in the mouth, in promoting the flow of saliva; &c., manifests itself when used as snuff in producing sneezing, and in increasing the discharge of mucus from the nose. The excessive use of snuff, however, blunts the sense of smell, alters the tone of voice, and occasionally produces dyspepsia and loss of appetite. In rarer cases it ultimately induces apoplexy and delirium.

But it is the soothing and tranquillising effect it has on the mind for which tobacco is chiefly indulged in. And amid the teasing paltry cares, as well as the more poignant griefs of life, what a blessing that a mere material soother and tranquilliser can be found, accessible alike to all—to the desolate and the outcast, equally with him who is rich in a happy home and the felicity of sympathising friends! Is there any one so sunk in happiness himself, as to wonder that millions of the world-chafed should flee to it for solace? Yet the question still remains which is to bring out the peculiar characteristic of tobacco. We may take for granted that it acts in some way upon the nervous system; but what is the special effect of tobacco on the brain and nerves, to which the pleasing reverie it produces is to be ascribed? “The pleasure of the reverie consequent on the indulgence of the pipe consists,” according to Dr Madden, “in a temporary annihilation of thought. People really cease to think when they have been long smoking. I have asked Turks repeatedly what they have been thinking of during their long smoking reveries, and they replied, ‘Of nothing.’ I could not remind them of a single idea having occupied their minds; and in the consideration of the Turkish character there is no more curious circumstance connected with their moral condition. The opinion of Locke, that the soul of a waking man is never without thought, because it is the condition of being awake, is, in my mind, contradicted by the waking somnambulism, if I may so express myself, of a Moslem.”\*

\* Madden, *Travels in Turkey*, vol. i. p. 16.

We concede that Dr Madden might find in England, in Germany, and in Holland, many good smokers, who would make excellent Moslems in his sense, and who at the close of long tobacco reveries are utterly unconscionable and innocent of a single thought. Yet we restrict our faith in his opinion to the simple belief, that tobacco, with a haze such as its smoke creates, tends to soften down and assuage the intensity of all inner thoughts or external impressions which affect the feelings, and thus to create a still and peaceful repose—such a quiet rest as our fancies might be found in the hazy distance of Turner's landscapes. We deny that, in Europeans in general, smoking puts an end to intellectual exertion. In moderation, our own experience is, that it sharpens and strengthens it; and we doubt very much if those learned Teutonic Professors, who smoke all day, whose studies are perpetually obscured by the fumes of the weed, and who are even said to smoke during sleep, would willingly, or with good temper, concede that the heavy tomes which in yearly thousands appear at the Leipzig book fair, have all been written after their authors had "really ceased to think." Still it is probably true, and may be received as the characteristic of tobacco among narcotics, that its major and first effect is to assuage, and allay, and soothe the system in general; its minor, and second, or after effect, to excite and invigorate, and, at the same time, give steadiness and fixity to the powers of thought.

The active substances, or chemical ingredients of tobacco or tobacco smoke, by which these effects upon the system are produced, are three in

number. The *first* is a volatile oil, of which about two grains can be obtained from a pound of leaves, by distilling them with water. This oil or fat "is solid, has the odour of tobacco, and a bitter taste. It excites in the tongue and throat a sensation similar to that of tobacco smoke; and, when swallowed, gives rise to giddiness, nausea, and an inclination to vomit." Small as the quantity is, therefore, which is present in the leaf, this substance must be regarded as one of the ingredients upon which the effects of tobacco depend.

The *second* is a volatile *alkali*, as it is called by chemists, which is also obtained by a form of distillation. The substance is liquid, has the odour of tobacco, an acrid burning taste, and is possessed of narcotic and highly poisonous qualities. In this latter quality it is scarcely inferior to Prussic acid. The proportion of this substance contained in the leaf varies from 3 to 8 per cent, so that he who smokes a hundred grains of tobacco *may* draw into his mouth from three to eight grains of one of the most subtle of all known poisons. It will not be doubted, therefore, that some of the effects of tobacco are to be ascribed to this peculiar substance.

The third is an oil—an empyreumatic oil, it is called—which does not exist ready formed in the natural leaf, but is produced along with other substances during the burning. This is supposed to be "the juice of cursed hebenon," described by Shakspeare as a *distilment*.\* It is acrid, disagreeable to the taste, narcotic, and so poisonous that a single drop on the tongue of a cat causes immediate convulsions, and in two minutes death.

The effects, real or imaginary, of this "juice" are thus described :—

"Sleeping within mine orchard,  
My custom always of the afternoon,  
Upon my secure hour thy uncle stole,  
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,  
And in the porches of mine ears did pour  
The leperous distilment: whose effect  
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,  
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through  
The natural gates and alleys of the body;  
And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset  
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,  
The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;  
And a most instant tetter bark'd about,  
Most Lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,  
All my smooth body."—*Hamlet*, Act i. scene v.

Of these three active ingredients contained in tobacco smoke, the Turkish and Indian pipes, in which the smoke is made to pass slowly through water, arrest a large proportion, and therefore convey the air to the mouth in a milder form. The reservoir of the German meerschaums retains the grosser portions of the oils, &c., produced by burning; and the long stem of the Russian pipe has a similar effect. The Dutch and English pipes retain less; while the cigar, especially when smoked to the end, discharges everything into the mouth of the smoker, and, when he retains the saliva, gives him the benefit of the united action of all the three narcotic substances together. It is not surprising, therefore, that those who have been accustomed to smoke cigars, especially such as are made of strong tobacco, should find any other pipe both tame and tasteless, except the short black *cutty*, which has lately come into favour again among inveterate smokers.

The chewer of tobacco, it will be understood from the above description of its active ingredients, is not exposed to the effects of the oil which is produced during the burning. The natural oil and the volatile alkali are the substances which act upon him. The taker of snuff is in the same condition. But *his* drug is still milder than that of the chewer, inasmuch as the artificial drying or roasting to which the tobacco is subjected in the preparation of snuff, drives off a portion of the natural volatile oil, and a large part of the volatile alkali, and thus renders it considerably less active than the natural leaf.

In all the properties by which tobacco is characterised, the produce of different countries and districts is found to exhibit very sensible differences. At least eight or ten species, and numerous varieties, of the plant are cultivated; and the leaf of each of these, even where they are all grown in the same locality, is found to exhibit sensible peculiarities. To these climate and soil add each its special effects; while the period of growth at which the leaves are gathered, and the way in which they are dried or cured, exercise a well-known influence on the quality of the crop. To these causes of diversity is owing, for the most

part, the unlike estimation in which Virginian, Cuban, Brazilian, Peruvian, East Indian, Persian, and Turkish tobaccos are held in the market.

The chemist explains all the known and well-marked diversities of quality and flavour in the unadulterated leaf, by showing that each recognised variety of tobacco contains the active ingredients of the leaf in a peculiar form or proportion; and it is interesting to find science in his hands first rendering satisfactory reasons for the decisions of taste. Thus, he has shown that the natural volatile oil does not exist in the green leaf, but is formed during the drying, and hence the reason why the mode of curing affects the strength and quality of the dried leaf. He has also shown that the proportion of the poisonous alkali (nicotin) is smallest (2 per cent) in the best Havana, and largest (7 per cent) in the Virginian tobacco, and hence a natural and sound reason for the preference given to the former by the smokers of cigars.

As to the lesser niceties of flavour, this probably depends upon other odoriferous ingredients not so active in their nature, or so essential to the leaf as those already mentioned. The leaves of plants, in this respect, are easily affected by a variety of circumstances, and especially by the nature of the soil they grow in, and of the manure applied to them. Even to the grosser senses of us Europeans, it is known, for example, that pigs' dung carries its *gout* into the tobacco raised by its means. But the more refined organs of the Druses and Maronites of Mount Lebanon readily recognise, by the flavour of their tobacco, the kind of manure employed in its cultivation, and esteem, above all others, that which has been aided in its growth by the droppings of the goat.

But in countries where high duties upon tobacco hold out a temptation to fraud, artificial flavours are given by various forms of adulteration. "Saccharine matter (molasses, sugar, honey, &c.), which is the principal adulterating ingredient, is said to be used both for the purpose of adding to the weight of the tobacco, and of rendering it more agreeable. Vegetable leaves (as those of rhubarb and the beech), mosses, bran, the sprout-

ings of malt, beet-root dregs, liquorice, terra japonica, rosin, yellow ochre, fullers' earth, sand, saltpetre, common salt, sal-ammoniac"—such is a list of the substances which have been detected in adulterated tobacco. How many more may be in daily use for the purpose, who can tell? Is it surprising, therefore, that we should meet with manufactured tobacco possessing a thousand different flavours for which the chemistry of the natural leaf can in no way account?

There are two other circumstances in connection with the history of tobacco, which, because of their economical and social bearings, are possessed of much interest.

*First*, Every smoker must have observed the quantity of ash he has occasion to empty out of his pipe, or the large nozzle he knocks off from time to time from the burning end of his cigar. This incombustible part is equal to one-fourth or one-fifth of the whole weight of the dried leaf, and consists of earthy or mineral matter which the tobacco plant has drawn from the soil on which it has grown. Every ton, when dried, of the tobacco leaf which is gathered, carries off, therefore, from four to five hundred-weight of this mineral matter from the soil. And as the substances of which the mineral matter consists are among those which are at once most necessary to vegetation, and least abundant even in fertile soils, it will readily be understood that the frequent growth and removal of tobacco from the same field must gradually affect its fertility, and sooner or later exhaust it.

It has been, and still is, to a great extent, the misfortune of many tobacco-growing regions, that this simple deduction was unknown and unheeded. The culture has been continued year after year upon virgin soils, till the best and richest were at last wearied and worn out, and patches of deserted wilderness are at length seen where tobacco plantations formerly extended and flourished. Upon the Atlantic borders of the United States of America, the best known modern instances of such exhausting culture are to be found.

It is one of the triumphs of the chemistry of this century, that it has ascertained what the land loses by such imprudent treatment—what is the cause, therefore, of the barrenness that befalls it, and by what new management its ancient fertility may be again restored.

*Second*, It is melancholy to think that the gratification of this narcotic instinct of man should in some countries—and especially in North America, Cuba, and Brazil—have become a source of human misery in its most aggravated forms. It was long ago remarked of the tobacco culture by President Jefferson, in his *Notes on Virginia*, that "it is a culture productive of infinite wretchedness." Those employed in it are in a continued state of exertion beyond the powers of nature to support. Little food of any kind is raised by them, so that the men and animals on these farms are badly fed, and the earth is rapidly impoverished.\*† But these words do not convey to the English reader a complete idea of the misery they allude to. The men employed in the culture, who suffer the "infinite wretchedness," are the slaves on the plantations. And it is melancholy, as we have said, to think that the gratification of the passion for tobacco should not only have been an early stimulus to the extension of slavery in the United States, but should continue still to be one of the props by which it is sustained. The exports of tobacco from the United States in the year ending June 1850, were valued at ten millions of dollars. This sum European smokers pay for the maintenance of slavery in these states, besides what they contribute for the same purpose to Cuba and Brazil. The practice of smoking is in itself, we believe, neither a moral nor a social evil; it is merely the gratification of a natural and universal, as it is an innocent instinct. Pity, that such evils should be permitted to flow from what is in itself so harmless!

II. The *Hor*, which may now be called the *English narcotic*, was brought from the Low Countries, and

\* Pereira, p. 1427.

† English edition, p. 278, quoted in M'Culloch's *Commercial Dictionary*, p. 1314.

is not known to have been used in malt liquor in this country till after the year 1524, in the reign of Henry VIII. In 1850 the quantity of hops grown in England was 21,668 tons, paying a duty of £270,000. This is supposed to be a larger quantity than is grown in all the world besides. Only 98 tons were exported in that year; while, on the other hand, 320 tons were imported, so that the home consumption amounted to 21,886 tons, or 49 millions of pounds; being two-thirds more than the weight of the tobacco which we yearly consume. It is the narcotic substance, therefore, of which England not only grows more and consumes more than all the world besides, but of which Englishmen consume more than they do of any other substance of the same class.

And who that has visited the hop grounds of Kent and Surrey in the flowering season, will ever forget the beauty and grace of this charming plant? Climbing the tall poles, and circling them with its clasping tendrils, it hides the formality and stiffness of the tree that supports it among the exuberant profusion of its clustering flowers. Waving and drooping in easy motion with every tiny breath that stirs them, and hanging in curved wreaths from pole to pole, the hop-bines dance and glitter beneath the bright English sun—the picture of a true English vineyard, which neither the Rhine nor the Rhone can equal, and only Italy, where her vines climb the freest, can surpass.

The hop “joyeth in a fat and fruitful ground,” as old Gerard hath it (1596). “It prospereth the better by manuring.” And few spots surpass, either in natural fertility or in artificial richness, the hop lands of Surrey, which lie along the out-crop of the green sand measures in the neighbourhood of Farnham. Naturally rich to an extraordinary degree in the mineral food of plants, the soils in this locality have been famed for centuries for the growth of hops; and with a view to this culture alone, at the present day, the best portions sell as high as £500 an acre. And the *highest* Scotch farmer—the most liberal of

manure—will find himself outdone by the hop-growers of Kent and Surrey. An average of ten pounds an acre for manure over a hundred acres of hops, makes this branch of farming the most liberal, the most remarkable, and the most expensive of any in England.

This mode of managing the hop, and the peculiar value and rarity of hop land, were known very early. They form parts of its history which were probably imported with the plant itself. Tusser, who lived in Henry VIII.'s time, and in the reigns of his three children, in his *Points of Husbandry* thus speaks of the hop:—

“Choose soil for the hop of the rottenest mould,  
Well-doinged and wrought as a garden-plot should:

Not far from the water (but not overfloune),  
This lesson well noted, is meet to be knowne.

The sun in the south, or else southlie and west,

Is joy to the hop as welcômmied ghest;  
But wind in the north, or else northerly east,  
To hop is as ill as fray in a feast.

Meet plot for a hop-yard, once found as is told,  
Make thereof account, as of jewel of gold;  
Now dig it and leave it, the sun for to burne,  
And afterwards fense it, to serve for that turne.

The hop for his profit, I thus do exalt:  
It strengtheneth drink, and faviourth malt;  
And being well brewed, long kep it will last,  
And drawing abide, if ye draw not too fast.”

The hops of commerce consist of the female flowers and seeds of the *humulus lupulus*, or common hop plant. Their principal consumption is in the manufacture of beer, to which they give a pleasant, bitter, aromatic flavour, and tonic properties. Part of the soporific quality of beer also is ascribed to the hops, and they are supposed by their chemical properties to check the tendency to become sour. The active principles in the hop consist of a volatile oil, and a peculiar bitter principle to which the name of *lupulin* is given.

When the hop flowers are distilled with water, they yield as much as eight per cent of their weight of a volatile oil, which has a brownish yellow colour, a strong smell of hops, and a slightly bitter taste. In this “oil of hops” it has hitherto been supposed that a portion of the narcotic influence of the flowers resided, but

recent experiments render this opinion doubtful. It is probable that in the case both of tobacco and of the hop, a volatile substance distils over in small quantity along with the oil, which has not hitherto been examined separately, and in which the narcotic virtue resides. This is rendered probable by the fact that the rectified hop oil is not possessed of narcotic properties.

The hop has long been celebrated for its sleep-giving qualities. To the weary, and wakeful, the hop-pillow has often given refreshing rest, when every other sleep-producer had failed. It is to the escape, in minute quantity, of the volatile narcotic substance we have spoken of, that this soporific effect of the flowers is most probably to be ascribed.

Besides the oil and other volatile matter which distil from them, the hop flowers, and especially the fine powdery grains or dust which, by rubbing, can be separated from them, yield to alcohol a bitter principle (*lupulin*) and a resinous substance, both in considerable proportion. In a common tincture of hops these substances are contained. They are aromatic and tonic, and impart their own qualities to our beer. They are also soothing, tranquillising, and in a slight degree sedative and soporific, in which properties well-hopped beer also resembles them. It is certain that hops possess a narcotic virtue which beer derives from them;\* but in what part of the female flower, or in what peculiar chemical compound this narcotic property chiefly resides, is still a matter of doubt.

To the general reader it may appear remarkable, that the chemistry of a vegetable production, in such extensive use as the hop, should still be so imperfect—our knowledge of its nature and composition so unsatisfactory. But the well-read chemist, who knows how wide the field of chemical research is, and how rapidly our know-

ledge of it, as a whole, is progressing, will feel no surprise. He may wish to see all such obscurities and difficulties cleared away, but he will feel inclined rather to thank and praise the many ardent and devoted men, now labouring in this department, for what they are doing, than to blame them for being obliged to leave a part of the extensive field for the present uncultivated.

Among largely used narcotics, therefore, especially in England, the hop is to be placed. It differs, however, from all the others we have mentioned, in being rarely employed alone except medicinally. It is added to infusions like that of malt, to impart flavour, taste, and narcotic virtues. Used in this way, it is unquestionably one of the sources of that pleasing excitement, gentle intoxication, and healthy tonic action, which well-hopped beer is known to produce upon those who drink it. Other common vegetable productions will give the bitter flavour to malt liquor. Horehound and wormwood, and gentian and quassia and strychnia, and the grains of paradise, and chicory, and various other plants, have been used to replace or supplant the hop. But none are known to approach it in imparting those peculiar qualities which have given the bitter beer of the present day so well-merited a reputation.

Among our working classes, it is true, in the porters and humbler beers they consume and prefer, the *Cocculus indicus* finds a degree of favour which has caused it, to a considerable degree, to take the place of the hop. This singular berry possesses an intoxicating property, and not only replaces the hop by its bitterness, but to a certain extent also supplies the deficiency of malt. To weak extracts of malt it gives a richness and *fullness in the mouth*, which usually imply the presence of much malt, with a bitterness which enables the brewer to

\* *Ale* was the name given to unhopped malt-liquor before the use of hops was introduced. When hops were added, it was called *beer*, by way of distinction, I suppose, because we imported the custom from the Low Countries, where the word *beer* was, and is still, in common use. Ground ivy (*Glechoma hederacea*), called also *alehoof* and *tunhoof*, was generally employed for preserving ale before the use of hops was known. "The manifold virtues in hops," says Gerard in 1596, "do manifestly argue the wholesomeness of *beere* above *ale*, for the hops rather make it physcally drink to keep the body in health, than an ordinary drink for the quenching of our thirst."

withhold one-third of his hops, and a colour which aids him in the darkening of his porter. The middle classes in England prefer the thin wine-like bitter-beer. The skilled labourers in the manufacturing districts prefer what is rich, full, and substantial in the mouth. With a view to their taste, it is too often drugged with the *Cocculus indicus* by disreputable brewers; and much of the very beastly intoxication which the consumption of malt liquor in England produces, is probably due to this pernicious admixture. So powerful is the effect of this berry on the apparent richness of beer, that a single pound produces an equal effect with a bag of malt. The temptation to use it, therefore, is very strong. The quantity imported in 1850 was 2359 cwt., equal to a hundred and twelve times as many bags of malt; and although we cannot strictly class it among the narcotics we voluntarily indulge in, it may certainly be described as one in which thousands of the humbler classes are compelled to indulge.

It is interesting to observe how men carry with them their early tastes to whatever new climate or region they go. The love of beer and hops has been planted by Englishmen in America. It has accompanied them to their new empires in Australia, New Zealand, and the Cape. In the hot East their home taste remains unquenched, and the pale ale of England follows them to remotest India. Who can tell to what extent the use of the hop may become naturalised, through their means, in these far-off regions? Who can predict that, inoculated into its milder influence, the devotees of opium and the intoxicating hemp may not hereafter be induced to abandon their hereditary drugs, and to substitute the foreign hop in their place? From such a change in one article of consumption, how great a change in the character of the people, might we not anticipate?

This leads us to remark, that we cannot as yet very well explain 'n

what way and to what extent the use of prevailing narcotics is connected, as cause or effect, with peculiarities in national character. But there can no longer be any doubt that the soothers and excitors we indulge in, in some measure as the luxuries of life, though sought for at first merely to gratify a natural craving, do afterwards gradually but sensibly modify the individual character. And where the use is general and extended, the influence of course affects in time the whole people. It is a problem of interest to the legislator, not less than to the physiologist and psychologist, to ascertain how far and in what direction such a reaction can go—how much of the actual tastes, habits, and character of existing nations has been created by the prolonged consumption of the fashionable and prevailing forms of narcotics in use among them respectively, and how far tastes and habits have been modified by the changes in these forms which have been introduced and adopted within historic times. The reader will readily perceive that this inquiry has in it a valid importance quite distinct from that which attaches itself to the supposed influence of the different varieties of intoxicating fermented drinks in use in different countries. The latter, as we have said, all contain the same intoxicating principle, and so far, therefore, exercise a common influence upon all who consume them. But the narcotics now in use owe their effects to substances which in each, so far as is known, are chemically different from those which are contained in every one of the others. They must exercise, therefore, each a different physiological effect upon the system, and if their influence, as we suppose, extend so far, must each in a special way modify also the constitution, the habits, and the character.

Our space does not permit us, in the present Number, to speak of the use of opium and hemp; we shall return to these extensively consumed drugs on a future occasion.



## SOUTH AMERICAN TRAVEL AND ADVENTURE.

Where associate two books which have little in common beyond their relation to the same region and races of men; the one is chiefly scientific and statistical, the other deals largely in the characteristic and romantic. Dr Weddell, physician and naturalist, and member of various scientific societies and commissions, who had previously travelled in and written of certain districts in South America, was induced, two years ago, once more to cross the Line, bound for Bolivia. His former journey had had a purely botanical object: he had gone to make acquaintance with the trees which produce the Peruvian bark. His researches were crowned with success; but he was attacked with fever and dysentery, and quitted the unwholesome shores, vowing never to revisit them. A handful of sand which he carried away with him caused him to break through his resolution. Deposited in the Museum of Natural History at Paris, it attracted attention by the beauty of the golden spangles it contained. Dr Weddell again sailed for America, this time with a double mission. The administrators of the Garden of Plants confided to him certain scientific researches; and a number of persons, whose objects were more material, commissioned him to examine and obtain concessions of tracts of land upon the Tipuani—a stream which, rising amongst the snows of the Cordilleras, flows over golden sands to its junction with one of the chief tributaries of the mighty Amazon.

Mr Theodore Pavie has been a great traveller. In the volume before us we find him alternately in India, Africa, America, on the banks of the Nile, on the Coromandel coast, in the forests that fringe the Sabine. His book includes even a Chinese legend; but that he confesses to have derived from a missionary, the companion of one of his voyages. His most inter-

esting chapters are a series of South American sketches—in the Pampas, Chili, and Peru. He makes half an apology for having mingled fiction with facts he himself witnessed. The system he has pursued is perfectly allowable, and has been adopted by many travellers of wider fame. We may instance Sealsfield, Ruxton, and a host of other precedents. Like them, he has brought home from his distant wanderings a portfolio of rough sketches, which he has filled up, coloured, and completed by his own fireside. The landscape, the character, the figures, even some of the incidents, are true to nature; but he has thrown in a little artificial action, rendering the picture more attractive.

From the Peruvian port of Arica, which he reached, *viâ* Southampton and Panama, in the spring of 1851, Dr Weddell started at once for the Bolivian town of La Paz. After passing Tacna, where they were detained for some days by purchase of mules and travelling stores, the doctor and his two companions, Mr Borniche and Mr Herrypon (the latter a civil engineer), soon found themselves in the mountains, and suffering from the painful sensations produced by the great rarefaction of the air. This effect of the sensible diminution of the atmospheric pressure upon the circulation and respiration is there called the *soroche*, and is ignorantly attributed by the natives to metallic emanations from the soil. At the height of about 12,000 feet above the level of the sea, the travellers came to the first *apacheta*. In former days the Peruvian Indians, upon attaining, with a burden, the summit of a mountain, were accustomed to offer to their god Pachacamac the first object that met their view. The custom was not costly, for the object was usually a stone. They accompanied the offering by several repetitions of the word

*apachecta*, which was a sort of prayer. In time, this word, slightly altered, was applied to the heaps of stones which the superstition accumulated, and then to the mountain-peaks which these heaps surmounted. *Apachetas* are found upon all elevated points of Peruvian roads. Around one of them, at the summit of the Pass of Gualillos—estimated by Dr Weddell, and by the English traveller Pentland, to be nearly 15,000 feet above the sea—were numerous skeletons of asses, mules, and llamas, which had perished of fatigue on attaining that prodigious elevation. The three Frenchmen felt almost as much inclined to lay their own bones beside those of the defunct brutes as to push on further; but they managed to continue their route over one of those vast mountain plateaus known as *puñas*, of which the German doctor Tschudi has given so striking an account. They passed the night in the village of Tacora, and had regained their wonted courage and activity when aroused next morning by their muleteer with intelligence that four vicuñas were grazing close at hand. Stealing up to them under cover of a wall, Dr Weddell and Mr Herryon got within fair shot, fired, and missed. Three of the animals took to flight; the fourth stood its ground, and gazed boldly at its enemies. The doctor, supposing that a wound was the cause of its immobility, quitted his cover and approached the vicuña. When he got within a certain distance, the animal ran. It was too late. The doctor fired his second barrel, and the ball broke its spine. It was not, as Dr Weddell had supposed, a wound that had delayed its flight. "When a herd of vicuñas is pursued," he says, "the most vigorous of the males, who act as chiefs, invariably remain the last upon the place of danger, as if to cover the retreat of the others. This is a fact of which we were more than once witnesses during our journey, and hence it is much easier to obtain male than female vicuñas. I have been twenty times within shot of males, but not once of females. The vicuña (*Camelus vicugna* Gmel.) is the most numerous species (it and the *guanaco*) of the camel tribe in the New World. It is met with in all

the elevated regions of the Andes, from the equator to Magellan's Straits. The places it best loves to haunt are those where man and the condor alone can follow it. The condor, that mighty bird of prey, which is to the Andes what the eagle is to the Alps, prefers carrion to a living prey, and seldom makes war upon it; and man, until our own days, has rather encouraged its multiplication than aided in its destruction. This explains the abundance of the vicuña at the period of the conquest of Peru." The old Spanish chroniclers relate that the vicuñas, although wild, were regarded as the exclusive property of the Incas, and any who hunted them incurred severe penalties. At fixed seasons—about once a year—a general hunt took place, under the personal superintendence of the Inca and his chief officers; but only once in every four years was this monster *battue* allowed in the same district. The chase was on a prodigious scale. Fifty or sixty thousand hunters—even more, if some writers are to be believed—armed themselves with poles and lances, traced an immense circle, and drove to a common centre all the animals it enclosed. A selection then took place. Roebuck, guanacos, and other inferior animals, were killed, especially the males; their skins were used for various purposes, and their flesh was divided amongst the hunters. This meat, cut in thin slices and dried, was called *charqui*, and composed the sole animal food of the lower classes of Peruvians. The vicuñas, of which thirty or forty thousand were often thus collected, were more gently treated. They were carefully shorn, and then set at liberty. The wool was stored in the royal warehouses, and issued as required—the inferior qualities to the people, the better ones to the nobles, who alone had a right to wear fine cloth. The tissues then manufactured from the best vicuña wool are said to have been as brilliant as the finest silks, and to have excited, by the delicacy of their tints, the envy of European manufacturers. At the present day, no salutary law protects the graceful and useful vicuñas; they lose their life with their fleece, and have greatly diminished in numbers.

The Indians drive them into enclosures, knock them on the head with cudgels, or break their necks across their knees, strip off the skin, and sell it for half a dollar. The wool sells as high as a dollar a pound upon the coast of Peru. It is chiefly consumed in the country, to make hats and gloves. Only two or three thousand dollars' worth is annually exported from Peru.

Dr Weddell makes numerous interesting zoological observations during his journey up the country. Whilst traversing the frozen puña, he was greatly surprised to find a ruin—in which his party slept, with snow for a counterpane—infested with mice, whose sole nourishment, in that barren and inhospitable district, must have been grass. The next halt was at the farm of Chulunguani, the highest point upon the road from Tacna to La Paz. Here the party slept under a roof, and found a *pulperia* or little shop, where they were able to obtain sardines in oil, sheep's-milk cheese, and bad Bordeaux wine. A day was passed here in duck-shooting, and in hunting the *viscacha*, a small animal of the chinchilla tribe, having a dark grey fur, very soft, but less esteemed by furriers than that of the chinchilla. It is about the size of a rabbit, burrows amongst rocks, and is found only at a very great elevation, equal to that habitually preferred by the vicuña. Dr Weddell and his host shot two specimens. When the doctor went indoors to skin them, he found that the animals had lost the tips of their tails. The farm-steward, who had carried them in, explained that he had thus docked them to preserve them from decomposition, the extremity of the tail having the singular property of producing the corruption of the whole animal, if not cut off almost immediately after death. Dr Weddell was not very well satisfied with this explanation, but, to his astonishment, he afterwards found it everywhere the custom to sever the end of the viscacha's tail.

Whilst at the farm (it was a sheep-farm—oxen live but do not thrive at that altitude) Dr Weddell did his

utmost to get an alpaca, knowing that there were some in the neighbourhood. He was unsuccessful; and as to buying one, it is a most difficult matter in that country, where the Indians have an extraordinary dislike to parting with their domesticated animals, except sheep. During his stay in Bolivia, he repeatedly offered five or six times its value for an alpaca, and was refused. The alpaca wool, which constitutes one of the most important branches of Peruvian commerce, and is consumed chiefly in England, varies greatly in price, the pure white selling for thirty or thirty-five dollars a hundredweight; other colours at an average of twenty-two dollars. The weight of the fleeces ranges from three to seven pounds. "I have seen some of these animals," says Dr Weddell, "whose virgin fleece almost swept the earth; when they attain that state, their faces are hidden in the wool that surrounds them." From a priest, who afforded hospitality to the travellers at their second halt after they quitted the farm, they obtained some instructive details concerning the country, and a most marvellous story of a natural phenomenon observed by him during his rambles in the province of Yungas. "This was nothing less than a bird-plant—that is to say, a bird which, having alighted upon the ground, had there taken root. More than a hundred persons, the *cura* said, had seen this wonder, and verified its reality. The person who had discovered the bird, unfortunately forgot one day to take it food, and it died. We were not informed how it had lived before it found a master." It is odd to be able to trace a coincidence between the wild tale of the Peruvian puña and a tradition of Asiatic-Russian steppes. Edward Jermann, in his *Pictures from St Petersburg*,\* tells of the *haranken* or sheep-plant, supposed to produce the fine silky fleece that was in reality obtained by ripping unborn lambs from the mother's belly.

At La Paz, which the little caravan reached after much fatigue, some severe hardship, and a few misadventures, but without serious disaster, one of the first things the travellers

did was to avail of a letter of introduction from the Bolivian minister at Paris, to obtain an audience of the president of the republic, General Belzu, who had just recovered from wounds inflicted by assassins. One ball had struck him full in the face, and his visitors looked curiously for the trace. A scarcely perceptible scar, at the angle of the nose, was all they could discern. The bullet remained in the head, but occasioned no inconvenience; and the general said that his health was even better than before the occurrence. Some time afterwards he consulted Dr Weddell about his wounds, and the doctor learned, from the best source, the particulars of the attempt upon his life, which he briefly recapitulates.

"Raised to the presidency after the battle of Yamparac's, in which he discomfited the adherents of Velasco, General Belzu had not only to struggle against the remains of that party, but to defend himself against the secret and much more formidable attacks of General Ballivian, Velasco's predecessor. It is said to have been at the instigation of Ballivian that the plot I have spoken of was formed; and, in support of this assertion, the remarkable fact is adduced that, upon the very day on which the crime was committed at Chuquisaca, Ballivian and one of his intimates quitted Copiapo (in Chili), where they were staying, and rode in great haste towards the frontiers of Bolivia.

"The day selected for the crime was the 6th September 1850. In the afternoon the president left his palace, accompanied by an aide-de-camp, and by Colonel Laguna, one of the principal members of the senate, and betook himself to the public walk. Scarcely had he reached it, when four men assailed him. He stood upon his defence, but at that moment a bullet struck him in the face, and he fell to the ground. The shot had been fired so near that his beard was burnt, and his cheeks were speckled with grains of powder. A second shot was fired, but without effect. When the assassins saw him stretched upon the earth, they fired three other shots at him, but strange to relate, each time the weapons flashed in the pan. The chief of the brigands—a

mulatto named Morales, who was mounted—then tried to trample him under his horse's feet, but without success. After several efforts, he at last urged his horse close up to his victim, and, leaning over him, put a pistol to his head and fired a last shot. 'The tyrant is dead!' he cried, and, spurring his horse, he galloped through the streets to the barracks, to excite the garrison to revolt. Meanwhile Laguna, the senator, stood by with folded arms, and when the crime seemed fully consummated, he walked away with its perpetrators, thus affording good grounds for suspicion of his complicity. He was shot a few days afterwards.

"As to the president, whose existence, with two bullets in his head, seemed almost impossible, he had not even, he himself assured me, lost consciousness for a moment; and when Morales and his band left him, he got up unaided, and reached, bathed in his blood, a neighbouring hut, inhabited by a poor Indian. The news quickly spread that the chief of the state still lived, and the projected revolution was stifled in its birth."

The preservation of the president's life was little short of a miracle. One of the bullets had glanced off the skull without doing material damage beyond occasioning complete loss of hearing with the left ear; but the other had gone so deep into the head that it could not be extracted. Dr Weddell probed the wound, and satisfied himself of the course and position of the ball. A few hairs'-breadths farther, or a copper bullet instead of a leaden one, and all was over with General Belzu.

His travellers made some stay at La Paz, where they soon became acquainted with the principal people in the place. They passed their time in paying visits, in seeking useful information relative to the objects of their expedition, and in getting dreadfully out of breath by the ascent of steep streets in an atmosphere so rarified that a newly-arrived European can hardly take ten steps without a pause. English housewives will read with interest Dr Weddell's account of Bolivian edibles, with disgust his sketch of the filthy horrors of a Bolivian kitchen, with wonderment and incre-

dulity the recipes he gives for the manufacture of certain Bolivian dishes and delicacies. The mode of using potatoes is very original. As it freezes nearly every night of the year in the upper regions of the Andes, and the people have no means of preserving potatoes from frost, they anticipate its action, in order to regulate it. "They spread the potatoes on a thin layer of straw in the open air; they water them slightly, and expose them to the frost for three successive nights. When the vegetables subsequently thaw in the sun, they acquire a spongy consistency; in that state they are trodden under naked feet, in order to get rid of the skin and squeeze out the juice; then they are left in the air until perfectly dry." This delectable preparation is known as the black *chuño*; and when wanted for food, requires soaking in water for six or eight days. White *chuño* is prepared in another way, but one description of the sort will probably satisfy everybody of the untempting nature of the diet. Besides the animal and vegetable kingdoms, the mineral reign contributes to the gratification of South-American epicures. An important section of the market at La Paz is occupied by sellers of a species of light-grey clay, very greasy to the touch, and called *palsa*. The Indians alone consume it, mixing it with water to the consistency of thin gruel, and eating it with salt. At Chuquisaca, Dr Weddell was informed, a sort of earth called *chaco*, similar to the *palsa* of La Paz, was sold and eaten in little cups, like custard or chocolate; and he heard of a *señorita* who thus ate dirt till she killed herself. The moderate use of this queer article of food is not injurious, but neither does it afford the slightest nourishment.

The beefsteak was long in making its appearance one day at Don Adolfo's *gargotte*, where Dr Weddell and his companions usually took their meals, and an impatient Frenchman started from his seat to visit the kitchen and inquire into the delay. "Do not so!" cried a more experienced customer; "if you see how it is done, you will not eat for a week." Dr Weddell had opportunity of inspecting more than one *Paseña* kitchen. Besides the

cooks—which we take to be something indescribably abominable, since he describes them merely as a degree or two more disgusting than the scene of their operations—those kitchens contain three things,—shapeless earthen pots, black and greasy; heaps of dried lama-dung, used as fuel; guinea-pigs *ad libitum*. Guinea-pigs are the rabbits of Bolivia, where European rabbits are curiosities, called Castilian conies, and kept in cages like some outlandish monkey. The guinea-pig has the run of the kitchen, where he thrives and fattens, and is ultimately slaughtered and cooked.

Dr Weddell went to a ball, given in celebration of the birthday of a young and amiable Peruvian lady, recently allied with one of the best families of La Paz. His account of it gives a curious notion of the degree of civilisation of the best Bolivian society. No illuminated portals, liveried lackeys, or crowd of carriages indicated to the doctor (who had not yet been at the house) the scene of the festival, when he issued forth, at eight in the evening, white-waistcoated, and draped in his cloak. The street was dark and deserted. By inquiring at shops, he at last found the door he sought; it stood open. A little Indian girl, whom he encountered in the court, pointed to the staircase, up which he groped his way. At the end of a passage, upon the first floor, he discovered a faint light. Following this beacon, and passing through two doors that stood ajar, he reached a small room, where several of the guests were smoking cigars round a table, on which stood half-emptied cups and glasses. In a corner two *señoras* were squatted, making ice; and a little farther off an old negress was putting sugar into a caldron of punch. The ice-makers were the mother and sister of the heroine of the day; the master of the house was amongst the smokers. Dr Weddell paid his respects, got rid of his cloak, and passed on into antechamber No. 2. This was in darkness, save for the glimmering rays of light that shot in from the adjacent rooms; and the doctor, seeing nothing, and advancing quickly, ran up against a soft substance, which he presently made out to be another *señora*, enveloped, even

to the crown of her head, in a vast shawl. The room was half full of shawled ladies, seated on either side of the passage left open for the guests, some on chairs, others on trunks, and two or three upon a bed. These *señoras*, the doctor learned, were mothers, friends, or relatives of the guests. Not being sufficiently smart to show themselves in the foreground of the festival, they yet would have a view of it. They came as *mosqueteras*. Antechamber No. 2 contained what is called, in that country, the *mosqueteria*.\* Another step took the doctor into the ball-room. Thence shawls and cigars were banished, and replaced by silks and lace, white gloves and black patent leather. Dr Weddell looked down with some shame at his boots, which he had himself blacked before leaving home. Silence reigned in the saloon. The ladies were on one side, the men upon the other, waiting for the military band, which was behind time. The first tap of the drum electrified the mute assemblage. Smiles and animation beamed upon every face. At the same time were distributed the fragrant contents of the caldron which the black Hecate had brewed in anteroom No. 1. Cups of punch circulated, and were not disdained by the ladies. Dancing began. The doctor, who, whilst climbing mountains, three days previously, in quest of flowers and simples, had suffered terribly from the *soroche*, and had counted a hundred and sixty throbs of his pulse in a minute, was feverish and ill at ease, and did not intend to dance. But he was borne away by the torrent. After the quadrille came another distribution of punch, and a proportionate rise in the ladies' spirits; then came the ices which mamma and sister had so industriously manufactured, and which were, of course, pronounced excellent; then (Bolivia seems a very thirsty country) bottles of champagne and sherry made their appearance, every gentleman seized as many glasses as he could carry; and challenged the *señoritas*, who were not allowed to refuse. The fun now grew fast and furious. A new phase of the ball commenced. For formal quadrilles

were substituted national dances. These, Dr Weddell acutely remarks, have little merit unless danced as soup is eaten—hot. The military orchestra played the airs of the *baileitos* with infinite spirit, one of the musicians accompanying them with words, in which there was some license and much wit. The *zapateado* was danced amidst vehement applause. The good-humour of the evening was at its height. Farther they could not go, thought Dr Weddell. He was mistaken. In an interval of the dancing, it was decided that a colonel there present, who, in the doctor's opinion, was abundantly gay, was not sufficiently so, and he was condemned to be shot. The sentence was forthwith carried into execution. The victim was placed upon a chair in the middle of the room, the band played a funeral march, and the unhappy (or happy) colonel was compelled to swallow, one after the other, as many glasses of champagne or sherry as there were young ladies present. This done, the dead-march ceased, and the culprit was released. The German students have a custom somewhat similar to this, *Der Fürst der Thoren*, when one sits astride upon a barrel, and imbibes all the beer, *schnaps*, and Rhenish presented to him by his boon-companions. But with the exception of Lola Montes, who smoked her cigar and drank her *chopine* in a Heidelberg *studenten-kneipe*, the fair sex in Europe do not generally mingle in orgies of this kind. After a substantial supper, Dr Weddell was condemned to be shot, and shot accordingly. Other executions followed, and the jollity reached its climax by the men voting the execution *en masse* of the whole of the ladies—a sentence which was resisted, but at last carried out. The Bolivian *señoritas* must have strong heads, for we read that dancing recommenced and continued vigorously until five in the morning, when the band and the majority of the guests beat a retreat. A guitar was then procured, and the lady of the house and two or three of her friends, with half-a-dozen of the most active of the *caballeros*, danced on, and kept up the ball until one in the after-

\* The occupants of the pit at a theatre are called in Spain the *mosqueteria*.

noon! After which, all we have to say is, Brava, Bolivia!

Dr Weddell, who had been unwell before the ball, was very ill after it, and lay in bed for six weeks. When his strength returned, he made an excursion to La Lancha, a point about four leagues from La Paz. The steps he and his companions had taken to obtain concessions of land on the Tipuani had not led to the results they anticipated; so they temporarily directed their attention to the river ChuquiagUILlo, upon which La Lancha is situated. In the opinion of the natives, this place is *un pozo de oro*—a well of gold. Early one morning in May the three Frenchmen set out for it, upon mule-back, passing along a road enlivened, during its early portion, with various kinds of shrubs, bearing flowers of brilliant colours. At this part of the doctor's book we come to a good deal of scientific detail, accompanied by woodcuts, all very interesting to miners and intending gold-seekers, but on which we shall not dwell. The gold of the ChuquiagUILlo is found in the form of *pépites*, or nuggets, very various in shape and size. One of them, sent to Spain by the Conde de Moncloa, is said to have weighed more than twenty kilogrammes—forty-four English pounds. At various periods, and much more recently, nuggets of several pounds' weight have been found.

"During the presidency of General Ballivian, an Indian came from time to time to La Paz, to sell pieces of gold, which had the appearance of being cut with a chisel from a considerable mass of the metal, and many persons judged, from the colour, that the mass in question must proceed from the river ChuquiagUILlo. No bribe or promise could induce the Indian to reveal his secret. The affair got to the ears of the president, who expected to obtain without difficulty the information refused to others; but the Indian held out, and would say nothing. Finding gentle means ineffectual, the general tried threats, imprisonment, &c., but all in vain. Finally, the poor man was condemned to life-long service in the army, as guilty of disobedience and disrespect to the chief of the state! From that day forward nothing more was heard

either of him or of his treasure. Some persons in La Paz told me that he perished under the lash."

La Lancha (the word signifies a boat) is neither town nor village, but a marsh. On approaching it, up a ravine, the travellers came to an immense dike or barrier of rock, through one extremity of which the river had wrought itself a narrow passage. This dike had evidently long been an immense obstacle to the waters that flowed down the ravine of ChuquiagUILlo, and it was a rational enough conclusion that, since those waters washed down gold, a good deal of the metal must still remain behind that natural barrier. But it seemed more probable that the river gathered its gold *after* than *before* passing the rocky wall. It struck Dr Weddell as pretty certain that Count Moncloa's nugget would have remained behind the dike instead of being washed over it. The conclusion was reasonable enough. Behind the dike La Lancha begins, terminating a quarter of a league above it, at the foot of another rock, which rises vertically to a height of thirty feet. Over this rock the river dashes, covering its surface with great stalactites of ice, and then winds along the right side of the marsh, where it has made itself a channel.

"At one point of its surface the Lancha contracts, and thus presents the form of the figure 8. Perhaps, one should seek the figure of a boat, to which the site has been compared, in the combination of the marsh and of the mountains of bluish schist that rise abruptly around it. According to this manner of viewing it, the surface of the marsh would represent the deck of the vessel, and the gold would be in the hold—that is to say, on the rock which is supposed to form the bottom of the basin. Several attempts have been made to ascertain the existence of the precious metal, and we were told a multitude of attractive tales—much too attractive to be credible. The upshot, however, which could not be concealed, was, that all attempts had ultimately failed, owing to the infiltration of water into the wells sunk in the attempt to reach the *veneros* (strata of argillaceous sand) in which the gold is found."

Nevertheless, the doctor thought

the place worthy deliberate examination, and to that end established himself, with Mr Herrypon the engineer, and with Franck, their carpenter, under a tent, within which, during the night, the thermometer rarely stood at less than three degrees below zero. When the sun shone, the climate was genial and agreeable; but at three o'clock it dipped behind the mountains, which was the signal for the wanderers to creep under canvass, wrap themselves in blankets, and feast upon the hot stew their Indian cook had passed the morning in preparing. They had neighbours: several Indians had built huts on the ledges of the mountains, and daily drove their sheep and alpacas to graze upon the herbage of the marsh. From one of them Dr Weddell subsequently obtained an alpaca for his collection. Vicuñas occasionally strayed near the camp, and Franck managed to shoot one, which, with viscachas and a few wild ducks, improved the campaigning fare.

"Of the feathered inhabitants of the district, the most curious, unquestionably, is a species of variegated woodpecker (*Picus rupicola*), which, notwithstanding its name of *carpintero* (carpenter), has all the habits of a mason. Instead of working at trees, as do its congeners, it finds nothing in that graminaceous region but rock and earth upon which to exercise its beak. These birds are invariably met with in isolated pairs; they skim the ground in flying, and settle, after a few moments' flight, upon a soil or rock, uttering a long, shrill, cooing sound. If one is killed, it is rare that its mate does not come and place itself beside the dead body, as if imploring a similar fate—a request which the sportsman is not slow to comply with, for the *carpintero* of the Cordilleras is a dainty morsel."

Whilst Dr Weddell herborised, adding nearly a hundred species of plants to his collection, the engineer studied the Lancha with other views, and at last resolved to sound it. Mr Borniche, who had remained at La Paz, obtained authorisation from the Government—*el derecho de cateo*, or right of search, in the whole of the Lancha, during a fixed time, at the end of which he might, if he thought

proper, purchase the ground at its rough value, fixed without reference to any mineral wealth it might contain. All this in accordance with the Mining Code. But poor Herrypon knew not what he undertook. He had no idea of mining difficulties in Bolivia. In this single operation he took the measure of the country's capabilities. A month and a half passed in hammering out, in a forge at La Paz, a common and very clumsy Artesian screw, such as would have been got ready in three days in a European city, and at a cost considerably less than that of the coal consumed in the Bolivian smithy. The mere hire of the forge and bellows-blower was four dollars (sixteen shillings) a-day. When at last the instrument was ready and applied, layers of solid rock and a thick bed of dilucent clay long frustrated all the miners' attempts. Finally, a deep well was sunk, but no gold was found, nor signs of any, and the miners quitted the place, where nothing less than the certainty of ultimately reaching a rich vein would have justified them in continuing their costly and laborious researches.

A second illness, by which he was attacked before he had fully recovered from the debilitating effects of the first, determined Dr Weddell to seek change of air. Whilst his engineering ally was still sinking wells and unprofitably probing the Lancha, he set out with Mr Borniche for Tipuani. Passing the magnificent Mount Illampú, which is upwards of seven thousand English yards high, and the great lake of Titicaca, they reached the town of Sorata, after an easy journey of thirty leagues. A toilsome one of forty remained to be accomplished before they should reach Tipuani. The roads were difficult, their muleteers fell ill, their mules were stubborn and restive, and *mal-páso*s (dangerous places to pass) were numerous; but after a few small accidents and much fatigue they reached the village, which derives its name from *tipa*, the name of a tree that produces a gum known in that country as *sangre de drago*—dragon's blood. This tree, it is said, was formerly very abundant in the valley of Tipuani. In the *aymara*, or Indian tongue, the particle *ni*, added to a



word, implies possession. The village consists of fifty or sixty houses, built chiefly of palm trunks, placed side by side, thatched with leaves of the same tree, and partitioned, when partitions there are, with bamboos. "I found the place somewhat increased in size since my visit in 1847, but no way improved with respect to healthiness and cleanliness. At its entrance, stagnant water, covered with a green scum, filled old excavations, or *diggings*, and told that there, as in California, gold and fever are inseparable. It sufficed, moreover, to behold the pallid countenances of the inhabitants, to judge of the atmosphere we breathed." This was hardly the place for an invalid to recruit his health and strength in, and, after visiting the mines, Dr Weddell set out for the Mission of Guanay, boating it down the rapid and rocky Tipuani—a rather dangerous mode of travelling. The priest of the Mission was an *aymara* Indian, a native of La Paz; his parishioners were *Lecos* Indians, considerable savages—although they had abjured paint, or only secretly used it—and very skilful with gun and bow, as well as in the capture of several large species of fish found in the river Mapiří, hard by which they dwelt. Some of these fish attain the weight of nearly a hundred pounds. They are taken with strong hooks, shot with arrows, or *hoccussed* and taken by hand. This last practice prevails amongst some other South American tribes.

"The substance employed for this purpose by the Guanay Indians is the milky juice of one of the largest trees of their forests, known by them under the name of Soliman. It is the *Hura crepitans* of the botanist. To obtain this venomous milk, they cut numerous notches in the bark of the tree, and the sap which exudes runs down and soaks the earth at its foot. This earth, enclosed in a large sack, is thrown into the river, and as soon as the water becomes impregnated with it, the fish within the circle of its influence float inanimate upon the surface, and are collected without trouble. A creek or small branch of the river is usually selected for this operation. In other parts of Bolivia, and especially in the province of Yungas, they

use, to poison the water, the green stalk of a small liana called *Pepko* or *Sacha*, of which they crush, upon a stone, a fathom's length or two, in that part of the river they wish to infect. Its effect is said to be as speedy as that of the Soliman sap, and I was assured that the fish thus taken could be eaten with impunity. It is not to be thence inferred that the sap, like the poison used for their arrows by the Indians of Guiana and on the Amazon, may be taken by man without injury; it is to the extreme smallness of the dose swallowed with the fish that its apparent harmlessness is to be attributed. The sap of the Soliman has, in fact, such caustic qualities, that its mere emanations cause violent irritation of the organs which receive them. We saw at the Mission a person who had lost his sight in consequence of a few drops of this juice having accidentally spirted into his eyes; and Messrs Boussingault and Rivero related that, having subjected the sap of the Soliman to evaporation, with a view to analyse it, the person who superintended the operation had his face swollen and his eyes and ears ulcerated, and was cured only after several days' medical treatment."

Bolivia is evidently a fine field for the botanist. Dr Weddell mentions a number of vegetables unknown, or little known, in Europe, but interesting and valuable by reason of their medical properties or economical uses. When in the province of Yungas, he briefly refers to two or three of the principal of these: "The *Matico*, a shrub of the pepper tribe, whose leaves, which resemble those of sage, have remarkable vulnerary properties; the *Vejuco*, a curious species of *Aristolochia*, whose crushed leaves are said to be an infallible cure for the bites of serpents; and a sort of *Myrica*, or wax-tree, whose berries, soaked in boiling water, yield in abundance a green wax, used to make candles." Concerning the *Quinquina*, or Peruvian-bark tree, and the *Coca* shrub, whose leaves the Indians chew, the doctor gives many interesting particulars. When descending the river Corolco in a *balsa* or Indian canoe, he frequently encountered his old acquaintances the *cascarillos*, or bark-gatherers, who pursue their wild and

solitary calling in the interior of the forests, dwelling under sheds of palm-leaves, and exposed to many dangers and hardships. Whilst seeking, one evening, a good place to bivouac, the doctor, and the *padre* from the Guanay Mission, who was then his fellow-traveller, came upon a *cacarillero's* hut, in front of which they beheld a horrible spectacle. A man lay upon the ground in the agonies of death. He was almost naked; and, whilst yet alive, he was preyed upon by thousands of insects, whose stings and bites doubtless accelerated his end. "His face, especially, was so much swollen that its features could not be distinguished; and his limbs, the only portion of this corpse which still moved, were in an equally hideous state. Under the roof of leaves was the remainder of the poor wretch's clothes, consisting of a straw hat and a ragged blanket; beside them lay a flint and steel, and an old knife. A small earthen pot contained the remains of his last meal—a little maize, and two or three frozen potatoes. For a few seconds the missionary contemplated this piteous object, then made a step towards the unfortunate man, and was about, I thought, to offer him some assistance, at least of a spiritual nature, but his courage failed him; and, suddenly turning away, he walked hastily to his *balsa*, and had himself rowed to a place some hundred yards farther, upon the opposite bank of the river." In fact, the tortured bark-gatherer was beyond human aid, and on the brink of death. Dr Weddell covered him with his blanket, and returned to the boats.

We have dipped but into a few chapters of this compendious volume of nearly six hundred pages. A large portion of its contents are more interesting to naturalists and miners than to the general reader. Dr Weddell's investigations are of a comprehensive nature, including the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdoms, extending to an analysis of the various Indian languages of the country, and even to Bolivian music, of which he furnishes specimens. A map, some useful illustrations, an excellent table of contents, and headings to the chapters, give the work a completeness not so common in French as in English pub-

lications of this nature. Having adopted it for examination as a book of travel, and not of scientific and mining research, we recommend the numerous chapters we have not touched upon to those classes of readers to which they especially address themselves, and turn to Mr Pavie's sketches of countries adjacent to those in which Dr Weddell has more recently wandered. It does not appear, from the former gentleman's book, that his rambles had any more serious motive than love of locomotion, and a curiosity to view strange lands. The form he has adopted, and the modest pretensions announced in his preface, relieving him of most of the responsibility to which writers of travel usually hold themselves subject, he gives no account of himself, is very desultory, and does not take the trouble to supply dates. We collect, however, from his volume and preface, that some years have elapsed since his travels were performed, and that he was then a young man, eager for adventure, and enthusiastic for local peculiarities and national characteristics. It is with a view to variety, he tells us, that he has jumbled the sections of his book, and irregularly distributed those of them which have a natural order and sequence of their own. It was about twenty years ago—as we gather from the internal evidence of the chapters—that Mr Pavie left Buenos Ayres for Valparaiso, by the route across the Pampas. The moment was not particularly well chosen for such a journey. Anarchy was at its height in South America, and especially in the country of the Argentine republic. There was strife between federalists and unitarians. The Indians, resuming the offensive, had committed many depredations, and defeated the volunteers of the province of Cordova. The roads were far from safe; impediments and stoppages were numerous, and two months were consumed by the journey from La Plata to the Cordillera, a distance of three hundred leagues. When at only four days' march from the Andes, snow fell, and a halt was called in the poor little town of Mendoza. The mountains were white from foot to summit; there was no possibility of crossing them; patience must be cultivated,

and spring waited for. In these dull winter-quarters Mr Pavie had abundant leisure to note down the incidents of his two months' journey, to gather characteristic traits of the people, and striking anecdotes of the war. We shall take him up, however, at an earlier period of his expedition, when he was but a week out from Buenos Ayres. He had traversed the province of the same name and that of Santa Fé, and hoped to reach the town of Cordova upon the following night. A forest succeeded to bare and monotonous plains. The horses trotted briskly over a light sandy soil, refreshed by numerous streams; the country was smiling, the vegetation rich. It still wanted two hours of sunset, and another league would bring the travellers to the post-house of the *esquina*—the Corner—situated at the junction of the two high-roads which connect the Pacific and the Atlantic—one leading northwards, to Bolivia and Peru, the other south-west, to Chili, passing through St Luis and Mendoza. Mr Pavie would have availed himself of the remaining daylight to push on a stage farther, but a young Cordovan, who accompanied him, and who was a lively and pleasant fellow, urged him to pass the night at the *esquina*. It was kept by a widow, he said, a certain Doña Ventura, whose eggs with tomato sauce were quite beyond praise, and whose daughter Pepa sang like a nightingale. It was a long road from that to Santiago de Chili—three hundred leagues, besides the Andes to cross, and the season was advanced, but Mr Pavie was unwilling to disoblige his friend.

"An old *gaucho*, the widow's managing man, came out to receive us. Whilst the horses were unharnessed, a lad of twelve or thirteen, beautiful as one of Murillo's shepherds—who was hurling stones at the wild pigeons perched upon the fig-trees—threw his sling across his shoulder, and ran into the house, crying out—'Mother! mother! here is Don Mateo with some foreign señores.' Don Mateo, our Cordovan friend, went to see after dinner, and to inform the post-mistress that we should not need horses before the next morning. The travellers' room was tolerably clean, and very large. Its sole furni-

ture consisted of a small lamp burning before an image of the Virgin, and of a guitar suspended from a nail. When dinner was ready, Doña Ventura brought in immense arm-chairs, covered with leather and gilt nails, and evidently made at Granada in the time of the Catholic kings. Some very brisk peasant girls (*cholas*), who said nothing, but looked a great deal, laid the table, and placed upon it the promised eggs and tomatas, and large salad-bowls containing lumps of roast meat swimming in gravy. Pimiento had not been spared. The soup was brought to us, according to the custom of the country, at the end of the repast. The post-mistress, seated upon the estrade or platform that extended completely round the room, triumphed in our famous appetites, and proudly drew herself up whenever one of us paid her a more or less exaggerated compliment on the excellence of her dinner. Pepa, a handsome girl, with a remarkably white skin and fresh complexion, stood near her, smoking a cigarrito, and gazing about with her great blue eyes, which were shaded by long dark lashes. Jnancito, the boy with the sling, rambled round the table, and unceremoniously tasted the Bordeaux wine in our glasses. Dinner cleared away, Mateo took down the guitar and presented it to Pepa: 'Señorita,' he said, 'these gentlemen would be enchanted to hear you sing; favour them with a ballad, and they will consider you the most amiable girl—*la mas preciosa niña*—in the entire province.' We were about to add our entreaties to those of Mateo, but the young girl had already tuned the instrument; and, without coughing, complaining of a cold, or waiting to be asked again, she sang half-a-dozen very long songs. At the end of every verse Mateo applauded. Pepa certainly had a charming voice, which she did not badly manage. Gradually her countenance grew animated. From time to time she stopped and exclaimed—'Ay, Jesus! I am dead!' and then went on again. Doña Ventura at last began to accompany her daughter's song. At every chorus we slapped the table with the palms of our hands; and Mateo, imitating castanets with his

fingers, danced like a madman in the middle of the hall."

This thoroughly Spanish-American scene was interrupted by the arrival of fifteen waggons, each drawn by six oxen, and laden with dried fruits, cotton, and bales of horse-hair. They drew up in line upon the open space in whose centre stood the post-house. The oxen, unharnessed, joined the reserve drove which followed the convoy, in charge of a dozen horsemen; and from the innermost recesses of the vehicles there emerged bullock-drivers, women, children, passengers of all ages and of motley aspect, who had joined the caravan in order to get over three hundred leagues at small expense. Some ran to cut wood, others to fetch water. Fires were lighted, and enormous slices of meat set to roast before them upon spits stuck in the ground. Every convoy of this kind is under the orders of a *capataz* or chief. This one was commanded by a certain Gil Perez, whose arrival seemed of strong interest to Doña Ventura and her daughter. Pepa hastened to adorn herself with a silk shawl, the gaudy product of a Lyons loom, and with a fashionable Buenos Ayres comb, a foot high. His camp established, Gil Perez entered the house with a beaming countenance. He had brought presents for everybody;—a scarf and satin shoes for Pepa, a Peruvian gold chain for her mother, a dirk for Juancito. In Spanish countries acquaintance is soon made. His gifts distributed, Perez sat down and chatted with Don Mateo and the other travellers; whilst the bullock-drivers, the *cholas*, and the postilions of the *esquina*, were dancing outside. By and by, Perez, who had been out to look after his people, announced the approach of more travellers, indicated by a cloud of dust in the south-east. Juancito went out to reconnoitre, and reported that the muleteers from San Juan were close at hand. Pepa and her mother exchanged a rapid glance. The muleteers halted at some distance from the posting-house and unloaded their beasts, each of which carried two barrels of brandy. Their chief dismounted and walked towards the house, his saddle-bags over his shoulder. Walking rapidly and on

tiptoe, on account of the long steel spurs which he dragged at his heels, he knocked at Doña Ventura's door. Juancito answered.

"Gil Perez looked at the muleteer pretty much as an admiral might look at the humble master of a merchantman. The muleteer, disconcerted at finding the room full of strange faces, to say nothing of that of the *capataz*, which seemed greatly to incommode him, paused near the door for some seconds.

"Come in, Fernando," said Doña Ventura; 'you are surprised to see my Pepita in full dress, eh, my lad? We have had an arrival of gentlemen. Will you sup? I have some *puchero* at hand.'

"Thanks, señora," replied Fernando; 'I want nothing. You know that I never pass this way without calling to see Pepita. I have brought you a little barrel of the best brandy that has been tasted at San Juan for many a year.'

"Is the brandy for Pepa?" said Gil Perez.

"Don Gil," replied the muleteer, 'every one gives what he has, and according to his means.' Then, turning to the young girl—"Pepita," he said, 'when you were a child you liked the tarts made in our mountains; I have brought you some, and of the best peaches.'

"Whilst speaking, he drew from his saddle-bags the little barrel of brandy, and a dozen square cakes filled with a thick marmalade, which seemed particularly grateful to the gums of Juancito. Then he sat himself down near Pepa, and looked proudly at the captain of the waggons.

"How many beasts have you?" said the latter.

"Fifteen, besides saddle-horses."

"Just as many as I have carts. Not so bad, really. You carry thirty casks—half a load for one of my waggons. Pshaw! what can you earn? A poor trade is yours, my lad, and you will follow it long before you grow rich."

"When I am tired of it," replied Fernando, 'I will try another.' The muleteer spoke these words in a singular tone.

"Fernando is stout-hearted," said Doña Ventura, 'and he will do well

yet; and he will find, somewhere in his own province, a pretty girl with a good dowry. Eh, Fernando?"

"Fernando made no reply, but pulled down his little pointed hat over his forehead;—his eyes glittered like those of a cat. Seizing the guitar, which lay upon the bench beside Pepa, he strummed it with an absent air, like one absorbed by his thoughts. Juancito, who stood before him, waiting doubtless for the end of the prelude, and for the commencement of some lively mountain ditty, pushed his arm, and said—"Fernando, have you seen the fine presents Gil Perez has brought us?" Without raising his eyes, the muleteer sang, in a low voice, this verse of an old ballad:—

'No estás tan contenta, Juana,  
En ver me pensar por tí;  
Que lo que hoy fuere de mí,  
Podrá ser de tí mañana.'\*

Then suddenly throwing down the guitar, he jumped upon the estrade, extinguished the lamp that burned before the Madonna, and clapped his hand to his knife. Pepa took refuge close to her mother. At the cry she uttered, Gil Perez stood upon his guard; but Fernando passed close by him without looking at him, and reached the door. 'Ah, Pepita!' muttered he as he went out, 'you will drive me to harm!' And he disappeared."

This stormy episode broke up the party. Agitated and alarmed, Doña Ventura and her daughter betook themselves to their bedchambers. The travellers wrapped themselves in their blankets—Mr Pavie establishing himself, according to his custom, in their *coche-galera*, or travelling-carriage, where he slept but little, owing to the songs and dancing of the waggon-drivers, and the screaming of innumerable parrots. The night passed without incident, and at daybreak he was roused by Mateo. The horses were ready; the San Juan muleteers were already on their road; Gil Perez, foot in stirrup, was directing the departure of his convoy. That evening the travellers reached Cordova.

Several months had elapsed since the scene at the *esquina*, and Mr Pavie, after rambling through Chili and Peru, returned to Santiago, the capital of the former country. Looking on, one night, at a dance in a public garden, he fell in with his old acquaintance, Don Mateo, somewhat threadbare, but still a passionate lover of song and dance. One of the political changes so common in South America had driven him across the Andes. He was an exile, proscribed in his own country. His party had fallen, his patrimony had been swallowed up by fines, and he deemed himself fortunate to have saved his neck.

"Do you remember," said Mateo, as he leaned beside his French friend upon the parapet bordering the Tajamar, and gazed at the summits of the Cordillera, which still reflected a last gleam of sun—"do you recollect one evening at the *esquina*? Well, of all the persons then assembled under Doña Ventura's hospitable roof, and including her and her daughter, how many, do you suppose, still live? Two, you and I! The first scene of the drama passed before your eyes. I will narrate those that ensued. You have not forgotten our merry supper at the posting-house, Gil Perez and his waggons, and Fernando, the little muleteer with the long spurs?"

Mr Pavie perfectly remembered all that had passed at the *esquina*. Mateo took up the tale from the moment of their departure. Although Fernando and Gil Perez started nearly at the same moment, they met no more until they reached Buenos Ayres. The *aria* (string of mules) trotted briskly over the plain, whilst the heavy waggons lingered in the ruts. Four days had elapsed since Fernando's arrival, when Perez reached his usual halting-ground near the hill of the Retiro, and, after turning out his cattle to graze, rode into the city. As soon as he was gone, the bullock-drivers, a vagabond and insubordinate race, gathered round the camp-fires to discuss the news that had reached them of insurrections in the inland provinces.

\* "Be not so well pleased, Juana, to see how I suffer for thee; that which is my fate to-day, to-morrow may chance to be thine."

Most of these wild *gauchos* felt sorely tempted to exchange goad for lance, and join the armed bands then scouring the country. To gallop in boundless plains, to pillage isolated farms, and attack hamlets—such was the fascinating perspective that offered itself to their imagination. Whilst they were debating the probable course of events in the *tierra adentro*, Fernando came by. He was on foot; his long spurs were still at his heels.

“Ha!” cried the bullock-drivers, ‘here is the little muleteer, the brandy-merchant from San Juan! Give us a barrel, Fernando, and we will drink your health.’

“Give me something to eat,” replied the muleteer, ‘I am fasting since yesterday.’

“And cutting a slice off a great piece of beef that roasted at the fire, he took one end of it in his fingers, put the other into his mouth, and swallowed it at a single gulp, as a lazzarone swallows an ell of macaroni. Then he wiped his knife on his cowskin boot and lay down under a cart to sleep. When Gil Perez returned and walked round his camp, he saw the muleteer, who was snoring on the grass.

“Hallo, Fernando!” he cried, ‘what do you there, my man?’

“Resting myself,” replied Fernando, rubbing his eyes, ‘I have passed four days and nights playing at cards.’

“Have you won?”

“Lost everything—my load of brandy, my mules, all I had in the world.” Lend me twenty dollars, Gil Perez?”

“To gamble them?”

“Perhaps. See, I was a steady man; I never played, and you are cause that I am perhaps about to become a robber. I have known Pepa from her childhood; her mother received me well, saw that I loved her daughter, and encouraged me to work and increase my little trade. Every trip I made I never missed calling at the *esquina*, and every trip I found Pepa prettier than before. She received me joyfully, and I was happy. But since two years that you have gone that road, all is changed. With your gold chains and silk shawls you have turned their heads. Lend me twenty

dollars, that I may make them presents and regain their favour. You are rich, Gil Perez—you will find a wife in the towns, at Salta, Cordova, where you please; I am poor, but I love Pepita, the only girl who would not refuse me, ruined though I be.”

Surprised at the muleteer’s frank explanation and request, Gil Perez offered him the twenty dollars, but laughed at the idea of abandoning his pretensions to Pepita. Fernando refused the money, and departed with a ruttered throat. That night he took to the plain, mounted on a fine horse and bearing gold in his girdle—the spoils of a traveller he had waylaid and murdered. The die was cast; the honest muleteer had become a *gaucho malo*.

A few days after this, Fernando rode up to the *esquina*. Little Juan-cito ran to kiss him. Torribio, the steward, surprised to see him come alone, riding a valuable horse and without his usual retinue of mules and muleteers, hurried out to meet him. “Amigo!” he cried, “whence come you, thus finely equipped? It seems the San Juan brandy fetches a good price in the market!” Without replying, Fernando abruptly opened the door and addressed the two women, astonished at his sudden appearance.

“The *gauchada* is about to take the field,” he said, “and I greatly fear that one of its earliest visits will be for you. I have friends in its ranks; give me your daughter, Doña Ventura, and I answer for her safety and yours.”

“Since when are you allied with the brigands, Fernando?” indignantly demanded Doña Ventura.

“Pepita,” said the muleteer, evading reply, ‘will you have me?—You tremble—you turn away your head!—Are you afraid of me, Pepita? Do you take me for a bandit?’

“There was something terrible in the sound of Fernando’s voice, which even the passionate love he still felt for Pepa was insufficient to soften. The young girl in vain endeavoured to speak.

“Fernando,” cried Doña Ventura, ‘when last you were here, you left my house like a madman, your hand on the hilt of your knife; you enter it to-day like a bandit, with threats upon your lips. Begone, and return no more; I need not your protection.’

"'Ha! you mean to say that Gil Perez will protect you. Reckon upon that! There are times when fine shawls and gold chains are not worth sabre and carbine. After all, I too have gold! See here. Once more, Pepita, will you follow me? I am no longer a muleteer; it was too base a trade, was it not? Shall I carry you off on my horse's crupper into the sierra of Cordova and to Chili?'"

Pepa, frightened at the *gaucho's* fierce voice and vehement manner, burst into tears and fainted in her mother's arms. Fernando hastily left the house, his love—the last good sentiment his heart retained—exchanged for bitter hate.

It was not long after this incident, early upon a winter's morning, that Gil Perez, riding ahead of his waggons, which had camped on the banks of the Rio Salado, discerned at the horizon a dozen black specks that rapidly approached him. Soon he made them out to be horsemen, armed some with lances, others with rifles. Deeming them suspicious, he rode back and formed his caravan in order of battle. The waggons were arranged in a circle, the bullocks inwards; arms were distributed to the men, and from between the waggons the muzzles of pistols and blunderbusses menaced those who should assail the fortress. These arrangements were scarcely made when the party of horsemen slackened speed, and one of them rode forward alone. At twenty paces from the waggons he drew rein and removed the handkerchief, which partly concealed his face.

"'Don Gil,' cried the horseman, 'confess that the little muleteer Fernando has given you a famous fright.'

"'It is you,' replied Perez, 'what do you here? what do you want of us?'

"'I have changed my trade, *amigo*; did I not once tell you that when I should be tired of mule-driving, I had another trade in view? I am now an ostrich hunter. A fine flock escaped from us this morning. Have you not met it?'

"'Another poor trade that you have taken to,' replied Perez. 'If that be all you have to say to me, there was no

need to charge down upon us with your comrades like a band of robbers. When you first came in sight there were some ostriches about a mile in front of me; if those are what you seek, continue your hunt and leave us to continue our journey.'

"During this parley, the bullock-drivers, believing danger past, ceased to stand upon the defensive; Fernando's comrades slowly approached and carelessly mingled with them, rolling their cigarritos and entering into conversation. Although suspecting no treachery, Perez hesitated to resume his march so long as Fernando and his band were there. Thus the halt was prolonged, and the ostriches, no longer frightened by the creaking of wheels, reappeared upon a rising ground behind which they had taken refuge.

"'Don Gil,' exclaimed Fernando, 'I will wager that my horse, which has already done ten leagues to-day, will overtake one of those birds sooner than yours, fresh though he be.'

"'I have no time to try,' replied Perez, annoyed at the delay; 'the place is not safe, and I am in haste to see the houses of Cordova.'

"'Pshaw! a five minutes' ride,' said the muleteer; 'come, one gallop, and I will rid you of my company, and of that of my friends, with which you do not seem over and above pleased.'

"'So be it then,' answered Perez, 'and then I must be off;' and he set spurs to his horse. Fernando rode so close to him that their knees touched. The *ganchos* and drivers shouted to excite the two horses, which seemed to fly over the plain; and the ostriches, finding themselves pursued, fled their fastest, stretching out their necks, beating the air with their short wings, and furrowing the ocean of tall herbage by rapid zigzags right and left. The two horsemen gained upon them. The furious race had lasted at least ten minutes, when Fernando fell into the rear. Gil Perez, looking back to calculate the distance that separated them, saw him brandishing a set of balls as big as his fist.\* 'Amigo,'

\* This arm, which the *gauchos* throw to a distance of twenty paces, consists of three balls fastened to the same number of cords. The one held in the hand is longer than the two others.

cried he, without stopping, 'those balls are big enough to catch a wild horse.' Whilst he sought, in his girdle, the small leaden balls he proposed throwing round the ostrich's neck, his horse fell, his fore-legs entangled in the ropes that had just quitted the muleteer's hands. The violence of the fall was in proportion to the rapidity of the ride. On beholding his rival roll in the dust, Fernando uttered a triumphant shout. Perez, who had fallen upon his left side, sought to extricate his sabre in order to cut the terrible cord which shackled his horse's legs. The poor brute, panting and covered with foam, struggled violently for release. Before Gil Perez could draw his weapon, the muleteer was on foot and held him by the throat.

"You are a traitor and a coward !' cried the unfortunate Perez, giddy from his fall, and trying to shake his enemy off. 'You have led me into a snare to murder me !'

"That is not all,' coolly replied the muleteer. 'Look yonder; you see that smoke, it proceeds from your waggons. The plain is on fire. 'Tis you whom I was hunting, *carretero* (waggoner); but for you I should still be a muleteer. I have become a brigand. I have seen Pepa; she rejects me. The traitor, I say, is you, who have ruined all my hopes.'

"Perez was active and vigorous: on equal terms his enemy would not have dared contend with him; but surprise and terror paralysed his strength. After deliberately stabbing him, Fernando passed a rope round his neck, and, as he still breathed, dragged him to a neighbouring stream and threw him into the water."

Gil Perez dead, most of his men, who had arms and were more than a match for the banditti, joined the latter, plundered the waggons, killed the oxen, and departed with their new comrades, those who had no horses riding double. Fernando promised to take them to a place where they could mount themselves well. He kept his word. One night, old Torribio, who, ever since Fernando's visit and the commencement of the civil war, had kept vigilant watch, and frequently patrolled the neighbourhood of the *esquina*, thought he

heard voices in the forest. He bridled up the horses, which he always had ready-saddled in the stable, and entertained his mistress and her daughter to escape by the Cordova road. The two women got upon the same horse; Torribio, armed with sabre and carbine, mounted another, to escort them; Juancito, not understanding the danger, leaped, light and laughing, into his saddle, whip in hand, and his sling over his shoulder. The little party set out. They would have escaped an enemy to whom the locality was not familiar. But Fernando had placed spies round the posting-house, and lay in ambush upon the road to Cordova. A bullet from Torribio's carbine grazed the brigand's cheek; the next moment the faithful old servant lay in the road, his skull cleft by a sabre-cut. Juancito escaped into the forest. His mother and sister did the same, but were captured and taken back to the posting-house, which was pillaged and afterwards burnt. The outlaws then departed. Doña Ventura had supplied them plentifully with brandy, hoping to escape during their intoxication, but Fernando drank nothing. When the moment came for departure, he lifted Pepa upon his horse, repulsed with his foot her despairing mother—who in vain struggled and clung to her child—and rode off. Pepita, more dead than alive, uttered lamentable cries. The muleteer heeded them not, but sang the lines he had sung upon the memorable night when he found Gil Perez at the posting-house, and left it with a sombre prediction that Pepa would drive him to evil.

"No estás tan contenta, Juana,  
En ver me penar por tí;  
Que lo que hoy fuere de mí,  
Podrá ser de tí mañana."

Doña Ventura's fate is not upon record; she is believed to have perished of hunger, misery, and cold. Juancito lost his way in the pampas. Although bred in the desert, the poor boy had not sufficient experience to guide himself by sun and stars. It was never known how long he held out. Not many days after his flight, there was found, upon the frontier of the Indian country, a child's corpse, which was supposed to be his. A whip hung from the wrist, and a sling



was over the shoulder. The birds of prey had made a skeleton of the body.

The fate of poor Pepita was far worse even than that of her mother and brother. Forced to follow the fortunes of the *gaucho malo* and his band, she was compelled to enliven their bivouacs by song and dance. At first, even the rude desperados amongst whom she had fallen, were inclined to pity her sufferings, but soon they imitated the contempt with which Fernando treated her. Elegantly dressed, she accompanied them everywhere; she was their ballet-dancer and opera-singer. Her duty was to amuse those who rarely addressed but to insult her. She was known in the country as the wife of the *gaucho malo*. Sometimes, in the night, when the robbers, overcome by fatigue, slept to the last man, she might have escaped; but whither could she fly? Their halts were generally in places remote from all habitations; and even had she reached a farm or village, what sort of welcome would there have been for the supposed wife of the *gaucho malo* and accomplice of his misdeeds?

"After several months," Mateo continued, "passed in rambling about the plains, Fernando, emboldened by impunity and success, approached the villages. Other bands, better organised and more numerous than his own, spread terror through the province of Cordova. He profited by the general confusion to take share in the fight, like a privateer who spreads his sails in the wake of friendly frigates. The militia, called out to oppose the insurgents who threatened the town of Cordova, were beaten. The town remained in the power of the horsemen of the plain, and the militia could not return to their homes, of which the enemy had taken possession. They were forced to fly, exchanging a few parting shots with roving corps that sought to impede their escape. I was of the number of the fugitives. The company to which I belonged daily diminished. Every man secretly betook himself to the place where he hoped an asylum. Only twenty of us remained together, resolved to make for the western provinces, and to cross the Andes into Chili: we had two hundred leagues

to get over before putting the frontier between us and the enemy.

"One evening, as we were riding through the sierra of Cordova, we noticed a bivouac amongst the rocks. 'Shall we reconnoitre that camp?' I asked of the officer who commanded us. 'They are *gauchos*,' he replied; 'it is almost dark, we can pass them unperceived: the robbers are not fond of fighting when there is no chance of booty;' and we silently continued our march. By the light of the bivouac fires, we made out a dozen horsemen seated on the ground upon their saddles. Their lances were piled in a sheaf in the middle of the camp; before them a woman was dancing, her figure and movements clearly defined against the bright fire-light. They did not hear us; we marched at a walk, pistol in bridle, hand and carbine on thigh. We had already passed the bivouac unperceived, and were closing up our files preparatory to starting off at a gallop—it was no use fighting, the game was already lost—when a young man in the rearguard imprudently fired at the group. In an instant, the *gauchos* were armed and on horseback. Then they paused for a moment to see whence the danger came. We set up a loud shout, which the echoes repeated. The *gauchos* were terrified. Whilst they hesitated to assume the offensive, we turned their camp. They fired half-a-dozen carbines at us, but hit nobody. Those who had no firearms went about and ran, and their example was quickly followed by the rest of the band. Their flight was accelerated by the shots we sent after them. A few fell, but we did not stop to count the dead. This useless victory might betray our flight; our best plan was now to hasten on through the ravines, and avoid for the future all similar encounters.

"During the skirmish, the woman who had been dancing before the fire had disappeared. We thought no more of her. Suddenly, as we formed up, a shadow passed before the head of the column. 'Who goes there?' cried the officer, and we quickly reloaded. 'Who goes there?' he repeated, probing with his sabre the bushes that bordered the path. We listened, and presently we heard a plaintive moan, followed by sobs. 'It is a wounded man,'

said the officer: 'so much the worse for him, the devil a doctor have we here!'

"Señores caballeros," cried the mysterious being that was thus hid in the darkness, 'have pity upon me—save me! He is dead! I am free! Ah! mother, mother!'

"The officer had dismounted; a young girl threw her arms round his neck, repeating the words: 'Save me—he is dead!' We had all halted. 'It is the dancing-girl,' said the men; 'she detains us here to give time to her friends to return. It is the wife of the *gaucho malo*.'

"I am Pepa Flores," she vehemently replied, 'the daughter of Doña Ventura of the *esquina*! Ah, señores, you are honest people, you are! Never, never have I been Fernando's wife. Is there none here who knows Doña Ventura?'

"I at once recognised Pepa's voice. 'She speaks the truth,' I cried; 'I will answer for her. Come, Pepita, you have nothing to fear with us.'

"Fernando had perished in the skirmish. It was perhaps my hand that had terminated the career of the formidable bandit, and liberated Pepita. When she learned that her mother was dead—I myself was obliged to impart to her the mournful fact, which everybody else knew—she shed a flood of tears, and begged me to take her with me. A proscribed fugitive, I had enough to do to take care of myself; but how could I resist the entreaties of an orphan, who had neither friend nor relative in the world?"

All the fugitives pitied the poor girl, and were kind to her. Her character had been changed, as well it might be, by her abode with the *gaucho malo* and his band. She was no longer the timid, indolent creature whom Mateo had known at the posting-house; she was quick, alert, courageous, and gave little trouble to anybody. At halts she made herself useful, and was particularly grateful and attentive to Mateo, whom she called her saviour and liberator. At the town of San Luis, he would have left her in charge of a respectable family, but she wept bitterly, and begged to follow his fortunes, disastrous though they were. He was then for the first time convinced that she had never

loved either Fernando or Gil Perez. The poor girl had attached herself to the man who had delivered her from dreadful captivity, and shown her disinterested kindness. At Mendoza he again attempted to prevail on her to accept of an asylum under a friendly roof, but with no better success than at San Luis. The season was far advanced, snow rendered the passage of the Andes dangerous and very painful. Mateo's companions urged her to wait till spring, when she might rejoin them at Santiago. She would not hear of delay. Her vision was fixed upon Chili and its Paradise Valley, Valparaiso. Providing themselves with sheepskins for protection against the cold, and abandoning their arms, now a useless encumbrance, the party commenced the toilsome ascent. They got on pretty well until they reached the region of snow. There they were obliged to quit their horses, and to climb on foot the steep and frozen acclivities, bearing on their shoulders heavy loads of provisions and fuel, their legs wrapped in fur, and handkerchiefs tied over their ears. Pepita, her head and neck enveloped in a large shawl, marched stoutly along, and often led the way, bounding like a mountain goat. Three days passed thus. There were frequent falls upon the frozen snow, many narrow escapes from death in a torrent, or over a precipice. The enormous condor hovered over the heads of the weary pilgrims, as if hoping a repast at their expense. At last they reached the foot of the Cumbre, the last steep they had to climb before commencing their descent into a milder climate, and a land of refuge. An icy wind blew, a driving snow fell: it was doubtful whether the Cumbre could be ascended upon the morrow. The wanderers halted early, in a hut known by the ominous name of *Casucha de Calavera* (the Cabin of the Skull). They had still a little wine in their ox-horns, which they heated and drank, and then wrapped themselves in their blankets and lay down to sleep. At midnight the wind was still high, but the snow had ceased, and they determined to proceed. The reflection of the sun from the snow had so fatigued their eyes, that they travelled in the night as often as they

could safely do so. Their next stage was almost perpendicular, but it was unbroken by precipices, and they thought they might risk progress. They would have done more prudently to await daylight, but they were eager to cross the frontier—to reach the summit of the Cumbre, the boundary-line between Chili and the Argentine provinces. They began to ascend. Poor Pepa's feet were swollen, and she suffered in walking, but she was as courageous as ever, and made light of hardship. Soon the travellers entered a dense fog: they no longer saw the stars; all around them was white as a shroud. The fog became sleet; they plodded wearily on, supporting themselves with their sticks, sometimes on hands and knees.

"I was so weary," said Mateo, "that I thought I was in a dream. I had no sensation in my body, but my head was very painful. A few paces off, I heard the frozen snow crack gently under Pepa's feet, and I discerned her form accompanying me like my shadow. Snow succeeded the sleet; it fell in heavy flakes, and accumulated so rapidly as to threaten burial to laggards. The path—or rather the track—was invisible; in spite of all my efforts to follow it, I felt that I was deviating. I called to Pepa, but neither her voice nor the voices of my comrades replied; we were scattered. I walked on at random, I know not for how long. When daylight came, I found myself in a deep ravine, amidst snow-drifts and glaciers. Right and left, as far as I could see, was a vista of similar valleys. Not a vestige of Pepa or of my comrades. My strength failed me. With great difficulty I crept into a sort of cave amongst the rocks. There I fell asleep."

He would have perished but for Pepa, who, on discovering his absence, spurred his comrades, by her reproaches, to a search for the friend whom their own terrible sufferings and fatigues would have induced them to abandon. There was, indeed, little chance of finding and saving him, and the men would have been fully justified in consulting their own safety, and pushing forwards. But a woman's courage shamed them. Pepa, *esperaba desesperada*—despair-

ing, she still hoped. She nobly paid her debt of gratitude to her deliverer. His life was saved, but hers was lost. Her hands and face cut and bleeding from the cold, her legs scarcely able to support her, she traced him out. It was still in time: friction restored him to consciousness. But the sunlight had scarcely greeted his eyes, when a cry of distress reached his ears. A treacherous crust of snow, covering a crevice of incalculable depth, gave way beneath Pepa's feet, and she disappeared for ever.

The whole of this sketch—of which we have given but a bare outline, omitting many incidents—is full of life, interest, and character, although it is to be remarked and regretted that Mr Pavie's style is deficient in that terseness and vigour which enhance the fascination of narratives of adventure. He is too diffuse and explicit, dwells too lovingly upon details, distrusts his readers' intelligence, and is rather sentimental than energetic. "Pepita" is decidedly the best of his South American sketches. That entitled "The Pinchegras" has interest. For several years after the battle of Ayacucho had finally overthrown Spanish dominion in Chili, an armed band, known as the Pinchegras, from the name of their chief, still upheld the banner of Castile. Pablo Pinchegra began his singular career with his brothers and a few vagabonds for sole followers. They formed a mere gang of robbers. Presently he was joined by several Indian caciques and their warriors, and then by a Spaniard named Zulozain and five-and-twenty men, who carried arms in the names of Ferdinand and Spain. Thenceforward Pinchegra adopted the same rallying cry; at the end of 1825 the "royalist army" numbered eight hundred men, including Indians, and gained an important advantage over the Chilean troops at Longabi, where a squadron of cavalry was annihilated by the long lances of the Indians. The Spanish faction in Chili, encouraged by this unexpected success, recognised Pinchegra as their champion, and supplied him with arms and munitions of war. Deserters from the army of the Republic, adventurers

of all kinds, flocked to his standard, beneath which a thousand men were soon ranged. With these and his Indian allies to support him, he found himself master of a large track of country, attacked and pillaged towns, carried off cattle and women to his camp in the Andes, and made his name everywhere dreaded. It was found necessary to send large bodies of troops against him. These accomplished little; and it was not until 1832 that his band was completely defeated and broken up—or rather, cut to pieces—he himself having previously been betrayed to his enemies, and shot. No quarter was given to the fugitives, and the victor's bulletin (but Spanish bulletins are proverbially mendacious) stated that only four men of the army—for it then really was a small army—escaped the slaughter. The Indian auxiliaries had run at the beginning of the action. With one of the four sur-

vivors, a *caudillo*, or chief of some mark, named Don Vicente, Mr Pavie fell in at Mendoza, during the winter he passed there. The Pinchagra was silent and mysterious enough; but a young French physician, settled in the place, told his countryman the history of the last body of men that maintained with arms the right of Spain to her South American colonies. It is an interesting narrative, comprising much personal adventure, and numerous romantic episodes. The story of *Butalion*, an Indian foundling, adopted by a cavalry regiment, in whose ranks he serves and is slain, and that of Rosita, a lovely *Linceña* who loved and was abandoned by an English naval officer, and whom Mr Pavie saw in the madhouse at Lima, where she inquired of every foreign visitor whether the frigate had returned, complete the South American portion of a very interesting book.

#### NAPOLÉON AND SIR HUDSON LOWE.

ONE of the most distinguishing features of public life in England is the judgment exercised upon the character of its public men. In other countries the public man is generally seen through a haze of opinion. The minister of a foreign monarchy stands in the clouded light of the throne. If eminent, his fame is the result of secret councils, unknown circumstances, and personal influences almost purposely hidden from the national mind. If unsuccessful, his failures are sheltered under his partnership with the higher powers. He is hidden in the curtains of the Cabinet. At all events, he divides this responsibility with the monarch whose choice has placed him in office, and whose influence retains him in power. There are no publications of private correspondence, no despatches, except garbled ones; no secret instructions, hereafter to be developed. All the materials for forming a true estimate of the minister are withheld, by sup-

pressing all the materials for forming a true estimate of the man. Even if a biography of the individual is written, either by a friend or an enemy, it is generally greatly destitute of that evidence from which alone posterity can come to a rational conclusion. But in England—and it is to the honour of England—the career of the public man is almost incapable of misconception. He has seldom been chosen by the caprice of power. He must have given pledges as to character. Parliament has been the point from which he has launched into the navigation of public life; his principles must have undergone a probation before his possession of office, and the whole course of his after life is registered by correspondences, despatches, and authentic memorials, which may be made public at the requisition of any member of the Legislature. The twofold advantage of this publicity is, that public justice is sure to be done to character, and that every man acts

under a sense of that enlarged responsibility which is the safest guardian of public honour. If even to this feeling there may be exceptions, this view is the true theory of Ministerial life; and, among the imperfect motives of all human virtue, it is not the least that the documents are in existence, hourly accumulating, and sure to be brought forward, which shall testify to the nation and the world against every act of individual shame.

The record to which we now advert is a collection of letters, despatches, and orders, on a subject which formed some years ago the chief topic of Europe—the detention of Napoleon at St Helena. The treatment by the British officer to whom he was given in charge, the commands of Government, and the character of his captivity, are now, for the first time, laid before the world on the testimony of unanswerable documents; and an authentic form is now given to the narrative of that melancholy period which closed on the most eventful, disturbing, changeful, and dazzling era of Europe for a thousand years; the fifth act of the most magnificent drama of the modern world; the thunderstorm which, combining all the influences of a world long reeking with iniquity, the feculence of earth with the fires of heaven, at last burst down, perhaps to purify the moral atmosphere, or perhaps to warn nations of the still deeper vengeance to come, and startle them into regeneration.

We now give a brief sketch of the governor of St Helena. Sir Hudson Lowe was born in Ireland, in Galway, in July 1769. His father was an Englishman, who had served as a medical officer with the British troops in the Seven Years' War, and whose last service was as head of the medical department in the garrison of Gibraltar, where he died in 1801.

Shortly after the birth of Sir Hudson Lowe, his father's regiment, the 50th, being ordered to the West Indies, he was taken out with it, and thus underwent the first hazard of a life of soldiership. On his return to England he was made an ensign in the East Devon Militia—probably the youngest in the service, for he was but twelve years old. In 1787 he was appointed to an ensignship in the

50th regiment, then at Gibraltar—arriving while the place was still in ruinous confusion from the memorable siege. "The whole rock was covered with fragments of broken shells and shot; and there was not a house in the town, nor a building within the batteries, which did not bear the marks of its devastation." O'Hara succeeded to Elliot as the governor, and seemed resolved to signalise himself by his discipline. "I was once," says Sir Hudson, "proceeding with the escort, in order to reach the barrier-gate by daybreak, with my head down, to stem, as well as I was able, the tremendous gusts of rain and wind, when I heard myself very sharply spoken to by a mounted officer, who desired me to 'hold up my head and look what I was about, for it was not as a mere matter of form I was ordered on that duty.'" This officer was General O'Hara. "This," says the narrator, "is the only *real rebuke* I ever experienced from a superior officer during the whole course of my military life." He approves of the rebuke. On another occasion, on parade, when the late Duke of Kent happened to have done something which displeased the General—on a rebuke, in the presence of the officers, the Prince said, "I hope, sir, I shall always do my duty." The General's reply was, "And if you don't, I shall make you do it." It, however, happened that this man of fierce tongue showed himself at least *unlucky* in the field; for, having been sent to take the command of Toulon, then in possession of the Allies, he was taken prisoner in an unsuccessful sortie, and carried off by the besiegers.

On leave of absence, after four years' duty in the garrison, Lowe, then a lieutenant, travelled into France and Italy, and made himself master of the languages of both; an accomplishment of prime value to a soldier, and which was the pivot of his fortunes. On his return to Gibraltar, the war having broken out, the 50th was ordered to Corsica, and garrisoned Ajaccio—the residence of that family who were afterwards to enjoy such splendid fortune.

In a memorandum he says, "We were all delighted with our change of

quarters to Ajaccio. The town was well laid out, spacious, well built, and the citadel had excellent accommodations, but not sufficient for all the officers. One of the best houses was occupied by the mother and sisters of Bonaparte. An officer of the 50th, of the name of Ford, was, for a short time, quartered in the house, and spoke with much satisfaction of the kind manner in which the family acted towards him. The young girls—for such they were at that time—ran slipshod about the house, but hardly any notice was taken of them. There were several balls and parties given after our arrival there, but Madame Bonaparte was not invited to them, on account of the situation of her two sons (in France). She shortly after removed to Cargese, originally a Greek colony, to a house which had been built or occupied by Count Marboeuf while in the administration of that part of the island. It is not from my own recollection I mention those circumstances, because, strange as it may appear, I was not aware of the residence of any of the Bonaparte family at Ajaccio during nearly two years when we were in garrison in that town. I used frequently to hear Napoleon spoken of, but not as connected with the exploits generally mentioned as giving the first celebrity to his name—his share in the expulsion of the British from Toulon."

The 50th subsequently served in Elba, Lisbon, and Minorca. To this last place flocked a large body of Corsican emigrants, who were formed into a corps called the Corsican Rangers, the charge of which was intrusted to Lowe, then a captain. In 1800 they were attached to the Egyptian Expedition under Abercromby, Lowe having the temporary rank of major. In the famous landing at Aboukir, on the 8th of March 1801—one of the most brilliant exploits ever performed by an army—the Corsican Rangers fought on the right of the Guards, and were warmly engaged; they were present also at the battle of Alexandria (March 21, 1801), when the dashing attack of the French on the English lines was most gallantly defeated;—an action which, in fact, involved the conquest of Egypt, for the French fought no more, the rest of the campaign being a suc-

cession of marches and capitulations. In this campaign the Major had the good fortune to save Sir Sydney Smith's life; for a picket, mistaking Sir Sydney for a French officer, from his wearing a cocked hat (the English wearing round hats), levelled their muskets at him, when Lowe struck up their pieces and saved him. His activity in command of the outposts received the flattering expression from General Moore—"Lowe, when you are at the outposts, I always feel sure of a good night's rest." Moore, in writing to Lowe's father, said—"In Sir Ralph Abercromby he lost, in common with many others, a good friend; but his conduct has been so conspicuously good, that I hope he will meet with the reward he merits." In Sir Robert Wilson's history of the campaign, Lowe is mentioned as "having always gained the highest approbation," and his Corsican Rangers as exciting, from their conduct and appearance, "the general admiration."

On the Peace of Amiens they were disbanded, but Lowe was confirmed in his rank of Major-Commandant; and after being placed on half-pay, was appointed to the 7th or Royal Fusiliers, on Moore's recommendation; adding, "It is nothing more than you deserve; and if I have been at all instrumental in bringing it about, I shall think the better of myself for it." This generous testimony continued to influence Lowe's fortunes; for on his arrival in England, in 1802, he was appointed one of the permanent Assistants Quartermaster-General. "I have known you," said Moore, "a long time; and I am confident your conduct, in whatever situation you may be placed, will be such as to do honour to those who have recommended you." He soon obtained a mark of still higher confidence. Before he had been many weeks in England, he was sent on secret mission to Portugal, for purpose of ascertaining the state of Oporto and the neighbouring cities. On this occasion he expressed his opinion of the practicability of defending the country by united British and Portuguese. Thus he gave an opinion contradictory to that of Europe, but subsequently realised with,

the most admirable success by Wellington.

He then proceeded to the Mediterranean, with an order to raise another regiment of Corsican Rangers. In the course of service with this corps, he commanded at Capri, in the Bay of Naples; and as the loss of this place formed one of the chief themes of foreign obloquy on this officer, we enter into a slight statement of the facts, less for the clearance of his character, than for the more important purpose of showing how truth may be mutilated, partly by negligence in the general narrative, and partly by exaggeration in the personal enemy.

The island of Capri, in May 1806, had surrendered to a British squadron. Its possession was of value as blocking up the Bay of Naples. Colonel Lowe, with five companies of his regiment, and a small detachment of artillery, were sent in May to garrison the island. The whole regiment was subsequently sent. In August, Murat took possession of the kingdom of Naples, and his first expedition was to Capri, whose possession by a British force, seen from the windows of his palace, continually molested him. Accordingly, on the 4th of October, an embarkation under General Lamarque attempted a landing near the town of Capri. Lowe with his Rangers hastened to the spot, and drove the enemy back to their ships. The island is three miles long, and about two miles across, and had 4000 inhabitants. Lowe had demanded a force of 2190 men for its defence. The whole number under his command were 1400, of whom 800 were a regiment of Maltese, of a miscellaneous description, and but imperfectly disciplined, though commanded by a gallant officer, Major Hammill. Lowe placed this regiment in Ana-Capri, an elevated district, on a platform of rock, to be ascended only by 500 steps of stone. The French landed 2000 men there. The Maltese regiment dispersed themselves, notwithstanding the utmost efforts of Major Hammill, who, disdaining to follow their flight, was killed; finally, the whole of the Maltese regiment were taken prisoners. Thus the 1400 men were reduced to 600, in the presence of a French force of 3000! Lowe's object

was now necessarily confined to defending the town of Capri, which he did vigorously, for ten days of frequent attacks, in the hope of being succoured by the English squadron, which would have turned the tables on the besiegers, and caught the French General in a trap. But, from some cause not easily accountable, the fleet did not appear, and the Corsican Rangers were left to the rotten and unprepared ramparts of the town. On the 15th the French cannon had made a practicable breach. Lowe still held out, and attempted to erect new defences under the fire of the French guns; but the walls were crumbling, and the cannon of the town were rendered nearly unserviceable by the enemy's fire. The French flotilla also approached. In the evening Lamarque sent in a flag of truce, demanding the surrender of the garrison as prisoners of war, with the exception of Lowe and five or six of his officers. Lowe would permit no distinction between his officers and soldiers, nor suffer the words "prisoner of war," positively refusing to accept of any other terms than "to evacuate his post with his arms and baggage." On these terms alone the town was surrendered, and on the 20th the garrison embarked at the Marina, "with all the honours of war." In addition, it deserves to be remembered that, on Lamarque's demanding that several of the foreigners, who had enlisted in the British service while prisoners, should be given up to him, Lowe's spirited answer was, "You may shoot me, but I will never give up a single man."

On this occasion he received many flattering letters on his defence of the island under such difficulties; and among the rest, one from Major-General Lord Forbes, expressing the sense which must be entertained by his superior, Sir John Stuart, "of the unremitting zeal, ability, and judgment which his conduct had displayed, under the trying circumstances of Capri."

After various services on the Italian coast, Colonel Lowe with his regiment was ordered on an expedition against the Ionian Islands, then garrisoned by the French. On their conquest, he was appointed governor of Cephalonia and Ithaca, with a re-

commendatory circular from General Oswald, commanding the expedition, and congratulating the people on the government of an officer "who had shown himself the common father of all ranks and classes of their communities." In 1812 he obtained the rank of full Colonel, and returned on leave to England. "I was then," he says, "in my twenty-fourth year of service, and had never been absent a single day from my public duty since the commencement of the war in 1793. I had been in England only once during that time." His services were still required by Government in matters of importance; in inspecting foreign regiments to be taken into English pay; in attendance on the negotiations for the accession of Sweden to the Grand Alliance, &c. &c. At the Swedish Court he met the "Queen of the Blues," the celebrated Madame de Staël, talking politics as usual. She had begun her performances in Sweden with writing a letter of thirty pages to Bernadotte, *instructing him* how to govern the Swedes; but she was not always guilty of this extravagance of *presumption*. Silly in her political ambition, she was hospitable in her home. A little theatre was formed in her house—for the French, even in exile, cannot live without the follies of the theatre—where she and her daughter exhibited scenes from the *Iphigenie* of Racine. How her physiognomy might have agreed with the requisitions of the stage, it is difficult to conjecture, for Nature never clothed a female with a more startling exterior. She afterwards performed in a farce of her own, in which her daughter exhibited as a dancer! And those were the entertainments for ambassadors and princes!—for Bernadotte, then Prince-Royal, came in, but soon disappeared. We should by no means wish to see the manners of foreign life adopted by the pliancy of Englishwomen.

The prince is thus described: "I have never seen so remarkable a countenance as that of Bernadotte; an aquiline nose of most extraordinary dimensions—eyes full of fire—a penetrating look—with a countenance darker than that of any Spaniard—and hair so black that the portrait-painters can find no tint dark enough to

give its right hue: it forms a vast bushy protuberance round his head, and he takes great pains, I understand, to have it arranged in proper form." When we had the honour of seeing the prince, which we did in Pomerania, when he was about to march his army to the camp of the Allies, every lock of his hair was curled like a Brutus bust displayed in the window of a Parisian *perruquier*. From Sweden Colonel Lowe was summoned by Lord Cathcart, then ambassador to Russia, to join him at the Imperial headquarters in Poland. After an interview with the Czar, he joined the Allied troops, and was present at the hard-fought battle of Bautzen on the 20th and 21st of May. Here he first saw that extraordinary man, whom he afterwards was to see under such extraordinary circumstances of change. In his correspondence with Lord Bathurst, the Colonel says—"Between the town of Bautzen and the position of the Allies is a long elevated ridge.

In the morning a body of the enemy's troops was observed to be formed on its crest. In their front a small group was collected, which by our spy-glasses we discovered to be persons of consequence in their army. Among them was most clearly distinguishable Napoleon himself. He advanced about forty or fifty paces, accompanied only by one of his marshals (conjectured to have been Beauharnais), with whom he remained in conversation, walking backwards and forwards (having dismounted) for nearly an hour.

"I was on an advanced battery in front of our position, and had a most distinct view of him. He was dressed in a plain uniform coat, and a star, with a plain hat, different from that of his marshals and generals (which were feathered); his air and manner so perfectly resembling the portraits that there was no possibility of mistake. He appeared to me conversing on some indifferent subject; very rare looking towards our position, of which, however, the situation in which he stood commanded a most comprehensive and distinct view."

In October, through Sir C. Stewart (now Marquis of Londonderry), he



was attached to the army under that great and bold soldier, Marshal Blücher, and was with him in every battle from Leipsic to Paris. His description of the horrors of the French retreat, after the battle of Leipsic, unfolds a dreadful picture of the sufferings of war. "For an extent of fifty miles, on the French route, there were carcasses of dead and dying horses without number; bodies of men, who had been either killed, or died of hunger, sickness, and fatigue, lying in the roads and ditches; parties of prisoners and stragglers brought in by the Cossacks; blown-up ammunition waggons, in such numbers as absolutely to obstruct the road. . . . Pillaged and burning towns and villages marked, at the same time, the ferocity with which the enemy had conducted himself."

In the close of this memorable year, Colonel Lowe was ordered to Holland on a commission for organising the Dutch troops who were to join Sir Thomas Graham's army; but (as it appears), at his own request, his destination was changed for the Prussian army, under Blücher, then crossing the Rhine. He was present at all the battles fought by that army on their march through France, forming, with its four German actions, no less than *thirteen*—of which *eleven* were fought against Napoleon in person.

In all those campaigns he gallantly took the soldier's share, being constantly at the Marshal's side; being present, on one occasion, when he was wounded; on another, when the Cossack orderly was shot beside him; and on two others, when he narrowly escaped being made prisoner, being obliged to make a run of it, with the whole of his retinue, through a party of the enemy; Bonaparte also having been nearly taken by him in the same way, on the same day. He was present at the conferences of Chatillon, where he strongly joined those opinions which were in favour of the "March to Paris;" and he had the honour of bearing the despatch to England announcing the abdication of Napoleon; which was instantly published from the Foreign Office, in a "Gazette Extraordinary." Colonel Lowe was received with great dis-

tinction. The Prince-Regent immediately knighted him; and the Prussian order of Military Merit was conferred on him, with the order of St George from the Emperor of Russia.

In 1814 Sir Hudson Lowe was promoted to the rank of major-general, and appointed quartermaster-general to the British troops in the Netherlands, commanded by the Prince of Orange. In that capacity he visited the fortresses on the frontier, and drew up reports on their restoration. It is remarkable that among his plans was the recommendation of building a Work at Mont *St Jean*, as the commanding point at the junction of the two principal roads from the French frontier, on the side of Namur and Charleroi, to Brussels, and the direction in which an army must move for the invasion of Belgium. How much earlier the battle of Waterloo would have terminated, and how many gallant lives might have been saved by the possession of a fortress in the very key of the position, we may conjecture from the defence of Hongomont, where the walls of a mere farmyard, defended by brave men, were sufficient to resist the entire left wing of the enemy during that whole hard-fought, decisive, and illustrious day.

The news of Napoleon's escape from Elba roused all Europe. It was at once the most dexterous performance, and the most unwise act, of the great charlatan of empire. He ought to have delayed it, at least for a year: The negotiators at Vienna were already on the verge of discontents which might have broken up the general alliance; the troops were on the point of marching to their homes: thus Europe was about to be left without defence, or even to a renewal of hostilities. But the escape of Napoleon sobered all. The universal peril produced the universal reconciliation. And the Manifesto was issued in the shape of a universal declaration, proclaiming Napoleon Bonaparte the enemy of mankind.

The position of Sir Hudson Lowe at Brussels made his advice of importance. The question was, where the Allied armies should expect the attack? The Prussian generals were of opinion that they should be pre-

pared on the side of Switzerland and Mayence. Sir Hudson Lowe, more sagaciously, affirmed that Brussels would be the object. Count Gneisenau, the Prussian quartermaster-general, finally decided to wait for the opinion of the Duke of Wellington on his arrival in the Netherlands. At this period, while matters remained in a state of uncertainty as to the movements of France, Sir Hudson Lowe was offered the command of the British troops at Genoa, intended to act with the Austro-Sardinian army, and the squadron under Lord Exmouth, against the south of France. Unwilling to quit the great Duke, he waited on him for his opinion. As all recollections of Wellington are dear to his country, we give his few words, in which, after saying that Sir W. Delancy (as his successor) might not at once be *au fait* at the business of the Office, and as Sir G. Murray, "who had been with him for six years, was only on his return from Canada, still he did *a good deal of his own business, and could do business with any one.*" In short, "it was a case that must be left to himself."

Accordingly, he remained with the Duke until the beginning of June, and then went to take his command. On his way through Germany, he met at the Imperial headquarters Blücher, Schwartzberg, and the Czar. With the last he had the honour of a conversation. The Czar received him in his cabinet, quite alone; took him by the hand; said that he was glad to see him, but that it was an unfortunate circumstance which compelled him (the Czar) to come forward; that oceans of blood might be again spilt; but that, while that man (Napoleon) lived, there would be no hope of repose for Europe; that armies must be kept up by every nation on a war footing; and that, in short, there appeared no other alternative than carrying on the war with vigour, and thus bringing it to the speedier close. The Czar spoke in English. He asked many other questions; but seemed most gratified by knowing that the force under the Duke of Wellington, instead of being 60,000 men, was, with the Allied forces of the Netherlands, not less than 100,000.

On reaching Genoa, the expedition

sailed to the south of France; but all the cities having suddenly hoisted the white flag, the war was at an end.

Now began the only portion of his prosperous and active career, which could be called trying and vexatious. On the 1st of August 1815 he received an order to return immediately to London, for the purpose of taking charge of Napoleon Bonaparte.

On his arrival in Paris he had communications with all the Cabinet. Lord Castlereagh asked him his opinion of the possibility of Napoleon's escape. He answered that he could see none, except in case of a mutiny, of which there had been two instances at St Helena. But on being informed of the nature of the intended garrison, he answered that its chance would be proportionably diminished. This was the only conversation which he ever had with Lord Castlereagh. On reaching London, he received the Ministerial orders for the charge of his memorable prisoner. By Lord Liverpool's authority, he was told that if he remained in charge for three years, the royal confidence, and, we presume, the royal reward, "should not stop there." Lord Ellenborough, Chief-Justice, assured him, "that in the execution of the duty the law would give him every support." On the 23d of August, the Directors of the East India Company appointed him governor of St Helena; the command of the troops, with the local rank of lieutenant-general, was given to him; and his salary was fixed at £12,000 a-year.

The regulations for the safe keeping of Napoleon, adopted by the Secretary of War and Colonies, Lord Bathurst, and delivered to Sir George Cockburn, were (in outline) as follows:—

1. When General Bonaparte shall be removed from the Bellerophon to the Northumberland, there shall be an examination of the effects which the General shall have brought with him.

2. All articles of furniture, books, and wine, which the General shall have brought, shall be transhipped to the Northumberland.

3. Under the head of furniture is the plate, provided it be not to such an amount as to bespeak it rather an

article of convertible property than for domestic use.

4. His money, diamonds, and negotiable bills of exchange, are to be given up. The admiral will explain to him that it is by no means the intention of Government to confiscate his property, but simply to prevent its being converted into an instrument of escape.

The remainder consists of details. In the event of his death, the disposition of his property was to be determined by his will, which would be strictly attended to.

Bonaparte was to be always attended by a military officer; and if he was permitted to pass the boundaries allotted to him, the officer was to be attended by an Orderly. No individual of his suite was to be carried to St Helena but with his own consent, it being explained to him that he must be subject to the restraints necessary for the security of Bonaparte's person. All letters addressed to him were to be delivered to the admiral, or governor, and read by them. Bonaparte must be informed, that any representation addressed to Government would be received and transmitted, but must be transmitted open to the governor and admiral's inspection, that they might be enabled to transmit answers to any objections. If Bonaparte were to be attacked with serious illness, the governor and admiral were each to direct a medical person, in addition to his own physician, to attend him, and desire them to report daily on the state of his health. Finally, in the event of his death, the admiral was to give orders for the conveyance of his body to England.

It would be difficult to conceive arrangements less severe, consistently with the urgent necessity of preventing another war.

On the embarkation on board the Northumberland, the arms were to be taken from the French officers on board; but to be packed carefully, and put into the charge of the captain. Napoleon's sword was not taken from him, and the swords of the officers were restored on their arrival at St Helena. Of this order, Count Montholon made a handsome melodramatic story, in the following style: "His lordship (Lord Keith)

said to him, in a voice suppressed (assourdie) by vivid emotion, 'England demands your sword.' The Emperor, with a convulsive movement, dropped his hand on that sword, which an Englishman *dared* to demand. The expression of his look was his sole answer. It had never been more powerful, more *superhuman* (sur-humaine). The old admiral felt thunderstruck (fondroyé). His tall figure shrank; his head, whitened by age, fell upon his bosom, like that of a criminal humbled before his condemnation." This theatric affair Mr Forsyth declares to be *pure fiction*. The story is contradicted even by Las Cases, who says, in his journal—"I asked, whether it was possible that they would go so far as to deprive the Emperor of his sword? The admiral replied that it would be respected; but that Napoleon was the only person excepted, as all the rest would be disarmed." The perpetual habit of frequenting the theatre spoils all the taste of France. The simplest action of life must be told in rhodomontade, and even the gravest facts must be dressed up in the frippery of fiction.

On the 7th of August 1815, Bonaparte was removed on board of the Northumberland, with a suite of twenty-five persons, including Count and Countess Bertrand, with their three children; Count and Countess Montholon, with one child; and Count de Las Cases, with his son, a boy of fourteen. As Meneaud, the surgeon who had accompanied him from Rochefort was unwilling to go to St Helena; O'Meara, the surgeon of the Bellerophon, was chosen by Bonaparte, and allowed by Lord Keith to attend him.

They hove to at Madeira for refreshments, and landed at St Helena on the 15th of October.

A letter of O'Meara to a Mr Finlayson at the Admiralty, gives a characteristic detail of the voyage. "During the passage the ladies were either ill the whole time, or fancied themselves to be so; in either of which cases, it was necessary to give them medicine, in the choice of which it was extremely difficult to meet their tastes or humours, or their ever-unceasing caprice. What was most extraordinary, they never complained

of loss of appetite. They generally ate of every dish at a profusely supplied table, of different meats, twice every day, besides occasional tiffins, bowls of soup, &c. They mostly hate each other, and I am the depository of their complaints—especially Madame Bertrand's, who is like a tigress deprived of her young, when she perceives me doing any service for Madame Montholon. The latter, to tell the truth, is not so whimsical, nor subject to so many fits of rage as the other.

"Bonaparte was nearly the entire of the time in perfect health. During the passage, Napoleon almost invariably did not appear out in the after-cabin, before twelve; breakfasted either in bed or in his own cabin about eleven; dined with the admiral about five; stayed about half an hour at dinner, then left the table and proceeded to the quarter-deck, where he generally spent a couple of hours, either in walking, or else leaning against the breech of one of the guns, talking to De las Cases. He generally spoke a few words to every officer who could understand him; and, according to his custom, was very inquisitive relative to various objects. His suite, until the day before we landed (three days after our arrival), invariably kept their hats off while speaking to him, and then, by his directions, remained covered. He professes his intention, I am informed, to drop the name of Bonaparte, and to assume that of a colonel he was very partial to, and who was killed in Italy.

"He is to proceed in a few days to Longwood, the present seat of the Lieutenant-governor, where there is a plain of above a mile and a half in length, with trees (a great rarity here) on it. He is to have a captain constantly in the house with him, and he is also to be accompanied by one whenever he goes out. None of his staff are to go out, unless accompanied by an English officer or soldier.

"I had a long conversation with him the day before yesterday. Among other remarks he observed, 'Why, your Government have not taken the most economical method of providing for me. They send me to a place where every necessary of life is four

times as dear as in any other part of the globe; and not content with that, they send a regiment here, to a place where there are already four times as many inhabitants as it can furnish subsistence to, and where there are a superabundance of troops. This is the way,' continued he, 'that you have contracted your national debt—not by the actual necessary expenses of war, but by the unnecessary expenses of colonies.'"

Napoleon was in the habit of predicting the ruin of England, and pointing out, we may presume, with no intention of warning, the blunders of that policy which, however, had rescued Europe from the French yoke, and sent himself to moralise in a dungeon. "This island," said he, "costs, or will cost, two millions a-year, which is so much money thrown in the sea. Your East India Company, if their affairs were narrowly scrutinised, would be found to lose instead of gaining, and in a few years must become bankrupt. Your manufactures, in consequence of the dearness of necessaries in England, will be *undersold* by those of France and Germany, and your manufacturers will be *ruined*." All this train of ill omen is profitable, if it were only to show how little we are to depend upon the foresight of politicians. Here was unquestionably one of the most sagacious of human beings delivering his ideas on the future, and that not a remote future, not a future of centuries, but a future within the life of a generation; and yet what one of these predictions has not been completely baffled? The East Indian territories of England have been constantly aggrandising for nearly forty years of that period which was to have seen their bankruptcy. The manufactures of England, instead of total failure, have been growing to a magnitude unequalled in the annals of national industry, and are rapidly spreading over the globe. England, instead of struggling with exclusion from foreign commerce, and domestic disaffection, has possessed a peace, the longest in its duration, and the most productive in its increase of opulence, invention, and power, that Europe has ever seen. But if the malignant spirit of her prisoner may be presumed to have per-

verted his sagacity, his opinions were the opinions of the Continent; and every statesman, from Calais to Constantinople, occupied himself by counting on his fingers the number of years that lay between England and destruction. Yet England still stands, the envy of all nations; and will stand, while she retains her loyalty, her principle, and her honour; or, rather, while she retains her religion, which includes them all.

The exterior of St Helena is unpromising. "Masses of volcanic rock, sharp and jagged, tower up round the coast, and form an iron girdle. The few points where a landing can be effected are bristling with cannon." The whole has the evidence of the agency of fire; and from the gigantic size of the strata, so disproportioned to its circuit, it has been supposed the wreck of a vast submerged continent. But the narrow valleys, radiating from the basaltic ridge forming the backbone of the island, have scenes of beauty. A writer on the "Geognosy" of the island, even describes those valleys as exhibiting an alternation of hill and dale, and luxuriant and constant verdure. Even Napoleon, in all his discontent, admitted that it had "good air." Or, as in some more detailed remarks transmitted by Las Cases—"After all, as a place of exile, perhaps St Helena was the best. In high latitudes we should have suffered greatly from cold; and in any other island of the tropics we should have expired miserably, under the scorching rays of the sun. The rock is wild and barren, no doubt; the climate is monstrous and unwholesome; but the temperature, it must be confessed, is mild (douce)."

It is of some importance to the national character to touch on those matters, as they show that Napoleon was not sent for any other purpose than security of detention. A West Indian island might have unduly hastened the catastrophe. A letter from Lieutenant-Colonel Jackson gives even a more favourable testimony than has been generally conceived. He had been a resident for several years.

"Lying within the influence of the south-east trade-wind, which is usually a strong breeze between the Cape

and St Helena, the tropical heat is moderated thereby to a delightful temperature, and perhaps there is no finer climate to be found than in certain parts of St Helena. In the town, I rarely saw the thermometer above 80°, while the general height may have been about 75°. But I write from memory, having lost my register of the temperature. Between Longwood and Jamestown there is a difference of eight or ten degrees. A fire is rarely necessary, unless perhaps as a corrective of the dampness produced by fog, to which the elevated portions of the island are occasionally liable. I believe the average duration of life to be much as in England."

Mr Henry, who was stationed in the island as assistant-surgeon during Napoleon's residence, gives even a more decided testimony. "For a tropical climate, only 15° from the line, St Helena is certainly a healthy island, if not the *most* healthy of the description in the world. During one period of twelve months, we did not lose *one* man by disease out of five hundred of the 66th quartered at Deadwood. In 1817, 1818, and 1819, Fahrenheit's thermometer, kept at the hospital, ranged from fifty-five to seventy degrees; with the exception of calm days, when it rose to eighty. In Jamestown, from the peculiar radiation of heat to which it was exposed, the temperature was sometimes upwards of ninety. . . . There is no endemic in the island. . . .

The upper parts of St Helena, including the residence of Bonaparte, are decidedly the most healthy, and we often moved our regimental convalescents from Jamestown to Deadwood for cooler and better air. The clouds moved so steadily and regularly with the trade-wind that there appeared to be no time for atmospherical accumulations of electricity, and we never had any thunder or lightning. No instance of hydrophobia, in man or any inferior animal, had ever been known in St Helena."

We shall limit ourselves to an outline of the transactions referring to Napoleon. He landed at Jamestown on the evening of the 17th of October, where he remained for the night, and on the next day removed to the "Briars,"

the country house of Mr Balcombe, who afterwards became purveyor to the residence at Longwood. Two proclamations were immediately issued by the governor, Colonel Wilkes, one cautioning the inhabitants of the island against any attempt to aid the escape of "General Napoleon Bonaparte;" and the other, prohibiting all persons from passing through any part of the island (except in the immediate vicinity of the town) from nine at night until daylight, without having the *parole* of the night; and a third, placing all the coasts, and vessels or boats, under the control of the Admiral. A despatch from the Admiral, to the Secretary of the Admiralty, explained the choice of Longwood for the residence of the prisoner. "I have not hesitated on fixing on it. Longwood is detached from the general inhabited parts of the island, therefore none of the inhabitants have occasion, or are at all likely, to be met with in its neighbourhood; it is the most distant from the parts of the coast always accessible to boats." He then mentions it as having an extent of level ground, perfectly adapted for horse-exercise, carriage-driving, and pleasant walking. The house was small, but it was better than any other in the island (out of the town) except the governor's; and by the help of the ships' carpenters and others, was capable of convenient additions. Repairs were accordingly made, and everything was done that could fit it for a comfortable residence.

The system of discontent, remonstrance, and, we must add, misrepresentation, was begun. A letter from the "Grand Marshal, Count Bertrand," led the way. It protested against everything, and frequently applied the term "Emperor" to Napoleon. The Admiral's reply was fair and manly. It expressed regret for the necessary inconveniences, and a desire to consult the wishes of General Bonaparte; but said that he was authorised to apply no title which had not been given by his Government. This refusal was perfectly justifiable, though it made one of the clamours of the time. The custom of European diplomacy is never to acknowledge a new title but by treaty, and in return, if possible, for some concession on the

part of the claimant. The embarrassments connected with the opposite practice are obvious. Where is the line to be drawn? If every ruler, however trifling his territory, or however recent his usurpation, were to fix his own title, all the relations of public life might be outraged. The creature of every revolution might be authenticated the legitimate possessor of sovereignty—an upstart received into the family of kings, become a living encouragement to political convulsion. All the declamation which was lavished on the denial of the Imperial title to Bonaparte, amounted to the maxim, that success justifies usurpation. If, in general life, no man can bear a title without the sanction of the laws—to avoid the disturbance of the Civil order, why should not the same sanction be demanded where the result of concession without cause might influence the highest interests of public life? There can be no question that the Imperial title, continued to Napoleon by the credulity of Alexander, laid the foundation of the renewed disturbances of France and Europe. It had placed him within sight of power again; it had fixed the eye of French conspiracy on him; it had conveyed to all his partisanship the idea that he still was an object of fear to Europe, and it thus revived the hope of his restoration. This dangerous concession made him, while at Elba, the virtual Emperor of France—prompted him to contemplate the resumption of the sceptre—pointed him out as a rallying point for disaffection—connected his mock crown with his former sovereignty—and left the peace of the world to the hazard of the die which was thrown at Waterloo.

If it be said that the concession which was dangerous at Elba was trifling at St Helena, we have no hesitation in accounting for the sudden forgetfulness of Napoleon exhibited by France to the refusal of the title. "General" Bonaparte lived only in the recollection of a broken army; the "Emperor" lived in the pride and passions of the people. It was essential to dissolve this combination; to show that the *prestige* of his name existed no longer; that he was an object of fear no more; and especially, that his connection with

title-loving France was to be cut asunder for the remainder of his existence. All this was done, and could alone be done, by refusing to continue that title to the prisoner, which England had loftily refused to him in the height of his power.

Even Napoleon himself was so fully convinced of the contradiction between his present state and his former, that he subsequently wrote a Memorial addressed to the Governor, containing this declaration: "Seven or eight months ago Count Montholon proposed, as a means of removing the little inconveniences which were ever recurring, the adoption of an ordinary name. . . . I am quite ready to take any ordinary name; and I repeat that, when it may be deemed proper to remove me from this cruel abode, I am resolved to remain a stranger to politics, whatever may be passing in the world. Such is my resolve; and anything which may have been said different from this would not be the fact."

Unfortunately, it was wholly impossible to rely on any declaration of this kind, and it would have been absolute folly to have hazarded the peace of Europe on the contingency of Napoleon's keeping his word. He had gone to Elba with the same protest against politics, he had publicly declared that his political life was ended; and the weakness of giving credit to that declaration cost the lives of perhaps fifty thousand men, and might have cost a universal war.

If the strictness of the regulations at St Helena have been matter of charge against this country, it is to be remembered that the highest interests might have been endangered by his escape; that no royal captive was ever so indulged before; and that England was but a trustee for the tranquillity of the world. The instructions were the most lenient possible, consistently with his safe keeping. A captain was to ascertain his presence twice in the twenty-four hours. Whenever Napoleon rode or walked *beyond* the boundaries where the sentinels were placed, he was to be attended by an officer. Napoleon and his attendants were to be within his house at nine o'clock every night.

If these restrictions might be con-

sidered severe, it is to be remembered that they were only severities against the necessity of a second Waterloo. It is to be observed, also, that these regulations all took place before the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe. The English mind revolts against confinement of any kind; but the limits of Napoleon's grounds, within which he might take exercise *unattended* by any officer, embraced a circuit of *twelve miles*! The ground was nearly flat, and well covered with turf. On the plain of Deadwood, adjoining, was an excellent race-course, a mile and a half long, of which one mile was in a straight line. The house at Longwood had been used by the former governor as a villa; but it was small, consisting only of five rooms. To these, however, additions were made; the whole being merely a temporary residence until the completion of a house on a larger scale, which was preparing in England.

It became the peevish custom of the French, on the arrival of Sir Hudson Lowe, to contrast his conduct with that of Sir George Cockburn, and speak of their satisfaction with the latter; but they quarrelled equally with both. A letter from O'Meara to his correspondent Finlayson (not printed in his volumes), says: "Napoleon inveighs most bitterly against the English Ministry for sending him here. He has been for sometime back at Longwood, where he is tolerably well lodged, considering the island."

As to his displeasure at being sent to the island, he should have regarded himself as peculiarly well treated; for what must have been his condition in the custody of any other government? He must have been sent to a fortress with no other liberty of exercise than within the space of the ramparts; he must have had sentinels everywhere on his steps, and have been subjected to all the rigid regulations of a garrison, and perhaps altogether separated from his attendants and general society. The greater probability of escape in Europe would have required the greater strictness; and the necessity of the case must have made his confinement little better than that of the dungeon. What liberty was allotted to Louis Napoleon in Ham for six years? What liberty

was allotted to Toussaint Louverture by Napoleon himself?—a damp dungeon until he died. What liberty was allotted to the State prisoners under the Empire?—or what liberty was allotted to the English officers confined in the casemates of Biche? Instead of such restrictions, he had a large space of a healthy island in which he might move, without watch or ward, with a crowd of attendants of his own choice round him, with such society as he chose to receive, with a sumptuous table kept for him, and every deference paid to his fame and rank, compatible with that essential point, the prevention of his escape, which he appears to have been constantly meditating.

An order prohibiting the general access of the population to Longwood was now issued. Napoleon at this was in great indignation. He said to O'Meara, "It was absurd to prohibit people from visiting him, while he was at liberty to go out and call upon them. . . . I will never receive any person coming with a pass from the Admiral, as I will immediately set down the person receiving it as being *like the donor*, and a spy upon me." . . . Then becoming more warm, he said, "Who is the Admiral? I have never heard his name as the conqueror in a battle, either singly or in general action. . . . It is true, he has rendered his name *infamous* in America; and so he will now render it here, on this desolate rock."

Stopping then with much agitation, and looking at me earnestly—"Next to your Government exiling me here, the worst thing they could have done, and the most insufferable to my feelings, is sending me with such a *man as HE*. I shall make my treatment known to all Europe. It will be a reflection and a stain on his posterity for centuries. What! does he want to introduce Turkish laws into the Rock? Other prisoners under sentence of death are allowed to communicate, by the laws of England and all other civilised nations."

The fact was, that Napoleon wished to accomplish an object incompatible with the purpose of his being sent to the island; he demanded all the conveniences of perfect freedom—of course for the purpose of escape. However,

to avoid all shadow of cruelty, the passports were finally left to the distribution of Bertrand.

O'Meara further says, "He has since discovered that the Admiral's conduct has been most grossly and shamefully misrepresented and blackened to him. The people he is surrounded by at present give me some faint idea of what the court of St Cloud must have been during his omnipotent sway. Everything here is disguised and mutilated."

Napoleon's theatrical rants were sometimes amusing. Foreigners can rail fluently enough at misfortune, but they always forget the share which they had in bringing it on themselves. "Behold the English Government!" said he one day, gazing round on the stupendous rocks which encompassed him: "this is their liberality to the unfortunate, who, *confiding* in what is called their national character, in an evil hour gave himself up to them! But your Ministers laugh at your laws. I thought once that the English were a free nation; but I now see that you are the *greatest slaves* in the world. You all tremble at the sight of *that man*."

"Another time, talking to me (O'Meara) about the island, he said, 'In fact, I expect nothing less from your Government than that they will send out an executioner to *despatch* me. They send me here to a horrible rock; where even the water is not good. They send out a *sailor* with me, who does not know how to treat a man like me, and who puts a camp under my nose, so that I cannot put my head out without seeing my jailors. Here we are treated like felons: a proclamation is issued for nobody to come near and touch us, as if we were lepers.'"

O'Meara's description of the officers in attendance on Napoleon is sufficiently contemptuous. Of Montholon he speaks most offensively. He admits Bertrand to be a "good man;" but he thus characterises Gourgaud, whose quarrel with Sir Walter Scott once made some noise: "Gourgaud is now recovering from dysentery. During his illness, I never saw a man betray so much fear of dying as he did on various occasions. One night a large black beetle got into the bed, and crawled up alongside of him. His imagination immediately magnified the



insect into a devil, or some other formidable apparition, armed with talons, long teeth, and ready to tear away his lingering soul from its mortal abode. He shrieked, became terribly agitated and convulsed; a cold sweat bedewed his pallid face; and when I entered he presented all the appearance of a man about to expire, with the most terrific ideas of what would be his future lot; and it was not till after a considerable time that he could be restored to some degree of composure." Gourgaud had in some degree provoked this description by his previous *fanfaronades*. When he arrived in the island he had produced a sword to the daughters of Mr Balcombe, on which he had himself represented in the act of killing a Cossack who was about to take Bonaparte prisoner, with a pompous inscription narrating the feat. At the end of the blade he made them observe a spot, as if stained with the blood of two Englishmen, slain by him at Waterloo. He gave the last finish to this "passage of arms," by saying, that in the same battle he *might* have made the Duke prisoner! "but that he saw the business was decided, and he was unwilling to produce any further effusion of human blood!" ("Credit—believe it who will," says O'Meara.) During Gourgaud's illness, however, he seemed to have forgotten all his chivalry—as, one day, "whining and lamenting over his state, he said, with many tears, 'He did not know for what he was exiled, for he had never done harm to mortal man.'"

O'Meara's own history was a varied one. He had begun his course as an assistant-surgeon in the 18th, in 1804; but a duel happening in the regiment, in which he acted as second, a court-martial was the consequence, and he retired from the army. He then served as a naval surgeon, for many years, in the Mediterranean and the West Indies, with Maitland (captain of the *Bellerophon*), who gave him an advantageous character. He was then selected as the surgeon in attendance on Napoleon. The quick observation of that sagacious personage saw instantly that O'Meara might be useful in more capacities than those of his profession; he flattered him with his confidence, and converted him into partisanship.

Nothing but the extraordinary selfishness of Napoleon's character could have stooped to those perpetual complaints. A man who had sat upon the first throne of the Continent ought to have felt that nothing, after such a catastrophe, could be worth a care. A man of true grandeur of mind, after having seen all the diadems of the Continent under his feet, ought to have scorned any inferior degree of power—been utterly indifferent to title, wealth, or the homage of dependents. A philosopher would have despised the mockery of ex-emperorship; rejected the affectation of a power which he was to possess no more; and, having been once forced to submit to a change of fortune which displaced him from the summit of society for ever, would have been contemptuous of living on the fragments of his feast of supremacy. But Napoleon had no sense of this generous and lofty disdain—he clung to the wrecks of his royalty. He was as anxious to sustain the paltry ceremonial of kissing a hand, as when he saw kings crowding to his palace; and showed as much fretfulness at the loss of the most pitiful mark of respect, as he could at an insult to a throne which threw its shadow across the civilised world. This anomaly is easily explained. The spirit of selfishness belongs to all foreign life. Its habits, its amusements, its perpetual passion for frivolous excitement, its pursuit of personal indulgence in every shape, high or low, utterly extinguish all the nobler attributes of mind—substitute fierceness for fortitude, rashness for decision—and feeble repinings against fate, for the dignity which makes defeat but another occasion of showing the superiority of man to fortune. Napoleon was selfishness embodied, and was as important to *himself* at St Helena as in the Tuileries.

On the 10th of January 1816, Sir Hudson Lowe received a despatch from Earl Bathurst, stating that, on his arrival at St Helena, he should notify to all the attendants of Napoleon that they were at perfect liberty to leave the island for Europe or America; but that those who remained should declare, in writing, that they were prepared to submit to the necessary restrictions. To Sir

Hudson the orders were—"You are to continue to treat Napoleon Bonaparte as a prisoner of war, until further orders."

The governor reached St Helena on the 14th of April, and on the 16th he visited Bonaparte, having given him previous notice of his intention. The visit was unlucky, for even the hour was constituted into an offence. Las Cases thus mentions the visit: "The new governor arrived at Longwood about ten o'clock, notwithstanding the rain, which still continued. He was accompanied by the admiral, who was to introduce him, and who had, *no doubt*, told him that this was the most suitable hour for his visit. The emperor did not receive him—he was indisposed; and even had he been well, he would not have seen him. The governor, by this abrupt visit, neglected the usual forms of decorum. It was easy to perceive that this was a *trick of the admiral*. The governor, who probably had no intention to render himself at all disagreeable, appeared very much disconcerted. *We laughed in our sleeves*. As to the admiral, he was quite *triumphant*. The governor, after long hesitation, and very evident marks of ill-humour, took his leave rather abruptly. We doubted not that this visit had been planned by the admiral, with the view of prepossessing us against each other at the very outset."

The English-reader of this incident will find in it the key to the whole conduct of Napoleon and his attendants; *he* was determined to turn everything into an offence, and they were equally determined to turn everything into an intrigue. The narrative foolishly and malignantly represents the conduct of a naval officer of high character in the light of a paltry ruse, and for no imaginable purpose but ill-will. "*They laughed in their sleeves*" at the success of this ruse. The admiral was *triumphant*, because the governor was vexed; and Napoleon was of course, conqueror on the occasion. This is the most pitiful of all gossip, and is unworthy of even the nursery. Let this be contrasted with the manly account by the governor himself of the first interview which took place next day at four. "I was accompanied by Sir G. Cockburn.

General Bertrand received us in the dining-room serving as an antechamber, and instantly ushered me into an inner room, where I found him (Napoleon) standing, having his hat in his hand. Not addressing me when I came in, but apparently waiting for me to speak to him, I broke silence by saying, 'I am come, sir, to present my respects to you.' 'You speak French, sir, I perceive; but you also speak Italian. You once commanded a regiment of Corsicans.' I replied, 'the language was alike to me.' 'We will speak, then, in Italian; and immediately commenced a conversation which lasted about half an hour—the purport of which was principally as follows. He first asked me, 'where I had served?—how I liked the Corsicans? They carry the stiletto; are they not a bad people?' (looking at me very significantly for an answer.) My reply was—"They do not carry the stiletto, having abandoned that custom in our service. They have always conducted themselves with propriety; I was very well satisfied with them."

"He asked me if I had not been in Egypt with them; and on my replying in the affirmative, he entered into a long discussion respecting that country. 'Menou was an imbecile. If Kleber had been there, *you would have been all made prisoners*.'" To this ungracious remark the governor seems to have abstained from any reply. How easily might he have reminded Napoleon of Acre! and the difficulty which he found then of taking prisoners even the crews of two English ships, who drove him from the walls at the head of his army, and virtually, after hunting him from Syria, drove him into the desertion of Egypt. In the French narratives of war, the general who has been beaten is always an *imbecile*. It is an extraordinary trait of character in Napoleon to have ventured on the subject at all. Yet he expatiated on it, as if he had never known defeat on its shores. "He blamed Abercromby for not having landed sooner, or for not proceeding to another point. Moore, with his six thousand men, ought to have been all destroyed." He admitted, however, the bravery of the generals. "He asked me if I knew Hutchinson, and

whether he was the same who had been arrested at Paris" (for the escape of Lavalette). "His question on this point betrayed great interest." The subject of Egypt was resumed. "It was the most important geographical point in the world, and had always been considered so. He had reconnoitered the line of the Canal across the Isthmus of Suez; he had calculated the expense at ten or twelve millions of livres (half a million sterling, he said, to make me understand more clearly the probable cost of it); that a powerful colony being established there, it would have been *impossible* for us to have preserved our empire in India."

This remark is an example of the dashing way in which foreigners settle all the affairs of the world. If Napoleon had been asked to show how a French colony in Egypt could have overthrown an Indian empire, he must have been profoundly puzzled. A French colony would, doubtless, have prevented the overland passage. Yet, *without* that passage, India had been ours, or in the direct progress to be ours, for a hundred years! What could a colony in Egypt have done while the Red Sea was blocked up by English ships? How could it transport an army over the Desert—through Arabia, Persia, and the passes of the Himalaya?—and without an army, what could they do in India? The much greater chance was, that a French colony would have been starved or slaughtered, as the French army in Egypt would have been, but for its capitulation. The same absurdity is common to other services. The Russians, from the peasant to the throne, think that India is at their mercy, from the instant of a battalion's appearing on the verge of Tartary, while they are forced to acknowledge that the Desert is impassable by any army in summer; and General Perowsky, in an expedition which decimated his army, half way to Thibet, has proved it to be equally impassable in winter. Or, may we not ask, if this mighty conquest is so much a matter of calculation, why have not the poor and feeble tribes of the Caucasus been conquered in a war of twenty years, within a stone's throw of the Russian frontier?—while in

India, after a march across swamps, sands, and mountains, they would have to meet an army of two hundred thousand men (easily increased to half a million), led by British officers?

The people of the United States are equally absurd in their speculations on the conquest of Canada. They pronounce it ready to drop into their hands, like fruit from the tree. Yet, every attempt at the invasion of Canada has resulted only in ridiculous defeat!

Napoleon again railed at Menou, and concluded with the remark, which he pronounced in a very serious manner: "'In war, the gain is always with him who commits the fewest faults.' It struck me as if he was reproaching himself with some great error."

In this curious interview, Sir G Cockburn's having been shut out by a mere accident was made the most of, as a charge of incivility against the governor. We give Sir Hudson Lowe's own version. He had been accompanied by the admiral to Longwood. "In order that there might be no mistake respecting the appointment being for Sir George Cockburn as well as myself, I distinctly specified to Bertrand that we should go together. We went, and were received in the outer room by Bertrand, who almost immediately ushered me into Bonaparte's presence. I had been conversing with him for nearly half an hour, when, on his asking me if I had brought with me the Regent's speech, I turned round to ask Sir George Cockburn if I had not given it to him? and observed, to my surprise, that he had not followed me into the room. On going out, I found him in the ante-chamber much irritated. He told me that Bertrand had almost shut the door in his face as he was following me into the room, and that a servant had put his arm across him. He said he would have forced his way, but that he was expecting I would have turned round to see that he was following me, when he supposed I would have insisted on our entering the room together. I told him I knew nothing of his not being in the same room till Bonaparte asked me for the Regent's speech. . . Bonaparte was ready to receive him

after I had left the room; but he would not go in. Bertrand and Montholon have been with him since, making apologies. But the admiral, I believe, is still not quite satisfied about it."

Napoleon's conversation was essentially rough, a circumstance to be accounted for, partly by his birth, and partly by his camp education. O'Meara mentions that Montholon, having brought a translation of the paper which the domestics who desired to remain with him were to sign, Napoleon, looking at it, said—"This is not French—it is not sense." "Sire," said the other, "it is a literal translation of the English." "However," said Napoleon, "it is neither French nor German (tearing it in two)—*you are a fool*." Then, looking it over, he said—"He makes a translation into stuff, which is not French, and is nonsense to any Frenchman."

As we are not the defenders of the governor, and the subject of mere defence is now past by, we shall chiefly give abstracts of the conversation of his memorable prisoner. He asked O'Meara if he had been at Alexandria. "Yes, in a line-of-battle ship." "But I suppose you could not enter the harbour?" O'Meara told him, "that we soon found a passage through which any vessel might go. This he would not believe for some time, until I told him that I saw the Tigre and the Canopus, of eighty guns each, enter with ease." "Why!" said he, with astonishment, "that Commodore Barré, whom you took in the Rivoli, was ordered by me to sound for a passage when I was there, and he reported to me that there was not a possibility of a line-of-battle ship's entering the harbour." He observed, then, "that the fleet might have been saved if he had done his duty." I told him, then, that we had blocked up the passage by sinking two vessels laden with stone in it; to which he replied, "that it was easy to remove such obstacles."

The expenses of Napoleon's household were heavy. On the voye go out, between the 8th of August and the 17th of November, they had consumed a hundred dozens of wine, besides some casks of an inferior kind for the servants. In one of the go-

vernors's despatches to Lord Bathurst, two fortnights' accounts are given from Mr Balcombe, purveyor to Longwood. The amount of one fortnight is an expenditure of £683, 5s. 4d.; and of the other, £567, 10s. 4d.; the annual expense, at the former rate, thus amounting to above £16,000, and at the latter to £13,000—nine persons, with four children, being the family; the rest, with the exception of the two officers in attendance, being servants—the whole number amounting to 59.

One day, on hearing that Napoleon had not been seen by the attendant officer, the governor visited Longwood. "I passed," said he, "through his dining-room, drawing-room, and another room, in which were displayed a great number of maps and plans laid out on a table, and several quires of writing, and was then introduced into an inner room, with a small bed in it, and a couch, on which Bonaparte was reclining, having only his dressing-gown on, and without his shoes." On the governor's expressing regret for his indisposition, and offering him medical advice, "I want no doctor," said he. On his asking "whether Lady Bingham had arrived, and being answered that her non-arrival was owing to the delay of the Adamant transport, which was also bringing wines, furniture, &c., for Longwood, he said—"It was all owing to the want of a chronometer; that it was a miserable saving of the Admiralty not to give every vessel of above two hundred tons one; and that he had done it in France." After a pause, he asked—"What was the situation of affairs in France when I left Europe?" I said, "Everything, I believe, was settled there." Beauchamp's Campaign of 1814 was lying on the floor near him. He asked me if I had written the letters referred to in the appendix to this work. I answered, "Yes." "I recollect Marshal Blücher at Lubeck," said he; "is he not very old?" "Seventy-five years," I replied, "but still vigorous—supporting himself on horseback for sixteen hours a-day, when circumstances render it necessary."

Napoleon then, after a pause, returned to the usual observations on his captivity. "I should have sur-

rendered myself," said he, to the Emperor of Russia, who was my friend, or to the Emperor of Austria, who was related to me. There is courage in putting a man to death, but it is an act of cowardice to let him languish, and to poison him in so horrid an island, and so detestable a climate." To the governor's remark that St Helena was not unhealthy, and that the object of the British Government was, to make his residence on the island as satisfactory to himself as possible, he said—"Let them send me a coffin—a couple of balls in the head is all that is necessary. What does it signify to me whether I lie on a velvet couch or on fustian? I am a soldier, and accustomed to everything."

As to his repeated expression, that he might have put himself into the hands of others, and that he voluntarily gave himself up to England, there can be no doubt of his *conscious* falsehood on both points. The French provisional government would not have suffered him to pass the frontier; nor would he have given himself up to Captain Maitland if he could have escaped to America. He also dreaded the sentence of the Bourbons, who would probably have imprisoned, or even put him to death, as they did Ney and Labédoyère, and as Murat was shot by order of the Neapolitan government. If he had fallen into Blücher's hands, that officer proposed to have him shot in the ditch of Vincennes, on the very spot where the Duc d'Enghien was murdered; a proposal which was ineffectual only through the generous objections of the Duke of Wellington. The proclamation of the Allied sovereigns had already put him in a state of *outlawry* with Europe. Napoleon knew all this: he had been a prisoner at Malmaison; and though spared for the moment, he might be convinced that, on the withdrawal of the Allied troops, his life would have been demanded by the tribunals. Thus his declarations of confidence in England amounted simply to the belief that he would not be put to death in its hands. He was too sagacious to suppose that he could have been let loose again, to be the fire-brand of the Continent, or to play once more the farce of royalty in Elba.

The inveteracy of Napoleon in his hatred of the governor almost amounted to frenzy. After one of these interviews, he said, "I never saw such a horrid countenance. He (Sir H. Lowe) sat in a chair opposite to my sofa, and on the little table between us was a cup of coffee. His physiognomy made such an unfavourable impression on me that I thought *his looks had poisoned it*. I ordered Marchand to throw it out of the window. I could not have swallowed it for the world." Part of this "*horror*" was probably "acting;" but as everything reached Sir Hudson, it belonged to the system of insult.

Napoleon's ideas of religion were sometimes regarded as *decent*, compared with the general tone of the Continent. On his deathbed he said, "Je ne suis ni *physicien* ni *philosophe*." (I am neither a *materialist* nor an *infidel*.) But an anecdote given in Sir Hudson's correspondence shows the unfortunate conception of his creed: "Dr O'Meara related to me yesterday a very characteristic observation of this remarkable personage. He asked him, on seeing that he had taken his oath to the authenticity of the paper he had brought to me, in what manner he had sworn to it. Dr O'Meara replied, 'On the New Testament.' 'Then, you are such a fool!' was his reply." His attendants were obviously much of the same order of thinking: "Cipriani came out one day from Bonaparte's room, to Dr O'Meara, saying, in a manner indicative of great surprise, 'My master is certainly beginning to lose his head. *He believes in God*. You may think; he said to the servant who was shutting the windows, 'Why do you take from us the light which God gives us?' Oh, certainly he loses his head. He began at Waterloo, but now it is *certain*." His following remark was curious, as an evidence of the *actual* feeling of these people with respect to the man whom they professed to *adore*. Cipriani added—"I do not believe in God; because, if there were one, he would not have allowed a man, who has done so much harm, to live so long. And *he* does not believe; because, if he believed, he would not have caused so many millions of men

to be killed in this world, for fear of meeting them in the other." This is absurd, but it is perhaps the average of Italian belief. Cipriani was *maitre d'hotel*, and a man of intelligence. He died on the island in 1818.

One of the conversations transmitted by O'Meara related to Waterloo. "The worst thing," said Napoleon, "that England ever did, was that of endeavouring to make herself a great military nation. In doing that, she must *always be the slave of* Russia, Prussia, or Austria, or at least in some degree subservient to them, because she has not enough of men to combat on the Continent either France or any of the others, and consequently must hire men from some of them; whereas, at sea, you are so superior, your sailors so much better, that you will always be superior to us. Your soldiers, too, have not the qualities for a military nation; they are not equal in agility, address, or intelligence to the French; and when they meet with a reverse, their discipline is very bad. . . . I saw myself the retreat of Moore, and I never in my life witnessed anything so bad as the conduct of the soldiers; it was impossible to collect them or make them do anything; nearly all were drunk."

This is a calumny. The army under General Moore offered battle to the army under Napoleon, who *declined it*; and when he saw the steadiness of the British, on their retreat through an exhausted country, and especially saw that his troops could make no impression on the fifteen thousand men commanded by Moore, and *saw* (as we understood) the utter defeat of the cavalry of his guard by the British hussars, under the command of the present Marquis of Londonderry, he wisely drew rein, and returned to Paris, leaving it to Soult "to drive the leopards into the sea," who, instead of performing this exploit, was himself beaten on the shore, and forced to see the British embark at their ease. It is true that the rapidity and exhaustion of the British march left many stragglers on the road; but the rapidity resulted from the error of having supposed that there were parallel roads to the high-road, by which a French force might have intercepted their march. But,

in every attack on that march, the French were repulsed; and such was the nature of their defeat in the battle of Corunna, that they were wholly driven off their ground, and another hour of daylight must have seen their retreat converted into a *route*.

The sneer at England, as not being a military nation, is at once answered by the fact, that its whole regular force is an army of *volunteers*, while all the other armies of Europe are raised by a *conscription*; that in the French war England had an army of 200,000 men, raised by the military spirit of the country, besides 500,000 militia and yeomanry! The answer to the "want of soldierly qualification" in the British troops, is given in the fact, that in the whole war the British army *never* lost a pitched battle.

Napoleon's account of Waterloo, as given in these pages, is, simply, that Wellington did everything *wrong*, but with the good fortune of everything turning out right; that he *ought*, in all propriety, to have been beaten, though he beat; that the battle was a series of blunders, which by the power of destiny, or *something* else, turned into victory; and that he himself ought, by all the rules of war, to have been marching in triumph into Brussels, while he was running away to Paris, leaving 40,000 Frenchmen slain, prisoners, or fugitives, instead of the 40,000 Englishmen, who *ought* to have fallen. In the same spirit, Napoleon ought to have been sitting on the throne of France, while he was talking fustian at St Helena. "What," said Napoleon, "must have been the consequence of *my* victory?" The indignation against the Ministry for having caused the loss of 40,000 of the flower of the English army, of the sons of the first families, and others, who would have perished there, would have excited such a popular commotion, that—"they would have been *turned out*." (A rather lame and impotent conclusion.) "The English would then have made peace, and withdrawn from the Coalition."

This is one of the perpetual absurdities of foreigners. England has *never* been compelled to an ignominious peace, by losses in war. She has *never* seen an enemy in her capital.

Loving peace, she willingly makes peace; but she has *never* surrendered her sword to make it.

He persevered in this verbiage. "I had succeeded; before twelve o'clock everything was mine, I might almost say. But *destiny* and *accident* decided it otherwise." The curious combination of the most fixed, and the most casual, of all things, was alone adequate to account for the defeat of Napoleon! and with this folly the prisoner nursed his self-delusion to the end.

One of the chief charges against the English Government was its stinting the French tables. But one of O'Meara's *private* letters gives a fair account of the matter. "With respect to the allowance within which all the expenses were directed to be comprised—viz., £8000 sterling a-year, to which Sir Hudson Lowe has, on his own responsibility, since added £4000 yearly (!) in my opinion a due regard has not been paid to circumstances, and I do not think even this latter sum will be sufficient. . . . You perhaps are not aware of the French mode of living and their cookery. They have, in fact, *two* dinners every day—one at eleven or twelve o'clock, to which joints, roast and boiled, with all their various hashes, ragouts, fricassees, &c., &c., are served up, with wine and liquors; and another at eight o'clock, which differs from the former only in being supplied with more dishes. Besides these two meals, they all have (except Bonaparte himself, who eats only twice a-day, certainly very heartily) something like an English breakfast, in bed, between eight and nine in the morning; and a luncheon, with wine, at four or five in the afternoon.

"The common notion of the English eating more animal food than the French is most incorrect. I am convinced that between their two dinners and luncheon they consume three or four times as much as any English family of a similar number. Those two dinners, then, the first of which they have separately in their respective rooms, cause a great consumption of meat and wine, which, together with their mode of cookery, require a great quantity of either oil or butter, both of which are excessively dear in

this place (and you may as well attempt to deprive an Irishman of potatoes as a Frenchman of his oil, or some substitute for it). Their *soupes consommées* (for they are, with one or two exceptions, the greatest gluttons and epicures I ever saw), producing great waste of meat in a place where the necessaries of life are so dear, altogether render necessary a great expenditure of money."

Among the cunning attempts to throw the conduct of the governor into abhorrence, was the charge of refusing Napoleon the *bust* of his son, and even intending to destroy it. O'Meara says, that it had been "landed fourteen days, and some of those in the governor's hands." This is another instance of the language perpetually used; the fact being, "that the bust was landed on the 10th or 11th of June, and sent to Longwood the *next day*."

The true narrative was this: In the summer of 1816, the ex-empress Maria Louisa having visited the baths of Leghorn, two marble busts of her son were executed. One of those was purchased by Messrs Beaggini in London, in hopes of an opportunity of sending it to St Helena. A store-ship, the Baring, being about to sail there in January 1817, a foreign gunner on board, named Radavich, was intrusted with the bust, with instructions to give it to Count Bertrand, for Napoleon, leaving it to his generosity "to refund their expenses." It, however, he wished to know the price, it was to be a hundred louis. The captain of the ship (a half-pay lieutenant) knew nothing of its being on board till shortly before, or immediately after, his arrival at St Helena; at that time Radavich was ill of apoplexy, followed by delirium, so that for several days it was impossible to speak to him on the subject. When Sir Thomas Reade was informed that it was on board, he immediately acquainted the governor with the circumstance. Sir Hudson Lowe, considering the clandestine manner in which it was brought, was at first inclined to retain it until he had communicated with Lord Bathurst. But, Sir T. Reade suggesting that as the bust was not *plaster*, it could not contain letters, advised its being forwarded at

once, and the governor assented. Before, however, ordering it on shore, he himself went to Longwood, to ascertain Napoleon's wish through Bertrand. Major Gorrequer accompanied him, and in his notes gives an account of the interview. The governor mentioned the arrival of the bust to Bertrand, and said that he would take upon himself the responsibility of landing it, if such was the wish of Napoleon. Bertrand's answer was, "No doubt it will give him pleasure." The next day the bust was landed, taken to Longwood, and received by Napoleon with evident delight. By some means or other he had known of its arrival, and said to O'Meara on the 10th, "I have known it several days." He then rushed into one of those explosions of wrath and oratory which were familiar to him. He said, "I intended, if it had not been given, to have made such a complaint as would have caused every Englishman's hair to stand on end! I should have told a tale which would have made the mothers of England execrate him as a monster in human shape."

And all this with the bust before his eyes. To heighten the effect, he would persist in pretending to believe that Sir Hudson Lowe had given orders for breaking up the bust, and on this fancy he declaimed anew against him, calling him "barbarous and atrocious." "That countenance," said he, turning to the bust, "would melt the heart of the most ferocious wild beast! The man who gave orders to break that image would plunge a knife into the heart of the original, if it were in his power." And all this fury for a fiction!—the palpable contradiction to the charge of cruelty standing on his table.

It is not even clear, after all, that there was *not* an intrigue connected with this bust: Napoleon exhibited extreme anxiety to see Radavich. This the governor permitted, but on the condition of the officer in attendance being present, and it was declined. Lord Bathurst, in his despatch to St Helena, said, "The suspicion is circumstances under which the bust arrived, were sufficient to make you pause before you determined to transmit it to the general. Had the package contained anything less interesting to

him in his character as a father, the clandestine manner in which it was introduced on board of the vessel would have been a sufficient reason for withholding the delivery of it, at least for a much longer period. . . . I am not disposed to participate in his (the French ambassador's) apprehensions that letters were conveyed in it. No doubt, however, can be entertained that attempts are making at clandestine communications."

To this we may add that, by some secret means, the French were acquainted with every transaction of Europe, and frequently before the public authorities.

Napoleon ordered £300 to be given to Radavich (who was merely the agent for the London house). O'Meara says, in his *Voice from St Helena*, that, "by some unworthy tricks, this poor man did not recover the money for nearly two years." This is a proof of the slipshod statements which are to be found in the volume; the fact being, that, in March 1818, the former proprietors of the bust wrote to Bertrand, to complain of the conduct of Radavich, as having come to no settlement with them "for the payment he had received for the bust, and for the other articles intrusted to him; and that he had gone from England without rendering any account to them." They solicited Bertrand to give them some remuneration.

Our limits warn us that we must conclude, leaving a crowd of interesting incidents behind. The work seems perfectly to clear Sir Hudson Lowe's character, not merely from the charge of severity, but even from the imputation of petulance. No man could be placed in a situation of greater difficulty. He had to deal with a *coterie* of the most unscrupulous kind; he had also especially to deal with a man irritated by the most signal downfall in European record, subtle beyond all example, unhesitating in evasion, formed of falsehood, and furious at necessary coercion. He had to meet also the clamours of French partisanship throughout Europe, and to bear the calumnies of faction even in England. He had to endure personal insult, and to counteract reckless intrigue. If he had been roused into violence of temper, no man could be



more easily pardoned for its excess ; but there is not a single *proof* of this charge, and the whole tenor of his conduct seems to have been patient and equable, though strict and firm. He had one paramount duty to perform—the prevention of Napoleon's escape, and he did that duty. All minor deficiencies, if they existed, might be merged in the perfect performance of a duty which involved the peace of the world.

The dismissal of O'Meara from his office in the island, followed by his dismissal from the navy, let loose a personal enemy of some ability, much plausibility, and the bitterest anger. His volume, *A Voice from St Helena*, embodied all the charges against Sir Hudson Lowe, and was prosecuted as a libel. But the prosecution having, in the opinion of the judges, been delayed for some months beyond the legal time, it failed, on that ground only. The governor of St Helena drew up a refutation of the volume, which still remains in the archives of Govern-

ment. Why he did not appeal to the opinion of the country—a duty which no public man can decline without loss to his own character—cannot now be ascertained. He was probably weary of a life of contradiction, and had no desire to continue it in controversy.

But the task, though long delayed, has finally been performed, as it appears to us, with perfect manliness, clearness, and conviction, by its present author. Mr Forsyth's style is admirably fitted for his subject—fair, forcible, and argumentative. By his work he has done credit to himself, and cleared the character of a brave, an honest, and a high-minded English soldier and gentleman. We know no ampler panegyric on the uses or the successes of authorship.

Sir Hudson Lowe was appointed to the colonelcy of the first vacant regiment (the 93d) on his return—was subsequently in command of the troops in Ceylon—and at length, yielding to the effects of toil and time, died in 1844, in his 75th year.

## NEW READINGS IN SHAKESPEARE.

A COPY of almost any ancient author, with its margins studded with antique manuscript jottings, is a treasure to the scholar who possesses it, and a sore temptation to all his antiquarian friends. What, then, must be the pricelessness of an early folio, thus annotated, of Shakespeare, the Emperor of all the Literatures? Would not a lover of the poet be almost inclined to sell his whole library in order to purchase that single book? And when secured, with what zest would he not set himself to decipher the crabbed hieroglyphics on the margins of the intoxicating windfall! The various readings, recommended by the charm of novelty, and yet apparently as old, and *perhaps* as genuine as the printed text, would gradually become its rivals. Alterations, occasionally felicitous, would throw an air of respectability over their less insinuating associates. Sole possession would enhance the importance of the discovery. Solitary enjoyment would deepen the relish of the entertainment. The situation is one not at all favourable to the exercise of a sound critical judgment. Imagination goes to work, and colours the facts according to its own wishes; and faith and hope, "looming o'er," at length drive away all misgivings as to the authenticity of the emendations. That fine old handwriting, which is as conscientious as it is curious, is itself a guarantee that the corrections are not spurious—are not merely

conjectural. The manuscript-corrector must have had good grounds for what he did. He may have been Shakespeare's bosom friend, his boon companion, his chosen confidant, and perhaps the assistant in his labours; or, if not that, at any rate the friend of some one who had known the great dramatist well—was acquainted with his innermost thoughts—and as intimate with his works, and with all that he intended to express, as if he himself had written them. At all events, the corrector must have had access to sources of information respecting the text of the plays, the results of which have perished to all the world—*except me*, the happy holder of this unique and inestimable volume.

Such, we conceive, would be the state of mind and the train of reasoning into which a man would naturally be thrown by the acquisition of such an agitating prize as we have supposed. Under the excitement of his feelings, the authority of the corrector of the work would, in all likelihood, supersede the authority of its composer; the penman would carry the day against the printer; and the possessor of the book would do his best to press the "new readings" into the ears and down the throats of a somewhat uncritical but not altogether passive or unsuspicious public.

The case which we have described is to be understood as a general and ideal one; but something of this kind

*Notes and Emendations to the Text of Shakespeare's Plays, from Early MS. Corrections in a Copy of the Folio, 1632, in the possession of J. Payne Collier, Esq., F.S.A.; forming a Supplemental Volume to the Works of Shakespeare, by the same Editor.*

*The Text of Shakespeare indicated from the Interpolations and Corruptions ad-coated by J. P. Collier, Esq., in his Notes and Emendations.* By SAMUEL WELLER SINGER. 1853.

*Old Lamps or New? A Plea for the Original Editions of the Text of Shakespeare, forming an Introductory Notice to the Stratford Shakespeare.* Edited by CHARLES KNIGHT. 1853.

*A Few Notes on Shakespeare, with Occasional Remarks on the Emendations of the MS. Corrector in Mr Collier's Copy of the Folio, 1632.* By the Rev. ALEXANDER DYCE. 1853.

*A Few Remarks on the Emendation "Who smothers her with Painting," in the Play of Cymbeline, discovered by Mr Collier in a Corrected Copy of the Second Edition of Shakespeare.* 1852.

*New Illustrations of the Life, Studies, and Writings of Shakespeare, supplementary to all Editions.* By JOSEPH HUNTER. In 2 vols. 1845.

seems to have befallen Mr Collier, whom accident lately placed in possession of a copy of the folio of Shakespeare, 1632, plentifully garnished with manuscript notes and emendations. In these trying circumstances he has acted very much in the way which might have been anticipated. It is true that he announces his good fortune in a strain of moderated enthusiasm. "In the spring of 1819," says he, "I happened to be in the shop of the late Mr Rodd, of Great Newport Street, at a time when a package of books arrived from the country." Among them was a very indifferent copy of the folio of Shakespeare, 1632, which Mr Collier, concluding hastily that it would complete an imperfect copy of the same edition which he had purchased from the same book-seller some time before, bought for thirty shillings. The purchase did not answer its purpose. The two leaves that were wanted to complete the other folio "were unfit for my purpose, not merely by being too short" (how very particular these book-fanciers are), "but otherwise damaged and defaced. Thus disappointed, I threw it by, and did not see it again until I made a selection of books I would take with me on quitting London. On consulting it afterwards," continues Mr Collier, "it struck me that Thomas Perkins, whose name, with the addition of 'his Booke,' was upon the cover, might be the old actor who had performed in Marlowe's *Jew of Malta* on its revival shortly before 1633." That would have been an important fact, as helping to connect the MS. corrections closely with the Shakespearean era. But here Mr Collier was doomed to disappointment. On further inquiry he found that the actor's name was Richard Perkins: "still," says he, with a faith too buoyant to be submerged by such a trifle, "Thomas Perkins might have been a descendant of Richard," from whom, of course, he probably inherited a large portion of the emendations. "This circumstance," says Mr Collier, "and others, induced me to examine the volume more particularly: I then discovered, to my surprise, that there was hardly a page which did not present, in a handwriting of the time, some emen-

dations in the pointing or in the text, while on most of them they were frequent, and on many numerous. Of course I now submitted the folio to a most careful scrutiny; and as it occupied a considerable time to complete the inspection, how much more must it have consumed to make the alterations? The ink was of various shades, differing sometimes on the same page, and I was once disposed to think that two distinct hands had been employed upon them. 'This notion I have since abandoned, and I am now decidedly of opinion that the same writing prevails from beginning to end, but that the amendments must have been introduced from time to time during perhaps the course of several years.'

But although Mr Collier speaks thus calmly of his prize, we are nevertheless convinced, by the rapidity of his conversion from the old readings to the new, that he, like the rest of us, is liable to be carried a little off his feet by any sudden stroke of prosperity, and is keenly alive (as most people are) to the superior merits of anything that happens to be his own. It is our nature to admire what we alone have been privileged to possess or to discover. Hence Mr Collier has stepped at one plunge from possession into cordial approbation and unhesitating adoption of most of the corrections set forth on the margins of his folio. Formerly the staunchest defender of the old Shakespearean text, he is now the advocate of changes in it, to an extent which calls for very grave consideration on the part of those who regard the language of the poet as a sacred inheritance, not to be disturbed by innovations, without the strongest evidence, the most conclusive reasons, and the most clamant necessity being adduced in their support.

We are far from blaming Mr Collier for having published his volume of "Notes and Emendations." Although it might be advantageously reduced in bulk by the omission of many details occupied with the settlement of matters which have been long ago settled, still it is in some respects a valuable contribution to the literature of Shakespeare. We have no faith whatever in the authenticity of the new readings; a

few of them, however—a very few—seem to us to be irresistibly established by their own self-evidence; while the whole of them are invested with a certain degree of interest as the interpretations of an indefatigable, though thick-headed—of a blundering, yet early and perhaps almost contemporary, scholiast. As a matter of curiosity, and as indicative of the state of English criticism in the 17th century, the new readings are acceptable; and the thanks of the literary portion of the community are due to Mr Collier for having favoured them with this publication. But here the obligation stops. To insert the new readings into the text, and to publish them as the genuine words of Shakespeare (which we understand Mr Collier has either done or threatens to do), is a proceeding which cannot be too solemnly denounced. This is to poison our language in its very “wells of English undefiled.” It is to obliterate the distinctions which characterise the various eras of our vernacular tongue; for however near to the time of Shakespeare our newly discovered scholiast may have lived, there was doubtless some interval between them—an interval during which our language was undergoing considerable changes. It is to lose hold of old modes of thought, as well as of old forms of expression;—it is to confound the different styles of our literature;—it is to vitiate with anachronisms the chronology of our speech;—it is to profane the memory of Shakespeare.

When we look for evidence in favour of the authenticity of these (so-called) “Emendations,” we look for it in vain. The state of the case may perhaps be understood, by attending to the following particulars. Of Shakespeare’s handwriting, so far as is known, there is not now extant so much as “the scrape of a pen,” with the exception of the autograph of his name. Of his plays, thirteen were published in an authentic form during his life, and four in spurious or “pirated” editions. These are called the quartos. After his death, one of his plays was published, by itself, for the first time—“Othello.” In 1623, seven years after his death, the first folio appeared. It contains the eighteen plays just re-

ferred to, with the addition of eighteen, now published for the first time. This folio 1623 was printed (if we are to believe its editors, and there is no reason to doubt their word) *from Shakespeare’s own manuscripts*, and from the quarto editions, revised and corrected to some extent, either by his own hand or under his authority. So that the folio 1623 is the highest authority that can be appealed to in the settlement of his text. It ranks even before the quartos, except in cases of obvious misprint, or other self-evident oversights. To it, in so far as *external* evidence is concerned, all other proofs must yield. *Internal* evidence may occasionally solicit the alteration of its text; but such emendations must, in every case, be merely conjectural. It is the basis of every genuine edition, and must continue so, until Shakespeare’s own manuscripts be brought to light.

Out of these circumstances an important consideration arises. It is this, that we are not entitled, on any account, to alter the text of the folio 1623, even in cases where manifest improvements might be made, so long as the old reading makes sense. If any reasonable meaning can be extracted from the received lection, we are bound to retain it, because we have every reason to believe that it is what Shakespeare wrote; and it is our object to possess his words and his meaning, not as we may suppose they *ought* to have been, but as they *actually were*. Where no sense at all can be obtained from a passage, a slight, perhaps a considerable, alteration is allowable; because any man’s intelligibility is to be preferred to even Shakespeare’s unintelligibility. But we are never to flatter ourselves, with any strong degree of assurance, that the correction has restored to us the exact language of the poet.

This consideration had, in former years, its due weight with Mr Collier. No one was a keener advocate than he for preserving the original text inviolate. He now views the matter in a different light. He is tolerant of new readings, even in cases where sense can be elicited from the received text. Further, he frequently gives the preference to new readings, as we hope to show, even in cases where the

old reading is far the more forcible and intelligible of the two. And on what ground does he countenance them? Setting aside at present the question of their internal evidence, we reply, that he countenances them on the ground that the folio 1623 is of doubtful authenticity. He denies that it was prepared from Shakespeare's own papers. This is the foundation of his case. He maintains that the copy which the printer used had been (probably) dictated by some underling of the theatre, to some scribe whose ear (probably) often deceived him in taking up the right word, and who consequently put down a wrong one, which was subsequently set up in type by the printer. He is further of opinion that a text of Shakespeare, purer than any that ever got into print, was preserved *orally* in the theatre, and that the corrector of his folio, who was decidedly of a theatrical turn, and perhaps himself a manager, picked up his new readings from the mouths of the players themselves. But he has entirely failed to prove these improbable assertions. His theory in regard to the printing of the folio 1623 is contradicted by the distinct announcement of its editors, who say of their great master that "his mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." This declaration, that the materials from which they worked were derived directly from Shakespeare himself, seems to establish conclusively the authenticity of the folio 1623; and that point being made good, all external evidence in favour of the new readings must of necessity fail.

But perhaps these new readings are supported by their internal evidence—perhaps they bring along with them such an amount of force and propriety as carries conviction on the very face of it, and entitles them to a decided preference in comparison with the old? Mr Collier would fain think so. On their evident superiority, both in sense and in style, he rests the main strength of his case. Speaking of his volume, he says, "I ought not to hesitate in avowing my conviction, that we are bound to admit by far the greater body

of the substitutions it contains, as the *restored language* of Shakespeare. As he was especially the poet of common life, so he was emphatically the poet of common sense; and to the *verdict of common sense* I am willing to submit all the more material alterations recommended on the authority before me. If they will not bear that test, I for one am willing to *relinquish* them."

Our principal object in the following pages is to show that "by far the greater body of the substitutions" will not stand this test; and that many of them present such a perverse deprivation of the true text, that if the design of the corrector had been to damage the literary character of Shakespeare, he could not have accomplished his purpose more effectually than by representing these new readings as his. At the same time, we shall endeavour to bring forward everything in Mr Collier's volume which tells in the manuscript-corrector's favour. This will probably cause the corrector's notes and emendations to be more highly thought of than they deserve; because, while it will be no difficult matter to lay before the reader *all*, or nearly all, his judicious amendments, our space will not permit us to present to him one-twentieth part of his astounding aberrations. Selecting, then, as many of the more important alterations as our limits will allow, and weighing what their internal evidence is worth, we shall go over the plays *seriatim*, commencing with "*The Tempest*."

**THE TEMPEST.**—The new readings in this play are generally unimportant, and, in our judgment, not one of them ought to be admitted into the text. In no case would anything be gained, and in some cases a good deal would be lost, by adopting the proposed changes. In the following passage the original text is certainly unsatisfactory, but the new reading is at least equally so. Antonio, the usurping Duke of Milan, has become so habituated to the possession of his unlawful power, and has been so little checked in the exercise of it, that he at length believes himself to be the real duke. This idea is thus expressed. Prospero, the rightful duke, says of him—

"He being thus *lorded*,  
Not only with what my revenue yielded,  
But what my power might else exact,—like  
one  
Who having, *unto truth*, by telling of it,  
Made such a sinner of his memory  
To credit his own lie,—he did believe  
He was indeed the duke."

For "lorded," Mr Collier's emendator would read "loaded"—a correction which Mr Collier himself admits to be "questionable," and which we throw overboard at once. For "unto truth" he proposes "to untruth"—

"like one  
Who having, *to untruth*, by telling of it," &c.

But here, if one flaw is mended, another and a worse one is made. By reading "to untruth" we obtain, indeed, a proper antecedent to "it," which otherwise must be looked for, awkwardly enough, in the subsequent word "lie." But as a set-off against this improvement, we would ask, how can a man be said to make his memory a sinner *to untruth*? This would mean, if it meant anything, that the man's memory was true; and this is precisely what Prospero says Antonio's memory was not. We must leave, therefore, the text as it stands, regarding it as one of those passages in which Shakespeare has expressed himself with less than his usual care and felicity.

The substitution of "all" for "are" in the lines,

"They all have met again,  
And *are* upon the Mediterranean float"—

Or, as the MS. corrector reads it,

"They *all* upon the Mediterranean float"—

strikes us as peculiarly un-Shakespearean. But this instance of the corrector's injudicious meddling is a small matter. The following passage deserves more careful consideration, for we are convinced that the text of the first and second folios, which has been universally rejected since the days of Theobald, is, after all, the right reading. *Act III. Scene 1* opens with the soliloquy of Ferdinand, who declares that the irksome tasks to which he has been set by Prospero are sweetly alleviated by the consciousness that he has secured the interest and sympathy of Miranda. He says—

\* There be some sports are painful; but their labour

Delight in them sets off: some kinds of baseness

Are nobly undergone; and most poor matters  
Point to rich ends. This my mean task  
Would be as heavy to me as odious; but  
The mistress, which I serve, quickens what's  
dead,

And makes my labours pleasures. Oh, she is  
Ten times more gentle than her father's  
crabb'd,

And he's composed of harshness. I must  
remove

Some thousands of these logs, and pile them  
up

Upon a sore injunction. My sweet mistress  
Weeps when she sees me work, and says such  
baseness

Had never like executor. I forget:

But these sweet thoughts do even refresh my  
labours,

*Most busy-les, when I do it."*

The last line, as it here stands, is Theobald's reading; and it has been adopted almost unanimously by subsequent editors—by the compilers of the *variorum* Shakespeare—by Mr Knight—and most recently by Mr Halliwell, in his magnificent folio. Mr Singer, in his edition of 1826, and Mr Collier's emendator, are, so far as we can learn, the only dissentients. The former proposes, "most busiest when I do it;" and the latter, "most busy,—blest when I do it;" which reading we agree with Mr Singer in thinking "the very worst and most improbable of all that have been suggested;"—will he excuse us for adding—except perhaps, his own? Theobald's text is certainly greatly to be preferred to either of these alterations. Had the MS. corrector's emendation been a compound epithet, "busy-blest" (that is, blest with my business, because it is associated with thoughts of Miranda), something, though perhaps not much, might possibly have been said in its behalf. But Mr Collier regards the correction as consisting of two distinct words; and, therefore, he must excuse us for saying that it is one in which sense and grammar are equally set at defiance. We now take up the original reading, which has been universally discarded, but which, as we hope clearly to show, calls for no alteration; and an attention to which, at an earlier stage in the revision of Shakespeare's text, might have prevented a large expenditure of very unnecessary criticism. The original text of the line under consideration is this—

*Launce.*—No, indeed, she did not. Here I have brought him back again.

*Proteus.*—What! didst thou offer her *this* from me?

*Launce.*—Ay, sir, the other squirrel was stolen from me by the hangman's boys in the market-place; and then I offered her mine own, who is a dog as big as ten of yours, and therefore the gift the greater."

The question is, whether the word "this" is better by itself, or whether it should be coupled with the word "cur," as the MS. emendator proposes. Our notion is, that the single pronoun is greatly the more expressive. "Did you offer her *this*" (of course pointing to the brute with an expression of indignation and abhorrence, which disdained to call him anything but *this*) "THIS!!! from me? The lady must think me mad." In regard to the other corrections, we perceive no such force or propriety in any of them as might incline us to disturb, for their sake, the received text of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona."

#### THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

—In *Act II. Scene 1*, the commentators have all been gruelled by the word "an-heires," as it stands in all the early editions in the following passage—

"*Host.*—My hand, bully, thou shalt have eyes and regess; said I well, and thy name shall be Brook. It is a merry knight—will you go, *anheires*?"

In place of this unintelligible word, various substitutes have been proposed. The MS. corrector would read—"Will you go *on here*?" This is very poor, and sounds to our ears very unlike the host's ordinary slang; and we have no hesitation in agreeing with Mr Dyce,\* who gives the preference over all the other readings to that of Sir John Hanmer, the editor of the Oxford edition: "Will you go on, *my-heers*?"—will you go on, my masters? The word is proved to have been used in England in the time of Shakespeare.

\* *A Few Notes on Shakespeare, &c.*, p. 22.

† This expression, "to cry aim," occurs, in a serious application, in the following lines from "King John," *Act II. Scene 1*:—

"*K. Philip.*—Peace, lady; pause or be more temperate:  
It ill becomes this presence, to cry aim  
To these ill-tuned repetitions."

that is, to give encouragement to these ill-tuned wranglings.

In *Act II. Scene 3*, this same host, who deals somewhat largely in the unknown tongue, again says—

"I will bring thee where Mistress Page is, at a farm-house feasting, and thou shalt woo her. 'Cried game, said I well?'"

This obsolete slang has puzzled the commentators sorely. Mr Dyce suggests "cried I aim," which means, it appears, "Did I give you encouragement?"—(*vide* Singer, p. 7.) We confess ourselves incompetent to form an opinion, except to this extent, that Mr Collier's corrector, who proposes "curds and cream," seems to us to have made the worst shot of any that have been fired.†

In *Act IV. Scene 1*, we rather think that the MS. corrector is right in changing "let" into "get," in the following passage: "How now," say Mrs Page to Sir Hugh Evans the schoolmaster; "How now, Sir Hugh?—no school to-day?" "No," answers Sir Hugh; "Master Slender is *let* (read *get*) the boys leave to play." In Sir Hugh's somewhat Celtic dialect, he *is get* the boys a holiday.

In the following passage, *Act IV. Scene 3*, the received text is this—

"*Simple.*—I would I could have spoken with the woman herself. I had other things to have spoke with her, too, from him."

*Falstaff.*—What are they?—let us know.

*Host.*—Ay, come; quick.

*Simple.*—I may not conceal them, sir.

*Falstaff.*—Conceal them, or thou diest."

Good Dr Farmer thought that, in both instances, we should read "reveal"—not perceiving that the humour of the dialogue (such as it is) consists in *reading* "conceal," and in *understanding* "reveal." But the MS. emendator, with an innocence beyond even Dr Farmer's, would alter the passage thus—

"*Falstaff.*—What are they?—let us know.

\* *Host.*—Ay, come quick.

*Falstaff.*—You may not conceal them, sir.

*Host.*—Conceal them, and thou diest."

And Mr Collier approves of this variation, as "making the dialogue run quite consistently."

**MEASURE FOR MEASURE.**—In the Duke's speech, at the opening of the play, a formidable difficulty presents itself. Addressing Escalus, of whose statesmanlike qualities he has the highest opinion, the Duke says, as all the editions give it—

"Of government the properties to unfold,  
Would seem in me to affect speech and discourse,

Since I am put to know that your own science  
Exceeds in that the lists of all advice  
My strength can give you. Then no more remains

But that, to your sufficiency, as your worth  
is able,  
And let them work."

The two last lines of this passage have been a grievous stumbling-block to the commentators. The *variorum* men, with Johnson at their head, have made nothing of it. Mr Singer reads—

"Then no more remains  
But *there* to your sufficiency as your worth is  
able,  
And let them work ;"

which seems quite as dark and perplexing as the original text. Mr Collier's man, cutting the knot with desperate hook, which slashes away a good many words, gives us—

"Then no more remains,  
Let *all* to your sufficiency your worth,  
And let them work."

These words are sufficiently intelligible; but this is not to rectify Shakespeare's text—it is to re-write it; and this no man can be permitted to do. As a private speculation of our own, we venture to propose the following, altering merely one word of the authentic version—

"Then no more remains,  
But that (to your sufficiency as your worth  
is able)  
You let them work."

The Duke has remarked that he is not competent to give Escalus any advice on matters of public policy, as he is much better versed in such affairs than himself. He then goes on to say, "No more remains, but that (seeing your worth is able—that is, is equal—to your sufficiency or acquired knowledge) you should let the two, your worth and your suffi-

ciency, work together for the good of your country." Or it might be allowable to introduce "equal" into the text, thereby making the sense still plainer—

"Then no more remains  
But that (to your sufficiency as your worth  
is equal)  
You let them work."

But if any auxiliary authority could be found for the use of the word "able" as here employed (a point about which we are doubtful, though not desperate), we should prefer to retain it in the text. By making the words *to* and *as* change places, we obtain a still more perspicuous reading—

"Then no more remains,  
But that (as your sufficiency to your worth  
is equal)  
You let them work."

Mr Collier remarks (p. 42), "Near the end of Mrs Overdone's speech, 'is' is required before the words 'to be chopped off.' It is deficient in *all* printed copies, and is inserted in manuscript in the corrected folio 1632." We can inform Mr Collier that the word "is" stands, in this place, in the *variorum* edition of 1785.

**Act I. Scene 4.**—The Duke, who has abdicated for a time in favour of Angelo, says, in allusion to the abuses which Angelo is expected to correct—

"I have on Angelo imposed my office,  
Who may, in the ambush of my name, strike  
home,  
And yet, my nature never in the sight,  
To *do* it slander."

The corrector of Mr Collier's folio suggests to *draw on* slander; and as a gloss or explanation of an antiquated or awkward expression, this variation may be accepted; but it certainly has no title to be admitted into the text as the authentic language of Shakespeare. The change of "story" into "scorn" (*Scene 5*), is perhaps admissible. Alluding to a false species of repentance, the friar, in *Act II. Scene 3*, says that such insufficient

"Sorrow is always towards ourselves, not  
heaven,  
Showing we would not *spare* heaven, as we  
love it,  
But as we stand in fear."

On the margin of Mr Collier's folio, "serve" is written, and "spare" is scored out. We greatly prefer the



old reading, in spite of Mr Collier's assertion that it is corrupt, and "seems little better than nonsense." To *spare* heaven is not nonsense; it means to refrain from sin. To *serve* heaven means something more; it means to practise holiness. The difference is but slight, but it is quite sufficient to establish the language of Shakespeare as greatly superior to that of his anonymous corrector, because the point here in question is much rather abstinence from vice than the positive practice of virtue.

In *Act II. Scene 1*, the following somewhat obscure expression occurs: "in the loss of question"—what does it mean? "It means," says Mr Singer (p. 11), "in the looseness of conversation." That is a most satisfactory explanation. Yet if Mr Collier and his emendator had their own way, we should be deprived of this genuine Shakesperian phrase, and be put off with the unmeaning words "in the *force* of question."

In *Act III. Scene 1*, the alteration of "blessed" into "boasted," in the speech in which the Duke so finely moralises on the vanity of human life, cannot be too decidedly condemned—

"Thou" (oh Life) "hast nor youth nor age,  
But as it were an after dinner's sleep,  
Dreaguing on both for all thy *blessed* youth  
Becomes as aged, and doth beg the alms  
Of palsied old."

Some people may not be able to understand how the period of youth can, in one and the same breath, be called *blessed*, and yet miserable as old age. They look on that as a contradiction. Such people ought never to read poetry. At any rate, they ought first to learn that the poet is privileged, nay, is often bound to declare as actual that which is only potential or ideal. Thus, he may say that *blessed* youth is a *misérable* season of existence, meaning thereby that misery overspreads even that time of life which *ought to be*, and which *ideally* is, the happiest in the pilgrimage of man. The manuscript corrector had but an obtuse perception of these niceties, and hence he substitutes *boasted* for *blessed*—converting Shakespeare's language into mere verbiage.

COMEDY OF ERRORS—*Act I. Scene 1*.—The alteration of the word "nature" into "fortune" in the following lines, is an undoubted departure from the genuine language of Shakespeare, and a perversion of his sense. Ægeon, whose life has been forfeited by his accidental arrival at Ephesus, says—

"Yet that the world may witness that my end  
Was wrought by *nature*, not by *vile* offence,  
I'll utter what my sorrow gives me leave."

Mr Collier, slightly doubtful on the propriety of the new reading (*fortune*), says, "Possibly by 'nature' we might understand the natural course of events." We say, *certainly* this is what we *must* understand by the word. I die by nature, says Ægeon, not by vile offence; or, as Warburton interprets it, "My death is according to the ordinary course of Providence, and not the effects of Divine vengeance overtaking my crimes." But the word "fortune" had Ægeon used it, would rather have implied that he regarded himself as an object of Divine displeasure; and therefore this word must not only not be adopted, but it must be specially avoided, if we would preserve the meaning of Shakespeare. In this case, the internal evidence is certainly in favour of the ordinary reading.

In a subsequent part of the same scene, the Duke, who is mercifully inclined towards Ægeon, advises him

"To seek thy *help* by beneficial help."

That is, he recommends him to borrow such a sum of money as may be sufficient to ransom his life. The MS. corrector reads not very intelligibly—

"To seek thy *life* by beneficial help."

And Mr Collier, explaining the *obscurum per obscurius*, remarks that "Ægeon was to seek what he hoped to obtain (viz. money to purchase his life) by the 'beneficial help' of some persons in Ephesus." The "beneficial help" was itself the money by which he was to "seek his help," or save his life. "Beneficial help" means "pecuniary assistance," and therefore we are at a loss to understand Mr Collier when he says that Ægeon was to seek money by the "beneficial help" or pecuniary assistance of cer-

tain persons in Ephesus. All that he required to do was to obtain this pecuniary assistance; obtaining that, he of course would obtain the money by which his life was to be redeemed. The received text of the line ought on no account to be disturbed. The repetition of the word "help" is peculiarly Shakesperian.

*Act II. Scene 1.*—A very little consideration may convince any one that the following correction is untenable. The ordinary text is this: Dromio the slave having been well drubbed by his master, says—

"He told his mind upon mine ear; Beshrew his hand, I scarce could understand it."  
*Luciana.*—Spake he so *doubtfully*, thou couldst not feel his meaning?

*Dromio.*—Nay, he struck so plainly, I could too well feel his blows; and withal so *doubtfully* that I could scarce understand them."

The manuscript corrector proposes "doubly" for "doubtfully," in both instances; losing sight, as we think, of the plain meaning of words. To speak doubly is to speak deceitfully; to speak doubtfully is to speak obscurely or unintelligibly. But certainly Luciana had no intention of asking Dromio if his master had spoken to him deceitfully. Such a question would have been irrelevant and senseless. She asks, spake he so *obscurely* that you could not understand his words?—and the slave answers, "By my troth, so obscurely that I could scarce understand (that is, stand under) them." This is the only quibble.

In *Act II. Scene 2*, the expression "she *moves* me for her theme," that is, "she makes me the subject of her discourse," occurs. This is changed by the MS. corrector into "she *means* me for her theme;" that is, "she *means* to make me the subject of her discourse." But the "she" who is here referred to is actually, at that very moment, talking most vehemently about the person who utters these words; and therefore this emendation is certainly no restoration, but a corruption of the genuine language of Shakespeare.

*Act IV. Scene 2.*—The bum-baillif is thus maltreated. The words in italics are the MS. corrector's wanton and damaging interpolations.

"*Adriana.*—Where is thy master, Dromio, is he well?"

*Dromio.*—No: he's in Tartar limbo, worse than hell;

A devil in an everlasting garment hath him, fell;

One whose hard heart is buttoned up with steel,

Who has no touch of mercy, cannot feel;

A fiend, a fury, pitiless, and rough;

A wolf, nay worse, a fellow all in buff."

Here the only doubt is, whether the word "fury" (the MS., and also Theobald's reading) is a judicious substitute for the word "fairy," which the old copies present. We think that it is not, being satisfied with Johnson's note, who observes—"There were fairies like hobgoblins, pitiless and rough, and described as malevolent and mischievous."—Nowadays a fairy is an elegant creature dressed in green. So she was in Shakespeare's time. But in Shakespeare's time there was also another kind of fairy—a fellow clothed in a buff jerkin, made of such durable materials as to be well-nigh "everlasting;" and whose vocation it was, as it still is, to pay his addresses to those who may have imprudently allowed their debts to get into confusion. Let us not allow the old usages of language to drop into oblivion.

*Act IV. Scene 3.*—"The vigor of his rage," is obviously a much more vigorous expression than "the rigor of his rage," which the MS. corrector proposes in its place.

*Act V. Scene 1.*—"The following lines," says Mr Collier, "as they are printed in the folio 1623, have been the source of considerable *error*," meaning, we presume, *dispute*. The words are uttered by the Abbess, who has been parted from her sons for a great many years, and has but recently discovered them.

"Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail

Of you, my sons, and till this present hour  
 My heavy burdens are delivered."

"That the above is corrupt," continues Mr Collier, "there can be no question; and in the folio 1632, the printer attempted thus to amend the passage:—

"Thirty-three years have I *been* gone in travail  
 Of you my sons, and till this present hour  
 My heavy burthens are delivered."

"Malone gives it thus:—

'Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail  
Of you my sons; until this present hour  
My heavy burthen *not* delivered.'

"The MS. corrector," continues Mr Collier, "of the folio 1632 makes the slightest possible change in the second line, and at once removes the difficulty: he puts it—

'Thirty-three years have I been gone in travail  
Of you my sons, and *at* this present hour  
My heavy burthens are delivered.'

In his edition 1826, Mr Singer reads—

"Twenty-five years have I but gone in travail  
Of you, my sons, and till this present hour  
My heavy burthen *never* delivered."

We are of opinion that a better reading than any here given, and than any ever given, might be proposed. Thus—

"Thirty-three years have I but gone in travail  
Of you, my sons, and till this present hour  
My heavy burthen *has* delivered."

That is, I have done nothing but go in travail of you, my children, for thirty-three years; and, moreover (I have gone in travail of you), till this present hour has delivered me of my heavy burden. This reading brings her pains up to the present moment, when she declares herself joyfully relieved from them by the unexpected restoration of her children. This amendment seems to yield a more emphatic meaning than any of the others; and it departs as little as any of them from the original text of 1623.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.—*Act I. Scene 3.*—The brothers Don Pedro and Don John have quarrelled, and have been reconciled. Courage remarks to the latter, "You have of late stood out against your brother, and he hath ta'en you newly into his grace." The MS. correction is, "till of late," which, as any one looking at the context even with half an eye, may perceive both spoils the idiom and impairs the meaning of the passage.

*Act II. Scene 1.*—We admit that Shakespeare might—nay, ought—to have written as follows, but we doubt

whether he did. "Wooing, wedding, and repenting," says Beatrice, "is as a Scotch jig, a measure, and a cinque-pace; the first suit is hot and hasty, like a Scotch jig, and full as fantastical; the wedding, mannerly modest, as a measure full of state and anciently; and then comes repentance, and, with his bad legs, falls into cinque-pace faster and faster, till he sink *apace* into his grave." "Apace" is MS. corrector's contribution.

In the following much-disputed passage, we are of opinion that Shakespeare uses somewhat licentiously the word "impossible" in the sense of *inconceivable*, and that Johnson's and the MS. corrector's substitution of "importable" (*i. e.* insupportable) is unnecessary. "She told me," says Benedick, speaking of Beatrice, "that I was the prince's jester, and that I was duller than a great thaw, huddling jest upon jest, with such *impossible conveyance*, upon me, that I stood like a man at mark with a whole army shooting at me." "Impossible conveyance" means inconceivable rapidity.

*Act III. Scene 1.*—There surely can be no question as to the superior excellence of the received reading in the following lines. The repentant Beatrice, who has overheard her character severely censured, says—

"What fire is in mine ear? Can this be true?  
Stand I condemned for pride and scorn so much?  
Contempt farewell, and maiden pride adieu!  
No glory lives behind the back of such."

Beatrice means to say that contempt and maiden pride are never the *screen* to any true nobleness of character. This is well expressed in the line,

"No glory lives *behind the back* of such."

A vigorous expression, which the MS. corrector recommends us to exchange for the frivolous feebleness of

"No glory lives *but in the lack* of such."

This substitution, we ought to say, is worse than feeble and frivolous. It is a perversion of Beatrice's sentiments. She never meant to say that a maiden should *lack* maiden pride, but only that it should not occupy a prominent position in the *front* of her character. Let her have as much of it as she

pleases, and the more the better, only let it be drawn up as a reserve in the background, and kept for defensive rather than for offensive operations. This is all that Beatrice can *seriously* mean when she says, "maiden pride adieu."

*Act IV. Scene 1.*—In the following passage we back Shakespeare's word against the MS. corrector's, not only in point of authenticity, but in point of taste. Leonato, greatly exasperated with his daughter, says to her—

"For did I think thou wouldst not quickly die,  
Thought I thy spirits were stronger than thy shames,  
Myself would, on the rearward of reproaches,  
Strike at thy life."

This is the reading of the folio 1632. The folio 1623 reads "reward," but that is obviously a misprint for "rearward." The MS. corrector proposes *hazard*. As if the infuriated father would have cared one straw what the world might think or say of him for slaying his daughter. In his passion he was far beyond minding such a trifle as public opinion, and would never have paused to give utterance to the sentiment which the corrector puts into his mouth. What he says is this—that after heaping reproaches on his daughter to the uttermost, he would follow them up by slaying her with his own hand. This is admirably expressed by the words, "rearward of reproaches." In this same scene the fine old word "*fiamo*," in the sense of fabrication, is twice most wantonly displaced, to make way, in the one instance, for "frown," and in the other for "fraud."

*Act V. Scene 1.*—Let any reader who has an ear read the opening speech of Leonato, and he will perceive at once how grievously its effect is damaged by the insertion of the words "to me" in this line.

"And bid him speak (*to me*) of patience,"

In the same speech the following lines are a problem. Leonato, rebuffing his comforters, says, "Bring 't me a person as miserable as myself, and

"If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard,

*And, sorrow wag! cry, Hem, when he should groan,  
Patch grief with proverbs, make misfortune drunk  
With candlewasters, bring him yet to me,  
And I of him will gather patience."*

"And sorrow wag! cry," is the main difficulty. Johnson explains it thus: "If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard, and cry, Sorrow, *begone!*" This, in our opinion, is quite satisfactory; but what is the philology of the word "wag?" We believe it to be the German word "*weg*"—away—off with you. The MS. corrector cuts the knot which he cannot untie, by reading "call sorrow joy." This is a gloss, not a reparation of the text.

*Act V. Scene 4.*—We may be assured that a far finer sense is contained under Hero's expression, when she says, according to the common reading,

"One Hero died *refiled*, but I do live,"  
than under the pseudo-*emendation*,  
"One Hero died *belied*, but I do live."

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST—*Act I. Scene 1.*—We agree with Mr Dyce\* in thinking that a quibble is intended in Biron's speech, when he says that he and his friends will "*climb* in the merriness," according as the absurd *style* of Armado's letter shall give them cause. At any rate, nothing can be poorer than the MS. correction of this place, "*chime* in the merriness." We think, however, that the corrector is right in giving the words, "Sirrah, come on," to Dull the constable, and not to Biron, to whom they are usually assigned. We also consider the change of *manager* into *armiger* rather a happy alteration; at any rate, we can say this of it, that had *armiger* been the received reading, we should not have been disposed to accept *manager* in its place. This is a compliment which we can pay to very few of the MS. corrections. Had they formed the original text, and had the original text formed the *marginalia*, we should have had little hesitation as to which we would, in most cases, adopt. On the ground of their internal evidence—that is, of their superior excellence—the *marginalia* would certainly have obtained

\* *A Few Notes*, &c., p. 50,

the preference. The passage to which we refer is this—"Adieu, valour!" says the fantastical Armado, "rust rapier! be still drum, for your *armiger* is in love." This reading, we think, is worthy of being perpetuated in a note, though scarcely entitled to be elevated into the text.

*Act III. Scene 1.*—The corrector very soon relapses into his blunders. Passing over several, here is one, not so conspicuous perhaps, but as decided as any into which he has fallen. Armado, speaking to Moth his page, says, "Fetch hither the swain (*i. e.*, Costard the clown), he must carry me a letter." Moth replies, "A *message* well-sympathed—a horse to be ambassador for an' ass." The MS. corrector reads, "A *messenger* well-sympathised," not perceiving that this destroys the point, and meaning, and pertinency of Moth's remark. "A *message* well-sympathised" means a mission well concocted, an embassy consistent with itself, which, says Moth, this one is, inasmuch as it is a case of horse (Costard) representing an ass—(to-wit, yourself, master mine.) Yet Mr Collier says that "we ought unquestionably to substitute messenger for message."

Moth, the page, having gone to fetch Costard, Armado says—

"A most acute juvenal, & luble, and free of griffe.  
By thy favour, sweet welkin, I must sigh in  
thy face,  
Most rude Melancholy, valour gives thee  
place."

The MS. corrector alters the last line into "moist-eyed melancholy;" and Mr Collier remarks, "'Most rude melancholy' has no particular appropriateness, whereas 'moist-eyed melancholy' is peculiarly accordant with the sighs Armado breathes, in due apology, to the face of the welkin." *No particular appropriateness!* when the uphuist is in the very act of apologising to the welkin for the breach of good manners of which his "most rude melancholy" has compelled him to be guilty. What else could he, in the circumstances, have called his melancholy with any degree of propriety? Oh, silly margins! you have much to answer for. You are not only stupid yourselves, but you are the cause of stupidity in other people.

*Act IV. Scene 1.*—Having considered the following passage very carefully, we are compelled to side with Mr Singer and Mr Dyce in favour of the old reading "fair" against "faith," which is advocated by the MS. corrector, Mr Collier, and Mr Hunter. The princess, giving money to the forester, whom she playfully charges with having called her anything but good-looking, says—

"Fair payment for foul words is more than due.

*Forester.* Nothing but fair is that which you inherit.

*Princess.* See, see, my beauty will be saved by merit.

Oh, heresy in *fair*, fit for these days!

A giving hand, though foul, shall have fair praise."

The new reading proposed is, "Oh, heresy in *faith*." But this change is not necessary; indeed it spoils the passage. The princess, when the forester compliments her, says—"See, see, my beauty will be saved" (not on its own account, for, in this man's opinion, I have little or none) but "by merit," that is, because I have given him money. He calls me an angel of light because I have given him half-a-crown. Oh, heresy in regard to beauty! None but the really beautiful ought to be so complimented. Those who like me are plain (as this man thinks me in his heart), and have "foul hands," ought not to obtain *fair* praise—ought not to be praised as fair, however "giving" or liberal these hands may be. The heresy here playfully alluded to is the error of supposing that people can be *beautified* by their gifts as well as by their appearance; just as a religious heresy consists in the idea that a person can be justified by his works as well as by his faith.

*Act IV. Scene 3.*—The following passage has given some trouble to the commentators—

"Black is the badge of hell,  
The hue of dungeons, and the school of night."

Various substitutes have been proposed for the word "school." The *variorum* reads "scowl," which was introduced by Warburton. Theobald conjectured "stole." The *marginalia* present "shade," which is as poor as poor can be. We believe the original

word "school" to be right, and that the allusion is to the different badges and colours by which different schools or sects or fraternities were formerly distinguished. "Black," says the passage before us, "is the hue worn by all who belong to the school or brotherhood of night."

The context of the following passage seems fairly to justify the MS. correction, by which "beauty" is changed into "learning." *Beauty* may have been a misprint. *Loquitur Biron*—

"For where is any author in the world  
Teaches such *learning* as a woman's eye?  
Learning is but an adjunct to ourself,  
And where we are our learning likewise is,  
Then, when ourselves we see in ladies' eyes,  
Do we not likewise see our learning there?"

This, we think, is one of the very few emendations which ought to be admitted into the text.

It is curious to remark, what we learn incidentally from this play, that, in Shakespeare's time, the words "doubt" and "debt" were pronounced as they are spelt, the "b" being sounded no less than the "t," and that it was the height of affectation to say "dout" and "det," as we do nowadays. So changes the *norma loquendi*.

Act V. Scene 2.—The following, in the old copies, is obviously a misprint—

"So, *pertuunt*-like would I o'ersway his state,  
That he should be my fool, and I his fate."

The *variorum* edition reads "portent-like." In 1826, Mr Singer published "potent-like." The MS. corrector suggests "potently;" and this we rather prefer.

When the princess is informed of the intended wit-assault on her and her ladies by the king and his lords, she exclaims—

"What are they  
That *charge their breath* against us?"

"To 'charge their breath,'" says Mr Collier, "is nonsense, and the corrector alters it most naturally to

"What are they  
That *charge the breach* against us?"

"Should any one," says Mr Singer,\* "wish to be convinced of the utter im-

possibility of the corrector having had access to better authority than we possess—nay, of his utter incapacity to comprehend the poet, I would recommend this example of his skill to their consideration. The *encounters* with which the ladies are threatened; are *encounters of words, wit combats*;" and therefore it was quite natural that they should talk of their opponents as "charging their breath against them." We agree with Mr Singer; but we willingly change "love-feat," in this same scene, into "love-suit," at the bidding of the MS. corrector.

"Oh, poverty in wit!" exclaims the princess, when she and her ladies have demolished the king and his companions in the wit-encounter. "Kingly-poor flout!" The MS. corrector reads, "killed by pure flout;" and Mr Singer "has no doubt" that "stung by poor flout" is the true reading. We see no reason for disturbing the original text. A double meaning is no doubt intended in the expression "kingly-poor flout." It means "mighty poor badinage;" and then, a king being one of the performers, it also means "repartee as poor as might have been expected from royal lips;" these being usually understood to be better fitted for taking in than for giving out "good things."

#### MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.—

Act I. Scene 1:—"Near the *epit* of Helena's speech," says Mr Collier, "occurs this couplet where she is stating her determination to inform Demetrius of the intended flight of Lysander and Hermia—

"And for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense."

which," continues Mr Collier, "is only just intelligible; but the old corrector *singularly improves* the passage by the word he substitutes—

"And for this intelligence  
If I have thanks, it is dear recompense."

The old corrector is an old woman who, in this case, has not merely mistaken, but has directly reversed Shakespeare's meaning. So far from saying that Demetrius's thanks will be any "recompense" for what she proposes doing, Helena says the very reverse,

that they will be a severe aggravation of her pain. "A dear expense" here means a painful purchase, a bitter bargain. "If I have thanks, the sacrifice which I make in giving Demetrius this information will be doubly distressing to me." Of course she would much rather that Demetrius, her old lover, did not thank her for setting him on the traces of his new mistress. Thanks would be a mockery in the circumstances, and this is what Helena means to say. Such is manifestly the meaning of the passage, as may be gathered both from the words themselves, and from their connection with the context, which is this—

"I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight :  
Then to the wood will he to-morrow night  
Pursue her ; and for this intelligence,  
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense ;  
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,  
To have his sight thither, and back again."

The sight of Demetrius, and not his thanks, was to be Helena's recompense.

Act II. Scene 1.—The corrector is unquestionably wrong in his version of these lines. Of Titania it is said by one of the fairies, that

"The cowslips tell her pensioners be,  
In their gold coats spots you see,  
Those be rubies, fairy favours," &c.

The MS. corrector reads "all" for "tall," and "cups" for "coats," to the manifest deterioration of the text. Mr Singer thus explains the matter, to the satisfaction, we should think, of all readers. "This passage has reference to the band of gentlemen-pensioners in which Queen Elizabeth took so much pride. They were some of the handsomest and tallest young men of the best families and fortune, and their dress was of remarkable splendour—their coats might well be said to be of gold. Mr Collier's objection that 'cowslips are never tall,' is a strange one. Drayton in his *Nymphidia* thought otherwise, and surely a long-stalked cowslip would be well designated by a fairy as tall."

Act II. Scene 3.—The alteration of "conference" into "confidence" in the following lines is an *improvement*, most decidedly, for the worse. Lysander and Hermia are going to sleep in the wood. She says to him—

"Nay, good Lysander, for my sake, my dear,  
Lye further off yet, do not lye so near."

Lysander. — Oh, take the sense, sweet, of  
my innocence ;  
Love takes the meaning, in love's conference."

That is, love puts a good construction on all that is said or done in the "conference," or intercourse of love. "Confidence," the MS. correction, makes nonsense.

Act III. Scene 2.—The margins seem to be right in changing "What news, my love?" into "What means my love?" in the speech in which Hermia is appealing passionately to her old lover Lysander.

Act V. Scene 1.—But we cannot accept the substitution of "hot ice and wondrous seething snow" for the much more Shakespearian "hot ice and wonderous strange snow." The late Mr Barron Field's excellent emendation of the following lines is borne out by the MS. correction—

"Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, and  
A lion's fell, nor else no lion's dam."

"Fell" means skin. The old reading was—

"Then know that I, as Snug the joiner, and  
A lion's fell, nor else no lion's dam."

This ought to go into the text, if it has not done so already.

THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.—Act I. Scene 1.—In the following passage the margins make rather a good hit in restoring "when" of the old editions, which had been converted into "who," and in changing "would" into "twould."

"Oh, my Antonio, I do know of these  
That therefore only are reputed wise  
For saying nothing, when, I am very sure,  
If they should speak, 'twould almost damn  
those ears,  
Which hearing them would call their  
brothers fools."

Act II. Scene 1.—The Prince of Morocco says—

"Mislike me not for my complexion,  
The shadowed livery of the burnished sun."

Altered by the MS. corrector into "burning sun," which, says Mr Collier, "seems much more proper when the African prince is speaking of his black complexion as the effects of the sun's rays." Mr Collier will excuse us : the African Prince is doing nothing of the kind. He is merely throwing

brightness and darkness into picturesque contrast—as the sun is bright, or “burnished,” so am I his retainer dark, or “shadowed.” “To speak of the sun,” continues Mr Collier, “as *artificially* ‘burnished,’ is very unworthy.” True: but Shakespeare speaks of it as *naturally* burnished; and so far is this from being unworthy, it is, in the circumstances, highly poetical.

*Act II. Scene 9.*—To change the words “pries not to the interior,” into “prize not the interior,” in the following lines, is wantonly to deface the undoubted language of Shakespeare.

“What many men desire!—that many may  
be miant  
Of the fool multitude, that choose by show,  
Not learning more than the fond eye doth  
teach,  
Which *pries* not to the interior; but, like  
the martlet,  
Builds in the weather, on the outward wall.”

*Act III. Scene 2.*—The MS. corrector proposes a very plausible reading in the lines where Bassanio is moralising on the deceitfulness of external appearance.

“Thus ornament is but the guiled suif  
To a most dangerous sea, the beauteous  
scarf  
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,  
The seeming truth which cunning times  
put on,  
To entrap the wisest.”

The corrector proposes to put a full stop after Indian, and to read on—“beauty, in a word,” (is) “the seeming truth,” &c. Mr Singer says, “this variation in the pointing is no novelty; it occurs in an edition of Shakespeare, published by Scott and Webster in 1833, and has been satisfactorily shown to be erroneous and untenable by a correspondent in *Notes and Queries*, vol. v. p. 483.” We regret that it is not in our power, at this time, to consult the volume of *Notes and Queries* referred to; but we confess that we see no very serious objection to this new reading, except the awkwardness and peculiarly un-Shakespearian character of the construction which it presents. That there is a difficulty in the passage is evident from the changes that have been proposed. Sir Thomas Hanmer

gave “Indian *dowdy*”—Mr. Singer, “Indian, *gipsy*,” which, however, he now abandons. We still confess a partiality for the old text, both in the words and in the pointing. “An Indian beauty” may mean the worst species of ugliness, just as a Dutch nightingale means a toad. Still we believe that a good deal might be said in favour of the MS. corrector’s punctuation.

Bassanio, descanting on the portrait of Portia, and on the difficulties the painter must have had to contend with, thus expresses his admiration of the eyes—

“How could he see to do them? having  
made one,  
Methinks, it should have power to steal  
both his,  
And leave itself *unfurnished*.”

The corrector reads “unfinished,” which Johnson long ago condemned. “Unfurnished” means, as Mr Collier formerly admitted, unprovided with a counterpart—a fellow-eye.

We willingly concede to Mr Collier the “bollen” instead of the “woolen” bagpipe. And when he next “blaws up his chanter,” may the devil dance away with his anonymous corrector, and the bulk of his emendations, as effectually as he ever did with the exciseman.

AS YOU LIKE IT—*Act I. Scene 2.*  
—In opposition to Mr Collier, we take leave to say that Sir Thomas Hanmer was *not* right in altering “there is such odds in the *man*” to “there is such odds in the *men*.” What is meant to be said is, “there is such superiority (of strength) in the *man*,” and “odds” formerly signified *superiority*, as may be learnt from the following sentence of Hobbes—“The passion of laughter,” says Hobbes, “proceedeth from the sudden imagination of our own *odds* and eminency.”\* Mr Collier’s man, who concurs with Sir Thomas Hanmer, is, of course, equally at fault.

*Act I. Scene 3.*—“Safest haste”—that is, most convenient despatch—is much more probable than “fastest haste,” inasmuch as the lady to whom the words “despatch you with your



*safest haste*" are addressed, is allowed *ten days* to take herself off in.

Act II. Scene 3.—When Orlando, speaking of his unnatural brother, in whose hands he expresses his determination to place himself, rather than take to robbing on the highway, says,

"I will rather subject me to the malice  
Of a *decent* blood, *and* bloody brother,"

the language is so strikingly Shakespearian, that nothing but the most extreme obtuseness can excuse the MS. corrector's perverse reading—

"Of a diverted, *proud*, and bloody brother."

"Diverted blood," says Dr Johnson, means "blood turned out of the course of nature;" and there cannot be a finer phrase for an unnatural kinsman.

Act II. Scene 7.—The following passage is obviously corrupt. Jacques, inveighing against the pride of going finely dressed, says—

"Doth it not flow as hugely as the sea,  
Till that the *very very* means do ebb?"

The MS. correction is—

"Till that the *very* means of *wear* do ebb."

Mr Singer suggests, "Till that the *weaver's* very means do ebb." The two meanings are the same: people, carried away by pride, dress finely, until their means are exhausted. But Mr Singer keeps nearest to the old text.

Act III. Scene 4.—"Capable impressure" must be vindicated as the undoubted language of Shakespeare, against the MS. corrector, Mr Collier, and Mr Singer, all of whom would advocate "palpable impressure."

"Lean but on a rush,  
The cicatrice and *capable impressure*,  
Thy palm a moment keeps."

"Capable impressure" means an indentation in the palm of the hand sufficiently deep to *contain* something within it.

Act IV. Scene 1.—Both the MS. corrector and Mr Collier have totally misunderstood Rosalind, when she says, "Marry, that should you, or I should think my honesty ranker than my wit." The meaning, one would think, is sufficiently obvious.

Act V. Scene 4.—And equally obvious is the meaning of the following

line, which requires no emendation. Orlando says that he is

"As those who fear they hope, and know they fear."

That is, he is as those who fear that they are feeding on *mere* hope—hope which is not to end in fruition—and who are certain that they fear or apprehend the worst:—a painful state to be in. The marginal correction, "As those who fear to hope, and know they fear," is nonsense.

THE TAMING OF THE SHREW.—  
Induction. Scene I.—We agree with the margins in thinking that the following line requires to be amended, by the insertion of "what" or "who." In the directions given about the tricks to be played off on Sly, it is said—

"And when he says he is—say that he *dreams*."

The MS. corrector reads, properly as we think—

"And when he says *what* he is, say that he *dreams*."

Scene 2.—There is something very feasible in the corrector's gloss on the word "*sheer-ale*." For "*sheer*," he writes "Warwickshire," and have no doubt that "*sheer*" (pronounced sheer) *ale* is the true reading.

Act I. Scene 1.—One of the happiest and most undoubted emendations in Mr Collier's folio, and one which, in his preface, he wisely places in the front of his case, now comes before us—"ethics" for "checks," in these lines in which Tranio gives advice to his master Lucentio—

"Let's be no stoics, nor no stocks, I pray,  
Or so devote to Aristotle's *checks*,  
As Ovid be an outcast quite abjured."

We have no hesitation in condemning "checks" as a misprint for "ethics," which from this time henceforward we hope to see the universal reading. It is surprising that it should not have become so long ago, having been proposed by Sir W. Blackstone nearly a hundred years since, and starting every recent editor in the face from among the notes of the *variorum*. Mr Singer alone had the good taste to print it in his text of 1826.

Let us here bestow a passing com-

commendation on Mr Hunter for a very ingenious reading, or rather for what is better, a very acceptable restoration of the old text, which had been corrupted by Rowe and all subsequent editors. In the same speech, Tranio, who is advising Lucentio not to study too hard, says, according to all the common copies—

"Talk logic wi' th' acquaintance that you have."

The elder copies read—

"Balk logic, wi' th' acquaintance that you have."

This means, *cut* logic, with such a smattering of it as you already possess; or,\* as Mr Hunter explains it, "give the go-by to logic, as satisfied with the acquaintance you have already gained with it." "Balk" ought certainly to replace "talk" in all future editions, and our thanks are due to Mr Hunter for the emendation.\*

How scandalous it is to change "mould" into "mood" in the following lines, addressed by Hortensio to the terminant Kate:—

"Matez, maid! how mean you that? No mates for you:

Unless you were of gentler, milder *mould*."

Kate was not, at least so thought Hortensio, one of those,

"Quas meliore luto *finet* praeordia Titan."

*Act II. Scene 1.*—We greatly prefer Mr Singer's amendment of what follows to the MS. corrector's. The common text is this:—

"*Petruchio* (to Kate).—Women were made to bear, and so were you.

*Katherine*.—No such jade, sir, as you, if me you mean."

This being scarcely sense, the corrector says—

"No such jade to *bear* you, if me you mean."

Mr Singer says,

"No such *load* as you, sir, if me you mean."

*Act IV. Scene 2.*—"An ancient angel coming down the hill" has puzzled the commentators. The margins read "ambler." We prefer the received text—the word "angel" being probably used in its old sense

of messenger, with a spice of the ludicrous in its employment.

*Act V. Scene 1.*—Vincentio, who is on the point of being carried to jail, exclaims—

"Thus strangers may be *haled* and abused."

The MS. corrector proposes "handled;" and Mr Collier says that "haled" is a misprint, and the line "hardly a verse." It is a very good verse; and "haled" is the very, indeed the only, word proper to the place. On turning, however, to Mr Collier's appendix, we find that he says, "It may be doubted whether 'haled' is not to be taken as *hauled*; but still the true word may have been handled." This is *not* to be doubted; "haled" is *certainly* to be taken for *hauled*, and "handled" cannot have been the right word.

ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL—

*Act I. Scene 1.*—In Helena's soliloquy, near the end of the scene, the corrector, by the perverse transposition of two words, changes sense into nonsense. She says—

"The mightiest space in fortune nature  
brings  
To join like likes and kiss like native  
things."

The lady is in love with Bertram, who is greatly above her in rank and in fortune; and the meaning is, that all-powerful nature brings things (herself, for example, and Bertram) which are separated by the widest interval of *fortune*, to join as if they were "likes" or pairs, and to kiss as if they were kindred things. The MS. corrector reverses this meaning, and reads—

"The mightiest space in *nature* fortune  
brings  
To join like likes and kiss like native things."

But there was no "space" at all between Helena and Bertram in point of "nature." They were both unexceptionable human beings. They were separated only by a disparity of "fortune." Why does the MS. corrector go so assiduously out of his way for the mere purpose of blundering, and why does Mr Collier so patiently endorse his eccentricities? That is indeed marvellous.

\* See *New Illustrations of S.*, vol. i. p. 356.

## Act I. Scene 3.—Helena says—

"You know my father left me some prescriptions  
Of rare and proved effects, such was his  
reading  
And manifest experience."

Read "manifest," says the corrector; and Mr Collier adds, "we may safely admit the emendation." Retain the old reading, say we; "manifest" means sure, well-grounded, indisputable, and is much more likely to have been Shakespeare's word than "manifest."

Act III. Scene 2.—The countess, comforting Helena, who has been deserted by Bertram, says—

"I pr'ythee, lady, have a better cheer,  
If thou engrossest all the griefs are thine,  
Thou robbst me of a moiety."

"The old corrector," says Mr Collier, "tells us, and we may readily believe him, that there is a small but important error in the second line. He reads—

"If thou engrossest all the griefs as thine  
'Thou robbst me of a moiety.'"

The small but important error here referred to is committed by the old corrector himself. The countess, to give her words in plain prose, says—  
if you keep to yourself all the griefs which are thine, you rob me of my share of them. The context where the countess adds—

"He was my son,  
But I do wash his name out of my blood,  
And thou art all my child,"

seems to have misled the old corrector. He appears to have supposed that the countess had griefs of her own, occasioned by the conduct of her son Bertram, and that she protests against Helena's monopolising these together with her own. This is the only ground on which "as" can be defended. But the answer is, that although the countess may have had such griefs, she was too proud to express them. She merely expresses her desire to participate in the afflictions which are Helena's. This is one of the innumerable instances in which Shakespeare shows his fine knowledge of human nature. Whatever grief a proud mother may feel on account of a disobedient son, anger is the only sentiment which she will express towards him. The we

however, had the countess used it, would have been equivalent to an expression of grief, and not merely of indignation; and therefore we strongly advocate its rejection, and the retention in the text of the word "are."

Act IV. Scene 2.—The following is a troublesome passage. Diana says to Bertram, who is pressing his suit upon her—

"I see that men make ropes, in such a scarre,  
That we'll forsake ourselves."

This is the old reading, and it is manifestly corrupt. Rowe, the earliest of the *variorum* editors, reads—

"I see that men make hopes, in such affairs,  
That we'll forsake ourselves."

Malone gives "in such a scene" for "in such a scarre." The MS. corrector proposes "in such a suit." Mr Singer says "that it is not necessary to change the word *scarre* at all: it here signifies any surprise or alarm, and what we should now write a *scare*." We agree with Mr Singer; and, following his suggestion, we give our vote for the following correction—

"I see that men make hopes, in such a scare  
That we'll forsake ourselves."

That is, I see that men expect that we (poor women) will lose our self-possession in the flurry or agitation, into which we are thrown by the vehemence of their addresses.

Act V. Scene 1.—We willingly change the received stage direction, "enter a gentle astringer"—a most perplexing character certainly—into "enter a gentleman, a stranger," as proposed by the old corrector, who, in this case, corrects like a human being.

Act V. Scene 3.—To change the fine expression

"Natural rebellion done in the blade of youth."

into "Natural rebellion done in the blaze of youth," is to convert a poeticism into a barbarism. "The blade of youth" is the springtime of life. Besides, there is an affinity between the word "natural" and the word "blade," which proves the latter to have been Shakespeare's expression.

If "all was well that ended well," as the title of this play declares to be

the case, the MS. corrections throughout it would be impregnable; for these end with one of the very happiest conjectural emendations that ever was proposed. Bertram, explaining how Diana obtained from him the ring, says, according to the received text,

"Her *insuit coming*, and her modern grace  
Subdued me to her rate."

"Insuit coming" has baffled the world. The *marginalia* give us, "Her *infinite cunning* and her modern grace subdued me to her rate." It ought to be mentioned that this excellent emendation, which ought unquestionably to be admitted into the text, was also started some years ago by the late Mr Walker, author of the "original."

TWELFTH NIGHT, OR WHAT YOU WILL.—*Act II. Scene 1.*—The following words in italics are probably corrupt; but the MS. correction of the place is certainly a very bad piece of tinkering. Sebastian is speaking of his reputed likeness to his sister Viola—"A lady, sir, though it was said she much resembled me, was of many accounted beautiful; but though I could not, *with such estimable wonder*, overfar believe that, yet thus far I will boldly publish her," &c. The margins give us—"But though I could not *with self-estimation wander so far* to believe that." But who can believe that, Shakespeare would wander so far in his speech as to write in such a roundabout feckless fashion as this? What he really wrote it may now be hopeless to inquire.

*Act II. Scene V.*—Malvolio congratulating himself on his ideal elevation says, "And then to have the *humour* of state," which the MS. corrector changes into the poverty of "the *honour* of state," overlooking the consideration that "the *humour* of state" means the high airs, the capricious insolence, of authority, which is precisely what Malvolio is glorying that he shall by and by have it in his power to exhibit.

*Act III. Scene 4.*—We never can consent to change "venerable" into "veritable," at the bidding of the venerable corrector, in these lines—

"And to his image which methought did promise  
Most venerable worth, did I devotion."

"The word 'devotion,'" says Mr Singer, "at once determines that *venerable* was the poet's word."

*Act V. Scene 1.*—How much more Shakesperian is the line—"A contract of eternal bond of love," than the corrector's

"A contract and eternal bond of love."

The word "bond" is here used not as a legal term, but in the more poetical sense of union.

WINTER'S TALE.—*Act I. Scene 2.*—We agree with Mr Collier in his remark, that "there is no doubt we ought to amend the words of the old copies, 'What lady *she* her lord' by reading, 'What lady *should* her lord,'" as given by the MS. corrector.

In the same scene, Leontes, expatiating on the falsehood of women, says—

"But were they false  
As *o'erdy'd* blacks, as winds, as waters."

That is, as false as "blacks" that have been dyed again and again until they have become quite rotten. This seems sufficiently intelligible; but it does not satisfy our anonymous friend, who proposes "as our dead blacks;" that is, as our mourning clothes, which, says Mr Collier, being "worn at the death of persons whose loss was not at all lamented," may therefore be termed false or hypocritical. But surely *all* persons who wear mourning are not hypocrites; and therefore this new reading falls intellectually to the ground.

*Act IV. Scene 3.*—We perceive nothing worthy of adoption or animadversion till we come to the following. Florizel is making himself very agreeable to Perdita, whereupon Camillo, noticing their intimacy, remarks, as the old copies give it—

"He tells her something  
That makes her blood look out."

There is something obviously wrong here. Theobald proposed—

"He tells her something  
That makes her blood look *oul*."

Something that calls up her blushes. This is the received reading, and an excellent emendation it is. But on the whole we prefer the MS. corrector's, which, though perhaps not quite

so poetical as Theobald's, strikes us as more natural and simple when taken with the context.

"He tells her something  
Which *wakes* her blood. Look on't! Good  
sooth, she is  
The queen of curds and cream."

On second thoughts, we are not sure that this is not more poetical and dramatic than the other. At any rate, we give it our suffrage.

There is, it seems, an old word "jape," signifying a jest, which we willingly accept on the authority of the MS. corrector, in place of the unintelligible word "gap," in the speech where "some stretch-mouthed rascal" is said "to break a foul jape into the matter." The reading hitherto has been "gap." This, however, is a *hiatus* only *mediocriter deplendus*. The next is a very lamentable case.

*Act V. Scene 3.*—Here the corrector interpolates a whole line of his own, which we can by no means accept. The miserable Leontes, gazing on the supposed statue of his wife, Hermione, which is in reality her living self, says, according to the received text—

"Let be, let be,  
Would I were dead; but that methinks already --  
What was he that did make it? see, my lord,  
Would you not deem it breathed, and that  
those veins  
Did verily bear blood?"

Here the train of emotion is evidently this:—Would I were dead, but *that* methinks already (he is about to add) I am, when the life-like appearance of the statue forcibly impresses

his senses, whereupon he checks himself and exclaims, "What was *he* that did make it"—a god or a mere man, &c. The MS. corrector favours us with the following version—

"Let be, let be,  
Would I were dead, but that methinks already  
*I am but dead, stone looking upon stone:*  
What was he that did make it? see, my lord,  
Would you not deem it breathed?" &c.

The corrector is not satisfied with making Shakespeare write poorly, he frequently insists on making him write contradictorily, as in the present instance. I am stone, says Leontes, according to this version, looking upon stone, for see, my lord, the statue breathes, these veins do verily bear blood. Is not that a proof, my lord, that this statue is mere stone? Most people would have considered this a proof of the very contrary. Not so the MS. corrector, who is the father of the emendation; not so Mr Collier, who says that "we may be *thankful* that this line has been furnished, since it adds so much to the force and clearness of the speech of Leontes." Truly, we must be thankful for very small literary mercies! Mr Collier may be assured that the very thing which Leontes says most strongly, by implication, in this speech is, that he is *not* stone looking upon stone.

Our space being exhausted, we must reserve for our next Number the continuation of our survey of Shakespeare's Plays as *amended* by Mr Collier's anonymous corrector.

## THE INSURRECTION IN CHINA.

Two Frenchmen have just published, at an opportune moment, a curious book. One of them needs no introduction here. The readers who have twice encountered, in *Blackwood's* pages, the vivacious and intelligent Dr Yvan, first under canvass for Bourbon, and then roaming in the Eastern Archipelago, will gladly, we are persuaded, meet him again amongst the mandarins. This time he is not alone, but has taken to himself a coadjutor, in the person of M. Callery, once a missionary, and, since then, interpreter to the French embassy in China—to which, it will be remembered, Dr Yvan was attached as physician. M. Callery is author of a Chinese dictionary, of a system of Chinese writing, and of translations from the same language. When we add that both gentlemen, although at present in France, were long and lately resident in China, under circumstances peculiarly favourable to the acquisition of sound information respecting its state and politics, and that they have had free access to the archives of their embassy; it will hardly be doubted that they have efficiently carried out their intention of giving a lucid account of the origin and progress of the civil war now waging in that country, bringing it down to the present day. The co-operation of one well acquainted with the Chinese tongue must have been invaluable, and perhaps indispensable to Dr Yvan, who, for his part, has evidently contributed to the common stock his shrewd and observant spirit and pleasant unaffected style. The book, which was published in Paris in the second week of July, has reached us rather late for deliberate review in the August number of the Magazine, but there is still time to give some account of its contents.

"The Chinese insurrection," Dr Yvan commences, "is one of the most considerable events of the present time: politicians of all countries

watch with curiosity the march of that insurgent army which, for three years past, has moved steadily onwards with the avowed object of upsetting the Tartar dynasty." The Doctor then sketches, in a few very interesting pages, the chief events of Chinese history during the first half of the present century, with particular reference to the biography of the last emperor, deceased in 1850, and to the situation of the Chinese empire at the close of his reign.

The late emperor, who assumed, upon ascending the throne, the name of Tao-Kouang, *Brilliant Reason*, was the second son of Emperor Kia-King, a feeble and incapable monarch, whose power was virtually in the hands of an unworthy favourite, a certain Lin-King, chief of the eunuchs. In Chinese annals, incidents of this kind are, we are told, by no means rare. The chief of the eunuchs has always great influence in palace intrigues, and his degraded condition by no means constitutes, in that singular country, a bar to his ambition. That of Lin-King was boundless. He aspired to the throne. Having gained over most of the military mandarins, he marched into Peking—one day that the emperor was out hunting with his sons—a body of troops whose chiefs were entirely devoted to him, and distributed them in the neighbourhood of the palace. His plan was to kill the emperor and princes, and have himself proclaimed by the army. Towards evening Kia-King and his eldest son returned to the palace, whose gates had scarcely closed behind them when it was surrounded by troops. In his haste and agitation the chief eunuch had not noticed that the emperor's second son had not returned with his father. The conspiracy had just broken out, when that prince entered Peking. He was alone, in a hunting dress, with none of the insignia of his rank, and he rode through the streets unrecognised,

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*L'Insurrection en Chine, depuis son Origine jusqu'à la Prise de Nankin.* Par MM. CALLERY et YVAN. Avec une Carte topographique, et le Portrait du Prétendant. Paris: 1853.

noting the general tumult and confusion, whose cause he soon understood. Outside the palace he found the ambitious eunuch haranguing his partisans, and at once perceived that his father's favourite, at whose insolence he had often felt indignant, was at the head of the revolt. Mingling with the throng of horsemen, he drew near to the traitor; amidst a host of enemies, neither his coolness nor his courage failed him. Neither did his skill: he tore from his coat its round metal buttons, slipped them into his fowling-piece, took a short aim at Lin-King, and laid him dead upon the spot! Upon their leader's fall, the rebels fled, throwing away their arms, and the prince triumphantly entered the palace, whose threshold they had not yet sullied. Old Kia-King learned, at one time, his past danger and present safety.

The prince who had displayed such happy promptitude and presence of mind, ascended the throne of China in 1820. He was then forty years of age. According to the custom of the princes of his dynasty, he had married a Tartar—a big-footed woman. By her he had no children; but his concubines had borne him a numerous family. In China, law and usage recognise no difference between legitimate and illegitimate children. All have the same rights of succession.

"During the first period of his reign, Tao-Kouang selected his ministers from amongst those statesmen who, in the eyes of the people, were the faithful guardians of Chinese traditions. Every nation that traces its history to a very remote period has its conservative party. In quiet times the government lies naturally in the hands of these representatives of old national guarantees. But when it becomes indispensable to modify ancient institutions, their exclusive attachment to things of the past becomes a real danger. This political truth is as perceptible in the history of the revolution of the Empire of the Centre as in our own. Tao-Kouang's agents, Chinese to the backbone, and full of superb disdain for the barbarians, led their country into a disastrous war, because they did not understand that the moment was come for them to descend from the diplomatic eleva-

tion upon which their presumption and European forbearance had so long maintained them. At a later period, the same spirit of resistance to the necessity of the times brought on the insurrection whose history we are about to trace, so that the two most important events that Chinese annals have recorded during the last quarter of a century, the war with England and the revolt of Kouang-Si, have been determined by the same cause."

Dr Yvan then gives an outline of the dispute with England, the consequent war and ultimate treaty, upon which it is unnecessary to dwell, since the circumstances are familiar to most English readers, although in France they have been often distorted, and to many are but imperfectly known. He blames Lin, whom he describes as being then "a man of about fifty, wearing the plain red button and the peacock's feather with two eyes," for his seizure of the opium, especially because, by his zeal, activity, and by the terror he inspired, he had given life and vigour to the Chinese custom-house, and had made a great advance towards the suppression of opium smuggling. "In France," says MM. Callery and Yvan, "where ideas are not always just, it is taken as an established fact that, in the opium war, all the oppression was on the side of the English, and that right succumbed when the treaty of Nankin was signed. Nothing can be false than this. The English smuggled on the coasts of the Celestial Empire exactly as smuggling is to this day carried on by foreigners on our coasts and frontiers; but it has not yet, that we are aware, been established as a principle that government may seize foreign merchants and threaten them with death, upon the pretext that vessels with prohibited merchandise are riding at anchor off Havre or Marseilles." It is very courageous of these gentlemen thus to tell their countrymen the truth. We hope it will not injure the sale of their book; we have small expectation of its making many converts from the received opinion in France, that the part played by the English in the whole of the Chinese affair was that of wholesale poisoners, cramming

their drug down their victim's throat at bayonet's point.

When Commissioner Lin had done all the mischief he could, burying the opium with quicklime, and bringing a British squadron up Canton river, blazing at the forts, he was recalled, and Ki-chan replaced him. Ki-chan was a capable man, resolute but prudent; he saw that China had found more than her match, and at once accepted the barbarian ultimatum. The emperor refused his sanction, and inflicted upon the unlucky negotiator the most signal disgrace any high functionary had endured during his reign. Poor Ki-chan was publicly degraded, his property confiscated, his house razed, his concubines were sold, and he himself was sent, an exile, into the depths of Tartary. Those who would know more of him need but refer to MM. Huc and Gabet's curious journey to Thibet. At Lassa, those intrepid travellers knew him well. Dr Yvan and Mr Callery were intimate with another Chinese diplomatist, Ki-in, a relation of the emperor, who signed the treaty of Nankin, and whom they consider one of the two greatest statesmen that Tao-Kouang had. The other was Mou-tchang-ha, the Chinese prime minister or president of the council. "It is very probable that the Sublime Emperor, the son of Heaven, never exactly knew what passed between the English and the Chinese. He died, doubtless, in the consolatory belief that his troops were invincible, and that, if Hong-Kong had been given, as an alms, to a few miserable foreigners, it was because they had impaired the happiness of becoming his subjects." The treaty of Nankin signed, Ki-in, named governor of the two provinces of Kouang-Tong and Kouang-Si, took up his abode at Canton. By the disposition he showed to be on good terms with foreigners, and by his enlightened and progressive policy, he drew upon himself the hatred of the bigoted populace, who accused him of leaning to the barbarians and betraying his sovereign. In innumerable placards he was held up to popular odium and vengeance. "Our carnivorous mandarins," began one of these violent and incendiary hand-bills, given by

Dr Yvan, "have hitherto connived at all that those English bandits have done against order and justice, and five hundred years hence our nation will still deplore its humiliation. In the 5th moon of this year, more than twenty Chinese were killed by the strangers: their bodies were thrown into the river, and buried in the belly of the fishes; but our high authorities have treated these affairs as if they had not heard speak of them; they have considered the foreign devils as, if they were gods, have taken no more account of Chinese than if they were dog's meat, and have despised men's lives like the hairs that are shaved off the head. Thousands of persons have lamented and been indignant; grief has penetrated the marrow of their bones," &c. &c. These absurd accusations and calumnies had not, at the time, any influence on Ki-in's political destiny. The emperor recalled him to Peking, graced him with new dignities, and made him Mou-tchang-ha's colleague. These two statesmen then tried to introduce certain reforms, beginning with the army, whose bows and arrows and old matchlocks they exchanged for percussion guns—thus jumping clean over the intermediate stage of flint and steel. A curious illustration of Chinese immobility for centuries. After a year's trial, Ki-in reported the great perfection attained by artificers, officers, and soldiers, in manufacturing and making use of the new implements of war. This was towards the close of Tao-Kouang's reign. The conciliatory spirit and enlightened views of the two ministers gave promise of that practical progress which even the most conservative Europeans must admit to be needed in China. Suddenly an unexpected and important event changed the aspect of affairs.

"Upon the 26th February, 1850"—thus does Dr Yvan, after his brief preliminary retrospect, commence his second chapter—"at seven o'clock in the morning, the approaches to the imperial palace at Peking were obstructed by a compact crowd of mandarins of the inferior classes, and of servants in white garments with yellow girdles, conversing in a low voice, whilst their features wore an expres-



sion of official grief. In the midst of this throng of subordinate functionaries, stood sixteen individuals, each attended by a servant holding a saddle-horse. These sixteen persons wore the satin cap fastened under the chin and surmounted by the white button; they had a girdle of bells; a tube of a yellow colour was slung over their shoulders, and they all carried whips. A great dignitary issued from the palace, and delivered, with his own hand, to each one of these men, a despatch closed with the imperial red seal; they received it with a bow, brought each the yellow tube round upon his breast, and respectfully placed within it the official despatch. Then they mounted their horses, and the grooms fastened them to the saddle with straps that passed over the thighs. When they were thus well secured, the crowd opened a passage, and the horses set off at the top of their speed. These sixteen messengers, known as *Fuma*, flying horses, were bound to get over six hundred *li*—sixty leagues—in every twenty-four hours. They bore the following despatch to the governors-general of the sixteen provinces of the Celestial Empire:—

“In great haste, the minister of rites informs the Governor-general that, upon the 11th of the first moon, <sup>near</sup> the Supreme Emperor, mounted upon the dragon, departed for the ethereal regions. In the morning, at the hour of *mao*, his Celestial Majesty transmitted the imperial dignity to his fourth son, *Se-go-Ko*, and in the evening, at the hour of *hai*, departed for the abode of the gods.”

Directions for mourning completed the despatch. Agreeably with the constitution of the empire, the defunct sovereign had named his successor. It was his fourth son. But he had deviated from ancient custom by a verbal nomination. The legacy of supreme power was usually transmitted, long beforehand, by a solemn act, deposited in a golden coffer, opened with great ceremony upon the emperor's death. Even in China, however, this last will and testament has not always been respected, and of this Dr Yvan digresses to give an example, which he considers as fully illustrative of Chinese manners and

civilisation. The tale he tells abounds in what Europeans would laugh at as burlesque inventions, but which are doubtless very possible occurrences amongst the Celestials. We shall give its pith in a few lines. Tsin-cho-houang, the second emperor of the Tsin dynasty, was already old and infirm when he sent his son and heir, Fou-sou, to superintend the building of the great wall, at which three hundred thousand men were working. They did less to lengthen it, Dr Yvan insinuates, than modern travellers have done. Whilst Fou-sou went north, accompanied by the renowned Mong-tien, the greatest general of his time, the emperor made a pilgrimage southwards to the tombs of his ancestors. When far upon his road, he felt death approaching, and wrote to his eldest son to hasten back to the capital. Teha-Kao, the chief of the eunuchs, having to seal and forward the missive, audaciously substituted for it a forged command from Tsin-cho-houang to the prince and general to put themselves to death, as a punishment for their offences. Next day the emperor died, and the infamous Teha-Kao prevailed upon his second son, Hou-hai, to seize the crown. To carry out this usurpation, it was necessary to conceal for a while the emperor's death, lest the authorities and young princes at the capital should proclaim the successor he had appointed. So the body, sumptuously attired, and in the same attitude as when alive, was placed in a litter, surrounded by a lattice, and by thick silk curtains, and which none approached but those who were in the plot. The eunuch had proclamation made that the emperor, in haste to return, would travel day and night without quitting his litter. At meal-times a short halt was made, and food was handed into the litter and eaten by a man concealed in it. Unluckily, the weather was very hot, and the smell of the dead body soon became intolerable. This would have revealed the terrible truth, had not the ingenious eunuch hit upon a device. He sent forward an ante-dated decree by which the emperor permitted oyster-carts to follow the same road as himself. This had previously been severely prohibited, on account of the intolerable

stench emitted by the oysters—an enormous species known to naturalists as spondyls, of which, then as now, the Chinese made enormous consumption. The fishmongers profited by the boon; hundreds of thousands of the full-flavoured testaceans soon preceded and followed the imperial convey; the decomposing corpse reached the capital under cover of their alkaline emanations, and was received with gongs and acclamations. Meanwhile, the forged mandate of self-destruction was received by Fou-sou and Mong-tien. The old officer thought it bad policy to order a general in command of three hundred thousand men to commit suicide, and treated the mission as apocryphal. But Fou-sou, considering only his duty as a son and subject, stabbed himself forthwith.

The accession of the present emperor was unattended by any such untoward circumstances, notwithstanding the irregularity of his nomination, to which the formal Chinese attach much importance. He ascended the throne without opposition, quitted, according to custom, the name he had till then borne, and assumed that of Hien-foung, which signifies *Complete Abundance*. His accession was hailed with joy by both the political parties into which China is divided, and which the authors of this volume designate as exclusionists and progressive conservatives. The former expected to find in him a staunch supporter of their principles. If they did not anticipate the rebuilding of the crumbling wall of China, they doubtless hoped that he would so fortify Canton river as to prevent the *fire-boats* of the barbarians from ascending it to the capital of the two Kouangs. The progressive party, upon the other hand, thought that the son of Tao-Kouang, and the pupil of Ki-in, would maintain peace with the foreigner, regulate the opium trade—as the English have done in India, and the Dutch in Malaya—and would introduce into the Chinese fleets, armies, and administrations, those reforms which lapse of time had rendered necessary. MM. Yvan and Callery declare, that when they learned the emperor's death they at once anticipated important events. It was to be feared that the new sovereign, a youth of nineteen, would sympathise with the

sentiments and wishes of those of his own age. And in China, where everything seems diametrically opposed to what we observe in other countries, the young men of education and the ignorant populace compose the high conservative party. These two classes profess the same hatred of foreigners, the same instinctive repugnance for foreign institutions. "They are reactionary by nature, and by their attachment to national customs. It is the men of maturer age who, formed at the school of experience, appreciate the arts and institutions of Christian nations. When we were in China, Ki-in, before he had undergone any disgrace, frequently praised the governments of England, the United States, and France; and, at the same moment, Ki-chan, unjustly precipitated from the summit of greatness, expressed the same thoughts to MM. Huc and Gabet, in the holy city of Thibet."

For some time the new emperor disappointed all parties. Surrounded by flatterers, eunuchs, and concubines, he remained inactive in his immense palace, which equals in size one of the large European fortified towns. He went not beyond the limits of those gardens whose walks are strewn with sparkling quartz, and seemed absorbed by voluptuous enjoyments. Politicians were wondering at this long inaction, when one day the thunder-cloud burst. The absolute monarch displayed his power; the reactionary party triumphed. The *Pekin Monitor* published the dismissal of Mon-tchang-ha and Ki-in, overwhelming them with abuse, and declaring them degraded to inferior ranks. The document was dated in the 30th year of the reign of Tao-Kouang—the year of an emperor's death being always reckoned by Chinese chronologists as belonging entire to his reign. The successors of the disgraced ministers were selected from amongst the bitterest enemies of Europeans, and their chief efforts were directed to neutralise the effect which the contact of the barbarians might have produced upon certain of their countrymen. This departure from the policy of Tao-Kouang, who had placed entire confidence in Ki-in, and had loaded him with marks of esteem, brought ill-luck to the new emperor. Very soon after the victory of the

reactionary party, the first news came of the revolt of Kouang-Si.

There had been precursory symptoms of this insurrection. It had been currently reported amongst the people that prophecies had fixed the re-establishment of the Ming dynasty to take place in the forty-eighth year of that cycle, which year corresponded with A.D. 1851. It was further said that a sage, who lived under the last emperor of that race, had saved his standard, and had foretold that he who displayed it in the midst of his army should mount the throne. At the beginning of the insurrection it was affirmed that the rebels marched beneath this miraculous banner, and this was implicitly believed by the people. "The vulgar are incredulous of the extinction of old royal races; it is never certain that their last representative is in his tomb: there are people in Portugal who still look for the return of Don Sebastian, killed, three centuries ago, at the battle of Alcazar-Quivir." An uneasy feeling soon spread far and wide, with rumours of the defection of mandarins. The legitimacy of the Tartar dynasty, and the necessity of substituting for it a national one, were publicly discussed. Here Dr Yvan translates an extract from an English paper, in which great importance is attached to the insurrection, and to the cry for reform which on all sides was heard. This was in August 1850. He then paints the portraits of the emperor Tièn-foung, and of the pretender Tièn-tè. The former is twenty-two, the latter twenty-three years of age. Without entering into a minute description of the physical and mental qualities of the two personages, some of which will incidentally manifest themselves as we proceed, we extract a few leading traits of Tièn-tè, whose portrait forms the frontispiece to the volume we are examining. "Study and vigils have prematurely aged him. He is grave and melancholy, and very reserved, communicating with those around him only to give them orders. His complexion is that of the southern Chinese—a saffron tint. His impassible gaze seems to probe the depths of the human soul. He commands rather by suggestion than by direct dictation. In a word" (and this re-

minds us of Dr Yvan's own sovereign), "he has the silent reserve of a man who has reflected a great deal before communicating his projects to any one."

The Doctor then gives a Chinaman's description of the pretender's entrance into one of the numerous towns taken by his troops. "The new emperor and his retinue reminded me of the scenes represented at our theatres, in which we are shown the heroes of ancient days, those who lived before we came under the Tartar yoke. The persons who surrounded Tièn-tè had cut off their tails, let the whole of their hair grow, and, instead of the *chang* buttoned at the side, they wore tunics open in front. None of the officers wore upon their right thumb the *pan-tche*, that archer's ring which our mandarin's so ostentatiously display. The emperor was in a magnificent palanquin, with yellow satin curtains, carried by sixteen officers. After Tièn-tè's palanquin came that of his preceptor, borne upon the shoulders of eight coolies; then came his thirty wives, in gilt and painted chairs. A multitude of servants and soldiers followed in fine order." There is a most important point to be noted in this description—the cutting off of the tail. It is, perhaps, hardly necessary to repeat that the strange style of head-dress with which porcelain and rice-paper pictures have familiarised Europeans, is of Tartar origin, and, in the case of the Chinese, a mark of subjugation. It was thus that the victors marked the vanquished—compelling them to shave their heads, with the exception of a spot upon the inciput, the hair upon which was suffered to grow into a long tail. As a sign that they had thrown off the foreign yoke, Tièn-tè's followers cut off their tails. This bold act—a treasonable offence in China—was equivalent to throwing away the scabbard, and caused a great and painful sensation at the court of Peking. As a sort of counterpoise to it, the celestial *Moniteur*, the Imperial Gazette, was made to publish a supposititious act of submission on the part of the rebels, in which they were made to prostrate themselves, declare their fidelity, and submit to stripes and bondage.

The person designated by the Chinaman, in the account of the procession, as Tièn-tè's preceptor, is his intimate friend and privy-councillor—his only one—a very mysterious individual—whether his father, his tutor, or merely a friend, none know—who accompanies him everywhere. But we are getting ahead of our subject, and must glance at the commencement of the insurrection, previously to the appearance of Tièn-tè upon the stage.

The province of Kouang-Si, where the rebellion began, and which is larger than the entire dominions of many European sovereigns, is situated in the south-western portion of the empire, is administered by a governor-general, and forms part of the viceroyalty of the two Konangs. Its mountains are one of the curiosities of the Celestial Empire; but, since the Jesuits of Pekin, no foreigner has been suffered freely to explore them. "According to native travellers, these masses have the form of various animals, unmistakably representing a cock, an elephant, &c.; and there are rocks in which are found encrusted fantastical animals, petrified in the most singular attitudes. We have carefully examined drawings of these figures, which reminded us of the species resuscitated by Juvier, and we have convinced ourselves that the petrified animals are merely red stains, produced by oxide of iron, and acutely defined upon the black surface of the rock. The general aspect of Kouang-Si is singularly picturesque. That vast district offers points of view which Chinese artists have frequently painted. To European eyes their collections of landscapes have a strange character. Those inaccessible mountains that seem shaped by the caprice of human imagination, those rocks representing gigantic animals, those rivers precipitating themselves into gulfs, over which are thrown impassable bridges, suggest an idea of fairy-land." A glance at the map of Kouang-Si suffices to prove the intelligence and judgment of the insurgent chiefs who chose that province for the commencement of their operations. Unproductive, by reason of its mountainous character, the misery of the inhabitants was a powerful auxiliary

to the rebels. They found at once recruits for their army, and natural fortresses for their defence. The emperor needed a far larger army, and much more efficient means of attack than he possessed, to drive the insurgents from their fastnesses. If defeated in the plain, they had always the resource of mountain warfare. Dr Yvan compares the people of Kouang-Si to the guerillas who in Spain so severely harassed the French armies. Like them, he says, they are sober, intrepid, little sensible of fatigue, and animated by a spirit of independence. After centuries of occupation, the Tartars had not yet subdued the remotest districts of those mountains.

The chief vegetable products of Kouang-Si are cinnamon and aniseed. Its mountainous conformation, and the drawings of the Chinese artists, leave little doubt that it abounds in metallic deposits. Hence a seeming miracle, which took powerful hold on the imagination of the vulgar. Dr Yvan tells the tale thus:—

"At the beginning of the insurrection, the chiefs determined to mark the date of their enterprise by the erection of a religious monument. For its foundation, labourers dug in decomposed rocks, which yielded readily to the pickaxe. They had attained the depth of but a few feet, when they came upon lumps similar in form and appearance to the stones in the bed of a river. These lumps were observed to be very heavy, and were carefully examined. They proved to be silver-lead of great richness. It was from this providential bank, it is said, that the pretender paid his first soldiers. Whatever the authenticity of the tale, it is worth noting by the collectors of legends, whose writings will one day divert the leisure of the mandarins. . . . As if to confirm this metallurgic miracle, there have recently been discovered in Norway silver deposits precisely similar to those of Kouang-Si."

It was in August 1850 that the Pekin papers for the first time spake of the insurgents, whom they designated as robbers; but robbers would hardly have established themselves in one of the poorest districts of the empire, remote from large towns and



possession of two large towns, in one of which three mandarins of high rank were killed fighting against them. Siu, governor-general of the two Kouangs, took alarm; and upon learning that the rebels were coming this way, solicited the honour of making a pilgrimage to the tomb of the defunct emperor. This request was refused; and the troops he sent against the enemy were beaten and exterminated. The antiquated tactics of the insurgents—which would hardly have much success against any but a Chinese army—consisted in feigning a flight, and drawing their opponents into an ambuscade. This succeeded several times running—not being, we must suppose, guarded against in the Chinese twenty-four-volume treatise on the art of war. Emboldened by their repeated victories, the rebels crossed the frontier of Kouang-Si, and entered Kouang-Toung, where they soon met with and massacred, to the very last man, a detachment of imperial troops.

Two political acts of great importance were now simultaneously accomplished at Peking and in the insurgent camp. In the former place, the emperor sent for Lin, the opium-burner, and bade him go and put down the rebellion. Notwithstanding his great age, the austere mandarin promptly obeyed. As if by way of retort, the insurgents issued a proclamation, declaring that the Manchous, who for two centuries had hereditarily occupied the throne of China, had no right to it beyond that of the strongest; that that right was common to all—and that they had an equally good one to levy contributions on the towns they conquered. The Manchous, they said, were foreigners, who had conquered the country by aid of a veteran army; their right of government consisted in possessing. This proclamation conveyed the leading idea of the rebels, which had previously been merely rumoured. They declared legitimacy to mean possession; and at the same time intimated their intention of expelling the Manchous, and transferring to Chinese hands the management of the public revenues. This publication was the last act of the rebels in 1850. It coincided with

the death of Lin, which occurred in November of that year. The old commissioner was in his seventieth year, and sank under the fatigue and anxiety of his new command.

The Chinese year begins in February. Its commencement is a sort of commercial and financial crisis, when everybody pays and calls in his debts. In January it was reported and believed, in Canton, that the insurrection of Kouang-Si was entirely suppressed, and that the celestial tigers had gained imperishable laurels. In consequence of this good news, business resumed its usual course, confidence returned, and the Chinese "settling day" passed without disaster. It was a mere trick of the cunning mandarins of Kouang-Toung, who, in the interest of the commercial community, had fabricated the bulletins. The public satisfaction and tranquillity were soon dispelled by intelligence of the cutting off of tails already mentioned, and which admitted of no other interpretation than "War to the Knife!"

Li succeeded Lin as imperial commissioner in Kouang-Si. The pusillanimous Siu was reduced four degrees of rank, which is something like reducing a field-officer to an ensigncy, but was still left governor of the two Kouangs. A very bad system was pursued by the agents of the Chinese government—exemplified by the following incidents. In March 1851, the little town of Lo-Ngan was taken by the insurgents, who levied a contribution, seized the contractor of the *Mont de Piété*, or pawning establishment, and fixed his ransom at 1000 taels (about £320). He paid, and was released. Next day the imperial troops drove out the rebels, levied another contribution, and squeezed 3000 taels from the contractor! This man, who was influential in the place, and indignant at suffering spoliation from those who should have protected him, harangued the people in the public square. *Tartars* spoke after him, and at last the excited mob cut off their tails, swore that the reign of the Tartars was at an end, and sent for the insurgents, who came in the night and massacred the garrison. Other things concurred to induce disaffection among the population to the reigning dynasty.

Li took for his second in command a ferocious mandarin, who, when governor of the province of Hou-Nan, where the use of opium was very prevalent, had adopted the barbarous practice of cutting off the under lip of the smokers. Dr Yvan was in China at the time, and saw several poor wretches who had been thus mutilated, and whose aspect was horrible, the operation, performed by clumsy executioners, leaving hideous jagged wounds, "very different," the doctor feelingly and professionally remarks, "from the elegant scars so artfully and happily produced by Parisian bistourys." The nomination of the cruel Tchang (in his case, as in some others, we spare the reader the labour of reading his second and third names, which, although connected by hyphens, are not, as we perceive from Dr Yvan's practice, inseparable from the first) was significant. At the same period, and in one day, thirty-six persons, accused of conspiring against the safety of the state, were put to death at Canton. Dr Yvan doubts whether their crimes were really political. In China they deal in what he calls prophylactic justice. The thirty-six executions were perhaps a preventive measure, and the victims common malefactors, elevated to the rank of rebels and traitors. "They may, however, have been members of secret societies, which are very numerous in China, and in those countries whither Chinese immigrate. At Singapore, Penang, Batavia, Manilla, we have known numerous adepts of the secret societies of the Empire of the Centre—a species of free-masonry, whose ascertained object is the dethronement of the Manchous.

"In 1845, we lived for several days with a merchant of Chan-Toung, who clandestinely introduces arms into China. He took us to a house in one of the dirtiest and least reputable quarters of the town, and we ascended into a sort of garret. In that country garrets are on the first floor. His object was to obtain our estimate of arms which some Americans had sold him. They were enormous swords in steel scabbards. The heavy blades were clumsily forged; but cheap they certainly were, having been delivered in China at the price of ten francs a-piece. On our entrance the Chinese

unsheathed one of these large blades, and uttered loud exclamations, gesticulating the while after the fashion of the Chinese heroes one sees painted upon fans. We asked him if it was for the equipment of the invincible tigers he purchased these arms. At the question he smiled significantly, and showed us, by an expressive gesture, the use intended to be made of them against the imperial troops. Perhaps at this moment the gigantic weapons are in the rebels' hands."

Neither the appointment of the terrible Tchang, the executions at Canton, nor the mendacious reports, perseveringly circulated, of imperial triumphs, checked the rebels. On the contrary, they replied to all this violence and boasting by the proclamation of an emperor of their own, whom they called Tien-tè, which means *Celestial Virtue*! He was invested with the imperial yellow robe, and, contrary to Tartar usage, which forbids the reproduction of the sovereign's features by his subjects, his portrait was circulated by thousands of copies. From one of those prints MM. Gallery and Yvan have taken the frontispiece of their volume. The head-dress and costume are those of the days of the Mings, from whom the pretender's partisans declare him descended.

The proclamation of Tien-tè may be said to close the first period of the insurrection. Dr Yvan points admiringly to the patient policy of its chiefs. For a whole year Tien-tè was kept in the background, his partisans contenting themselves with spreading a report that there existed a descendant of the Mings. Then they proclaimed, but did not show him to the people. He returned to a sort of mysterious obscurity, and showed himself but at long intervals, to his enthusiastic adherents. The rebellion now took the character of a civil war. The Emperor Hien-foung, although deficient in political judgment, and in that tact and penetration which enable a sovereign to make the best choice of agents, displayed a good deal of energy; but this was too apt to degenerate into violence. He was certainly not well served. Sin, still governor of the Kouangs, was unequal to the difficulties that every day augmented. The

inhabitants of two districts refused to pay taxes; the emperor ordered their punishment; Siu sent a mandarin to bring the ringleaders before him; the whole population rose, and pulled the officer out of his palanquin, which they broke to pieces, its occupant barely escaping with life. About the same time Tiên-tè set a price of ten thousand dollars on Siu's head. The placard containing the announcement was affixed to the north gate of Canton, just as Siu was about to quit that city at the head of three thousand men, to join other forces directed against Kouang-Si. The viceroy was furious; and as his palanquin passed through Canton's street, preceded by two gongs, and by a banner on which was inscribed, "Get out of the way and be silent; here is the imperial commissioner," he glanced savagely right and left, as if seeking some one on whom to wreak his vengeance. "Presently he slapped his hand down upon the edge of his chair, and bade the bearers stop. It was just opposite the house of one of those poor artists who paint familiar genii and large family-pictures. The painter had hung up some of his most remarkable works outside his house; but strange to relate! in the midst of smiling deities, irritated genii, footless women flying along like birds in silken vestments, there was displayed a decapitated mandarin. The rank of the personage was unmistakably indicated by the insignia painted on his breast. The corpse was in a kneeling position, and the head, separated from the trunk, was placed beside a beaver-hat bearing the plain button." The unfortunate artist was called out of his shop, and kneeled trembling in the dust before Siu's palanquin. In vain he protested that the picture was painted to order, and hung out to dry: he was sent to the town-prison to receive twenty blows of a bamboo for placing such ill-omened horrors upon the viceroy's passage, and Siu went upon his way, gloomily impressed by the double presage of the placard and the picture. Besides his three thousand men, he had with him a host of mandarins, attendants, executioners, musicians, standard-bearers, and women, and a large sum of money, which he added to, upon the march, as often as he

could. The women and the treasure were carried on men's shoulders, in palanquins and chests. Dr Yvan relates the following curious incident as having occurred upon this march:—

"They one evening reached a deep and rapid water-course, which had to be crossed over a bamboo bridge. When a part of the escort had reached the farther bank, Siu stopped his palanquin, and ordered the coolies who carried the treasure-chest to cross slowly and cautiously. They obeyed; but just as they reached the centre of the elastic bridge, a sudden shock threw them and their load into the water. There was a moment of extreme confusion. The chest had sunk, the unfortunate coolies were struggling against the stream, and uttering lamentable cries, whilst Siu, furious, was breaking his fan for rage. Luckily the coolies swam like fish, and easily reached the shore. The viceroy was sorely tempted to bastinado them upon the spot; but he reserved that pleasure for another day, and ordered the poor wretches, who stood panting and terrified before him, instantly to fish up the precious chest, threatening them with a terrible chastisement if they did not find it. They stripped off their clothes and courageously entered the water; skilful divers, they explored the river's bed, and, after many efforts, succeeded in getting the heavy chest ashore. It was wet and muddy, but otherwise uninjured. Siu had it placed upon the shoulders of two fresh coolies, and the march was resumed. A few days later, on reaching Chao-King, his first care was to have the chest opened in his presence; but instead of his golden ingots, he found only pebbles and pieces of lead carefully wrapped in silk paper. The coolies were audacious robbers, who had skilfully planned the exchange. The viceroy set all his police on foot, but in vain; the thieves had doubtless taken refuge in the insurgent country, where they and their booty were safe."

A Chinese gentleman, well-dressed, comely, and of intelligent aspect, has lately attracted considerable attention in Paris, in whose streets and public places he has been frequently seen. He is a friend and companion of M. Gallery, and to him is owing the fac-



simile of a Chinese map included in the volume under notice. It represents those provinces which the insurgents have already traversed, from the mountains of Kouang-Si to the city of Nankin, the ancient capital of the Mings. A stream of red spots, running across its centre, and in some places spreading out wide, indicates the towns occupied by the rebels. The map is copied from one of the numerous charts published in China in 1851, towards the end of which year the victories of T'ien-t'è's troops were so numerous, and their progress so prodigious, that even the lying *Peking Gazette* ceased to record imaginary imperial triumphs. It must not be supposed, however, that, in the case of the captured towns, occupation invariably implied retention. The chiefs of the insurgents heeded not the strategical importance of particular places. With the exception of a few fortresses, into which the pretender occasionally retired, they abandoned successively all the towns they took, after raising contributions to pay their troops. "Their tactics," says Dr Yvan, "are those of the barbarian chiefs who led the great invasions of which history has transmitted us the account. The insurgents go straight before them, seizing, each day, some new point, which they next day abandon. Their intention is evidently to cut their way to the capital. In a country where the centralising system prevails so completely as in China, the Manchous reign as long as Peking is in their power; but upon the day on which the descendant of the Mings enters the imperial city, the provinces he has marched through and left unconquered will acknowledge his right, and submit themselves to his authority." In several chapters of Dr Yvan's book we find amusing examples of the military tactics of these strange barbarians who deem all others such. Thirteen thousand imperialists advanced against the rebels near the town of Ping-Nan-Hien. The rebels defended themselves feebly, and retreated from one position to another. When this had lasted several hours, and the weary pursuers were about to desist, they suddenly found themselves in an ambushade, entangled in a bamboo jungle, and attacked in front and flank

by a strong body of rebels, with more than sixty pieces of artillery. When General Ou-lan-tai got back to his camp, it was with half his army; the remainder had either been killed, or had deserted to the enemy. Sin, the valiant viceroy, safe behind the thick walls of a fortress, swore by his meagre mustaches that he would revenge this rout. "To that end, he borrowed from the ancient history of the kingdom of Tsi a stratagem which reminds one of the Trojan horse, and of Samson's foxes. He got together four thousand buffalos, to whose long horns he had torches fastened; the drove was then given in charge to four thousand soldiers; and the expedition, prepared in the most profound secrecy, set out one night for the rebel camp. It was anticipated that each buffalo, thus transformed into a *fiery chariot*, would commit terrible ravages, kill all the men it could get at, and set fire to the camp. At first the horned battalions met with no obstacles; the insurgents, duly advertised of this splendid stratagem, suffered them quietly to advance. But before the imperialists reached the camp, the enemy, who observed all their movements by favour of the splendid illumination, fell upon them unexpectedly, as they had so often done before, and the same scenes of carnage were renewed. This manoeuvre of Sin's cost the lives of more than two thousand men, and gives an idea of Chinese proficiency in the art of war. Had our sole knowledge of the affair been derived from the Anglo-Chinese press, we should have hesitated to reproduce it here; but we have had opportunity of collating the account given by *The Friend of China*, with authentic Chinese documents, and they entirely agree in their narrative of this incredible occurrence. In the eyes of the Tartar warriors, and of the Chinese themselves, this comical invention of Sin's passes for a highly ingenious strategical combination."

Whilst such were the disasters of his armies, and the progress of his foes, what was the occupation of his Imperial Majesty, the Son of Heaven, Hien-fong? Surrounded by favourites and courtiers, he composed a poem, whose subject was the heroic

exploits of his Tartar general, Oulan-tai—the said exploits existing but in the general's own bulletins! According to MM. Yvan and Callery, who have read a portion of the emperor's epic, it is an inflated performance, indebted in every line to reminiscences of the classic authors of the Celestial Empire—the Chinese Homers, the Ariostos of Peking; so that the braggart general appropriately found a plagiarist bard. Meanwhile Siu, who had more confidence in golden than in leaden ammunition as a means of victory, offered ninety thousand taels (nearly £30,000) for the heads of Tien-tè, his father, and his mysterious privy-councillor—that being, for each head, just thrice the sum at which the insurgents had estimated him. But no heads were brought in, and the viceroy, weary and despairing, implored permission to return to Canton. To obtain such permission, he invented an ingenious story, which the official Peking paper was so unkind as to publish. He represented to his master that the subjects of Donna Maria da Gloria, queen of Portugal, were preparing for an expedition against the Celestial Empire. He converted the peaceable Macaists into a band of pirates ready to aid the insurgents, and to appropriate to themselves the provinces of Kouang-Toung and Fo-Kien! With an emperor, a general, and a viceroy, such as these characteristic traits exhibit, Dr Yvan is surely justified in anticipating the early dissolution of the Chinese Empire. Under such chiefs, it is not surprising when armies exhibit neither discipline nor courage. In the autumn of 1851, the insurgents, having taken three towns, respected the lives and property of the inhabitants. By a proclamation, Tien-tè exhorted the latter to remain quietly where they were, but permitted those who would not recognise his authority to quit the place, taking with them all they could of their goods and chattels. A considerable number profited by this permission, and departed, laden with the most valuable portion of their property. They fell in with a body of imperialist troops, who stripped them of everything, and killed those who resisted. The unfortunate victims of civil war reproached their

spoilers with their cowardice. "Before the rebels," they said, "you are mice; it is only with us that you are tigers!"

From an early period of the rebellion, the mandarins endeavoured to discredit its banner and partisans by the propagation of lying inventions, some of which had the double aim of exciting the Buddhist population against the insurgents, and of rendering the Christians more and more odious to the young emperor. Thus they asserted that the pretender really was a descendant of the Mings, but that he was a Catholic, and that, wherever he went, he upset pagodas and destroyed idols. Others affirmed that he was of the sect of Chang-ti—that is to say, a Protestant. Whilst noticing these statements, Dr Yvan contents himself with remarking that the name of Tien-tè, chosen by the pretender, is purely pagan. Another manœuvre of the mandarins was to announce that the insurgents had declared their intention, as soon as they should have attained to supreme authority, of driving the Europeans from the five ports. Thus they thought to set the Europeans against the insurrection. But this flimsy fabrication was easily seen through. Attempts were also made to cast ridicule on the insurgents, by the circulation of pamphlets filled with incredible anecdotes.

"One of these satirical productions relates that Tien-tè, having perished in an accidental conflagration of his camp, his wife had had his brother assassinated, and had seized the reins of government. But, in China, petticoat government is inadmissible, and people never speak but with honor of the Empress Ou-heon, that Elizabeth of the East, who possessed herself of the imperial power, and exercised it for more than twenty years. In this respect, Chinese prejudices are so invincible that the name of Ou-heon has been effaced from the list of the sovereigns of the Celestial Empire. For the Chinese, that shameful reign never took place. The idea of sovereign power in a woman's hands fills them with indignation; yet they know that a woman reigns over that western people which conquered them, and that the English nation was never greater or more glorious than under

the rule of Her Most Gracious Majesty, Queen Victoria."

The existence of a Christian element or influence in the ranks and councils of the insurgents, which the mandarins put forward, probably without any better grounds than their own malicious intent, is traced, at a later period, by MM. Callery and Yvan, in a proclamation issued after several triumphs won, at short intervals, by the armies of Tièn-tò. In a previous proclamation, the pretender had referred, somewhat obscurely, to the idea of a federal empire, to be composed of several kingdoms dependent on one chief. This idea was more clearly developed in the manifesto affixed to the walls of the captured town of Young-Gan-Tcheou, and signed, not by Tièn-tò, although he was then present, but by Tièn-kio, one of the future feudatory kings, who dated it from the first year of his reign. It announced, in plain terms, the plans of the insurgents. They would combine their forces, march on Peking, and then divide the empire. The whole plan, Dr Yvan, who highly lauds it, believes to have been conceived and elaborated by the secret societies. "Since the overthrow of the Mings, and the accession of the Mantchous," he says, "those clandestine associations, the intellectual laboratory of declining countries, have been constantly active. The most celebrated of them, the Society of the Three Principles, or of the Triad, is powerfully organised. In every part of China, and in all the countries where Chinese reside, are found members of this association; and the children of the Empire of the Centre might say, almost without exaggeration, that when three of them are assembled together, the Triad is amongst them."

But if the substance of Tièn-kio's proclamation is politically important, to its form Dr Yvan assigns immense significance. He recognises in it a new and regenerative element—that of Christianity. "Its authors speak of *decrees of Heaven*. They have *prostrated themselves before the Supreme Being*, after having learned to *adore God*. They have *striven to save the people from calamities*. This is a style unknown to the idolatrous Chinese,

and foreign to Catholic language: to Protestantism is due the honour of having introduced it into China; and it appears that there really is, amongst the insurgents, an indigenous Protestant, holding a very high rank, and exercising very great authority. This Protestant is, it is stated, a disciple of Gutzlaff, the last secretary interpreter of the government of Hong-Kong." Having mentioned Gutzlaff's name, MM. Callery and Yvan—one, if not both, of whom appears to have known him—give some curious particulars concerning him. They speak of him as an intelligent man, having extraordinary facility in learning languages, and of his books as narratives in which a little truth is mingled with very agreeable falsehoods. Born in Pomerania, there was nothing German in his aspect; his features were Mongul, and in his Chinese costume he could not be distinguished from a Chinese.

"One night, during our residence in China, we were conversing about him with the mandarin Pan-se-tchen, who was a great friend of his, and one of us expressed his surprise at finding, in a European, the characteristic signs of the Chinese race.

"'Nothing is more natural,' the mandarin, quietly replied; 'Gutzlaff's father was a Fokienese settled in Germany.'

"This fact appeared to us so extraordinary that we should hesitate to mention it here, if Pan had not affirmed that he had it from M. Gutzlaff himself."

We do not here trace the progress of the Insurrection in China, the leading events of whose earlier stages have, to a certain extent, been made known to Europeans by the public press; whilst the details of its later period, and especially those of the siege and capture of Nankin, had not come to the knowledge of MM. Callery and Yvan up to the very recent date at which their volume went to press. We have preferred to cull from this curious and uncommon book, traits and incidents which, although they may not be of paramount importance in a political or military sense, exhibit, as clearly as could do the most circumstantial narrative of the war, the character of people and

parties, and the probable eventualities of the struggle. There exists, it appears, amongst the Chinese—at least in certain provinces—so strong a tendency to assist the insurrection, that the viceroy of the two Kouangs published a decree forbidding the young men of the towns to form themselves into volunteer corps. In this cunningly-drawn-up document he thanked them for their zeal, and assured them that the imperial troops amply sufficed to put down the rebellion. The fact was, experience had taught him, that, as soon as the volunteers were put under the command of a military mandarin, and taken into the field, they deserted to the enemy. Their aid would have been welcome, could it have been relied upon; for, at the very time the decree was issued, the imperialists were enduring daily defeats, whilst the insurgents, who everywhere appropriated public money, but respected private property, daily acquired fresh partisans.

In the month of September 1852, Tièn-tè, with all his court, and with his body-guard, which never quits him, took up his quarters at a town within a few leagues of the wily and prudent Viceroy Sin. This personage is the most amusing of all the strange characters we meet with in Dr Yvan's pages. Crafty, cowardly, and particularly careful of his person, he is a type of the Chinese, as Europeans understand that nation; of which, however, Dr Yvan leads us to believe that we have but an imperfect notion. A short time before he found himself in the perilous proximity of the insurgent leader, Sin had been at his old tricks, trying to impose upon his countrymen. Having caught a petty chief of the rebels, he ticketed him Tièn-tè, and sent him to Peking in an iron cage. The official gazette published the capital sentence pronounced upon him, which, according to Chinese custom, was preceded by the criminal's confession. This was a long document, drawn up, doubtless, by some Peking man of letters, in which the spurious Tièn-tè acknowledged his delinquencies, and attributed the insurrection especially to a secret society founded by Gutzlaff, the Chang-Ti, or Protestant. Here was evident the perfidious intention of the exclu-

sionist party to bring the Christians into discredit. The execution of the sham Tièn-tè was still the leading topic of discussion at Peking, when news came that the real pretender was still alive and active in the mountains of Kouang-Si, whence he exercised his occult influence, and observed the progress of the revolt. When his pretended captor, Sin, found himself in his immediate vicinity, he made no attempt to capture him in reality; and soon afterwards (in January of the present year) that officer fell into disgrace with his sovereign, owing to the disasters that occurred under his government. He was deprived of his vice-royalty, and of his peacock's feather with two eyes. Shortly after the appearance of this decree in the *Pekin Gazette*, a melancholy report was circulated at Canton; Sin, it was affirmed, driven to despair by his disgrace, had poisoned himself. When the circumstances of the act came to be known, the minds of his anxious friends were considerably relieved. He had poisoned himself with gold-leaf.

"The science of toxicology is about on a par, in China, with the military knowledge of the generals of the imperial army. When a great personage wishes to put himself to death, he takes an ounce of gold leaf, rolls it into a ball, and swallows the valuable pill. According to the physiologists of the Celestial Empire, these balls, once in the stomach, unroll themselves, and adhere to the whole interior of the organ, like paper on a wall. The stomach, thus gilt, ceases to act, and the unhappy mandarin dies suffocated, after a few hours' somnolency—a mode of suicide which we recommend to despairing sybarites."

The year 1852 closed as disastrously as it had begun. Throughout its whole course, the imperialists—or, to speak more correctly, the troops of the Tartar dynasty, since there are now two emperors in the field—had been invariably worsted, and the insurrection had spread far and wide. Stringent measures were adopted by Hien-foung; his generals were warned that defeat would be promptly followed by their degradation, and even by the loss of their heads: Victory or Death was the motto they literally and com-

pulsorily assumed. Another evil was soon added to the many that assailed the young emperor. The imperial finances were exhausted; the Celestial Chancellor of the Exchequer declared his penury, and denounced the mandarins who nominally commanded in the insurgent provinces. They would render no account of their stewardship; not a copper was to be got from them—that was hardly to be expected—but they sent in fabulous “states” of the troops under their command, and demanded enormous sums wherewith to carry on the war. In this emergency, the means proposed, and those resorted to, to raise the wind, transcend belief. No desperate prodigal, reckless of reputation, ever adopted more shameless expedients to replenish his purse. A mandarin proposed an opium monopoly. A similar proposal, under the reign of Tao-Kouang, cost a minister his place, and was near costing him his life. Times are changed; Hièn-foung, less scrupulous, and notwithstanding his aversion to opium-smokers, was giving to the project, at the date of the last advices, his serious consideration. Meanwhile, the official newspaper published (12th November 1852) a document, comprising twenty-three articles, in which everything was put up for sale—titles, judgeships, peacocks’ feathers, mandarins’ buttons, exemptions from service, promotions in the army. In this publication, a casual reference being made to the English, they were still treated as barbarians; but, five months later (on the 16th March last), when the insurgents were before Nankin, and likely soon to be within it, Celestial pride was so far humbled that we find the authorities earnestly and respectfully supplicating Christian succour, in a circular addressed to all the representatives of civilised nations, resident in those Chinese ports open to European commerce, and especially to the consuls of Great Britain and the United States. For “barbarians” was now substituted “your great and honourable nation.” To such an extent are carried Chinese vanity and conceit, that, Dr Yvan assures us, if the demand for aid were complied with by the English and American plenipotentiaries, the Son

of Heaven would instantly persuade himself that those Western people rank amongst his tributaries, and would very probably issue a proclamation announcing that his troops had subdued the rebels, aided by nations who had lately made their submission, and who had conducted themselves faithfully in those circumstances.

Meanwhile, the insurgents employed much more straightforward and satisfactory means of filling their treasury than those resorted to in extremity of distress by the Mantchou emperor. In the month of February last they captured Ou-Tchang-Fou, a rich city of four hundred thousand inhabitants, the capital of the province of Hou-Pé. A friend of MM. Yvan and Callery, an intrepid traveller, gave them a glowing description of this city, situated upon the right bank of the Yang-Tze-Kiang, or Son of the Ocean—an enormous river, in whose waters porpoises disport themselves as in the open sea, and which allows the ascent of ships of the largest burthen. Five or six thousand (and Dr Yvan’s friend expressly disclaims exaggeration) are the number of the junks usually at anchor before Ou-Tchang. The person referred to saw upwards of a thousand laden with salt alone, and the town is an immense depot of China produce and of European and American manufactures. Chinese junks are the noisiest vessels that float; their crews are continually beating gongs and letting off fireworks. The quiet of Ou-Tchang may be imagined. It was on the occasion of the capture of this wealthy and important city that poor Siu was deprived of his peacock’s feather and driven to internal gilding. “The troubles of the south,” said the emperor in his proclamation, “leave us no rest by night, and take away our appetite.”

The fourteenth chapter of *L’Insurrection en Chine* is chiefly occupied by a description of the five feudatory kings appointed by Tièn-tè (one of whom takes the title of the Great Pacificator, whilst the four others are known as Kings of the North, South, East, and West), of the Pretender’s ministers, of the dress and official insignia of the various dignitaries, and of the organisation of the insurgent army, which is regular and perfect.

It also comprises a proclamation, exhorting the people to rise in arms against their tyrannical government, and whose exalted and metaphorical style may be judged of by a single short extract. "How is it that you, Tartars, do not yet understand that it is time to gather up your scattered bones, and to light slices of bacon to serve as signals to your terror?" Notwithstanding such eccentricities of expression, which may possibly be heightened by extreme literalness of translation, the document has its importance, especially by reason of a tendency to Christianity traced by MM. Callery and Yvan in the commencement of one of its paragraphs. "We adore respectfully the Supreme Lord," says Tièn-tè, "in order to obtain His protection for the people." The descendant of the Mings was now in full march for the city which, under the ancient dynasty he assumes to represent, and proposes to restore, was the capital of all China. With a formidable fleet and an army of fifty thousand men, the five kings appeared before Nankin.

"This city, which contains more than half a million of inhabitants, has thrice the circumference of Paris; but amidst its deserted streets are found large spaces turned up by the plough, and the grass grows upon the quays, to which a triple line of shipping was formerly moored. It is situated in an immense plain, furrowed by canals as numerous as those which traverse the human body. Its fertile district is a net-work of rivulets and of navigable water-courses, fringed with willows and bamboos. In the province of Nankin grows the yellowish cotton from which is made the cloth exported thence in enormous quantities; there also is reaped the greater part of all the rice consumed in the empire. The Kiang-Nan, or province of Nankin, is the richest gem in the diadem of the Son of Heaven. Nothing in old Europe can give an idea of its fruitfulness—neither the plains of Beauce, nor those of Lombardy, nor even opulent Flanders. Twice a-year its fields are covered with crops, and they yield fruit and vegetables uninterruptedly. We have had the harvest to sit in the shadow of the orchards

which fringe the Ou-Soung, one of the numerous veins that fertilise the province of Kiang-Nan. There we have gathered with our own hands the fleshy jujube, which travellers have often mistaken for the date; the pomegranate, with its transparent grains; monstrous peaches, beside which the finest produced at Monteuil seem but wild fruit, and the diospyros as large as a tomato. We have seen the scarlet pheasant and his brother of the pearl-tinted plumage running in the fields. This province contains thirty-eight millions of inhabitants.

"To a Chinese nothing is beautiful, good, graceful, elegant, or tasteful, but what comes from Nankin or from Sou-Tcheou-Fou. Wedded to routine, we have but one city which sets the fashions; the Chinese have two. The fashionables of the Celestial Empire are divided into two schools, one of which holds by Nankin, the other by Sou-Tcheou-Fou. It is still doubtful which of the two will carry the day. As to Peking, the centre of government, it has no weight in matters of pleasure and taste; it has the monopoly of ennui. In Nankin reside the men of letters and learning, the dancers, painters, archaeologists, jugglers, physicians, poets, and celebrated courtesans. In that charming city are held schools of science, art, and pleasure; for pleasure is, in that country, both an art and a science."

With this interesting extract we shall conclude our article, after quoting a significant passage from a short proclamation which Tièn-tè's agents have lately circulated:

"As to those stupid priests of Bouddha, and those jugglers of Tao-se," it says, "they shall all be repressed, and their temples and their monasteries shall be demolished, as well as those of all the other corrupt sects."

MM. Callery and Yvan anxiously speculate as to who are designated by the words *other corrupt sects*. Was the proclamation drawn up by a disciple of Confucius, or by a member of Gutzlaff's Chinese Union? They admit that for the present it is impossible to answer the question.

But Tièn-tè's banner waves over Nankin, and the riddle may soon be solved.

talk about him for hours, cry themselves to sleep, and recover him in their dreams. A large closet in their apartment was sacred to his memory; his clothes, his rocking-horse, his trumpet, his musket, his box of dominoes, and a variety of other peaceful and warlike implements were stored there, and served vividly to recall the image of their late owner.

Rosa, waking in the morning with her face all swollen with crying, would indulge her grief with occasional peeps into the cupboard at these melancholy relics; while Orelia, a more austere mourner, sat silent under the hands of Fillett, whose sadness was of an infectious and obtrusive nature. Kitty would sniff, sigh, compress her under-lip with her teeth, and glance sideways through her red, watery eyes at the sympathetic Rosa.

"I dreamt of dear Juley again last night, Orelia," Rosa would say.

"Oh, Miss Rosa, so did I," Fillett would break in, eager to give audible vent to her sorrow, "and so did Martha. Martha says she saw him like an angel; but I dreamed that I saw him galloping away upon Colonel Lee's horse, and that I called and called, 'Master Juley!' says I, the same as if it had been real, 'come to Kitty!' but he never looked back. And the butler dreamed the night before last he was drawing a bottle of port, and just as he was going to stick in the corkscrew, he saw the cork was in the likeness of Master Juley, and he woke up all of a cold shiver."

Conversations on this subject did not tend to cheer the young ladies' countenances before they met Lady Lee at the breakfast-table. On their way down stairs they would form the sternest resolutions (generally originating with Orelia, and assented to by Rosa), as to their self-command, and exertions to be cheerful in the presence of their still more afflicted friend. They would walk up and kiss her pale, mournful face, feeling their stoicism sorely tried the while, and sitting down to table would try to get up a little conversation; till Rosa would suddenly sob and choke in her breakfast cup, and there was an end of the attempt.

This melancholy state of things was not confined to the drawing-room. A

dismal hush pervaded the household, and the servants went about their avocations with slow steps and whispered voices. They took a strange pleasure, too, in assembling together at night, and remembering warnings and omens which were supposed to have foreshadowed the mournful fate of the poor little baronet. Exactly a week before the event, the cook had been woke while dozing before the kitchen-fire after supper, by a voice calling her name three times, and when she looked round there was nobody there. The very day month before his loss, the housekeeper distinctly remembered to have dreamt of her grandmother, then deceased about half a century, who had appeared to her in a lavender gown trimmed with crape, and black mittens, and she had said the next morning that she was sure something would happen; in support of which prophecy she appealed to Mr Short the butler, who confirmed the same, and added, on his own account, that an evening or two afterwards he had heard a strange noise in the cellar, which might have been rats, but he didn't think it was.

The sight of Fillett, so intimately connected with the memory and the fate of her lost child, was naturally painful to Lady Lee, and Kitty, perceiving this to be the case, wisely kept out of her way, devoting herself entirely to the young ladies. Self-reproach greatly increased the sharpness of Kitty's sorrow for poor Julius; she accused herself of having, by her negligence, contributed to the unhappy catastrophe. She fancied, too, that she could read similar reproach in the behaviour of her fellow-servants towards her; with the exception, however, of Noble, who, melted at the sight of her melancholy, and forgetting all his previous causes of jealous resentment, was assiduous in his efforts to console her.

"Come," said Harry, meeting her near the stables one evening—"come, cheer up. Why, you ain't like the same girl. Anybody would think you had killed the poor boy."

"I feel as if I had, Noble," said Kitty, with pious austerity.

"But you shouldn't think so much about it, you know," replied her comforter. "It can't be helped now.

You're crying of your eyes out, and they ain't a quarter so bright as what they was."

"Ho, don't talk to me of heyes," said Kitty, at the same time flashing at him a glance from the corners of the organs in question. "This is no time for such vanities. We ought to think of our souls, Noble."

Noble appeared to be thinking just then less of souls than of bodies, for in his anxiety to comfort her he had passed his arm round her waist.

"Noble, I wonder at you!" exclaimed Kitty, drawing away from him with a reproving glance. "After the warning we've all had, such conduct is enough to call down a judgment upon us. I'm all of a tremble at the thoughts of what will become of you, if you don't repent."

Perhaps Harry may be excused for not seeing any immediate connection between the decease of his young master and the necessity of himself becoming an ascetic. But Kitty, in the excess of her penitence, from being as lively and coquettish a waiting-maid as could be found anywhere off the stage, suddenly became a kind of Puritan. It happened that at this time the members of a religious sect, very numerous in Doddington, having been suddenly seized with an access of religious zeal, held almost nightly what they termed "revivals"—meetings where inspired brethren poured forth their souls in extempore prayer; and those who were not fortunate enough to obtain possession of the platform indemnified themselves by torrents of pious ejaculations, which well-nigh drowned the voice of the principal orator. There is something attractive to the plebeian imagination in the idea of taking heaven by storm: the clamour, excitement, and *éclat* attending a public conversion had caused the ranks of these uproarious devotees to be recruited by many of their hearers, for the most part susceptible females; and Kitty, going to attend these meetings under the escort of Mr Noble (who, with profound hypocrisy, affected a leaning towards Methodism as soon as he perceived Miss Fillett's bias in that direction), was converted the very first night. The grocer whose lodgings Oates and Bruce occupied was the preacher on

this occasion, and his eloquence was so fervid and effective that, coupled with the heat of the place, it threw Kitty into hysterics. At the sight of so fair a penitent in this condition, many brethren of great sanctity hastened to her assistance, and questioned her so earnestly and affectionately as to her spiritual feelings, some of them even embracing her in the excess of their joy at seeing this good-looking brand snatched from the burning, that Mr Noble, conceiving (erroneously no doubt) that they were somewhat trenching on his prerogative, interfered, and conveyed her from the scene. After this, Kitty became a regular attendant at the revivals, and her demeanour grew more serious than ever, insomuch that Mr Dubbley, ignorant of this change in her sentiments, and petitioning for a meeting at the white gate, received an unexpected and dispiriting repulse.

The personage who seemed the least affected by grief of the household was the cat Pick. Perhaps he missed the teazings and tuggings, and frequent invasions of his majestic ease, which he had been wont to sustain; if so, this was probably to him a source of private self-congratulation and rejoicing. Never was a cat so petted as he now was, for the sake of his departed master, with whom he had been such a favourite. But Pick, far from testifying any regret, eat, lapped, purred, basked, and washed his face with his paw, as philosophically as ever.

The Curate's sorrow at the event did him good—it distracted his mind from his own sorrows, and gave a new direction to his feelings for Hester. The unselfishness of his nature had an opportunity of displaying itself on the occasion. The thought of Lady Lee's grief had roused his warmest sympathies, and he longed to comfort her—he longed to sit by her side, to hold her hand, to pour forth words of consolation and hope. He had done this, but not to the extent he could have wished; he could not trust himself for that. The Curate felt that deep and tender pity for her, was not all know what pity is a matter. She very near relations, the man with prim were not more close remembered that Curate's compassion long enough—



Lady Lee. Therefore Josiah, in his moments of extremest sympathy, kept watch and ward upon his heart, and said not all he felt.

But he bethought himself of preaching a sermon on the subject. He was conscious that his sermons had of late lacked earnestness and spirit; and he would now pour his feelings into a discourse at once touching and consolatory. He chose for his text, "*He was the only son of his mother, and she was a widow.*" He had intended to extract from this text a hopeful moral, and to set forth powerfully the reasons for being resigned and trustful under such trials. But the poor Curate felt too deeply himself on the occasion to be the minister of comfort to others, and, breaking down half-a-dozen times from emotion, set all Lanscote weeping.

"How could you make us all cry so, Josiah?" asked Rosa, reproachfully. "Weren't we sad enough before?"

In fact, it seemed as if poor Julius might have lived long, and died at a green old age, without being either more faithfully remembered or more sincerely lamented.

Finding themselves disappointed in all their efforts to comfort Lady Lee, Orelia and Rosa came to the conclusion that, so long as she remained at the Heronry, she would never cease to be saddened by the image of the lost July. So they agreed it would be well to persuade her to leave the now sorrowful scene; and no place seemed so likely to divert her sorrow, by making a powerful appeal to her feelings, as Orelia's cottage. Here she might recall her maiden fancies,

and renew her youth, while her married life might slip aside like a sad episode in her existence.

"We'll all start together next week," said Orelia, when she had obtained Lady Lee's sanction to this arrangement.

"No," said Rosa, "not all, Reley. You and Hester shall go."

"What does the monkey mean?" cried Orelia. "You don't suppose we're going without you, do you?"

"You know I should like to accompany you, Reley," said Rosa, "and you know I shall be dreadfully disconsolate without you; but I must go and live with Josiah."

"Live with Josiah, indeed!" quoth Orelia, with high scorn. "What does Josiah want of you, d'ye think, to plague his life out? Hasn't he got that Mrs. what's-her-name, his house-keeper, to take care of him and his property? I'm sure I never see the woman without thinking of candle-ends."

"Tisn't to take care of him that I stay, but to comfort him," said Rosa. "You're no idea how low-spirited Josiah has been this some time past, ever since his friend Captain Fane went away. He has lost his interest in his books and flowers, and sits for hours in thought looking so melancholy. Oh! I couldn't think of leaving him."

Rosa persisted in this determination, and all the concession they could obtain was, that as soon as Josiah recovered his spirits she would rejoin her friends at Orelia's cottage. Meantime, the latter and Lady Lee made preparations for a speedy departure.

#### CHAPTER XXXIX.

The Squire's preceptor, Mr Randy, saw with concern that he could never hope to obtain undivided empire over his pupil. He had, it is true, considerable influence with him—knew humoured his foibles—assisted with advice on difficult points, in fact, become in various ways necessary to him. Nevertheless Mr Dubbley's female fascinations verged his position.

He had, indeed, attained the post of grand vizier, but might at any moment be stripped of his dignities at the first suggestion of a hostile sultana.

After long consideration of the subject, Mr Randy came to the conclusion that the most effectual way to establish himself firmly at Monkstone would be, to take care that this other great power, whose possible advent he constantly dreaded, instead of being

a rival, should be entirely in his interests. This seemed to him, theoretically, a master-stroke of policy; to carry it into practice might not be easy. As he was revolving the matter in his mind one evening, after passing through Lanscote on his way home from Moukstone to Doddington, he perceived the Curate's housekeeper taking a little fresh air at the garden gate. She had heated herself with the operation of making her own tea, and leaving the tea-pot on the hob, to "draw" as she termed it, had come out to cool herself before drinking it.

At the sight of her, Mr Randy's air became brisker. He walked more jauntily—he swung and twirled his stick, instead of leaning on it—he placed his hat a little on one side of his head—and he re-buttoned his coat, which he had loosened in order to walk with more ease and convenience.

He was acquainted with Mrs Greene, and frequently stopped to talk with her as he passed; and, as he approached now, he took off his hat, and made what would have been a very imposing bow had he not unluckily slipped at a critical moment on a pebble, and thus impaired the dignity of the obelance.

"A lovely evening, Mrs Greene," said Mr Randy, whose courtesy was somewhat ponderous and antique, and whose conversation, when he was on his stilts, rather resembled scraps from a paper of the *Rambler* than the discourse of ordinary men. "Happy are you, my good Mrs Greene, who, 'far from the busy hum of men,' (whenever Mr Randy indulged in a quotation he made a pause before and after it) "can dwell placidly in such a scene as this. A scene," added Mr Randy, looking round at the house and garden with a gratified air—"a scene that Horrus would have revelled in. A pleasant life, is it not, my good madam?"

"It's lonesome," said Mrs Greene.

"The better for meditation," returned Mr Randy didactically. "What says the poet?—'My mind to me a kingdom is,'—and who could desire a fairer dominion? Ay," (shaking his head and smiling seriously) "with a few favourite authors, and with the necessities of life, one might be con-

tent to let the hours slip by here without envying the proud possessors of palluses."

Though Jennifer admired this style of conversation exceedingly, she was hardly equal to sustaining it. "You seem to be a good deal with Squire Dubbley, Mr Randy," she said.

Mr Randy answered in the affirmative, taking, at the same time, a pinch of snuff.

"He's a queer one, they say," said Jennifer. "I should think 'twas tiresome for a book-learned gentleman like you, Mr Randy, to be so much in his company."

"Not at all, Mrs Greene," said Mr Randy. "What says the Latin writer?—'Homo sum, nihil humanum a me alienum puto,' which means, my good madam, that, being myself a human being, I am interested in all that appertains to humanity. I study the squire with much satisfaction."

"He's a gay man the Squire," said Jennifer sententiously. "Why don't he marry and live respectable, I wonder? Hasn't he got a lady in his eye yet, Mr Randy?"

"Marriage is a serious thing, my good Mrs Greene—a very serious thing indeed. No," said Mr Randy, confidentially: "what he wants is a housekeeper, Mrs Greene, such a one as some gentlemen I could name are so fortunate as to possess—a respectable, careful person, who could take care of his domestic affairs, and prevent him from being fooled by any idle lussy of a servant-maid who may happen to have an impudent, pretty face of her own."

"I should like," said Jennifer, with compressed lips and threatening eyes—"I should like to see any such show their impudent faces in a house where I was. They wouldn't come again in a hurry, I can tell 'em." And, indeed, it was very likely they would not.

"Ah," said Mr Randy, in deep admiration, "Mr Young is a fortunate man. He has secured a housekeeper whom we may safely pronounce to be one in a thousand."

Jennifer, though austere, was not quite steeled against flattery. She looked on the learned man with prim complacency—she remembered that her tea had now stood long enough—

and she suggested that perhaps Mr Randy's walk had disposed him for some refreshment, and she should take his company during the meal as a favour.

Mr Randy was not particularly addicted to tea: on all those points for which it has been extolled—as a stimulant, as a refresher, as an agreeable beverage—he considered it to be greatly excelled by brandy-and-water. But the subject just touched upon was one in which he was greatly interested, and he resolved to follow up an idea that had occurred to him; so he courteously accepted Jennifer's invitation, and followed her into the parsonage.

Mrs Greene's room was a model of order, rather too much so perhaps for comfort—and showed other traces of her presiding spirit in a certain air of thriftiness which pervaded it. Reigning supreme, as Jennifer did in the Curate's household, she might have indulged in small luxuries at her pleasure had she possessed any taste for them, but the practice of saving, for its own sake, afforded her positive delight. The shelves were rather sparingly furnished with jam-pots of very small dimensions, carefully tied down and corded, and marked with the name of the confection, and the year of its manufacture; various boxes and canisters, labelled as containing different groceries, were securely padlocked, as if they were not likely to be opened on light or insufficient grounds; the curtains rather scantily covered the window, and the carpet was too small for the floor.

Jennifer, unlocking the tea-caddy, put in two additional spoonfuls of tea in consideration of her guest. Then she invited Mr Randy to sit down, which he did with great ceremony; while she placed on the table two saucers of jam, helped Mr Randy to toast and butter, and some of the sweetmeat, and poured out the tea. And Mr Randy observing that Jennifer transferred hers to her saucer, for the better convenience of drinking, not only did the like, but also blew on the surface to reduce the temperature before the successive gulps, which were then both copious and sonorous.

"So the Squire's not a good manager, eh, Mr Randy?" said Jennifer,

after some little conversation on indifferent matters.

"No comfort, no elegance," said Mr Randy. "The superintending hand of a female is greatly wanted."

"And does the Squire think of getting a housekeeper?" asked Jennifer.

"I've not suggested it to him as yet," returned her guest, "but I'm thinking of doing so, if I could fix my eye on a proper person."

"Bless me, you've got no preserve," said Jennifer, emptying, in a sudden access of liberality, the saucer of damsons on Mr Randy's plate. "And there's nothing but grounds in your cup—perhaps you'd like it a little stronger, sir."

"No more, my good madam, I'm obliged to you," said that gentleman, drawing away his cup, and covering it with his hand to show he was in earnest, so that Jennifer, pressing ardently upon him with the tea-pot, very nearly poured the hot tea upon his knuckles. "I've had quite an abundance—quite a sufficiency, I assure you. No, ma'am, things do not go on at Monkstone precisely as I could wish in all respects. For instance, it would be agreeable to me sometimes to find an attentive female to receive me—to say to me, Mr Randy you are wet, won't you have a basin of soup to warm you?—or, Mr Randy, it rains, you'll be the better of a glass of spirits and water to fortify you against the inclemency of the elements. Mr Dubbley is very kind, but these little things don't occur to him."

"Indeed, then, I think they might," said Mrs Greene with warmth. "The least he could do is to be civil. Take some toast, sir."

"Tis forgetfulness, Mrs Greene, not incivility—a sin of omission, not of commission. I flatter myself few men would venture to be uncivil to me," and Mr Randy drew himself up and looked majestic. "Then the want of a proper person in the house obliges him to look more closely after some small matters than is quite becoming in a man of property."

"Closeness," said Jennifer, with great disdain, "is what I never could abide. I could forgive anything better than that."

"Well, well, Mrs Greene," said her visitor, waving his hand, "we won't be hard upon him—he means well. Yes, I've been looking out for some time for a lady that would answer the Squire's purpose."

"And what kind of person would be likely to suit you?" inquired Jennifer with interest.

"We should require," said Mr Randy, brushing some crumbs from his lap with his pocket-handkerchief, as he concluded his meal—"we should require a character not easy to be met with;—a sensible—respectable—experienced—discreet—per-son—and one, too, who would not give herself presumptuous airs, but would conduct herself towards me—me, Mrs Greene, as I could wish."

"Of course," said Jennifer, "if she was beholden to you for her place, 't would be her duty to make things pleasant to you, sir."

"Ah," said Mr Randy, "you are both a discreet and a sensible person, Mrs Green, I perceive."

"And as to terms, Mr Randy," suggested Jennifer.

"As to terms, they would be hardly worth higgling about, Mrs Greene—for, if the lady possessed the manifold merits I have enumerated, and allowed herself to be guided in all things by me, why, she would be *de facto*—that is to say, in reality—mistress of Monkstone, and might feather her nest to her own liking."

This was a dazzling prospect indeed, and well calculated to appeal to the heart of Jennifer. There was a grand indefiniteness as to the extent of power and profit which might be acquired, which she found inexpressibly alluring; for Jennifer was, after her fashion, ambitious, though her ambition was of too practical a nature to set itself on objects hopelessly remote.

Mr Randy perceiving the effect of what he had said, and considering it would be well to give her time to digest it before entering into details, now rose to take leave.

"Good evening, sir, and thank you," said Jennifer. "When you're passing another day, I hope you'll look in;" and Mr Randy, having promised to do so, walked with his customary dignity up the road.

Mr Randy had not directly said

that he thought Jennifer, if she would agree to share interests with him, would be exactly the person he wanted; nor had Jennifer directly stated that, if she succeeded in obtaining the post of housekeeper to the Squire, she would show her gratitude by being all Mr Randy could wish. But the knowledge of human nature displayed by the Randies and Jennifers is intuitive and unerring, so long as it is employed upon natures on a level with their own; and Jennifer knew perfectly well that Mr Randy wanted her for the furtherance of his own designs at Monkstone; while Mr Randy never doubted that the lure he had held out would secure her.

Jennifer, however, had by no means made up her mind to accept the offer at once. It was dazzling, certainly; but, on the other hand, she did not like the idea of giving up her long and persevering designs upon the Curate's heart, which, as the reader knows, she had from the first been determined to attack. That was too grievous a waste of time and subtlety to be contemplated. But Mr Randy's implied offer gave her an opportunity of carrying into execution a scheme she had long meditated. She considered (her cogitations being assisted by a third cup of tea, obtained by putting fresh water in the teapot after Mr Randy's departure) that she had now lived so long with the Curate that she could not possibly become more necessary to him than she already was—that the sooner he was brought to the point the better—that being such an absent person, far from making any proposals of the kind she desired of his own accord, a very strong hint from herself would be required in order to extract them. Now if she resolved upon giving this hint, she must also be prepared to quit the parsonage in case of failure; and Monkstone would form exactly the point she wanted to retreat upon.

This secured, she would commence operations at once with the Curate. He was, in Jennifer's estimation, a man who did not know his own mind or his own interests. But though he might never discover what was for his own good unassisted, yet a man must be foolish indeed who can't perceive it when 'tis shown him. From

frequent victories obtained over the Curate, and long managing and ruling him, she flattered herself she might now make her own terms, for that he could never bear to part with her; but if she deceived herself in this, why, then Monkstone would be a more lucrative place. So in any case

she should gain some end, and she determined to put her powers of cajolery to proof without delay. Indeed, there was no time to lose, for that very morning Miss Rosa had signified her intention of coming to live with her brother when the ladies left the Heronry.

## CHAPTER XI.

For many weeks the poor Curate had been indeed alone; for so long had his old companions, hope and cheerfulness, deserted him; for so long had he gone mechanically about his old pursuits, feeling that the glory had departed from them, and sat in the stormy autumn evenings by a hearth where only the vacant pedestal reminded him of the wonted presence of household gods.

Time, of whose lapse heretofore he had taken little note, became now a dull, remorseful enemy. The Curate, when he was, would sometimes shudder at the respect of the many-houred day between him and the grateful oblivion of sleep; for the day, formerly so busy, was now to him but a long tract of weary, reiterated sorrows.

Though he still spent many hours in his garden, it was lameable to see the change there. Weeds sprung unregarded side by side with his choicest flowers—worms revelled in his tenderest buds—and the caterpillars were so numerous as to form quite an army of occupation. His books, too, were blank to him—the pages he used to love seemed meaningless. His only remaining consolation was his pipe.

See, then, the Curate sitting in the twilight in his elbow-chair, in an attitude at once listless and uncomfortable, his waist bent sharply in, his head drooping, one leg gathered under the seat, the other straddling toward the fire, his right hand shading his eyes, while the elbow rests on the table—the left holding the bowl of his pipe, while the elbow rests on the arm of his chair. Frequently he takes the mouthpiece from his lips, sighs heavily, and forgets to smoke—then, with a shake of the head, he again sucks comfort from his meerschaum.

There is a tap at the door, which opens slowly—Jennifer looks in at him, and then draws near.

Jennifer stooped—looked at him—sighed—then drew a little closer—sighed again. The Curate, fancying she had come on some of her accustomed visits of inspection (for of late she had found frequent excuses for entering, such as to dust his books, to stir his fire, to draw his curtains), took no notice of her, but continued to pursue his train of thought. Presently he, too, sighed; it was echoed so sympathetically by Mrs Greene, that her suspiration sounded like a gust coming down the chimney. Finding that the Curate, as usual, pursued the plan which is popularly attributed to apparitions in their intercourse with human beings, and was not likely to speak till spoken to, Jennifer, with a little cough, came round between the table and the fire, and stirred the latter. Being thus quite close to the Curate, with the table in her rear, and her master's chair close to her left hand, she commenced.

"I'm vexed to see you so down, Mr Young. I'm afraid you're not satisfied in your mind. You used to be a far cheerfuller gentleman than what you are now."

Mr Young, rousing himself, looked up with an assumed briskness.

"It's my way, Mrs Greene—only my way."

"No, sir," said Jennifer, peremptorily, "'tis not your way, asking your pardon. There's something on your mind. Perhaps it's me—perhaps things have not gone according to your wishes in the house. If it's me, sir, say so, I beg."

"You, Mrs Greene—impossible. I'm quite sensible of your kind attention to my comforts, I assure you," protested the Curate.

"Because," said Jennifer, heedless of his disclaimer, and going on as if he had not uttered it—"because, if so, I wish to say one word. I only wish to remark, sir, that whatever fault there is of that kind, 'tis not a fault according to my will. My wish is, and always has been, to serve you to the utmost of my"—

"Mrs Greene!" began the Curate, touching her on the arm with the extended stem of his *meßschaum*, to check her volubility for a moment, "my good soul!"

—"To the utmost of my ability," went on Jennifer, with a slight faltering in her voice. "If laying down my life could have served you, Mr Young, I'm sure"—Here Jennifer whimpered.

"Faithful creature!" thought the Curate, "what an interest she takes in me! My dear Mrs Greene," said he, "your doubts wrong me very much; but this proof of your care for me is exceedingly gratifying"—which was perhaps an unconscious fib, for the Curate felt more embarrassment than gratification.

"And after all my trials and efforts, thinking only how I could please you, to see you—oh—oh—" and Jennifer broke down again, and in the excess of her agitation sat down on a chair near her. And though to sit down in his presence was a quite unusual proceeding on her part, yet the Curate was so heedless of forms, that if she had seated herself on the mantelpiece, he would possibly have thought it merely a harmless eccentricity.

"Calm yourself, Mrs Greene," entreated the Curate. "These doubts of my regard are quite unfounded; be assured I fully appreciate your value."

"But in that case," said Jennifer, pursuing her own hypothesis with great perseverance, "in that case I must quit you whatever it costs me. And I hope you could find them, Mr Young, as would serve you better."

"Don't talk of quitting me, Mrs Greene," said the Curate soothingly. "This is all mere creation of your fancy. I am perfectly satisfied—more than satisfied with you."

"No, sir—I've seen it—I've seen it this some time. You don't look upon me like what you used. 'Tisn't any

longer, 'Mrs Greene, do this,' and 'Mrs Greene, do that,' and the other. You can do without Mrs Greene now. And perhaps," said Jennifer, "'tis better I was—gone" (the last word almost inaudible).

"Really, Mrs Greene, this is quite unnecessary. You are paining yourself and me to no purpose. Be persuaded"—(and the Curate took Jennifer's hand)—"be persuaded of my sense of your merits."

Jennifer wiped her eyes; then starting and looking round over her shoulder, "O sir," said she, "if anybody should catch us!—what would they say?"

"Catch us, Mrs Greene," said the Curate, hastening to withdraw his hand; but Jennifer clutched it nervously.

"Stop!" said Jennifer, "there's a step—and that maid's got such a tongue! No, 'twas my fancy—the maid's asleep in the kitchen. O, sir—yes, what would they say?—people is so scandalous. They've been talking already."

"Talking!" exclaimed Mr Young, withdrawing his hand, with a jerk. "What can you mean, Mrs Greene? Talking of what?"

"O yes!" said Jennifer. "They've been remarking, the busy ones has, how it comes that a lone woman like me could live so long with a single gentleman. Many's the bitter thought it gave me."

"Good heavens, Mrs Greene!" cried the Curate, pushing his chair, which ran on castors, away with a loud creak, "really this is all very strange and unexpected."

"And more than that," pursued Jennifer, "they've said concerning my looks—but I couldn't repeat what they said, further than to mention that they meant I wasn't old nor ugly—which perhaps I'm not. And they know what a good wife I made to Samuel" (this was the deceased shipmaster's Christian appellation)—"never, as Mrs Britton that keeps the grocery said to me last Wednesday, never was a better. And when 'twas named to me what they'd been saying, I thought—O good gracious!—I thought I should have sunk into the hearth."

"Gracious goodness!" exclaimed

Mr Young, starting from his chair, and pacing the room in great perturbation. "How extremely infamous! Why, 'tis like a terrible nightmare. To spread false reports—to drive me to part with a valuable servant—'tis atrocious! I'm afraid, Mrs Greene, you really had better go to-morrow. I need not say how I regret it, but what you have told me renders it imperative."

"I wish it mayn't be too late, sir," said Jennifer, putting her handkerchief to her eyes.

"Too late!—too late for what?" inquired the Curate.

"And where do you think I'm to get another place? Who'll take in a lone woman, whose character have been breathed upon? Oh, that ever I should have seen Lanscote parsonage!" cried Jennifer, choking.

"But, Mrs Greene," said the agitated Curate, stopping in his walk to lean his hands on the table, and looking earnestly at her, "it shall be my care, as it is my duty, to prove the falsehood of these reports. You shall not suffer on my account, believe me. If necessary, I'll expose the wicked slander from the pulpit."

This wouldn't have suited Jennifer at all. The Curate was going off quite on the wrong track, and she made a last effort to bring him into the right direction.

"And my—my—my feelings," sobbed she, "ain't they to be considered? Oh, that ever I should be a weak foolish woman! Oh, that ever I should have been born with a weak trustful heart!"

"I daresay 'twill be painful to leave a place where you have lived long, and a master who I hope has been kind to you," said the Curate. (Jennifer lifted up her voice here, and writhed in her chair.) "No doubt it will, for you have an excellent heart, Mrs Greene. But what you have said convinces me of the necessity of it. And you shall be no loser; until you can suit yourself with a place, I'll continue your salary as usual."

"Salary!" cried Jennifer, starting from her chair. "Oh, that I should be talked to like a hireling! God forgive you, Mr Young. Well, it's over now. I'll consider what you've said, Mr

Young, and I'll try—try to bring my mind to it."

Jennifer rose—sobbed a little—looked at her chair as if she had a mind to sit down again, and then prepared to depart. In her way out of the room, she passed close to the Curate, and paused, almost touching him, with her handkerchief to her eyes. "If ever he'd say the word, he'd say it now," thought Jennifer, weeping copiously. But Mr Young, far from availing himself of the proximity to take her hand, or say anything even of comfort, far less of a tenderer nature, retreated with great alacrity to his original post near the fire, and Jennifer had no alternative but to walk onward out of the room.

She left him, roused, certainly, most effectually from his melancholy; but the change was not for the better. The poor shy Curate was exactly the man to feel the full annoyance of such reports as, according to Jennifer, were in circulation. He fancied himself an object of derision to all Lanscote—how could he hope to do any good among parishioners who said scandalous things of him and his house-keeper? How could he hope to convince them of his innocence? How preserve his dignity in the pulpit, with the consciousness that a whole congregation were looking at him in a false light?

Jennifer's demeanour next day was sad and subdued. After breakfast she came into the room, and, without lifting her eyes, said that she thought she had better go next Wednesday. "On Wednesday," said Jennifer, "Miss Rosa's coming, and then, with your leave, I'll quit, Mr Young."

The Curate highly approved of this; he knew he could not feel easy till she was out of the house, and meanwhile he absented himself from it as much as possible.

It was fortunate for the Curate that the period of her stay was so short, for she took care it should be far from pleasant. She personally superintended the making of his bed, which she caused to slope downwards towards the feet, and at one side, so that the hapless occupant was perpetually waking from a dream in which he had been sliding over precipices; and, re-ascending to his pillow for another

precarious slumber, would be again woke by finding his feet sticking out from beneath the clothea, and his body gradually following them. He got hairs in his butter, and plenty of salt in his soup; his tea, the only luxury of the palate that he really cared about, and that rather on intellectual than sensual grounds, grew weaker and weaker; his toast simultaneously got tougher; and he was kept the whole time on mutton-chops, which, from their identity of flavour, appeared to have been all cut from the same patriarchal ram.

Wednesday arrived. The Curate, leaning over his garden gate, saw the carriage from the Heronry coming down the lane. It drew up at the parsonage; in it were Lady Lee, Orelia, and Rosa, all in black, and all looking very sad. Rosa, rising to take leave of her friends, underwent innumerable embraces.

Orelia was the calmest of the three, but even her grandeur and stateliness quite gave way in parting. "Good-bye, Rosalinda," was all she could trust herself to say, as Rosa alighted.

The Curate had intended to say a great deal to Hester, but it had all vanished from his mind, and remained unexpressed, unless a long pressure of the hand could convey it. Lady Lee gave several things in charge to the Curate to execute, and delivered a purse to him, the contents of which were to be distributed among various pensioners in the village; then she told the coachman to drive on.

"Write at least three times a-week, Rosalinda," cried Orelia, putting a tearful face over the hood of the carriage, "or never hope for forgiveness."

They were gone. A white handkerchief waved from the side, and another from the top of the carriage, till it disappeared, and the Curate and his sister slowly turned into the house—the last remnant of the once joyous party assembled at the Heronry.

What a hard thing was life! What a cruel thing was fate, that they could not all be left as they were! Their happiness did no harm to any one—nay, good to many—yet it was inexorably scattered to the winds for ever. So thought the Curate; and so felt Rosa, though perhaps her feelings did not shape themselves into thoughts.

But there was no time just then to indulge their grief. Scarcely had the carriage departed, when its place was taken by a vehicle of altogether different description. A donkey-cart, destined to convey away Jennifer's chattels, and driven by a small boy, drew up at the gate, producing a kind of practical anti-climax. Then Jennifer, attired in bonnet and shawl, entered, and announced, in an austere and steady voice, that she was ready to hand over her keys of office to the still weeping Rosa.

"Now, Miss," said Jennifer sharply, "if you could make it convenient to come at once, I should be obliged."

"Go with Mrs Greene, my child," said the Curate. When Jennifer found she had failed in her grand design on the Curate, and must quit the parsonage, she did not continue to affect regret at her departure; and having easily and at once secured the coveted post at Monkstone, through the influence of Mr Randy, she felt the change was likely to be for the better. She might, therefore, have been expected to quit her present abode, if with some natural regret, yet at perfect peace and charity with all the household. Jennifer's disposition did not, however, admit of this. She felt enraged at the Curate because of the failure of her design upon him, and resolved to be of as little use as possible in the last moments of her expiring authority. "He'll be wishing me back again before a week's over his head," said Jennifer to herself, with infinite satisfaction.

In vain Rosa protested against being dragged into every corner of the house, and having every bit of household property set before her eyes. In vain she assured Mrs Greene that both her brother and herself were perfectly satisfied of the correctness of everything. "'Twas a satisfaction to herself," Jennifer said, "to show everything;" and it really was, for the extreme bewilderment and ignorance of Rosa on all points of housekeeping afforded Jennifer the keenest gratification. The Heronry, where Rosa's chief business had been to amuse herself, was a very bad school to learn anything of the sort.

Accordingly, Jennifer did not spare her the enumeration of a single kitchen



implement, pot of jam, nor article of linen.

"The bed and table linen's all in this press," said Jennifer, opening a large one of walnut wood in the spare bedroom.

"These are the sheets, I suppose, Mrs Greene," Rosa remarked, wishing to show an interest in the matter.

"Bless you, they're the table-cloths!" returned Jennifer, with a glance of disdain.

"Oh, to be sure! And these are towels?" resumed Rosa.

"Napkins," said Jennifer, with calm superiority. "Mr Young's shirts, and collars, and bands, and neckcloths, is all in these two drawers. Do you understand much about clear-starching, Miss?"

"N—n—no; I am afraid not much," said Rosa.

"Ah, 'twould be just as well you should, perhaps, because the washer-woman requires a deal of looking after. She can be careless and impudent, too, when she dares, especially when she's in drink. She never ventured upon any tricks with *me*, though."

The thought of this terrible washer-woman made Rosa tremble, while Jennifer secretly exulted in the thought of seeing the Curate in limp collars and a crumpled shirt.

"There," said the ex-housekeeper, locking up the press, and handing the key to Rosa; "I advise you, Miss, to take out everything that's wanted yourself. The girl's hands is generally dirty, and, besides, in taking out one thing she drags all the rest out upon the floor. Oh, she's a nice one, that girl!—the work I've had to manage her! Well, Miss, I hope you'll keep an eye upon her, that's all."

Having thus rendered Rosa as un-

comfortable as possible at the prospect before her, Jennifer at length prepared to depart. Opening the door of the sitting-room, she said to the Curate, "The young lady's seen everything, and is quite satisfied. Well, good-bye, and wishing you well, sir." But the benediction was quite contradicted by the ferocity of her look and tone.

"Good-bye, good-bye, my good Mrs Greene," said the Curate, who could not help regarding Jennifer as a martyr. "I wish you all success and happiness; I hope you won't fret too much after the parsonage, Mrs Greene."

"Ho, no," said Jennifer, with an ironical little laugh; "it's not likely."

"I'm heartily glad of that," said the Curate, who would not have detected irony even in Dean Swift; "and I hope you'll soon get another and as good a place."

"I've got one," said Jennifer, "as good a one as ever I could wish."

"Indeed! that is fortunate," said the Curate; "and when do you go to it then?"

"I'm going now," said Jennifer. "Ho, bless you! as soon as 'twas known I was going to leave this, I had more offers than enough. I took Monkstone," said Jennifer, "being 'twas near my friends in the village. Wishing you good-bye, sir,"—here she dropt a curtsey, and closed the door. The boy had already conveyed her trunks and bandboxes to the donkey-cart. Jennifer marched past the window (from whence the Curate was watching this exodus) in anstere majesty, and never deigned to turn her head. Then she, the boy, the donkey-cart, and the bandboxes, all went in procession down the road, leaving Rosa sole superintendant of the Curate's household.

#### CHAPTER XLI.

The friendship which Bruce at this time conceived for Josiah was uncommonly warm and sudden. Though always well disposed towards the worthy Curate, he had not, while Rosa was living at the Heronry, taken much pains to seek his society, but he now became of a sudden a fre-

quent visitor to the Parsonage. He showed great interest in flowers, though he hardly knew a dahlia from a polyanthus; he listened to details of parish matters with an attention quite wonderful, considering how little taste he had that way; and he became enamoured of those old

English authors who were Josiah's especial favourites. Finding these manifold pretences insufficient to account for the frequency of his visits, he hit upon a project for rendering them quite plausible. He insisted on subscribing fifty pounds towards a school-house that was to be built in the village under the Curate's auspices; and when Josiah protested against this liberality as indiscreet and uncalled for, he hinted that it was not altogether disinterested—that his classical knowledge was getting rusty—that he perceived Josiah to be often unoccupied for an hour or two of a morning—and proposed they should read some Latin together.

The Curate liked the project much; it would divert his thoughts from painful subjects—his own classics wanted rubbing up—he had a great regard for Bruce, whose openness, vivacity, and good-nature had quite won his heart, and the readings commenced forthwith.

They were carried on upon a plan which, however agreeable to the master and his disciple, was scarcely calculated to answer the proposed end. Bruce and Josiah would sit down together with their Horace, or their Virgil, or their Terence before them, and for a time would read away with tolerable diligence. Presently Rosa, coming into the room from some household avocation, would trip across it softly, not to disturb them—get what she was in quest of, perhaps a cookery-book, and go off in the same silent fashion, with a nod and a smile at Bruce. At this stage of the lesson the student's attention would begin to waver; he would look a good deal oftener at the door than upon his page. Perhaps shortly after Rosa would re-enter, to request Josiah to get from the garden some celery, parsnip, or other winter vegetable, of which she stood in need for culinary purposes. "Why didn't you ask me before, when I was in the garden, my child?" the Curate would say, which, indeed, she might very well have done; and Josiah, rising with a sigh to comply with her request, would be forcibly re-seated by Bruce, who would desire him to try again at that crabbed bit of Latinity,

while he went to get what Miss Rosa wanted. Whereupon he and Rosa would repair to the garden together, she pointing out what she wanted, while Bruce supplied her with it; and the Curate, after looking dreamily about for their re-entrance, would forget them altogether, plunging either into a reverie or into a book.

Sometimes Bruce found the Curate absent on some clerical or parochial errand, and on these occasions he thought no apology necessary for his stay, nor did Rosa expect one. If she was too busy to talk to him in the study, he would repair to the kitchen, and even take a share in the culinary mysteries to which that region is sacred, though his presence did not perhaps, on the whole, contribute to the excellence of the cookery. I have always suspected that King Alfred, when he let the cakes burn, was making love to the herdsman's wife, and that the idea of her scolding him for negligence was devised to conceal her share in the delinquency.

Mr Oates, seeing the state of affairs between them, grew quite morose, and would hardly speak to Bruce at breakfast-time. He addicted himself to the society of Suckling, and attempted to divert his thoughts by getting up a scratch pack of harrriers, and hunting them himself; and might be heard two or three times a-week in the woods about Daddington, attended by the fast spirits of the place, hallooing, and pouring through the mellow horn his pensive soul.

Rosa had none of the dignity which in Lady Leo and Orelia could always have kept the most impassioned lovers under a certain restraint. It is well known to be the duty of young ladies to affect total ignorance of the fact that they are objects of adoration, and to harrow up the souls of their admirers with affectation of indifference, at any rate until coming to the point of proposal. Rosa, however, showed undisguised pleasure at Bruce's visits, and one day, when he came in with a melancholy face, and told her the detachment was to leave Daddington immediately, she began to cry.

The Curate was from home that morning, and Bruce had found Rosa

in the kitchen, rolling paste for mince-pies, while the cat Pick, whom she had, when leaving the Heronry, brought with her to the Parsonage, sat on the table, watching the process, and occasionally putting out his paw to arrest the motion of the rolling-pin. The smile with which she looked up at Bruce's entrance turned to a look of sympathetic sadness, as she perceived his sorrowful aspect. He stood by her at the end of the table, and told her the news which had come that morning.

"You see what a life ours is," said Bruce, trying to smile; "here to-day, gone to-morrow. And when we were going to spend such a pleasant winter too!"

"And won't you be here at Christmas?" said Rosa; "and won't you have any of the mince-pies after all? And is there to be an end of our rides, and walks, and evening readings?"

"I'm afraid so," said Bruce, shaking his head. "The troop that relies on us will be here to-morrow week—though, in my opinion," he added, with a faint attempt at pleasantry, "the best way to relieve us would be to let us alone."

"And won't you be coming back?" asked Rosa, with sorrow shining moistly in her blue eyes.

"I fear not," said Bruce, "though, to be sure, it might be managed. But you won't wish that when you've made acquaintance with our successors. The new-comers will take the place of your old friends, and you'll forget us—won't you, Miss Rosa?"

This highly sincere speech was too much for Rosa. "No—oh, no—never!" sobbed she, sinking on a chair, and burying her face on her plump arms as they lay folded on the table.

Bruce had certainly supposed she would be sorry to hear he was going, but this display of sympathy surpassed his expectations. He stooped down over her—he whispered that nothing should prevent him from coming back—he also mentioned that she was "a dear little thing," and spying a little white space amid her hair, between her ear and her cheek, and the whispering having brought his lips into that neighbourhood, he thought he would kiss it, and did so.

Rosa wept on, which distressed the humane young man so much, that, after begging her, in vain, to look up and be comforted, he managed to insinuate his hand between her cheek and her arms, and to turn her face, using the chin as a handle, gently towards him. A flushed, tearful, glistening face it was; and really, considering the temptation and proximity, one can't altogether blame him for kissing it, which he did both on the eyes and lips; and then, turning it so that his left cheek rested against hers, with only the tresses between, as he whispered in her left ear, while her glistening eyes appeared over his shoulder, he did his best to pacify her. And so absorbed was he in whispering, and she in listening, that the cat Pick, advancing along the flat paste (from which he had only been kept before by the terror of the rolling-pin), and leaving his foot-marks on the soft substance, proceeded, with the utmost effrontery, to lick up, under their very noses, the little dabs of butter dotted thereon. He made a good deal of noise in doing so; but as Bruce, between the whippers, made a noise not altogether dissimilar (for there were constantly fresh tears requiring to be attended to), Pick finished the butter with perfect impunity, and sat up in the middle of the paste, much about the same time that Rosa pushed Bruce gently away, and removed the last moisture from her eyes with her apron.

The two having, by this time, come to an understanding, Bruce suggested that he would write to his father, who, he assured her, was a splendid old fellow, and who would, no doubt, enter into the spirit of the thing immediately, and give his consent like a trump.

Accordingly, he fetched pen, ink, and paper from the study, and sitting at one end of the kitchen-table, while Rosa rolled fresh paste at the other, he indited a very eloquent and enthusiastic epistle to his parent, and having folded and directed it to "The Very Rev. the Dean of Trumpington," put it with great confidence in his pocket.

After this their conversation took a more cheerful turn, and Rosa worked so diligently at her task that the

mince-pies were made, after a receipt which Bruce read out to her from a cookery-book, and were ready for dinner that very day, and Bruce stayed to eat them.

That splendid old fellow the Dean of Trumpington got the letter in due time. It was brought in after dinner by his butler when he was chatting, in a pleasant digestive sort of way, with a couple of old Canons over a bottle of port. He put on his spectacles to peruse it, and as his wife was in the room, and the Canons old friends and admirers of Harry, he proceeded to read it aloud, and had got pretty well into the matter before he discovered its interesting nature. "Why, bless my soul!" interpolated the Reverend Doctor Bruce, in the middle of a warm passage, "the boy's fallen in love!"

"My dearest Harry!" exclaimed Mrs Bruce; and then eagerly added, "go on, love!"

While the reading proceeded, one old Canon, who was married and had a large family, looked fiercely at his glass of port, as he held it between him and the light, and cried "hum!" or "ha!" at the most touching passages; while the other, who was a bachelor, rubbed his hands as he listened, and chuckled aloud.

"Her brother, Mr Young, is a member of your own profession," read the Dean over again slowly. "Sillery" (to the bachelor Canon), "oblige me by touching the bell. Bring the Clergy List," said the Dean to the butler, when the latter entered.

"Y," read the Dean, running his finger down the list, when he got it—"Yorke—Youatt—Young—here you are: Young, George, Vicar of Feathernest (is that him, I wonder? good living Feathernest)—Young, Henry, Prebendary of Durham—Young, Josiah, Curate of Lanscote—that must be the man," said the Dean, referring to the letter; "he dates from Lanscote, near Doddington."

"There was a Young at Oxford with me," said Dr Macvino, the married Canon, in a deep, oily, sententious voice. "He left college on coming into six thousand a-year. He might have a daughter," said the Canon, looking round as he pounded the theory. "And," added

the Canon, "he might also have a son in the Church. He was a tall fellow, who once pulled the stroke oar in a match, as I remember—he gave remarkably good breakfasts."

"Dear boy!" said Mrs Bruce, apostrophising Harry, "I'm certain he wouldn't make other than a charming choice. I'm certain she's a sweet girl."

"Harry knows what's what," said the Dean; "I've confidence in that boy."

"Plenty of good sense," said the bachelor Canon.

"Good stuff," said Dr Macvino, who, sipping his wine before he gave the opinion, left it doubtful whether he was praising Bruce junior or the port.

"Harry's got something here," said the Dean, pointing to his forehead. "He's almost thrown away in his present profession. He ought to have come into the Church."

"Decidedly he ought," said Dr Macvino, who thought himself an example to teach other clever fellows how to choose a profession.

"He's the most sensible darling!" said Mrs Bruce; "and I, too, was sorry that he hadn't chosen a learned profession, till I saw him in his uniform. His mustache promised to be beautiful" (there had been perhaps four hairs in it when she last saw him,) "and 'tis very becoming."

"Suits him to a hair," said the bachelor Canon, who was a wag in a mild way.

"The boy's letter is a little high-flown," said the Dean, "but that was to be expected, perhaps. I remember describing Mrs Bruce there to my family in such terms, that, when I brought her home, they were rather disappointed at finding her without wings. But I've no doubt the young lady is a most proper person."

"A young man like my Harry ought to get a wife with twenty thousand pounds any day," said his mother.

"There were two things, I remember," said Dr Bruce, "that Harry was very fastidious about in women—dress and manner: I venture to prophecy that our future daughter-in-law is irreproachable in both."

"A tall girl, I suspect," said Mrs Bruce.

"Tall, and with a good deal of the air noble—perhaps a little proud," the Doctor went on.

"But not disagreeably so," said Mrs Bruce.

"Certainly not," said the Doctor. "A *hauteur* of manner merely. I like to see a woman keep up her dignity."

"I wish ~~he~~ had said something about her fortune," said Mrs Bruce.

"So do I," said the Doctor, "and I think I'll go down to Doddington to-morrow, and see what he's about. I'm rather in want of change of air." And the two canons drank success to his journey in another bottle of port."

Accordingly, the next day the Doctor went down to Doddington, three counties off, and not finding Harry at his lodgings, got a conveyance and a man to take him over to Lanscote. Bruce was there of course—he had rushed away from the parade that morning, and, without changing his dress, galloped to Lanscote at a tremendous pace. He was not sorry to find the Curate absent, and, going clanking into the kitchen in his spurs, found Rosa there with a great pinafore on, making a tart.

For about ten minutes after his arrival the manufacture of the tart proceeded but slowly; and Rosa, to keep him out of her way, begged him to superintend the re-boiling of some preserves, which Jennifer's economy had left to spoil in their jars. "You've nothing to do," said she, "but to sit still before the fire, and skim the pan from time to time with this spoon; and I'll get you something to keep your uniform clean, while you're doing it." So Rosa went and got a small table-cloth, and causing him to seat himself in the desired position in front of the fire, she pinned it round his neck as if he was going to be shaved—his brass shoulder-scales sticking out rather incongruously from under the vestment.

"I ought to hear from my father, to-day," said Harry, skimming away at the pan with his spoon.

"He won't be angry, I hope," said ~~was~~, putting a strip of paste round ~~are~~ of her tart-dish.

"between," said Bruce, "not he. If the ~~wh~~ should just show you to him, lips ~~intw~~ere the most peppery old thought histance, he'd come to the

down charge directly, like a well-bred pointer—just as the lion did before Una. He'd love you directly—I'm certain he would—he must, you know—he couldn't help himself."

"I'm sure I shall love *him*," said Rosa, smiling at Bruce as she took the spoon from him in order to taste the jam, and see how it was getting on.

"Of course you will," said Harry. "As I said before, he's a splendid old fellow."

At this moment a step was heard on the gravel in front of the house, followed by a tapping at the door of the porch, which was open.

"Come in!" cried Bruce. "Come in, can't you!" he repeated, as the tapping was renewed. "I *can't* go to the door in this way," he said to Rosa, looking down at his table-cloth.

"It's only the butcher, or Josiah's clerk, or some of those people," said Rosa; "come in, if you please."

At this the step advanced along the passage, and came to the kitchen door. Bruce, skimming away at his pan, didn't turn round till he heard a voice he knew exclaim behind him, "God bless my soul!" The spoon fell into the brass pan, and disappeared in the seething fruit.

"Why, in heaven's name," said the Doctor, "what is the boy about?"

The boy in question, standing up in great confusion to the height of six feet, with the table-cloth descending like a large cloud about his person, hiding all of it except his military-looking arms and legs, did not make any reply. Rosa, when she tasted the jam, had left some on her lips, and somehow a splash of it had got transferred to Bruce's face.

"What prank is this, sir?" asked the Dean sternly. "Who is this person?" pointing his thick yellow cane at Rosa. "Is it the cook or the dairymaid?"

"That, sir," said Bruce, coming to Rosa's rescue, "is Miss Young—the lady I wrote to you about."

"Oh, indeed!" said the Doctor, who had not found the answers to the inquiries he made in Doddington as to the worldly condition of the house of Young at all to his mind, and who, at the sight of the Parsonage, had been more struck with its diminutive-

ness than its picturesqueness. "You're a pretty fellow! Don't you think you're a pretty fellow? Answer me, puppy!"

"I'm not doing any harm, sir," said Bruce, his handsome face looking very red over the table-cloth, which he struggled to unpin.

"Not doing any harm, sir!" sung the Dean after him, through his nose. "Are you making an ass of yourself, sir, do you think? Come, sir, I'm waiting for ye. Come along with me, sir."

Bruce having got rid of the table-cloth, went up to console Rosa, who was now sobbing in a chair.

"Are ye coming, sir?" shouted the Dean from the door; and Bruce, with a last whisper of comfort, went to join his parent, who, lifting his shovel-hat, said, "Ma'am, I wish you a very good morning!" As they went through the passage, Rosa heard the Doctor say something about "What a shock to your poor mother!"

When Josiah returned, he found Rosa weeping by the kitchen fire, now sunk to embers, the jam reduced to a sort of dark concrete, and the tart still in an elemental state.

"Harry's papa has been here," sobbed Rosa; "and he's been so angry; and he's carried Harry away, and I shall ne—never—see him—any more."

The Dean kept such strict watch over his son while the troop remained

at Doddington, lecturing him all the time, that he never got the smallest glimpse of Rosa before quitting the place, though he managed to write her some tender and consoling letters. His only other consolation was in confiding his grief to Mr Titcherly, the old antiquary. They had become intimate and fond of one another—"a pair of friends, though he was young, and Titcherly seventy-two." Bruce had sympathised with the old gentleman's pursuits, and aided them—he had, moreover, made drawings illustrative of the great work on the antiquities of Doddington, which were now being engraved for a second edition; and when the troop left the town, nobody missed him more, nor thought more kindly of him, next to Rosa, than Mr Titcherly.

Bruce had nourished in his secret heart an intention of getting leave when they got to headquarters, and coming back to see Rosa. This was defeated by the vigilance of his parent, who, suspecting the design, made it a particular request to the Colonel that he would allow his son no leave of absence, hinting at an indiscreet attachment; and the Colonel, in the most friendly way, promised to comply with the Dean's wishes. Afterwards the Dean went home, and told his wife (he being a pious man, and familiar with the ways of Providence) that he considered the moving of the detachment from Doddington in the light of a special interference.

#### CHAPTER XLII.

For my own private choice, I don't know whether I should have preferred to live at Larches or the Heronry. People who like aristocratic-looking houses of imposing size and respectable age would have preferred the latter. But there are others whose ambition does not soar so high—who would feel encumbered by spaces which they could not occupy, and by galleries and apartments to them superfluous; yet who have sometimes, when dreaming in a verandah in the tropics, a snow-hut of some northern region, or a narrow cabin at sea, figured to themselves a snug

English home, not too remote for the world's affairs, nor too public for seclusion—not so large as to be dull without visitors, nor so small as to be unfit to accommodate them—not so grand as to invite inspection, nor so unadorned as to disappoint it—standing, in fact, on the boundary which divides comfort from ostentation; and such would have preferred Larches.

Yet, ah! that air from Queen Anne's time that breathed about the Heronry—that library, where Samuel Johnson might have devoured books in his boyhood—the trim gardens, where

Pope might have sat in fine weather, polishing his mellifluous lines—the gateway and porticoes that Vanbrugh might have regarded with paternal complacency, as hooped dames and bewigged cavaliers passed underneath—all these were pleasant to the eye and mind that love the picturesque and antique.

Yet even these advantages would not weigh in the scale for a minute, when Larches was inhabited as now. Place Lady Lee and Orelia in the balance, and the Mercury kicks the beam. They would have made a hut in Tipperary, or South Africa, or any other pagan and barbarous region, more alluring than the palace of Aladdin.

However (to describe its intrinsic advantages), Larches was a one-storied house, too spacious to be called a cottage, which, however, it resembled in shape, and surrounded by a deep verandah open from the eaves to the ground. To please a caprice of Orelia's, the slated roof had been covered with thatch—indeed, she exercised her fancy in so many alterations, both of the house and grounds, that the place was like a dissolving view, and never presented the same appearance for two consecutive seasons. The house stood on a knoll which raised it above the surrounding garden, except at the back, where the north winds were repelled by a small grove rising from a high bank. In the front rank of this grove rose three tall larches that gave the place its name. The verandah kept the sun from the apartments, but the windows, opening to the ground, admitted plenty of sober light. Looked at from without, the open verandah and the large space occupied by windows and doors gave an idea of extreme airiness; while the rich heavy curtains that lined the windows, and the glimpses of luxurious furniture behind, conveyed ample assurance of comfort.

Hither Orelia had brought her friend, and here she applied herself to soothe her sorrow. Many offices would, perhaps, have suited Orelia better than that of comforter—but her affection and warm sympathy for Lady Lee made her discharge it with a good-will.

When Hester had entered the hall, at the conclusion of their journey, Orelia came up and kissed her.

"We will forget now," she said, "that you have ever been Lady Lee. We will revive in substance, as well as in idea, the old times when you were Hester Broome at the parsonage; and we will see if there is not yet in store for you as bright a future as ever you dreamt of in your imaginative days."

A thin elderly person, holding a handkerchief to her face to keep off the draught, was hovering about an inner door of the lobby as they entered. This was Miss Priscilla Winter, the lady who did propriety in Orelia's establishment, and managed the minor details thereof. She had lived with Orelia's mother as a companion, when the young lady herself was a child, and had subsequently accompanied the latter to Larches. She was a good kind of ancient nonentity, without any very decided opinions on any subject, resembling, indeed, rather a vague idea than an absolute person. As she always had a smile ready, and agreed with everybody, Priscilla was sufficiently popular and endurable. At present she smiled a welcome on one side of her face only, because the other was swelled—a frequent symptom of the perpetual toothach which afflicted her.

"Here's Frisky," said Orelia, on seeing her; "dear old Frisky!—good old Frisk!" and she went up and greeted the old lady very cordially, as did Lady Lee.

Orelia called her Frisky, not because of any particular fitness in the appellation, but, having a way of her own of altering people's names, she used to call her first Priskilla, then, when she wanted to coax her, Frisky, which suggested Frisky, and the total and glaring inappropriateness of the epithet tickled the inventor so much that it was permanently adopted by her. The old virgin preceded them into the drawing-room, where a comfortable fire was blazing, and told them dinner would be ready in a quarter of an hour.

"And how are the live stock, Frisk?"

"All well except Dick, who had a fit yesterday," said Miss Winter, "but

he seems quite cheerful again to-day." Dick was a bullfinch.

"I'll see him presently," said Orelia, "but first I must visit Moloch."

"Take care, my dear Orelia," said Priscilla; "Francis has got him chained up—the cook says she thinks he's going mad, for he hasn't drank his water to-day."

"Stuff!" said Orelia, marching out of the room.

Moloch, a great yellow bloodhound, sleeked with white, chained in the yard, thundered a deep welcome as his mistress went towards him, and upset his kennel in his eagerness to jump upon her. She unstrapped his collar, and he preceded her backwards in a series of curvets to the drawing-room, yelping joyfully, and nearly upsetting Priscilla, whom Orelia found occupied in settling Lady Lee near the fire, that she might be warm before taking off her things; for the old lady was a great hand at coddling people, if permitted.

"Hester looks pale, poor dear," said Priscilla, with a heart-rending sadness of tone and aspect—"ah, well, she's had her trials and"—

"Now, I'll tell you what it is, Frisk," interrupted Orelia, looking sternly at the old lady, "I didn't bring her here to be made dismal, and if ever I hear you saying anything of a doleful character, I'll leave a chink of your bedroom window open at night, and give you a stiff neck.—I will, as sure as your name's Frisky." And this speech at once produced the desired effect; the venerable spinster caught her cue with alacrity, and the unswollen side of her face at once assumed an expression of great cheerfulness.

Dinner was presently announced. "I'm afraid the dining-room will be chilly," mumbled Priscilla, "and this terrible face of mine—would you mind it, my dear, if I sat at dinner in my bonnet?"

"Not in the least, my tender Frisk," quoth Orelia; "and pray bring your umbrella and pattens also."

A few days after their arrival, they went down to the parsonage where Hester had formerly lived with her father. Orelia was curious to see

what effect the memories attached to the place would have upon her ladyship. She saw her grow flushed and excited as they passed the familiar cottages, and trees, and fields along the road. She saw her excitement increase as they came in sight of the parsonage. A glimpse of it was afforded from the road, as it stood at the end of a lane, and looked down upon a lawn dotted with dwarf firs. That glimpse showed it little changed; but as they entered the swinging gate, opening on the gravel path that curved round to the front of the house, the place seemed to Hester to have dwindled. Perhaps the spacious proportions of the Heroury dwarfed the parsonage by contrast—perhaps her remembrance had flattered the scene—perhaps it had lost its interest together with its former inhabitants—for, her father having died soon after her marriage, a new clergyman now lived there, and neither he nor his wife were likely to renew much of the romantic atmosphere of the spot—at any rate, Hester's associations vanished rapidly. The furniture was all so different: there was a new door opened in the sitting-room, which might be a convenience, but was to her an impertinence—her bedroom, the chamber of her maiden dreams (ah, sacrilege!) was now a nursery. The walls where the echoes of Hester's voice, as she read aloud, or sung, or said her prayers, ought yet to have lingered, resounded to the squalls of the latest baby published by the prolific clergyman's wife, and the clamour of its small seniors. A cradle had taken the place of her bookcase; and her bed, whose white curtains had once enclosed the poetic dreams and bright fancies of the virgin Hester—the very altar-piece, as it were—was occupied by a rocking-horse with its head knocked off. Scarcely worse the desecration, when the French stabled their chargers in the cathedrals of Spain.

She descended to the porch, and paused there, trying to recall her former self as she had sat in its shadow, reading, working, dreaming, fancying that the world was paradise. She wondered what could have made her fancy so; it had, indeed, been blissful ignorance, but very silly, neverthe-



less: her eyes were open now, and she was quite sure—yes, quite—she should never see things again surrounded by such delusive splendour. The Hester of eighteen had been quite a different person from the Hester of twenty-five. And so sad seemed to be the train of thoughts thus aroused, and bringing with it so many silent tears, that Orelia was sorry she had carried her well-intended visit to the parsonage into execution. She mentioned it in a letter to Rosa; and here, in common type, wherein it loses all the character it gained in the original, from that bold yet feminine hand, with its long upstrokes and downstrokes, and its audacious dashes, we will insert Orelia's letter.

"Dearest Rosalinda," (it said,) "what is there about you, do you suppose, that you should be so constantly in my thoughts as you are, to the utter exclusion, of course, of all kinds of rational contemplation? For how can any serious or important idea be expected to remain in company with that of a little laughing, red-faced thing? In vain I banish the pert image; it comes back with all the annoying and saucy pertinacity of the original, till I actually catch myself addressing it; and my first impulse, on waking of a morning, always is to pull you out of bed.

"People sometimes say of their deceased relations (especially if they have left them any money), that it would be wrong to wish them back to this scene of trial. And I grow somewhat resigned to your absence, when I think that you are probably much happier where you are. For Hester and I are very dismal, Rosey—not a bit better than we were during the last sad weeks at the Heronry. She grows paler, Rosetta—paler and thinner every day. And I don't think 'tis owing to any failure of mine in carrying out our plan for her benefit. I have, in every possible way, closed up the avenues to sad recollections. I have avoided all allusions to her married life, as if it had been wiped out of my memory with a great wet sponge. I have nearly choked myself by arresting, on the brink of utterance, observations that might have awakened in her mind some train of thought ending in a sigh. I have en-

deavoured to interest her in her old occupations here, and to get her to resume the subjects of conversation and of fancy that used to delight her in the old times, when she was the most enthusiastic and bright and hopeful of friends; and I have had my labour for my pains. She wandered through my hothouses with most annoying apathy—stood on the very spot where she and I first saw one another, and which I expected would have had an electrical effect on her, with an absence of recognition that quite exasperated me; and when I wished her good night, in the very bedroom that was always allotted to her when weather-bound at my cottage, she returned the benediction without one allusion to the old days that have departed apparently for ever.

"Well, Rosetta, I persevered, nevertheless—yes, I did—I struck my great coup—I took her down to the parsonage, where she was born and bred. Long after her father's death it stood untenanted; but a new family now live there. I watched the effect of each familiar object that we passed on the road; her breath now and then came a little quicker, and, at the first distant glimpse of the house, her colour rose, and she smiled more naturally than she has done any time these three months. 'Now,' said I to myself, 'the old Hester is going to peep out of this melancholy mask;' so I said, by way of assisting the metamorphosis, 'Do you remember anything about that stone, Hester?' pointing to a great white one by the side of the road. Now, by this stone hangs a tale, Rosamunda. You must know (if I never told you) that Hester and I had once a little quarrel; and as it's so long ago, I don't mind saying 'twas all my fault. Well, we did not meet for two or three days, for Hester was hurt, and I was sullen; but then, by a simultaneous impulse, we started to meet and be reconciled. Hester was near this stone when she caught sight of me, and, forgetting all cause of offence, ran towards me. In her haste ('twould take a deal to make her run now, Rosey) she tript on the grass at the side of the road, and fell with her head against the corner of the stone. There she lay for a moment, stunned,

and I, who had just reached the spot, sat down on the stone, and, taking her head on my lap, vowed, after she had opened her eyes, and assured me she was but little hurt, that I would never again offend her.

"She remembered it well, she said, as I stopt and pointed to the spot; then, pressing my hand, 'Though I am not so demonstrative now as then, you must not think my friendship colder, dear Orelia,' she said. This looked all very promising, and I walked on in great spirits, awaiting the further effect of the coming scenes.

"The clergyman's wife had called on us, so our visit had an excuse. The porch looked just as it used—we entered; but there, in the identical spot where Mr Broome used to sit and talk to us, when a pause in his disorder let him brighten up for an hour or two, with the benignity of a Socrates—his pale face glowing, his dim eye kindling, and his failing voice hardly able to keep pace with his eloquent flow of thought—there sat his successor—fat, contented, vulgar. The first words he spoke, in tones that seemed to struggle through layers of beef and cabbage and Yorkshire pudding, dissipated the romance that lingered for me and Hester about the scene. And his wife! I don't deny that the woman may have good qualities, Rosa; but I never can forgive her that cap of hers—nor her furniture—nor her younger sister, with her vulgar affectation of well-bred ease—nor her mode of addressing her husband—she called him by the initial letter of his horrible surname.

"In vain I struggled with these prosaic influences—in vain I tried to recall the old memories of the place—they had absolutely deserted me. I did not look at Hester, for I should only have looked disappointment. I did not speak to her, for I had nothing to say. But I looked at the clergyman and his wife and sister-in-law—daggers, Rosetta—and I was glad, when we departed, to see them reduced to a state of terrified and silent civility.

"So this part of the project signally failed. Hitherto we had lived altogether by ourselves, for I did not wish to annoy her with the task of making a parcel of new acquaintances, not likely to be particularly interesting

either to her or to me. But now I thought visitors might rouse her from her melancholy, and I let them come."

The time when Lady Lee and Orelia were most disposed to be communicative to each other was the last hour before they went to bed. Both, after flickering fitfully between dinner and tea, musing, looking into the fire, sighing, &c., would brighten up into temporary effulgence, before undergoing the extinction of sleep.

"You are cheerful to-night, Orelia," said Lady Lee, one night after some guests had departed. "I am happy to see it, my dear. Come closer," said her ladyship, passing her arm round her friend's waist, and drawing her on to the sofa beside her. "I want to whisper to you. May I venture to hope" (this in Orelia's ear, from which she had brushed back the volume of black hair that hid it) "that you have forgotten that little romance of yours?"

Orelia silently turned, and sat facing her with her black eyes, without answering.

"You never confided in me in that matter," said her ladyship, still whispering, though there was nobody but those two in the room, and the servants had gone to bed. "I shouldn't speak of it now, only that I observe some symptoms occasionally which make me still doubt the direction of your thoughts. Can I help to guide them back to tranquillity?"

"No, Hester," said Orelia; "I don't want any aid. I've come to a resolution of my own accord."

"Tell it me," said Lady Lee.

"How can I tell you all?" said Orelia. "You didn't know him. To you he was merely what he appeared to the world—to me he was himself—the manliest, the cleverest, the most independent, the—ah, you smile; but, had you met him in his true position, you would have thought of him as I do."

Lady Lee squeezed the hand of the somewhat indignant enthusiast. "Who so apt as I to believe," she said, "that when Orelia Payne admires, the object is an elevated one? Well, dearest?"

"Well," said Orelia, "I dreamt at the Heronry a sort of dream—that he

would regain his position in the world, and be all you or any of my friends could wish. He left me apparently with some such expectation; but now I see it was fallacious."

"But a man could scarcely make a very great stride in the world in a couple of months," observed Lady Lee.

"'Twill take years, perhaps," said Orelia, "even if he ever succeeds; and consider the chances against him. And, except as successful, I shall never see him—he is prouder than a fallen angel." Here she paused, and pondered a little. "But," she resumed, "I have resolved to think no more on that subject. Yes, resolved!" (stamping with her foot, while her colour heightened, and a tear came into her eye). "It can do no good—it will be vain, weak, idle—it will be wasting life in unreality; therefore it shall end"—(another little stamp).

Lady Lee looked at her with a kind of serious half smile. "So earnest, Orelia!—then the cause cannot be slight."

"It is not," said Orelia petulantly. "I am ashamed to think how much it has engrossed my thoughts. And yet—everything considered—so much merit in so unfitting a position! Had he been placed where he deserves, I should perhaps have withheld my admiration; but indignation at the way in which fortune and the world have treated him lent it double force. Now, Hester, I have been franker than you—for we both had our secrets; had we not?"

It was Lady Lee's turn to redden and be silent.

"Hester," went on Orelia, "what do you think of the men who sometimes come here? Is there one of them fit to be named with either of those to whom we gave—I mean to whom we would have given—our hearts? Think for a moment of the best of them—and then place their images, side by side, with those I speak of. Don't they dwindle?—don't they show like wax-work beside sculpture, with their fleeting hues of character, their feeble melting outlines, their stupid conventionalities?"

"You are severe, my dear," said Lady Lee, without, however, heeding much her own reply—for Orelia had convinced her.

"O, it scatters my patience!" said her impetuous friend. "I think less of myself when one of them has hinted admiration. Yesterday, that worthy noodle, Mr Straitlace—he who thinks it good to be wise, but not to be merry, and whose expressive eyebrows proclaim all pursuits to be vanity except his own—had the astonishing effrontery to give my hand a kind of meaning squeeze, at taking leave, muttering something about 'his pleasure at recognising a congenial spirit.' What have I done, Hester, to deserve that?—the owl!"

"I don't see the congeniality, certainly," said Lady Lee, smiling, "more than between an owl and a peacock, or any other majestic bird."

"Then there's that baronet Sir Dudley (you seem to have an attraction for baronets, Hester)—that well-dressed Mephistopheles, with crow's feet about his eyes and his heart at five and twenty, who has just cleverness enough to find out the faulty side of everything—he had the impudence, after looking at you as if he were judging a horse, to pronounce that 'you had some good points,' which from him is equivalent, I suppose, to high praise."

"I hope he specified the points that struck him," said Lady Lee, smiling.

"He hadn't time," returned Orelia. "I felt downright savage at the idea of such a snail as that crawling on your petals. I asked him who had told him of your merits? for that we all knew him to be slow at finding them in anything."

"And what did he say?"

"He turned to his next neighbour and merely said, 'Shut up, by Jove!' Why, compared with these people, Major Tindal grows respectable; for though he has but one side to his character, 'tis a manly and decided one."

"Poor, misguided Major Tindal," said Lady Lee; "to think that he should have taken the trouble to come all the way here" (the Major hadn't been able to forbear singeing his wings again), "just to do hopeless homage to a girl who talks of him in that way."

"Certainly he had better have stayed at Doddington," said Orelia. "But, now, Hester, tell me—could you admire, or ever be induced to love, any

of our present acquaintances, after having seen others so much worthier?"

"I will go farther than that," said Lady Lee, resuming her habitual tone of melancholy, which she had relinquished for one of assumed gaiety, merely to cover the confusion that Orelia's home-thrust had caused her; "I will say that we never could have admired or loved them in any case."

"And yet they are not below the average of those we shall meet in our pilgrimage," said this severe censor; "and that brings me to a subject I have for some time thought of. You and I can never link our lives to people of that sort."

"Never," said Lady Lee, fervently.

"Neither will we spend them in vain regrets," said Orelia. "In men that would be unmanly, and in us 'twould equally be unwomanly. We will drive out thought—we will leave it no avenue to enter—we will place a quickset round our hearts. Some do this by openly relinquishing the world, and taking vows; our resolutions shall be none the weaker because we only take our vows privately, and to one another."

Lady Lee looked at her friend inquiringly.

"Why should we have done with life because we have been disappointed in one of its objects?" said Orelia. "Why should we languish or let ourselves rust because those we prefer are withheld from us? We could not be content to go lingering and dreaming all our lives."

"Not content, certainly," said Lady Lee. "But what are we to do?"

"Make business for ourselves in the world," said Orelia. "Be of use—turn our energies to account. How many women younger than we quit a life of ease without our provocation, and devote themselves to one of active usefulness! We might be the founders of an unprofessed sisterhood. What do you say, Hester? When shall we begin?"

"When?" said Lady Lee. "My dear, such a thing requires thought."

"Say a week," said Orelia.

"A week!" cried Lady Lee—"a year you mean. Nuns have a noviciate."

"And a contemptible thing it is,"

said Orelia, "that hovering between two worlds, as it were—that lingering on the bridge, shilly shally. No, Hester; we won't show any such want of confidence in ourselves—we will begin after a week's trial. We must commence by closing up all paths to thoughts that might unsteady us—lay aside at once poetry, romance, music, except anthems and oratorios. We will prescribe for ourselves a simple dress and a uniform and disciplined life. Come, are you not anxious to begin?"

"I do almost catch a gleam of your enthusiasm," said Hester. "To relinquish my present life will be no privation" (with a sigh). "But we must mature the idea before acting on it. We must not begin lightly."

"Tightly!" said Orelia. "I've been thinking of it these four days. And, for our plan—feeding the poor—educating the ignorant—comforting the sick—there is a field! So much for our duty towards our neighbour—for ourselves; we will improve and occupy our minds with study, and I was going to say meditation; but I'm not so sure whether our meditations would be always on profitable subjects, at least not just yet. When nuns turn out not so good as they might be, who knows what share meditation may have had in it? We'll act now, Hester, and put off meditation till we grow older."

Now, there was something in Orelia's proposal that was not unpleasing to Lady Lee. To banish thought which she found so wearisome—to occupy time that hung so heavy—to labour with an object and obtain a result—these were what she had long desired in a dreamy sort of way, and, now that the more energetic Orelia had struck out the path, she was ardent to follow it. Thus the mind would be provided for; and, for the heart, why shouldn't she and Orelia, her chosen friend, be all in all to each other? which last idea was, perhaps, even more brilliant than the other.

Accordingly the noviciate commenced forthwith. They had, in Hester's maiden days, studied together French and Italian; they now began a spirited attack upon the German language. Mathematics was

desirable, as it required attention, exercised the mind, and did not excite the imagination, and they plodded away at Euclid and algebra with a perseverance praiseworthy in an ambitious freshman, but, in them, lamentable to behold. The piano remained unopened, the harp untouched, except on Sunday, when they performed a piece out of Handel. Lady Lee's copy of *Corinne* was put in the fire by Orelia, who had never particularly admired the work; and, indeed, a great part of their library underwent such a weeding as Don Quixote's suffered at the hands of the barber and curate. Both were dressed in mourning before for Julius, so no great change was needed in their attire. To crown all, they discovered, in a couple of days, some babies in the smallpox and croup, three distressed families with the fathers out of work, and a pair of rheumatic old women, so that their charitable resolutions were not likely to fail for want of objects.

It is very well known that heroines of respectability ought to be naturally benevolent. They ought, moreover, to have a happy knack of winning the hearts of all who experience their bounty. I would with pleasure bestow on my heroines all the good attributes that belong to them, but I have already said they were far from faultless, and, to say the truth, the line they had chosen was not their forte. Lady Lee's fastidious taste was speedily revolted by misery, whose pathos was impaired by selfishness or coarseness; and Orelia, after a visit to one of the rheumatic patients, left a sovereign for the sufferer, and vowed she would never go near that horrid old grumbler again. In fact, this was one of the points in which they were both of them inferior to Rosa. Their benevolence sprang from a sense of duty, and was artificial in expression, like the conversation of one who has learnt a foreign tongue grammatically; while Rosa's was natural, and fluent in the happiest idioms of goodness.

However, they persevered, and, though they were striving against nature, their conduct was quite natural. Women are never so enthusiastic about their duties as when they

have just been disappointed in love. Your pretty Puritans are sure to have had an attachment blighted, and Devotion is called in, like a Beguine, to dress the wounds made by that rascal Cupid.

But yet, reader, if Hester and Orelia should really persist in their project, what a glimpse of the possible is here opened! Let imagination hold up the curtain for a moment.

Methinks I see Orelia, aged say about thirty-five; severe of aspect, and with what novelists call "the traces of former beauty," though the arch of the nose has strengthened to Roman firmness, the mouth is quite stern in its decision, and the fire of the eyes has some fierceness in its sparkle. Irreproachable, but not amicable—unsparing to the indiscretion of others, and having none of her own—rigid in the performance of duties, as well as in exacting them—I see her, in fact, become that formidable being, an exemplary woman, and I should like to see anybody make love to her now.

Lady Lee, too, now getting on for forty, has changed from what we knew her. She is not called, like Orelia, an exemplary woman, but is stigmatised by the equally opprobrious epithet, a superior person. Her eyes, dimmed with long perusing of good wearisome books through a veil of tears, are still beautiful in their melancholy, but the rest of her charms have withered. She does not discharge her duties with the unfailing spirit of the more energetic Orelia, but requires a new weary effort for the performance of each; and when the old obstinate question recurs of what her business in the world may be, she silences it by a contemplation of the indurated virtues of her friend, which she nerves herself to imitate. There are no more confidences or confessions of weakness between herself and Orelia, but a friendship such as might have subsisted between the Mother of the Gracchi and Mrs Fry. They are punctual in —, but, as Sterne says, when the idea of his captive becomes too painful, "I cannot sustain the picture that my fancy has drawn." Fane—Onslow—to the rescue!

## THE MARQUIS DE LAROCHEJAUQUELIN.

FRANCE IN 1853.

THE name of Larochefoucauld is not an obscure one. It was once familiar to the world. It was known and venerated wherever stainless honour, fidelity proof against all temptations and suffering, chivalrous valour, and patient courage amid dangers that do not try the nerves less that they want the excitement which sustains the soldier on the battle-field, were held in reverence. The two brothers who covered that name with glory of the purest kind were noble specimens of the old chivalry of France, when chivalry had well-nigh passed away; and the chronicler of their romantic gallantry and their heroic death was the gentle female who bore their name, and who bore it high, and who shared in their sufferings, their triumphs, and their defeats. We know of few compositions more interesting than the narrative of the Marchioness de Larochefoucauld, who, we are happy to find, still survives, her form bowed by age, but her heart as true as when, in early youth and beauty, she traversed on foot the ravines of the Bocage, or forded the canals of the Marais, and witnessed the sanguinary wars waged by the insurgents of La Vendée during the wildest period of the French Republic. It is curious that the most attractive records of the great revolutions which convulsed the two kingdoms of England and France, at periods so distant from each other, should respectively be the production of a female pen. The memoirs of Mrs Hutchinson and the narrative of Madame de Larochefoucauld are companions fit to be placed side by side with each other; and though the character of the two works is different, the interest they excite is identical. They both possess all the fascination of romance, but they are valuable in a degree which few romances can pretend to. It has been remarked, that until their publication the world was strangely in error on many of the im-

portant events to which they relate, and that they have been singularly useful in diminishing a great deal of the prejudice, and in dissipating the ignorance which had existed, particularly with reference to some of the principal actors in these terrible scenes. The character of the English heroine is shadowed forth in her history; it is more unbending, more masculine, more stern, perhaps, and commands admiration which the mind cannot refuse. But the heart is led away by the tenderness of the Frenchwoman; and her pathetic touches, while they add to the interest of her story, impart to it the impress of truth.

The nobleman who has just published a defence of his own political career during the eventful changes which France has again witnessed, is the son of that lady by a second marriage. His lineage is an ancient and honourable one. Sprung from the old house of Vergier de Larochefoucauld, he counts among his ancestors a Crusader whose arms form one of the many ornaments of the rich gallery of Versailles; two warriors who fell on the hard-fought field of Pavia, when "all was lost except honour;" a brother in arms and tent-companion of Henry IV., who was left "with his back to the field and his feet to the foe" on the plains of Arques; a *mestre-de-camp*, who met his death while in the act of boarding a pirate off St Domingo. His uncle was the general-in-chief in the Vendean army, and it was this gallant gentleman, on whose history Froissart would have loved to linger, who spoke this last address to his army, which is still remembered by the peasants of the Morbihan—"If I advance, follow me; if I retreat, slay me; if I fall, avenge me!" Another of this heroic family was a dashing officer of carabineers under the Empire; and on the battle-field of the Moskowa he maintained the old valour of the house of

Larochejaquelein. Count Louis, the father of the present Marquis, refused to serve under Napoleon. When the flight from Elba roused Europe again from its brief tranquillity, the peasant soldiers of La Vendée gathered once more round the white banner of their chief. The insurrection was, however, soon put down, and Larochejaquelein, while in the act of leading on his men against the Imperial troops, fell with a bullet in his heart. This is an ancestry of which any man may be proud.

The present Marquis is the son of the Royalist chief of the Hundred Days, who had married the widow of his old companion in arms, the Marquis de Lescure. He was born in 1801, and at the early age of eleven was created a peer of France, under what is called the Second Restoration. He entered the military service in 1821, joined the army under the Duke d'Angoulême in 1823, and made the campaign of Spain. He was captain in the horse grenadiers of the Royal Guard in 1828, and, inheriting the military ardour which characterised his family, petitioned the king to be allowed to serve in the Greek war of independence, but was refused. He was permitted, however, to join the Russian army, as a simple volunteer in the campaign of the Balkan against the Turks, "having nothing better to do," as he himself said on one occasion in the Chamber of Deputies. Though a peer of France, he had not taken his seat in the Upper House when the revolution of 1830 broke out; and refusing to accept place, favour, or honours at the hands of the revolutionary government of July, he resigned his functions as peer of France. Endowed with remarkable activity of mind, he devoted himself for some time, and with much energy, to industrial pursuits, and gave up politics till 1842, when he was named a member of the Chamber of Deputies by the electoral college of Ploermel, in the Morbihan. During his parliamentary career he did not remain idle. He took a prominent part in most of the stormy discussions of the time: the various projects of replies to the addresses from the throne, the conscription reform law, prison reform, railroad bills, electoral reform,

liberty of instruction, all found in him a ready, fluent, and vigorous, if not an eloquent debater. On all occasions he spoke out his mind frankly and boldly; and though on many occasions in opposition to his own party, as well as to the government, it is said that he never had a personal enemy in the Chamber. His conduct, when the paltry attempt was made by the servile adherents of the new régime to affix infamy on the Royalists, who paid their homage to the descendant of their former master, at the occasion of the Count de Chambord's visit to London in 1812, is beyond all praise. He rejected, with scornful indignation, the stigma attempted to be fixed on him by the Oceanists, who did not feel the sentiment of honour, and were incapable of appreciating it in others. He at once resigned his seat as deputy, and appealed from the outrage offered him by the Philippists to the judgment of the electors. The electors answered the appeal, and Ploermel sent him back to the Chamber, where he persevered in the same independent course. When the base arts of corruption employed by the government of July were to be dragged to the light of day, Larochejaquelein was never silent. "A corrupting and degrading selfishness pervades all parts of society," he said, in the discussion of the budget in 1845. "I have, in common with the rest of the nation, given up all illusions about the constitutional forms of the state, and I have no longer any faith in their independence. On all sides, in all places, I behold the triumph of the base over the generous, of evil over good; and each day that passes by brings us nearer to a tremendous crisis—the future is indeed dark and threatening!" These prophetic words were destined to be soon realised—sooner, perhaps, than the speaker himself imagined.

We have said that M. de Larochejaquelein was a frequent and a forcible speaker on important occasions. Without much claim to what is termed oratory, his language is fluent and full of energy; and he has scarcely uttered a few sentences, when you feel that he is a man of profound convictions—and this we hold to be a great, as if

is a rare merit in times like the present. His portly presence, open brow, and flowing hair—his quick, earnest, and impassioned gesticulation, remind you of the tribune of revolutionary days. The haughty movement of his head, and the scornful expression of his eye, when repelling some unjust accusation, give him an appearance of pride, which certainly is not characteristic of him, for in private life no one can be gentler or more unaffected. You see before you the gentleman of the old *souche*, not the marquis of the *salon*, or that trifling race which the wit of Molière has perpetuated. Had the Marquis de Larochefoucauld not been born an aristocrat, he would have been a tribune of the people. Whatever be his merits or demerits as a speaker or a politician, he possesses, at all events, the courage, the audacity of his opinions. He was devoted to the Bourbons of the elder branch (and they have not always paid his devotedness with gratitude), not for interest, but for honour, from family traditions; and were not the days of chivalry all but extinct in what was once a nation of cavaliers, and were men again to combat for dynasties in France, we are inclined to think that he would be among the first to place his lance in rest, as his ancestors did before him; and yet, if we are to judge from recent events, neither the hereditary devotedness of his family to the cause which was so often sealed with their blood, nor the sacrifices (and we are informed they are not few) which he himself has made to it, have won him the favour of the court of Frohsdorf. On the contrary, we believe that he has been exposed to all the persecution that petty malignity can set at work; and we know that attempts have, on many occasions, been made to ruin him among the primitive peasantry of La Vendée and the Morbihan. His position with reference to his own party became so intolerable, that he has considered it necessary to publish, in a small volume, a review of the state of parties in France in 1853, and which is, at the same time, a vindication of his own conduct.

The work is curious and instructive. It notices the events which have recently occurred in France; and though

the causes which led to that very decided act of vigour known as the *coup-d'état* of December 1851, have been long since known to the public, and appreciated by impartial men, a narrative bearing the impress of truth, and penned by one of the actors in the drama, cannot fail to be interesting. We do not concur in all the views of M. de Larochefoucauld, nor do we agree in all his deductions; but we readily admit the truth of his sketch of political parties in France previous to the month of December, of the intrigues of the Orleanist faction, their hypocrisy and selfishness, their utter recklessness of consequences, provided but a chance was afforded them, no matter at what cost to the country, of recovering the power for which they had shown themselves unfit, and of which they were deprived almost without an effort. In all this we agree; and we confess we are not a little pleased at finding the opinions we have already had occasion to express on these points fully borne out by one who has so intimate a knowledge of affairs. We believe that the French press has, with one or two exceptions, passed over in silence the work of M. de Larochefoucauld; and we are not much surprised at that silence. It is some time since all political intercourse has ended between him and the persons who compose the court of Frohsdorf. These persons, we fear, too truly represent the extravagant opinions and the intolerant conduct of the men who contributed by their evil counsels to the overthrow of the legitimate monarchy. They are the same of whom it has been said, and said truly, that they returned from their long exile, having learned nothing and forgotten nothing; and were the Count de Chambord to be restored to the throne of his ancestors, their policy would again lead to its overthrow. We desire to speak with respect of the present chief of the house of Bourbon. We admire the dignity of his bearing; the position he has assumed with respect to the Orleans family; the proud refusal to make any sacrifice of what he considered to be a principle, even though that sacrifice increased the number of his partisans; the firmness with which he maintains his superiority over those who despoiled him—



the innocent victim of base intriguers, and a successful insurrection—of his rights. But we fear that he allows himself to be too much influenced in certain matters by a coterie composed of persons of antiquated notions, and who do not appear to have any conception of the progress made in the social and political world during the last half-century. The errors of that coterie are exposed by M. de Larochejaquelein; and that exposure will not narrow the distance which separates him from his party, or rather from the court of Frohsdorf. The unpalatable truth he tells will not easily be forgiven; and the Legitimist organs of the press have considered it more prudent to pass them over without notice or contradiction. The organs of what is called the *Fusion* have been equally discreet, and with one or two exceptions the other journals have imitated their discretion, either because they considered his sketch not sufficiently Buonapartist to merit unqualified praise, or too much so for censure. The object of the Marquis de Larochejaquelein, who still professes to be a Legitimist in principle, is to show that he has been guilty of no inconsistency in giving in his adhesion to the imperial government, and that he has not discarded the opinions he always professed; that he has not denied the name he bears, nor renounced the political faith in which he was brought up, by accepting that regime, and taking, as a member of the Senate, the oaths of allegiance to the Emperor and the constitution. It is principally in this respect that the interest of the book consists, and we have noticed briefly and impartially the conduct of the writer, and that of a certain number of his fellow-Legitimists who have, equally with himself, comprehended the imminent danger their common country was exposed to, and availed themselves of the only means of safety left at their disposal.

The offence committed by M. de Larochejaquelein, and which the more intolerant of the Royalist party do not pardon, is not of recent date. He was a Legitimist, it is true, but he was also attached to constitutional government. He preferred a sovereign who inherited a crown from his ancestors, but

he was likewise the supporter of representative institutions. But so many catastrophes—so many revolutions had passed over France—so many governments had been overthrown and institutions subverted, that all notions of right and justice, as of government, were completely lost. The actors in the first Republic denounced all monarchical forms, as not only incompatible with human rights, but actually opposed to common sense itself—in fact, something monstrous and unnatural. After convulsing all Europe, and utterly changing the country where it first broke into mad violence, that Revolution became exhausted from its very excesses; the Republic fell into contempt; but the terror inspired by it was such, that then, as in more recent days, people were glad to take shelter in any government that promised security to life and property. The great object of the Consulate, as of the Empire, was to obliterate the last traces of a system which had cost France so dear. That régime was so great and so dazzling that the loss of liberty was soon forgotten; and the yoke that pressed on the nation was the less galling because it was concealed in glory; and Frenchmen consoled themselves for not being free, because their master was a hero.

That brilliant meteor, after blinding the world with its splendour, and awing it by its power, fell into darkness. The ancient line was restored; and the Restoration in turn began by proclaiming the imperial rule as a usurpation; and Louis XVIII., in the charter of 1814, dated his reign, not from his return to France and the fall of Napoleon, but from the death of his nephew, the son of Louis XVI.;—as if the imperial epoch, with all its marvellous events, had never existed, and as if the account popularly, but erroneously, attributed to the famous Father Lorrain, was exact, that there had been no such government as the Republic, and that the man who was generally believed to have ruled the French nation despotically, but not ingloriously, for fourteen years, was in reality only Monsieur le Marquis de Buonaparte, lieutenant-general in the service of his most Christian Majesty.

Next came the Revolution of July, which proclaimed that Charles X. had forfeited his right to the crown, for himself and his heirs—who, however, were admitted to have done nothing to merit that forfeiture—by the manner in which he interpreted the 14th article of the charter, which, nevertheless, authorised him “to make regulations and ordinances necessary for the execution of the laws and the safety of the state.”—(*Charte Constitutionnelle de 1814*.) Republican writers (*Dictionnaire Politique*, p. 216) admit that the aforesaid article left to the king “the dangerous privilege of being the sole judge of the necessity of the case;” though they refused to recognise that or any other article of a charter which had been *octroyée*, or issued by royal authority alone. The responsible advisers whom Charles X. consulted, were of opinion that his conduct in issuing the famous ordinances was legal. The Orleanist revolution denounced that act as a violation of the charter, and declared that Charles X. had broken some imaginary compact between him and his people, and had forfeited the crown. This was admitting, to all intents and purposes, the right of armed insurrection. The principle thus admitted by the new régime was often turned against itself; and the right of overthrowing the government was many times tried during the reign of Louis Philippe. Various insurrections broke forth, which were successively put down; but had any of them succeeded, Louis Philippe would long before 1848 have been accused, on equally just grounds, of a violation of the new charter, and consequent forfeiture of the crown, as his predecessor. At length *his* turn came; and at the very moment that most people believed the throne of July to be fixed on the surest basis, the insurrection of February in a few hours overthrew that which had already triumphed over so many previous dangers. Louis Philippe rose to power on the barricades of July;—that power was laid prostrate by the same means. He, in turn, was proclaimed a usurper of the people’s rights, a violator of public liberty, and condemned to execration. It is not strange, therefore, if the minds

of men became bewildered amid so many conflicting doctrines. There no longer appeared any fixed standard by which to judge of authority. Monarchy in its absolute form was decried by some; constitutional monarchy by others. “Monarchy under any denomination, or under any form whatever, was denounced by many as an outrage on human reason. Some maintained that a republican rule was hateful to the immense majority of the nation, and that France only desired a fair opportunity to declare its will. Under such circumstances what was to be done? The Royalists did not conceal that they only *endured* the Republic until an occasion offered for re-establishing their own form of government. Each party maintained that it, *and it alone*, represented the wants and wishes of the people; while the unhappy people, in whose name, and on whose behalf, all this had been done, stood by in silent dismay, and bent to the yoke which each faction that got uppermost imposed upon it. All was confusion, anarchy, chaos;—and the country, whose wellbeing was the pretext, rapidly approached the brink of ruin.

Under such circumstances, we again ask, what was to be done? The Marquis de Larochefoucauld thought that the only way of solving the problem was by an appeal to the very people in whose name every outrage was successively perpetrated; and calling upon it to declare, once for all, frankly and freely, what form of government it preferred—whether monarchy legitimate or constitutional, or a republic. From the day he took his seat in the Chamber of Deputies until the 2d December, when the National Assembly was dissolved by the *coup-d’état*, such was his constant theme. He denied the legitimacy of the Orleans monarchy of July, and refused to recognise the right of two hundred deputies, a portion of only one branch of the legislature, to exceed the terms of their mission, and to bestow sovereign power on any one. He expressed his belief that France would, if an occasion offered, return to the government of her legitimate sovereign, and he did not conceal that such was the motive for his appeal; but at all events he demanded that France

should be consulted, and he pledged himself to abide by the issue. By such conduct he incurred the hatred of Legitimists and Orleanists;—of the former, because his doctrine was inconsistent with the principle of divine right; and of the latter, because the admission of such an appeal vitiated, *ab initio*, the right of the sovereign whom the two hundred deputies had, of their own sole act, given to the nation. We offer no opinion as to whether M. de Larochejaquelein would have attained his object had his plan been carried into effect, nor on the abstract fitness of such an appeal; but in so complete a dissolution of authority of every kind, and amid such a confusion of all ideas of government, it would be difficult to suggest any other experiment whereby the right of those who founded their claim on the will of the nation could be tested.

The first great offence committed by M. de Larochejaquelein consisted, as we have just seen, in his having so far deviated from the principle of divine right, as to recommend an "appeal to the nation;"—but the crime for which he can hope for no forgiveness from the court of Frohsdorf, is his having recognised the imperial government, and accepted the office of senator under it. M. de Larochejaquelein is of opinion, that after so many revolutions there was no chance for monarchy in France otherwise than by means of universal suffrage, by which the present government has been elected. He thought that the Legitimists, who had always maintained that they, and they alone, were acceptable to the nation, would run no risk in abating something of their *amour propre*, and in meeting the reaction half-way. If they were right, there was no fear of the result of such an appeal. The Orleanists, who were few in number and factious in conduct, would indeed be justified in shrinking from such an ordeal as the justification of the act of two hundred deputies of the opposition; but in any case he despaired of a monarchical government in any form that attempted to establish itself on a narrower basis. "Let us now suppose," he says (p. 190), "that monarchy were proclaimed in France otherwise

than by universal suffrage, which no accredited leader of the old Royalist parties admitted. Of the three monarchical parties, two would have been in open hostility with the government, and would, as now, rely for aid on the Republicans—this time in open hostility, and with much more reason. It is, perhaps, from a feeling akin to paternal weakness that I invariably recur to this article of my political faith—If the question of *Monarchy* or *Republic* had been frankly put to the country under the Republican government, under the Republican constitution, all dynastic pretensions would vanish before traditional right, and the majority of the Republicans themselves would have submitted to the declared will of the nation. But no!—it was thought better to carry on intrigues up to the very day when the *coup d'état* of the 2d December became a social and political necessity; instead of cherishing carefully that liberty which we claimed for the national will, the parties I refer to preferred reserving themselves for chances which had only the effect of prolonging our intestine divisions."

M. de Larochejaquelein explains why he has given his adhesion to the present government, elected, as it has been, by means of that very appeal to the nation which he had, with certainly the hope of a different result, always advocated. "If I am asked," he says (p. 214), "the reason of the humble support I give to the present government, my answer is very simple: I see before me a strong government, which has rendered real service to my country, and at this moment I do not see any other that can possibly succeed to it. 'The faults that have been committed are so numerous—revolutions have so exhausted our strength—events have such complete power over us—that, I confess, my reason forces me to accept the vote of eight millions of my fellow-citizens. Nevertheless, I have never been more convinced than I now am, of the excellence of the hereditary principle. Let us suppose the Emperor to have issue—he has also relations. Let us suppose the Count de Chambord to have issue—but the princes of the house of Orleans are numerous. Under such

circumstances, France would be exposed for centuries to the danger resulting from the dissensions of the monarchical parties disputing among each other the possession of the crown. Hereditary right, respected by France for her own sake, saved her from the evils which perhaps were the fate of future generations, and spared us the repetition of those trials which we have already so severely felt. I will be frank. The reason that many Legitimists support the government is, that they do not wish on any account, or any terms, either Orleanism or anarchy—the one being, in their opinion, the consequence of the other. Were there no other motive than to destroy the chance of either, the persons I speak of are of opinion that they ought not to refuse taking part in the affairs of their country. Europe is equally interested with us that the principle of the Revolution should not be represented on the throne of France by a new family usurpation, for there is no sovereign that such usurpation should not alarm.”

The reign of Louis Philippe was the reign of the *bourgeoisie*—of the revolutionary shopkeepers of Paris. The scepticism of the eighteenth century had extended to morals—the mockery that assailed religion gradually undermined society—and all notions about virtue, honour, independence, were destroyed by a blighting incredulity. We are no believers in what is termed the perfectibility of human nature, but we do not think that, even with the most mercantile people of the world, a love of gain is incompatible with ideas of personal and national honour. The all-powerful *bourgeoisie* of the Orleanist régime was not a good specimen of that class; it carried into political life the characteristics of its social life. Insolent and overbearing in prosperity, it was fawning and mean in adversity. A difference is always observable between the bearing of a gentleman—and by the term we refer as much to moral as to social superiority, as the gentleman of nature may be found in all classes—and the mere upstart, and in France it was perhaps more striking than elsewhere. Dignified humility, lofty submission, obedience that

implies no forgetfulness, no sacrifice of self-respect, loyalty which cannot be degraded even in political servitude, a sense of personal honour which despotism cannot wound, are far different from the pertness of the *parvenu*, the nervous pedantry of the *doctrinaire*, or the fawning of the sycophant. The one inclines low, with a consciousness of just subordination to high station; but after so inclining he stands up with erect face: the other falls to the dust prostrate. The aristocratic courtier will offer the incense of his adulation, but his censor is not rudely flung in the eyes of his royal master, and his homage is not without grace and dignity. His words may be soft and insinuating, but he will not change his nature. To use the language of one who knew both classes well, he may stoop to pick up his master's hat or handkerchief, but it is the act of polite attention to superior rank, and not the mercenary subserviency of a valet; and there is an air of equality about it which shocks no one, and does not offend the personage to whom it is paid. We rather think that, generally speaking, a prince prefers selecting his ministers from the class of plebeians, because he believes he shall be served by them as mere mercenaries; while the others he must treat as servants of his crown, and no otherwise. It is mentioned as one of the anecdotes of the Court of Louis Philippe, whose fault was want of dignity, that, one day, wishing to gain over to some project of family interest, on which he had set his heart, one of his ministers, he offered him, in a familiar, off-hand, and half-contemptuous manner, a portion of the fruit he was at the moment eating. The minister appeared much flattered, bowed low, and accepted the royal gift. We are not aware whether the bribe produced the effect intended, but we much doubt if the citizen-king would have treated with such disdainful familiarity a Montmorency, a Noailles, or a Molé.

The effect produced by the exclusiveness of the July régime was such as might have been expected. It was inculcated that the primary object of man's existence was the gratification of his meaner passion;—success in the pursuit of wealth without any

close examination as to the means by which it was acquired, was regarded as the *sumnum bonum*; the *enrichissez-vous* so often repeated in the banquet and electioneering speeches of even the most eminent of Louis Philippe's ministers (though we readily admit that no such incentive influenced the person who so spoke) were the leading maxims of that system. Fidelity to principles, faith in high and noble aspirations, were rather sneered at as the ravings of the imagination, suited perhaps to the age of romance; and strong attachment to traditions was referred to as a folly unworthy of men of sense. The *bourgeois* were often assured that they alone were the sovereign; that they alone were eminent in eloquence and in thought; that to them alone belonged the gifts of the earth; that they alone, provided they were men of substance, were superior in the social as in the moral scale; that to them belonged all distinctions as a matter of right; that they only were fit to occupy eminent posts in every branch of the administration, and in fact that in their hands were exclusively placed the destinies of the state. They who thus extravagantly exalted the pursuit of mere material interests, were destined to pay dearly for the lessons they had taught. Faith and reverence for the past had been held up to contempt by the new school of statesmen; but the doctrines that had been inculcated for the overthrow of the former dynasty, were equally applicable to the modern one, and the Revolution of February was the consequence. Empty and dogmatic, the real *bourgeois*—the *bourgeois* whose stupidity or conceit makes him sure good material in the hands of the revolutionists—has nevertheless pretensions to nothing less than universal knowledge. Jealous of all superior to him in social position, and insolent to those below him, he would drag down the former to his own level, but would not permit the latter to rise to it. With the examples yet before him, and the preceptors he had to guide him, he could not be a *bourgeois* such as *July* encouraged, without being somewhat of an infidel. The reverence for religious forms that characterised his fathers, was in his opinion fit for times of ignorance, but not

for the enlightened nineteenth century. He had dipped here and there into the *Philosophical Dictionary* of Voltaire; he could sneer at the Mosaic chronology; be witty on the description of Noah's Ark; was incredulous about the Deluge; and laughed outright at the Passage of the Red Sea. He had read the *Origine de tous les Cultes* of Dupuis, and could quote whole pages from Volney. He was therefore a philosopher. With those severer studies he mingled the lighter graces of wit and poetry, and for these accomplishments he was indebted to the doggel of the "philosopher of Ferney" in *Joan of Arc*; the *Guerre des Dieux* of Parny, and the looser songs of Beranger. To show that he thoroughly appreciated these great masters, and that he was superior to popular prejudice, he would not enter the doors of a church, as the observances of religion were only fit for women and children. To prove his independence, and to give "a lesson to the government," he would not pay the just respect, which degrades no man, to the accredited representative of authority; but he would fall on his knees to worship the merest political mountebank. He incessantly clamoured about *equality*, and decried the aristocracy if he happened to see a carriage, with a coronet or armorial bearings, roll by him; but his pride was up if a struggling artist or poor man of letters addressed him otherwise than with cap in hand. The noisy advocate of social and political liberty, there was no greater despot in his domestic circle. His house-porter crouched before him, and his servants grew dumb when they heard the creak of his shoe. Railing against the "upper classes," his ambition was to scrape acquaintance with some decayed viscount, some equivocal marquis; and if he had a visit from some one who bore a title, the coroneted card lay for whole months in full view on the central table of his drawing-room, or was stuck in the most conspicuous part of the looking-glass frame. His personal pomposity was increased the more he was disposed to corpulence, and his boldness was decisive proof of the superiority of his intellect. Our worthy *bourgeois* was rather hard to be pleased. When

the political world was tranquil, he passed his leisure hours in running down the government; and though no one had more experienced the mischief of agitation, he generally voted for its most dangerous adversaries: not because he approved of their principles, or that the ministerial candidates were not honourable men, but because he was determined to let no opportunity pass of making the king and his government feel that he, M. St Godibert, was not pleased with them, and would "give them a lesson." These lessons occasionally cost the teacher very dear; and when agitation, warmed by himself into incipient insurrection, grew dangerous, he was sure to be the first to accuse the government of having excited it for its own special purposes. When insurrection was defeated, he again blamed the government for excessive lenity in the punishment of those who disturbed the public peace; and when all peril was over, and a complete lull ensued, then he accused the same government of excessive cruelty to those who a day or two before were the *infame canaille*, but who now were his *frères égarés*—his deluded brethren and fellow-citizens.

These were the men who served as the instruments to bring about the Revolution of July, and these were they who were feasted and flattered until they were led to believe themselves the only beings on earth worthy of consideration. Such specimens were of course to be met with as *employés* in the various ministerial departments. Nothing could be more insolent, or more griping, than the general run of those underlings. The recommendation "*enrichissez-vous*," coming, as it did, from the first minister of the crown, was not forgotten;—he was one of the few who did not carry out for himself his own theory; but we fear that the love of power, which was in him a passion, induced him to tolerate, or at least not to prevent, the scandalous jobbing which it was known was going on—for it is not credible that such things could be done in secret. A government where such men enjoy, in consequence of their position, a great though underhand influence, is humiliating for an honourable man to live under. There is

something more respectable in the audacity with which the insurgent flings out his crimson flag, and eyes, as he passes through the richest quarters of Paris, the trembling *bourgeois*, whose fine mansion he has already marked out, than in the system which admits as its principal instruments the rapacious and insolent underlings, who too often had the ministerial car under the Orleans régime.

As for the representative system in France during the period of which we speak, it was a farce. Two hundred thousand electors, for a population of thirty-three or thirty-four millions, was not much better than an oligarchy, and the worst of all oligarchies, for its corruption was its bond of union, as was proved by the disclosures made to the world towards the conclusion of Louis Philippe's reign, when some of the highest functionaries were dragged before the tribunals for mal-practices; and we believe that there were other persons who did not regret that the Revolution of February came to save them from public disgrace. A minister who wishes to be regarded as a philosopher and a statesman, should try to purify his age rather than corrupt it; and it is as immoral as impolitic to encourage the baser passions of men in order to keep yourself in power, however clean your own conscience, and virtuous your purposes. Such things might be palliated in so loose a politician as Walpole; but they would shock and disgust were they, by the remotest chance, to be found in so austere a moralist as Guizot.

Some time previous to the *coup-d'état* of 1851, a new scheme was formed by the Orleanists, who were tired of the forced leisure to which the successful imitation, in February 1848, of the example set by themselves in 1830, condemned them. The object of this new project was the complete reconciliation of the elder and younger branches of the Bourbon family, and of the two important sections of the Royalist party, with a view to a restoration, on the expiry of the presidential power in May 1852, by a *coup-d'état* on the part of the majority of the National Assembly, a successful rising of the people or the army, or, in fact, any

other means that offered. None of those eventualities were, it is true, expressed in the journals that acted as organs of the party, but they were so understood by all the initiated. Each party looked forward to the term fixed by the constitution for Louis Napoleon to lay down his power, for the triumph of its cause. The Mountain took no pains to conceal its designs; and not unfrequently, amid the stormy debates which raged in the Assembly, the "second Sunday in May" 1852 was declared to be the date when full vengeance was to be exacted from Legitimists, Orleanists, Buonapartists, and "reactionists" of every kind and colour. As that fatal term approached, the Orleanists, who surpass all others in intrigue, and such of the Legitimists as were credulous enough to trust them, and simple enough to be led by them, did their utmost to rouse the revolutionary demon in the Chamber, and on several occasions openly coalesced with the Terrorists. The Republicans suspected, as every one who knew him must have suspected, the sincerity of M. Thiers; and though they were fully aware of his real motive for seeking admittance into their ranks, their passions would not allow them to refuse the co-operation of any ally, and they relied, besides, on their own courage and energy against treachery when the important moment arrived. On the other hand, the Royalists were full of confidence in their success, if the preliminary and indispensable condition of reconciliation were adopted, and they agreed that France would not again submit to the brutal tyranny of some three hundred Socialists. Their ordinary language was, that, even at the worst, the "promised land" would at length be reached through the Red Sea—the "promised land" being, of course, the Royalist restoration; and the "Red Sea" the massacre and pillage it would be necessary for France to traverse before it was attained. The leaders of the Royalists, superior in all the arts of intrigue to their more brutal rivals, were vastly inferior to them in energy of action. During a brief régime of terror they would disappear, if necessary, and remain in some place of safety until France, exhausted and

panic-stricken, threw herself into their arms, when they would at once establish a dictatorship. Louis Napoleon was, in their opinion, the obstacle easiest to be got rid of; they would leave his account to be settled by the Republicans, in case they themselves had not previously got him out of the way. As for any difficulties on this latter point, they considered that it was absurd to think of them. Louis Napoleon had, according to them, fallen into such contempt with the army and the nation, that not a finger would be raised to save him. M. Thiers, and other great statesmen like him, had, not merely in the saloons of Paris, and in his own particular circle, but openly in the *Salles des pas Perdus*, and the corridors of the National Assembly, sneered at him as "a poor creature;" and the redoubted General Changarnier himself—on whom, by the way, the eyes of the whole world were fixed—had more than once insulted him in the Chamber, and in his official quarters in the Tuileries. Louis Napoleon, therefore, was so utterly scorned as to be made the butt for continual sarcasm in the saloons of an old foreign *intriguante*, long resident in Paris; and this was his last degradation. The only doubt was, whether imprisonment at Vincennes would not be investing such a miserable being with too much importance. The ditch of Vincennes would be much better, and if a few ignorant persons thought him of consequence, why, an ounce of lead would quiet their fears. Some of the more judicious and far-seeing of the political leaders of the day, very properly considered that the main object they had in view would be materially advanced, if, as we have said, a reconciliation could be effected between the partisans of the Count de Chambord and the Orleanists. The idea originated with the latter. A meeting was held of about a dozen persons at first, in order to explain the plan which had been formed, and to organise what was termed a "fusionist agitation." Other meetings, more numerous attended, were held at brief intervals; and it was resolved to send out agents to influential persons in the departments to win them over to the cause of the *fusion*—the *fusion*

having for object the restoration of the Bourbons; and the parties who were engaged in it were precisely the same men who, in the press and in the Assembly, expressed their preference for the government as established in February, and who denounced the man who was *suspected* of an intention to attack the immaculate purity of the young and as yet innocent Republic. The first step of the *fusionists* was directed to the chief of the house of Bourbon and the princes of Orleans. But the Count de Chambord refused to sacrifice a particle of what he considered to be his just rights. He was King of France, and the only representative of legitimate royalty of his family, and he would consent to no divided allegiance. The princes of Orleans had been princes of the blood before their father had usurped the crown, and they must remain so. Past wrongs and injuries he was not unwilling to forgive; he would not be very exacting in matters of secondary importance, but on the great principle that the sovereignty resided in him since the abdication of the Duke d'Angoulême, which followed that of Charles X., he would hear of no compromise. On the other hand, the princes of Orleans would not admit of any act which had the effect of making their father a usurper; they were the more induced to do so that they were receiving from their agents in France, and particularly in Paris, assurances that great popular sympathy existed for them; and in fact, that to the house of Orleans alone the nation was looking for salvation! At the same time it was known that the Prince de Joinville was doing something on his own account with reference to the presidency of the Republic. Relying on the popularity he enjoyed to a greater degree than any of his family, he seems to have entertained some hopes of success. With the prudence which characterised his father, he would not, however, commit himself to any declaration; would neither deny nor admit that he was a candidate for the presidency; would neither avow nor disavow the acts of his friends; he might profit by their exertions, but if they failed, he would leave them to all the consequences of their defeat, and, in the latter case, would very

probably disavow them. This, it will be admitted, was not very frank, or straightforward, or princely. It can scarcely be believed that the Prince de Joinville had all at once become a Republican; and it is not unfair to conclude, that, if successful, he would have employed his position as President to the restoration of his family. The mistrust of the house of Orleans that had characterised the elder Bourbons—and its history proves how their mistrust was justified—was increased by that conduct; and the Count de Chambord was disgusted with the policy which permitted, without disavowal, the name of his cousin to be spoken of by his partisans in Paris as the candidate for the future presidency of the Republic. M. Thiers did not, after all, approve of the fusion. It was sufficient that the suggestion of a reconciliation had proceeded from a rival of whom he had been always jealous, for that clever and restless intriguer to set his face against it. His utmost energies were devoted to secure the establishment of a *regency* in the person of the Duchess of Orleans, mother of the Count de Paris, whose confidential adviser he was, and whose minister he hoped to be. A restoration by means of the fusion would seriously interfere with his private plans, and he gave it therefore his most decided opposition. To secure at any cost the services of the man who at that time commanded the army of Paris, and whose influence over the vast military force of the Republic was long believed to be unbounded, was a great object. That man had unquestionably rendered services to order. But his head had been turned by adulation arising from gratitude for past and hopes of future services; and he at length came to believe that on him alone depended the fate of France. He was flattered with the idea that the part of Monk was reserved for him; and to enhance the value of his co-operation, he coquetted with both parties, and affected an air of mysterious reserve, which rendered him equally impenetrable to all. That reserve was carried on so long that it began to be whispered that General Changarnier would, when matters came to the point, declare neither for the one party nor the other,



bnt would offer himself as candidate for the Presidency. This rumour was absurd; and the silence of the general, who was Legitimist by tradition rather than from principle, and an Orleanist from interest and habit, was nothing more than the usual coquetry in which he apparently took much delight. In fact, he remained dreaming away till the *coup-d'état* rudely woke him and others from their slumber. Of the possibility of a fusion of interests between these parties, or of a sincere reconciliation between the elder and younger branches of the royal family, we entertain very serious doubts.

The house of Orleans had been, from the time of the Regent, of infamous memory, fatal to the elder Bourbons. It was the evil genius that haunted them from the cradle to the grave. The government of Louis Philippe repaid the benefits conferred on the house of Orleans with ingratitude. One of its earliest acts was the introduction of a measure for the perpetual banishment of the elder Bourbons, and for the compulsory sale of the property they held in France. They who have been shocked, and we readily admit, *justly* shocked, at the decree of the 22d January 1852, confiscating to the state the appanages of the French monarchy, should have reverted to the state at the accession of a prince of the royal family, and at the compulsory sale of the Orleans property, may have forgotten that that decree was but an imitation of the legislative enactment of the 10th April 1832. We condemn, on principle, such acts of confiscation; they are replete with injustice; but we cannot help feeling that the decree of the 22d January 1852, all bad as it was, was an act of retribution. Signal ingratitude is seldom left unpunished; and while we reprobate the conduct of Louis Napoleon, we cannot say that the house of Orleans was wholly undeserving of the treatment it met with. The sentence of perpetual exile, and confiscation of property, was passed by the Restoration on the Buonaparte family. That family owed no gratitude to the Bourbons; but the princes of Orleans were bound by the strongest ties of grati-

tude to them. On the 10th April 1832, the law was promulgated relative to the elder branch of the Bourbons and the family of Napoleon. The law bore, of course, the signature Louis Philippe, and the counter-signature of M. Barthe, Louis Philippe's Minister of Justice. The 1st, 2d, 3d, and 6th articles were as follows: "1st, The territory of France and of its colonies is interdicted *for ever* to Charles X., deposed as he is from the royal dignity in virtue of the declaration of the 7th August 1830; it is also interdicted to his descendants, and to the husbands and wives of his descendants. 2d, The persons mentioned in the preceding article shall not enjoy in France any civil rights; they shall not possess any property real or personal; they shall not acquire any, gratuitous or otherwise. 3d, The aforesaid persons are bound to sell, in a definitive manner, the whole of the property, without exception, which they possess in France. That sale shall be effected, for the unencumbered property, within the year dating from the promulgation of the present law; and for the property susceptible of liquidation, within the year dating from the period at which the right of possession shall have been irrevocably fixed. 6th, The provisions of the first and second articles of the present law are applicable to the ascendants and descendants of Napoleon, to his uncles and aunts, his nephews and nieces; to his brothers, their wives and their descendants; to his sisters and their husbands." This law against the benefactors and the kinsmen of Louis Philippe was not enacted in the first heat of animosity, and the first impulse of revenge for real or fancied wrongs, which, immediately following a great revolution, might have been alleged as a palliation. It was enacted one year and nine months after the Revolution of July, when the passions of political parties, so far as they affected the unfortunate Charles X. and his family, had time to cool down. A high-minded man would have preferred forfeiting even the crown of France, glorious though it be, to putting his signature to such a document. The public and private virtues of the

Orleans family have been enlarged upon even to satiety. State reasons may be alleged as an excuse for things which morality condemns; but the vaunted qualities of that family should have placed them above any such justification. State reasons may be alleged for the perpetration of any enormity. We have no doubt that Catherine II. could allege them for the partition of Poland; and the Emperor Nicholas justifies his present conduct towards the Ottoman Empire quite as satisfactorily. Pretensions to virtues far superior to those of ordinary men should, however, place those who are so gifted out of ordinary rules. We have said that we reprobate the decree of the 22d January 1852, but we have no doubt that Louis Napoleon justified that arbitrary act by the law of 1832. The house of Orleans renewed the sentence of "perpetual banishment against the family of Napoleon, and of incapability to possess property in the French territory. Louis Philippe owed a heavy debt of gratitude to Charles X. and his family; we have seen how that debt was paid off; no such obligation bound the Buonapartes to the house of Orleans.

But there existed another obstacle in the way of reconciliation between the elder and younger branches of the Bourbons—another outrage which it is scarcely in human nature to forget. The Orleanist party had protested in 1820 against the legitimacy of the present Count de Chambord. In that year a document appeared in London, entitled "Protest of the Duke of Orleans." It was headed as follows: "His Royal Highness declares that he protests formally against the minutes of the 29th September last, which pretend to establish that the child named Charles Ferdinand Dieu-Donné is the legitimate son of the Duchess of Berri. The Duke of Orleans will produce, in fitting time and place, witnesses who can prove the origin of that child and its mother. He will produce all the papers necessary to show that the Duchess of Berri has never been *enceinte* since the unfortunate death of her husband, and he will point out the authors of the machina-

tion of which that very weak-minded princess has been the instrument. Until such time as the favourable moment arrives for disclosing the whole of that intrigue, the Duke of Orleans cannot do otherwise than call attention to the fantastical scene which, according to the above-mentioned minutes, has been played at the Pavillon Marsan (the apartment of the Duchess of Berri at the Tuileries.") The paper then repeats the whole of the account of the *accouchement* as it appeared in the *Journal de Paris*, the confidential journal of the government, and shows the alleged contradictions in it, with the view of proving that the whole was an imposture. The Protest and the accompanying details to which we have alluded, were republished in the *Courrier Français* of the 2d August 1830; and the *Courrier Français* was devoted to the Orleanist dynasty.

But those are not the only humiliations which the elder Bourbons have suffered from the family of Orleans; and when we are told that the son of the Duchess of Berri is about to take to his bosom the sons of the man who laid bare to the world's mockery the weakness of his mother, we are called upon to believe that that son has become lost to every manly sentiment. We doubt much if this be the case. There can be no sincerity on the part of the Orleanists who first suggested the *fusion*. They well know that, in the event of a Legitimist restoration, the men who overthrew the throne of his grandfather and drove him into exile, who resisted all attempts to restore them to their country, can never be his advisers—if he be what we hope he is. Could the Duchess of Berri receive at her levee the purchasers of the Jew Deutz, or those who signed and gave to publication the medical report of Blaye? It is a vile intrigue, got up for the sole benefit of the Orleanists. It was not out of love for the house of Bourbon, but from hatred to Louis Napoleon, that the fusion originated; and we agree with M. de Larochefoucauld when he says that "the Orleanists and Legitimists, not being able to effect a fusion of love, try to effect one of hatred, with the predetermined

resolution to tear each other to pieces hereafter, and with a violence all the greater from the consciousness that one party was tricked by the other, if indeed both were not tricked."

The Legitimists are no match for their rivals in cunning—in the lower arts of Machiavellism—in what is vulgarly but expressively termed *la politique de cuisine*. In 1848 the former occupied a much better position than the latter. The régime they had combated for eighteen long years was at length overthrown, and the comparison between the fall of *their* sovereign and that of the "citizen" king was infinitely in favour of the former.

Charles X. retired slowly before his enemies, and with all the dignity of a defeat which is not dishonourable, nor dishonouring. In the most critical moments, and when menaced with great danger, he never forgot who and what he was. He assumed no disguise; he put on no menial livery; and to the last moment of his embarkation for the land of his exile, his friends had no cause to blush for him. He was throughout a king—"Ay, every inch a king!" Whatever the faults he may have committed when on the throne—and we are free to admit that his rule was far from faultless—there was no loss of personal dignity in his descent from it. If the revolution of February succeeded without the co-operation of the Legitimists, it was not against them that it was directed, nor was it the Legitimists who were to be conquered. And yet, in the course of a very few months, the party became completely subordinate to their more clever and more unscrupulous rivals. It is true that in the first movement, when anarchy was wildest, the instinct of self-preservation from the evils which menaced society itself, bound all men of order, without reference to party, against the common enemy, Socialism. But it is difficult to understand, when the impossibility of a Republican system was recognised, when the necessity of substituting another form of government was evident to all, how the Legitimists allowed themselves to be seduced by their enemies. A snare in the form of the "fusion" was laid for them, and they easily fell

into it. It would be a waste of time to detail all the manoeuvres, the negotiations, the conferences, the schemes for the realisation of that idea. There was nothing positive or real at bottom. Everything was left to chance. It was soon evident that neither of the parties was sincere; each tried to deceive the other. Some of the more confident, or the more audacious, suggested that propositions should be made to Louis Napoleon himself; and among the Legitimists there were found persons silly enough to believe that he would, notwithstanding all the chances in his favour, derived from the spontaneous election of the 10th December 1848, gladly co-operate in the restoration of a prince of the house of Bourbon. The name of General Changarnier was proposed as the person to whom the dictatorship was to be intrusted until such time as the Royalist restoration was accomplished. A dictatorship was the great object with all parties: the Socialists, in order that France should be regenerated according to their peculiar ideas; the "moderate Republicans" would have selected General Cavaignac, as they did after the insurrection of June, and would have tried once more to force their system on a terrified population; the Legitimists and Orleanists looked to a dictatorship as the surest means toward a Royalist restoration, though it was not decided among them who was to be the future sovereign. The Orleanists counted much on their cleverness to beat their allies out of the field—allies in the moment of uncertainty and danger, but foes to be got rid of at any cost when the booty came to be divided. "In 1849," says M. de Larochejaquelein, "I was one of those who wished at least to maintain the Republic, in order to insure the union of all that was reasonable and patriotic in the country; to call on France to put an end, once for all, to revolutions; and our object was to form the electoral committee, known afterwards by the name of the Committee of the *Rue de Poitiers*. I had been chosen by the Legitimists; but when we met, I requested to have it explained to me for what reason the committee was only composed of Or-

leanists and Legitimists. It appeared to me fitting and proper that the more judicious and moderate Republicans should form at least a third part of our committee, as we had at heart hopes of a different kind. I was told that the committee did not wish for Republicans, simply because it did not wish for the Republic. I demanded why, out of sixty members of the committee, forty-five belonged to the Orleanists, and only fifteen to the Legitimist party. An ex-minister replied that, though the party of legitimacy was, no doubt, honourable, yet that it formed a very small minority, while the other was in fact the nation. Not being of that opinion, I withdrew, and I declined being made use of as an instrument for the restoration to the throne of France of the revolutionary monarchy of 1830." The division and weakness of those parties is further illustrated in this passage: "There remained another means of which the intimate confidants of the Count de Chambord were dupes—a plan which was never admitted except by them, and the impossibility of which was evident—namely, to bring about a restoration through the instrumentality of the Legislative Assembly itself. Without understanding what they were doing, the parliamentary Legitimists of 1850 directed all their efforts to renew the act of 1830, when 219 deputies, without right of any kind, and with the most flagrant disregard of their duty, presumed to change the form of Government. The Assembly was divided into so many parties that it was in vain to hope for a majority for that object. It is true that towards the close of the Assembly all parties made a desperate attempt to combat Buonapartism; but the moment that a serious proposition was made to substitute a government for that of the President, it was found that concord did not and could not exist between two of the great parties who composed that Assembly."

M. de Larochejaquelein gives some interesting details of the secret intrigues of the Orleanists to win over the Legitimists to the "fusion;" and it is amusing to find how both parties were deeply engaged in the duty of

allotting crowns and imposing conditions on pretenders, up to the very eve of the *coup-d'état*. We had already become acquainted, through the channel of the public press, with the intrigues which made the presidency of Louis Napoleon one continued agitation, and we are not sorry to have the testimony of one who was an eye and an ear witness of the whole. "I appeal," says M. de Larochejaquelein, "to the good faith of all political men—Is it, or is it not, true, that the idea of the most confidential advisers of the house of Orleans was to induce the Count de Chambord to abdicate in favour of the Count de Paris? Is it, or is it not true, that they urged the adoption of the Count de Paris by the Count de Chambord, even to the prejudice of the issue of the latter, supposing that he had any? Is it, or is it not true, that on the eve of the 2d December, certain persons who were the most influential, who stood highest in favour at Claremont, made that monstrous proposition in the *Salle des Conférences* of the National Assembly, and that it produced a great effect on the Legitimist members of the Assembly? Is it, or is it not true, that the *Sceptics* of the party replied, with surprising impertinence, 'Yes, no doubt we earnestly desire the fusion! What then? But it is not our interest to oppose it. You (the Legitimists) have for a long time kept yourselves apart from public affairs. The country belongs to us. Your principle is the best; we do not dispute the fact; but, above all, it is certain that your principle (legitimacy) is necessary for us to adopt. Your prince (the Count de Chambord) may return with our royal family. He is its chief; agreed. But at the end of six months he will see what his position really is. He will see that it is impossible for him to govern with you, and without us. He has no children; he has too deep a sense of religion to be ambitious; he loves France too much to wish her to be given up to commotions which would expose her to new revolutions. He will prefer the castle of Chambord as a residence to the Tuileries. You may be certain that we shall treat him well, and we shall all be contented. The

principle itself will be respected, and we shall govern France." Such were the propositions, and such the language of the partisans of the Orleans family to the Legitimists. Not a word, of course, was said of Louis Napoleon; and these profound statesmen were thus disposing in sure confidence of the fruit of their schemes only a few hours before they were scattered like chaff before the wind by the man on whom they disdained even to pass a thought! The Orleanists were still tormented by one fear; they trembled lest the proposition so often presented to the Assembly by M. de Larochefaucauld should again be renewed at that critical moment which preceded the expiration of the presidency of Louis Napoleon. The President of the Assembly, M. Dupin, the principal agent of the Orleans family, urged, and with more than usual energy, that body to refuse its authorisation for the printing of M. Leo de Laborde's proposition, namely, that France should, at the important moment when every faction was struggling for supremacy, be consulted as to whether she desired, or not, the re-establishment of her traditional monarchy. M. Dupin treated the question as if it were one of life or death to himself. He threw off all restraint, and resisted with his utmost efforts any measure resembling an appeal to the nation, or embodying the principle of legitimacy. "And even at the present moment," says M. de Larochefaucauld, "the language of the Orleanists is this: 'We find that the fusion is the best instrument of hostility against the government of Louis Napoleon, and for that object we must effect it. But if the Count de Chambord should ever become a widower, he must not think of forming a new matrimonial engagement. Should he happen to have children, he must no longer count on our support.'"

One of the hallucinations under which the Orleanists laboured was, that Louis Napoleon was in his heart devoted to them exclusively; and that when the fusion was consummated, he would transfer his power to them. That delusion survived even the *coup-d'état*. M. de Larochefaucauld admits, in common with all rational men, that

the *coup-d'état* was the salvation of society itself, and they who were loudest in their applause of it were the Orleanists. "The most ardent in their approbation," the noble writer remarks, "were the Orleanists because they were convinced that the President was, perhaps without meaning it, working for them. The decrees of the 22d January undeceived them. From that moment they became divided into two camps, that of the extreme opponents, and that of the men who accept the government, but who yet cherish a spirit of hostility to it, more or less openly declared."

We have often thought it extraordinary why those Legitimists who had freely taken the oaths of allegiance to Louis Philippe refused them to Louis Napoleon; and on what grounds those who yielded prompt obedience to a revolutionary system, established by some two hundred deputies, should, while demanding an appeal to the people, decline to recognise a power which is the issue of the national will. M. de Larochefaucauld professes to be unable to account for the fact. "It would be curious," he says, "to find out the reasons on which they found that refusal. I confess that I cannot explain a proceeding of the kind, and which is so advantageous to the revolution of July. It is true that the Legitimists must be pained at seeing their hopes baffled once more; but were it only in a social point of view, they ought to give their co-operation to the government. By keeping apart, they leave the place open to the men whom they had for so many years combated, and they commit the injustice of placing on an equality the usurpation of 1830 with the election of the Emperor successively by six, by seven, and by eight millions of suffrages. Prince Louis Napoleon had overthrown nothing which was endeared to us; it was not he who had persecuted the princes who were the object of our reverence and of our devotedness; it was not he who placed the revolution on a throne; but it was he who combated the revolution. He had, in the opinion of the immense majority of the people, rendered a signal service to France by effacing

beforehand the fatal term of May 1852. He made an appeal to all honest men, without distinction of party, to aid him in saving the country. The majority of Legitimists could not well disregard the will of the nation; they submitted to the verdict without sacrificing their principles." We need not say that we approve of the policy which has preferred the good of their country to the mere gratification of party feeling or personal ambition; and we see no inconsistency in the accepting a government that has fulfilled the conditions which, in the eyes of these persons, alone justified their adhesion.

As for the Orleanists, they began in intrigue, have continued in it, and we have no reason to suppose that they will ever change. Place and power are, with very few exceptions, their object. The Palais Royal was, during the Restoration, the favourite resort, the headquarters of all the malcontents of the day: all who stirred up opposition to the government, all who intrigued against Louis XVIII. or Charles X., were welcome to the palace of "our cousin of Orleans." They were not true even to the government of their own choice; they had overthrown one dynasty, and because M. Thiers or M. Odillon Barrot wanted the place which M. Guizot preferred exposing the country to convulsion rather than be torn from, another dynasty was flung down after it. The tactics of the party have been always pretty much the same; revolution was evoked by them to the hypocritical cry of *Vive la Charte*, or *Vive la Constitution*. They were the men who organised, in 1829, the formidable associations against the payment of the taxes. At that time, also, as twenty years later, banquets were got up; and at one of those scenes of feasting, 221 crowns, in honour of the 221 deputies of the opposition, adorned the hall; and that nothing should be wanting to complete the resemblance, it was M. Odillon Barrot who made the speech on the 4th July 1830, which was the prelude to the fall of Charles X.—the same great citizen whose banquettings and whose orations helped to destroy the throne of Orleans in 1848—the same demagogue

whose conceit led him to suppose that he alone could lay the fiend he had evoked. There was nothing too low for them to stoop to, no instrument too mean for them to reject. It was that faction that brought about the revolution of July, it was the same that helped on that of February, and it was the coalition of the *fusionists* with the Mountain that provoked the *coup-d'état* of December 1851. Where were all those eminent statesmen, those solemn orators, those sour pedants, those profound thinkers, those philosophers, those great citizens, when the widowed Duchess of Orleans faced the mob, who had been rendered infuriate by the men who were afterwards unable or afraid to control them?

It has been made a matter of reproach to Louis Napoleon, that the persons who enjoy his confidence, or preside at his councils, are obscure adventurers, of no moral or social influence; and that no man of eminence, worth, or standing, will accept either power or place in a government so degraded. This, we rather think, is too sweeping an assertion. We should like to know what was the social, moral, or political eminence of M. Thiers, when the Revolution of July brought him first into notice. If we cast our eye over the list of senators under the imperial régime, we find names there that may stand a comparison with many in the late Chamber of Peers; and as for corruption, we may point to the events that immediately preceded the Revolution of February, when some of the highest had to answer for acts which were anything but moral. It is true that some of the leading men who directed the policy of the country under Louis Philippe have taken no active part in public affairs under the imperial government. But when we hear all this talk about "eminent men" refusing office, and declining all participation in the government of the day, we are tempted to ask how had those "eminent men" managed the business of the country when they had its sole direction and control? Their government, with immense resources at its command, and after eighteen years of profound peace, was upset in a few hours by a contemptible street row.

We are not aware that M. de Larochejaquelein has been answered by any of the parties whose intrigues he has exposed. We think it would be difficult to answer him; his sketch carries with it internal evidence of its correctness. It is no answer, so far as the truth of his allegations is concerned, that he has abandoned the party with which he had been connected. We believe that he has had to undergo the petty persecutions of the *coterie* of Frohsdorf, who have re-

sorted to every stratagem to destroy whatever influence his name may still carry with it in La Vendée; and, judging from his present production, he is of opinion that that *coterie* is not worth any man's making any extraordinary sacrifices for them. But whatever be the motives that have influenced his conduct, or whatever the value of his "appeal to the people," we are bound to admit, that so far he has acted consistently with his theory.

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## GOLD: ITS NATURAL AND CIVIL HISTORY.

THE progress of knowledge naturally leads to the discovery not only of new arts, and of new uses for artificial productions, but of new stores of natural wealth in the bowels of the earth itself, and of new methods of extracting and rendering them useful. This last point is amply illustrated by the history of the progressive discovery and development of our own most valuable mineral treasures—the coal and ironstone deposits—which add so much both to our natural resources and to our national strength.

But, independent of the advance of knowledge, the exploration and colonisation of new countries by a civilised race leads of necessity to the discovery of regions rich in mineral wealth, which were unknown before, and brings new metallic supplies into the markets of the world.

When Spain conquered Mexico first, and afterwards Peru and Chili, Europe became flooded with the precious metals to a degree unknown before in the history of modern nations. When Russia began to explore her provinces on the slopes of the Ural, gold-washings were discovered, which have, by their enormous yield, made up for the deficient

supply which commotion and misrule in Central and Southern America had caused in European countries. The possession of California by an observant and curious people, of Anglo-Saxon breed, was almost immediately followed by those wonderful discoveries which have made the world ring, and have attracted adventurers from every region. And, lastly, the turning of keen eyes upon river beds in Australia—still less known and examined than almost any district of America without the Arctic circle—has brought to light those vast stores of gold which appear destined to lay the basis of a new empire in the Australian archipelago.

Nor have such discoveries been confined to the so-called precious metals. The advance of North American civilisation towards the head waters of the Missouri has made known abundant mines of lead, which the cost of transport chiefly prevents as yet from seriously competing with European produce along the Atlantic border. The joint march of Canada and the United States along the shores of Lake Superior, has laid open veins of copper of inexhaustible magnitude—on a scale, we may say,

1. *Notes on the Distribution of Gold throughout the World.* London. JAMES WYLD. 1851.

2. *An Historical Inquiry into the Production and Consumption of the Precious Metals.* By WILLIAM JACOB, Esq., F.R.S. London: 1851.



in size, and richness commensurate with the other great natural features of the American continent;—while, of coal and ironstone, the Central States of the Union are so full, that imagination itself cannot conceive a time when they shall cease to be sufficient for the wants of the whole civilised world.

Men untrained themselves to observe, and ignorant that it is intellectual knowledge which opens and guides the eye, affect to wonder—often, indeed, do seriously wonder—that gold so plentifully scattered over the surface of a country as it is said to be in California and Australia, or sprinkling with its yellow sheen thick veins of snowy quartz, should, for a time so comparatively long, have escaped observation. “What surprises me,” says Captain Sutter, in whose mill-race the gold was first discovered, “is, that this country should have been visited by so many scientific men, and that not one of them should have ever stumbled upon these treasures; that scores of keen-eyed trappers should have crossed the valley in every direction, and tribes of Indians have dwelt in it for centuries, and yet this gold should never have been discovered. I myself have passed the very spot above a hundred times during the last ten years, but was just as blind as the rest of them, so I must not wonder at the discovery not having been made earlier.”\*

Such seeming blindness, indeed, is not really a matter of surprise. The ability to observe is an intellectual gift no less than the ability to reason; and, like the latter talent, the former also must be trained. It must be taught where to look, and what to look for; what the signs are of the presence of the thing we wish to find, and where they are likely to be met with.

It is not, in truth, a just reproach to unsuspecting men, that they have not seen what they never imagined the presence of. It would scarcely have been so, had they failed to see in a given place what they were told was likely to be found. Many of our

readers are familiar with the existence of black lines in the solar spectrum; many may have seen them, and justly wondered. Some may even recollect, when, years ago, Fraunhofer first announced their existence, how opticians everywhere mounted their most homogeneous prisms, and gazed at the spectrum eager to see them, and how many looked in vain. Of course, the failure was ascribed to the imperfection of their prisms, and not to their own defective skill. One philosopher we remember, then already distinguished, and whom now all delight to honour, of whom it was told that having obtained one of the beautifully perfect prisms of Fraunhofer's own manufacture, he was still unable to see the lines; but that another who had seen them came to his aid, instructed him how to look, and in an instant he not only clearly saw them, but exclaimed with wonder at his own blindness. Such were our own sensations also when first we saw them. Was it, then, a reproach to Sir Isaac Newton and his successors that these lines escaped them? The same reproach might be made to the predecessors of almost every discoverer in every walk of modern science. Many before him probably had looked from the same spot, with similar advantages for seeing, and had not seen. But they had gazed without any special object or previous instruction, and they had failed to discern what another coming after them, prepared to look for it, and knowing what it was like, and where likely to be, would have at once descried.

Hence the discovery of most of the rich mines in past times was the result of some unlooked-for accident happening generally to naturally-observant but ignorant men. Thus Jacob says of the mines in the Hartz—

“There are various conflicting opinions among the learned in antiquities respecting the discovery of the mineral wealth of the Hartz. The most probable accounts fix it in the tenth century; and the tradition is, that a hunter of the name of Ramm, when engaged in the chase, had

fastened his horse to a tree, who, by pawing with his feet, had scraped away the soil,\* and thereby discovered some minerals; that specimens of them were sent to the Emperor Otho, to whom all minerals, as regalities of the Empire, belonged, and who sent expert miners to examine the district, from Franconia.”—(JACON, i. p. 254.)

And again of the mines of Saxony—

“The mines of Saxony were first discovered in the tenth century, when the whole district in which they are situated was covered with wood and without inhabitants. Some carriers from Halle, on their way to Bohemia, whither they carried salt, observing metallic substances in the tracks made by the wheels, some of these were taken up and sent to Goslar to be examined, when they were found to consist of lead with a considerable quantity of silver. This led to the establishments for mining, which have continued, with some variations in their products, from the year 1169 to the present day.”—(JACON, i. p. 252.)

And of the mines of Potosi—

“In the latter end of the year 1545 the mines of the Cerro de Potosi were accidentally discovered. According to the account of Herrera, the discovery was owing to an Indian hunter, Diego Hualca, who, in pulling up a shrub, observed filaments of pure silver about the roots. On examination the mass was found to be enormous, and a very great part of the population was thereby drawn to the spot and employed in extracting the metal. A city soon sprang up, though in a district of unusual sterility. The mountain was perforated on all sides, and the produce, in a few of the first years, exceeded whatever has been recorded of the richest mines in the world.”—(JACON, ii. p. 57.)

And so with the discovery of the rich washings of California. As early as the time of Queen Anne, Captain Sheldrake, in command of an English privateer on the coast, discovered that the black sands of the rivers—

such as the washers now find at the bottom of their *rockers*—yielded gold largely, and pronounced the whole country to be rich in gold. But it remained in the hands of the Indians and the Jesuit fathers till 1820, when California was made a territory of the Mexican commonwealth, and a small party of adventurers came in. Captain Sheldrake and his published opinions had then been long forgotten,\* and an accident made known again the golden sands in 1848, after the territory had been ceded to, and was already attracting adventurers from, the United States.

“The discoverer was Mr Marshall, who, in September 1847, had contracted with Captain Sutter to build a saw-mill near some pine woods on the American Fork, now a well-known feeder of the Sacramento river. In the spring of 1848 the saw-mill was nearly ready, the dam and race being constructed, but, when the water was set on to the wheel, the tail-race was found too narrow to let the water through quick enough. Mr Marshall, to save work, let the water right into the race with a strong stream, so as to sweep the race wider and deeper. This it did, and a great bank of gravel and mud was driven to the foot of the race. One day, Mr Marshall, on walking down the race to this bank, saw some glittering bits on the upper edge, and, having gathered a few, examined them and conjectured their value. He went down to Sutter's Fort and told the captain, and they agreed to keep it a secret until a certain grist mill of the captain's was finished. The news got about, however; a cunning Yankee carpenter having followed them in their visit to the mill-race, and found out the gold scales.

Forthwith the news spread. The first workmen were lucky, and in a few weeks some gold was sent to San Francisco, and speedily the town was emptied of people. In three months there were four thousand men at the diggings—Indians having been hired, eighty soldiers deserted from the

\* We leave our readers to form their own opinion of the following passage from Mr Theodore Johnson's “Sights in the Gold Region:”—Speaking of the *Padres* of the old mission of San Francisco Dolores, he says, “That these priests were cognizant of the abundance of the precious metal at that period is now well known; but they were members of the extraordinary society of the Jesuits, which, jealous of its all-pervading influence, and dreading the effect of a large Protestant emigration to the western as well as to the eastern shores of America, applied its powerful injunctions of secrecy to the members of the order; and their faithful obedience, during so long a period, is another proof both of the strength and the danger of their organisation.”—(Second Edition, p. 104.)

American posts, and runaways getting up from the ships in the harbour. Such ships as got away carried news to Europe and the United States; and, by the beginning of 1849, both sides of the Atlantic were in agitation."—(WYLD, pp. 34, 35.)

But when no accident has intervened to force the discovery upon the unsuspecting or unobservant, it has sometimes happened that great riches, unseen by others, have been discovered by persons who knew what to look for, what were the signs of the presence of the thing sought, and who had gone to particular places for the purpose of exploration. Such was the case in Australia.

The preliminary history of the Australian discovery is peculiar. From what he had seen of the Ural, and had learned of the composition of the chief meridian mountain ridge of Australia, Sir Roderick Murchison publicly announced, in 1845, his belief that Australia was a country in which gold was likely to be found—recommended that it should be sought for, and even memorialised the home government on the subject.\* But although this opinion and recommendation were inserted and commented upon in the colonial newspapers—although the Rev. W. B. Clarke published letters predicting, for reasons given, the discovery of gold deposits in California and Australia—although

"Sir Francis Forbes of Sydney subsequently published and circulated in New South Wales a paper, in which he affirmed in the strongest manner, on scientific data, the existence of gold formations in New Holland—although a colonial geologist had been sent out some years before and was settled at Sydney—and lastly, although one part of the prediction was soon so wonderfully fulfilled by the Californian discoveries—yet even the discoveries in California did not arouse the New Hollanders to adequate researches, though reports were spread of wonderful discoveries in Victoria and South Australia, which were speedily discredited. It was reserved for a gentleman of New South Wales, Mr Edward Hammond Hargraves, to make the definite discoveries. He appears to have acted independently of all previous views on the subject; but having acquired experience in California, and

being struck with the resemblance between the Californian formations and those of New Holland, he determined on a systematic search for gold, which he brought to a successful issue on the 12th of February of this year 1850, by the discovery of gold diggings in the Bathurst and Wellington districts, and which he prosecuted until he had ascertained the existence of gold sands in no less than twelve places."—(WYLD, p. 30.)

When this was made known by Mr Hargraves in a formal report to the authorities at Sydney, in April 1850, they then (!) despatched the provincial geologist to examine the localities, and confirm the discoveries of Mr Hargraves! But the public did not wait for such confirmation. On the 1st of May the discoveries became known in Sydney. In thousands the people forsook the city, the villages, cattle stations, and farms, in the interior, for the neighbourhood of Bathurst, where the gold had been found. Summerhill Creek alone soon numbered its four thousand diggers, who thence speedily spread themselves along the other head waters of the Darling and Murrumbidgee—rivers flowing westward from the inland slope of the mountain ridge, (Blue Mountains and Liverpool range,) which runs nearly parallel to the south-eastern coast of Australia, and at the distance from it of about one hundred miles. Near Bathurst the summit of the ridge attains, in Mount Canobolus, a height of 4461 feet. In numerous places among the feeders of these streams, which themselves unite lower down to form the main channel of the Murray, gold was speedily found. It was successfully extracted also from the upper course of the Hunter River, and from the channel of Cox's River—both descending from the eastern slope of the same ridge, within the province of New South Wales. In the province of Victoria, the feeders of the Glenelg and other rivers, which descend from the southern prolongation of the same chain—the Australian Pyrenees—have yielded large quantities of gold; and recently, Geelong and Melbourne have become the scene of an excitement scarcely inferior to that which

has longer prevailed in the country round Bathurst. South Australia also, where the main river, Murray, passes through it to the sea at Adelaide, has been reported to contain the precious metal. So suddenly does the first spark of real fire spread into a great flame of discovery—so clearly can all eyes see, when taught how to look, what to look for, and in what circumstances.

But in New South Wales, and in the province of Victoria, the excitement, and the zeal and success in digging, have up to the latest advices been the greatest. In the beginning of June 1850, the Governor-General had already bestowed a grant of £500 upon Mr Hargraves, and an appointment of £350 a-year, as acknowledgments of his services—acknowledgments he well deserved, but which might have been saved honourably to the colony, and creditably to science, had the recommendation made five years before by geologists at home, and by scientific colonists, been attended to. In the same month the Sir Thomas Arbutnot sailed from Sydney for England with £1000 worth of gold already among her cargo. The success of the explorers continues unchecked up to the latest arrivals from Australia. "When I left, on the 10th of August 1851," says the captain of one of her Majesty's ships of war, in a letter now before us, "there was then weekly coming into Sydney £13,000 of gold. One lump has been found one hundred and six pounds in weight." He adds, and we believe many are of this opinion, "that it appears to be one immense gold field, and that California is already thrown into the shade." The news of five months' later date only give additional strength to all previous announcements, anticipations, and predictions.

Now, in reflecting on these remarkable and generally unexpected discoveries, an enlightened curiosity suggests such questions as these—What are the conditions geographical, physical, or geological, on which the occurrence of gold deposits depends? Why has the ability to predict, as in the Australian case, remained so long unexercised, or been so lately acquired? What are the absolute extent, and probable productive durability,

of the gold regions newly brought to light? What their extent and richness compared with those known at former periods, or with those which influence the market for precious metals now? What the influence they are likely to exercise on the social and financial relations of European countries? What the effect they will have on the growth and commerce of the States which border the Pacific, or which are washed by the Indian and Australian seas? In the present article we propose to answer a few of these questions.

And, first, as to the Geography of the question. There are no limits either in latitude or longitude, as used to be supposed, within which gold deposits are confined—none within which they are necessarily most abundant. In old times, the opinion was entertained that the precious metals favoured most the hot and equatorial regions of the earth. But the mines of Siberia, as far north as 69° of latitude, and the deposits of California, supposed to extend into Oregon, and even into Russian America, alone show the absurdity of this opinion.

Nor does the physical character of a country determine in any degree whether or not it shall be productive of gold. It may, like California, border the sea, or be far inland, like the Ural slopes, or the Steppes of the Kirghis; it may be flat, and of little elevation, or it may abound in streams, in lakes, and in mountains;—none of these conditions are necessarily connected with washings or veins of gold. It is true that mountain chains are usually seen at no great distance from localities rich in golden sands, and that metalliferous veins often cut through the mountains themselves. But these circumstances are independent of the mountains as mere physical features. It is not because there are mountains in a country that it is rich in gold, else gold mines would be far more frequent; and mountainous regions, like our own northern counties, would abound in mineral wealth. It is the nature of the rocks of which a country consists—its geological and chemical characters, in other words, which determine the presence or absence of the

most coveted of metals. Humboldt, indeed, supposed, from his observations, that, to be productive of gold, the chain of mountains which skirt the country must have a meridional direction. But further research has shown that this is by no means a necessary condition, although hitherto, perhaps, more gold has been met with in the neighbourhood of chains which have a prevailing north or south direction than of any other. We may safely say, therefore, that there are no known physical laws or conditions, by the application or presence of which the existence of gold can with any degree of probability be predicted.

Let us study for a little, then, the geology of a region of gold.

*First,* Every general reader now-a-days is aware that the crust of our globe consists of a series of beds of rock, laid one over the other, like the leaves of a book; and that of these the lowest layers, like the courses of stone in the wall of a building, are the oldest, or were the first laid down. These rocky beds are divided into three groups, of which the lowest, or oldest, is called the primary; the next in order, the secondary; and the uppermost, or newest, the tertiary.

*Second,* That in certain parts of the world this outer crust of rocks is broken through by living volcanoes, which, with intermissions more or less frequent, belch forth flames and smoke, with occasional torrents of burning lava. That where, or when, the cause of such eruptions is not sufficiently powerful to produce living volcanoes, earthquakes are occasioned; cracks or fissures, more or less wide, are produced in the solid rocks; smoking fumeroles appear; and vapour-exhaling surfaces show that fires, though languid and dormant for the time, still exist beneath. That besides the rocks of lava they have poured out, these volcanic agencies change the surface of a country more widely still by the alterations they gradually effect upon the previously existing slaty, calcareous, or sandstone rocks; converting limestone into marble, and baking sandstone into more or less homogeneous quartz, and common slates or hardened clays into

mica slates, gneiss, and granito-like rocks. That such volcanic agencies, producing similar phenomena, have existed in every geological epoch; and though the evidences of these are most extensive and distinct, perhaps, among the rocks of the oldest or primary period, that they are numerous and manifest also among those of the secondary and tertiary periods.

*Third,* That rocks of every age and kind, when exposed to the action of the air, the vicissitudes of the seasons, the beating of the rains, the force of flowing water, the dash of the inconstant sea, and other natural agencies, crumble down, wear away, or are torn asunder into fragments of every size. These either remain where they are formed, or are carried by winds and moving waters to distances, sometimes very great, but which are dependent on the force of the wind or water which impel them, and on the size or density of the fragments themselves. Thus are our shores daily worn away by the action of the sea, and the fragments distributed along its bottom by the tides and currents; and thus, from the far northern mountains of America, does the Missouri bring down detached fragments thousands of miles into the Gulf of Mexico, whence the Gulf Stream carries them even to the icy Spitzbergen.

*Fourth,* That over all the solid rocks, almost everywhere is spread a covering of this loose, and, for the most part, drifted matter, consisting of sands, gravels, and clays. These overspread not only valleys and plains, but hill-sides and slopes, and sometimes even mountain-tops, to a greater or less depth. There are comparatively few spots where these loose materials do not cover and conceal the native rocks; but in some localities, and especially in wide plains and deep river valleys, they are sometimes met with in accumulations of enormous depth. In our own island, a depth of two hundred feet of such superficial sands, gravels, and clays, is by no means unusual. They are often sorted into beds alternately coarse and fine, evidently by the action of moving water; and while the great bulk of the fragments of which our English gravels consist can generally be traced to native rocks at

no great distance from the spots on which they rest, yet among them are to be found fragments also, which must have been brought from Norway, and other places, many hundred miles distant.

On the surface of these drifted masses we generally live, and from the soils they form we extract by tillage the means of life.

*Fifth.* That these, occasionally thick, beds of drifted matter—*drift* we shall for brevity call it—are in some places cut through by existing rivers, the beds of which run between high banks of clay, sand, or gravel, which the action of the stream has gradually worn and washed away. This is seen in many of our own river valleys; and it is especially visible along the great rivers of North America. The effect of this wearing action is to remove, mix up, and re-distribute, towards the river's mouth, the materials which have been scooped out by the cutting water, and thus to produce, on a small scale, along the river's bed, what had long before been done in the large, when the entire bed of drift through which the river flows was itself spread over the plain or valley by more mighty waters.

These things being understood, a very wide geological examination of gold-bearing localities has shown—

*First.* That gold rarely occurs in available quantity in any of the stratified rocks, except in those which belong to the primary or oldest group, and in these only when or where they have been, more or less, disturbed or altered by ancient volcanic or volcanic-like action; by the intrusion, for example into cracks and hollows, of veins and masses of serpentine, granite, syenite, and other igneous rocks, in a melted or semi-fluid state.

*Second.* That among these primary stratified rocks a subdivision, to which the name of Silurian was given by Sir Roderick Murchison, has hitherto, as a whole, proved by far the richest in this kind of mineral wealth; though the slate-rocks below, and the sandstones and limestones above, in favourable circumstances, may be equally gold-bearing.

*Third.* That the drifted sands and

gravels, in which gold-washing is profitable, occur only in the proximity, more or less near, of such ancient and altered (so called metamorphic) rocks. They are, in fact, the fragments of such rocks broken up, pounded, and borne to their present sites by natural causes, operating long ages ago, but similar in kind to those which now degrade and carry away to lower levels the crumbling particles still torn off from our hardest mountains by the ceaseless tooth of time.

Numerous as have been the deposits of gold found in various ages and countries, they all confirm the general geological conclusions above stated. The main and most abundant sources of gold which were known to the ancients, occurred among the sands of rivers, and amid the gravels and shingles which formed their banks. Such were the gold-washings in the beds of the Phasis, the Pactolus, the Po, the Douro, the Tagus, and the mountain streams which descended from the alpine heights of Greece, of Italy, of America, of Asia Minor, and of many other countries. These rivers all descend from, or, early on their way, pass through or among, ancient rocks, generally old and altered Silurian strata, such as those we have spoken of, in which the gold originally existed, and from which the existing rivers, since they assumed their present channels, have in some few cases, and to a small amount, separated and brought it down. And if in any region, as in Nubia, Hungary, Bohemia, and Macedonia,\* the ancient or mediæval nations followed up their search to the sources of the rich rivers, and were successful in finding and extracting gold from the native rocks, later explorations, wherever made, have shown that these mines were situated among old and disturbed deposits of the primary and Silurian age.

The more modern discoveries in America, Siberia, and elsewhere, prove the same. So that, among geologists, it is at present received as an established fact, that the primary, the so called azoic and palæozoic rocks, are the only great repositories of native gold.

\* JACOB, i. chap. x. *passim*.

There are no known laws, either physical or chemical, by which the almost exclusive presence of gold in these ancient rocks can be accounted for or explained. A conjecture has been hazarded, however, to which we shall for a moment advert.

From the fissures and openings which abound in volcanic neighbourhoods, gases and vapours are now seen continually to arise. Whatever is capable of being volatilised—driven off in vapour, that is—by the existing heat, rises from beneath till it reaches the open air, or some comparatively cool spot below the surface, where it condenses and remains. Such was the case also in what we may call the primary days of geology.

Gold is one of the few metals which occur, for the most part, in the native or metallic and malleable state. But in this state it is not volatile, and could not have been driven up in vapour by ancient subterranean heat. But, as in the case of many other metals, the prevailing belief is, that it has been so volatilised—not in the metallic state, however, but in some form of chemical combination in which it is capable of being volatilised. No such combinations are yet known, though their existence is not inconsistent with—may in fact be inferred from—our actual knowledge.

It is further supposed that, at the period when the primary rocks were disturbed by intrusions of granites, porphyries, serpentines, greenstones, &c., which we have spoken of as volcanic-like phenomena, the elementary bodies, which, by their union with the gold, are capable of rendering it volatile, happened to exist more abundantly than at the period of any of those other disturbances by which the secondary and tertiary rocks were affected; and that this is the reason why signs of gold-bearing exhalations, and consequently gold-bearing veins, are rare in the rocks of the newer epochs.

According to this view of the introduction of gold into the fissures and veins of the earliest rocks, its presence is due to what we may call the fortuitous and concurrent presence in the under crust of other elementary substances along with the gold, which by uniting with it could make it vola-

tile, rather than to the action or influence of any widely-operating chemical or physical law. The explanation itself, however, it will be remembered, is merely conjectural, and, we may add, neither satisfactory nor free from grave objections.

But from the geological facts we have above stated, several very interesting consequences follow, such as—

*First*, That wherever the rocks we have mentioned occur, and altered as we have described, the existence and discovery of gold are rendered probable. Physical conditions may not be equally propitious everywhere. Broad valleys and favourable river channels may not always coexist with primary rocks traversed by old volcanic disturbances; or the ancient sands and shingles with which the particles of abraded gold were originally mixed may, by equally ancient currents, have been scoured out of existing valleys, and swept far away. But these are matters of only secondary consideration, to be ascertained by that personal exploration which a previous knowledge of the geological structure will justify and encourage.

Whenever the geology of a new country becomes known, therefore, it becomes possible to predict the presence or absence of native gold, in available quantities, with such a degree of probability as to make public research a national, if not an individual duty. This led Sir Roderick Murchison to foretell the discovery of gold in Australia, as we have already explained; and similar knowledge places similar predictions within the power of other geologists.

We happen to have before us, at this present moment, a geological map of Nova Scotia. Two such maps have been published, one by Messrs Alger and Jackson, of Boston, and another by Dr Gesner, late colonial geologist for the province of New Brunswick. In these maps the north-western part of the province is skirted by a fringe of old primary rocks, partly metamorphic, and sometimes fossiliferous, and resting on a back ground of igneous rocks, which cover, according to Gesner, the largest portion of this end of the province. Were we inclined to try our hand at a geological prediction, we should counsel our friends in

the vale of Annapolis to look out for yellow particles along the course of the Annapolis river, and especially at the mouths and up the beds of the cross streams that descend into the valley from the southern highlands.

Nature, indeed, has given the Nova Scotians in this Annapolis valley a miniature of the more famed valley of the Sacramento. Their north and south mountains represent respectively the coast range and the Sierra Nevada of the Sacramento Basin. The tributaries in both valleys descend chiefly from the hills on the left of the main rivers. The Sacramento and the Annapolis rivers both terminate in a lake or basin, and each finally escapes through a narrow chasm in the coast ridge by which its terminating basin communicates with the open sea. The Gut of Digby is, in the small, what the opening into the harbour of San Francisco now called the "Golden Gate" and the "Narrows" is in the large; and if the Sacramento has its plains of drifted sand and gravel, barren and unpropitious to the husbandman, the Annapolis river, besides its other poor lands, on which only the sweet fern luxuriates, has its celebrated Aylesford sand plain, or devil's goose pasture—a broad flat "given up to the geese, who are so wretched that the foxes won't eat them, they hurt their teeth so bad." Then the south mountains, as we have said, consist of old primary rocks, such as may carry gold—disturbed, traversed by dykes, and changed or metamorphosed, as gold-bearing rocks usually are. Whether quartz veins abound in them we cannot tell; but the idle boys of Clare, Digby, Clements, Annapolis, Aylesford, and Horton, may as well keep their eyes about them, and the woodmen, as they hew and float down the pine logs for the supply of the Boston market. A few days spent with a "long Californian Tom," in rocking the Aylesford and other sands and gravel-drifts of their beautiful valley, may not prove labour in vain. What if the rich alluvials of Horton and Cornwallis should hide beneath more glittering riches, and more suddenly

enriching, than the famed crops of which they so justly boast? Geological considerations also suggest that the streams which descend from the northern slopes of the Cobequid Mountains should not be overlooked. It may well be that the name given to Cap d'Or by the early French settlers two hundred years ago, may have had its origin in the real, and not in the imaginary presence of glittering gold.

But to return from this digression. *Second*, The same facts which thus enable us to predict or to suggest inquiry, serve also to test the truth or falsehood of ancient traditions regarding the former fruitfulness in gold of countries which now possess only the fading memory of such natural but bygone wealth. Our geological maps direct us to European countries, in which all the necessary geological conditions coexist, and in which, were the world still young, a geologist would stake a fair reputation on the hazard of discovering gold. But the art of extracting gold from auriferous sands is simple, and easily practised. It is followed as successfully by the black barbarians of Africa as by the whitest savages of California. The longer a country has been inhabited, therefore, by a people among whom gold is valued, the less abundant the region is likely to be in profitable washings of gold. The more will it approach to the condition of Bohemia, where gold prevailed to a great extent, and was very productive in the middle ages, though it has been long worked out, and the very localities of its mines forgotten.\*

Were it to become, for example, a matter of doubtful tradition, which the historian was inclined to pass by, that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth three hundred men were employed near Elvan's Foot—not far, we believe, from Wanlockhead in Scotland—at a place called the Gold Scour, in washing for the precious metal, who in a few summers collected as much as was valued at £100,000; or that in 1796, ten thousand pounds' worth of gold was collected in the alluvial soil of a small district in Wicklow—the geolo-

\* Murchison—Reports of British Association, 1849, (Appendix, pp. 61, 62.)



gist would come to his aid and assure him that the natural history of the neighbourhood rendered the occurrence of gold probable, and the traditions, therefore, worthy of reliance.

*Third,* They explain, also, why it is that, where streams flowing from one slope of a chain or ridge of mountains are found to yield rich returns to the gold-seekers, those which descend from the opposite slope often prove wholly unproductive. In the Ural, rich mines occur almost solely on the eastern, or Siberian slope of the great chain. On the western, or European slope, a few inconsiderable mines only are worked. So, as yet, in the Sierra Nevada in California, the chief treasures occur in the feeders of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, which descend from its western side. The eastern slope, which falls towards the broad arid valley of the Mormons, is as yet unflamed, and may probably never prove rich in gold. These circumstances are accounted for by the fact that, in the Ural, the older rocks, of which we have spoken as being especially gold-bearing, form the eastern slope of the ridge only, the western flank of the range being covered for the most part by rocks of a more modern epoch. The same may be the case also with the Sierra Nevada where it is still unexplored; and the Utah Lake, though remote, by its saltiness lends probability to this conjecture. \*

*Fourth,* and lastly, they make clear the distinction between the "dry and wet diggings" we read of in our Californian news—why in so many countries the beds of rivers have been deserted by the gold-finders, and why the river banks, and even distant dry and elevated spots, have proved more productive than the channel itself.\*

Let us attempt to realise for a moment the condition of a country like California, at the period, not geologically remote, when the gold-bearing drift was spread over its magnificent valley. The whole region was covered by the sea to an unknown depth. The snowy ridge, (Nevada,) and pro-

bably the coast ridge, also formed lines of rocky islands or peaks, which withstood the fury of the waves, and, if they were covered with ice, the wearing and degrading action also of the moving glaciers. The spoils of the crumbling rocks sank into the waters, and were distributed by tides and currents along the bottom of the valley. The narrow opening through the coast chain, by which the bay of San Francisco now communicates with the Northern Pacific, would, at the period we speak of, prevent the debris of the Nevada rocks from being washed out into the main basin of the Pacific, and this would enable the metallic, as well as the other spoils of these rocks, to accumulate in the bottom, and along the slopes of what is now the valley of California.

By a great physical change the country was lifted out of the sea, either at once or by successive stages, and it presented then the appearance of a valley long and wide, covered almost everywhere by a deep clothing of sands, gravels, and shingles, with which were intermingled—not without some degree of method, but at various depths, and in various proportions—the lumps and grains of metallic gold which had formerly existed in the rocks, of which the sands and shingles had formed a part.

And now the tiny streams, which had formerly terminated their short courses in the sea itself, flowed down the mountain slopes, united their waters in the bottom, and formed large rivers. These gradually cut their way into the superficial sands, washed them as the modern gold-washer does in his cradle, and collected, in certain parts or their beds, the heavier particles of gold which they happened to meet with in their descent. Hence the golden sands of the Sacramento and the San Joaquin, and of so many of the rivers celebrated in ancient story. But the beds of these rivers could never be the receptacle of all the gold of such a district. *They* derived nearly all their wealth from

\* "In the Temeswar Bannat the washings were performed exclusively by the gypsies, who display great skill in finding it. They dig chiefly on the *banks* of the river Nera, where more gold is found than in the bottom of the stream."—JACON, i. p. 245.

the sands and clays or gravels they had scooped out in forming their channels; and as these channels occupy only a small fraction of the surface of the bottoms and slopes of most river valleys, they could, or were likely to contain, only an equally small fraction of the mineral wealth of their several regions. The more ancient waters had distributed the gold throughout the whole drift of the country, 'The river, like a "long Tom," had cradled a small part of it, and proved its richness. The rest of the drift, if rocked by art, would prove equally, it might be even more, productive.

It is in this old virgin drift, usually untouched by the river, that the so-called dry diggings are situated. The reader will readily understand that, while no estimate can be formed of the quantity of gold which an entire valley like that of the Sacramento and San Joaquin, or which wide sandy plains like those of Australia, may ultimately yield, yet it will require great sagacity to discover, it may even be that only accident and long lapse of time will reveal, in what spots and at what depths the gold is most abundantly accumulated, and where it will best pay the cost of extraction.

We do not now advert to any of the other points connected with the history of gold on which our geological facts throw light. These illustrations are sufficient to show how rich in practical inferences and suggestions geological and chemical science is, in this as in many other special branches of mineral inquiry.

Nor need we say much in answer to our question,—“Why the ability to predict, as in the Australian case,” or generally to draw such conclusions and offer such suggestions and explanations, has remained so long unanswered, or been so lately acquired? Geology and chemistry are both young sciences, almost unknown till within a few years, rapidly advancing, and every day applying themselves more widely and directly to those subjects which effect the material prosperity and individual comforts of mankind. Knowledge which was not possessed before our day, could obviously neither be applied at all by ancient nations, nor earlier by the moderns.

To the consideration of the absolute extent and probable productive durability of the gold regions newly brought to light—of their extent and richness compared with those known in former times—and of their probable effects on the social and financial relations of mankind, we shall now turn our attention.

In the preceding part we have explained the circumstances in which gold occurs—the geological conditions which appear to be necessary to its occurrence—and where, therefore, we may expect to find it. But no conditions chemical or geological at present known are able to indicate—*a priori*, and apart from personal examination and trial—in what quantity the precious metal is likely to occur, either in the living rocks of a gold-bearing district, or in the sands and gravels by which it may be covered. Yet, next to the fact of the existence of gold in a country, the quantity in which it is likely to occur, and the length of time during which a profitable yield may be obtained, are the questions which most interest, not only individuals on the spot, but all other countries to which the produce of its mines is usually sent, or from which adventurers are likely to proceed.

We have already remarked, that, in nearly all the gold regions which have been celebrated in past times, their mineral riches have been for the most part extracted from the drifted sands and gravels which overspread the surface. We have also drawn attention to the small amount of skill and intelligence which this extraction requires, and to the brief time in which such washings may be exhausted even by ignorant people. Most of our modern gold mines are situated in similar drifts. We may instance, from among the less generally known, those of Africa, from which are drawn the supplies that come to us yearly from the gold coast.

“Of all the African mines, those of Bamouk are supposed to be the richest. They are about thirty miles south of the Senegal river; and the inhabitants are chiefly occupied in gold-washing during the eight months of dry weather. About two miles from Natakou is a small round-topped hill, about 300 feet high, the

whole of which is an alluvial formation of sand and pulverised emery, with grains of iron ore and gold, in lumps, grains, and scales. This hill is worked throughout; and it is said the richest lumps are found deepest. There are 1200 pits or workings, some 40 feet deep—but mere holes unplanked. This basin includes at least 500 square miles. Forty miles north, at the foot of the Tabwara mountains, are the mines of Semayla, in a hill. This is of quartz slate; and the gold is got by pounding the rock in large mortars. In the river Semayla are alluvial deposits, containing emery impregnated with gold. The earth is washed by the women in calabashes. The mine of Nambia is in another part of the Tabwara mountains, in a hillock worked in pits. The whole gold district of Bambouk is supposed to extend over 10,000 square miles.

"Close to the Ashantee country is that of the Bunkatoos, who have rich gold workings, in pits at Bukanti and Kentosoc."—(WYLD, p. 44.)

From this description we see that all the mines in the Sengal country are gold-washings, with the exception of those of Semayla, to which we shall hereafter allude. No skill is required to work them; and should European constitutions ever permit European nations to obtain an ascendancy in this part of Africa, such mines may be effectually exhausted before an opportunity is afforded for the application of European skill. And so in California and Australia, should the gold repositories be all of the same easily explored character, the metal may be suddenly worked out by the hordes of all classes who have been rushing in; and thus the influence of the mines may die away after a few brief years of extraordinary excitement.

When California first became famous, the popular inquiry everywhere was simply, what amount of immediate profit is likely to be realised by an industrious adventurer? What individual temptation, in other words, is there for me or my connections to join the crowd of eager emigrants?

Passing over the inflated and suspicious recitals which found their way into American and European journals,

such statements as the following, from trustworthy sources, could not fail to have a most stimulating effect—

"To give you an instance, however, of the amount of metal in the soil—which I had from a miner on the spot, three Englishmen bought a claim, 30 feet by 100 feet, for fourteen hundred dollars. It had been twice before bought and sold for considerable sums, each party who sold it supposing it to be nearly exhausted. In three weeks the Englishmen paid their fourteen hundred dollars, and cleared thirteen dollars a-day besides for their trouble. This claim, which is not an unusually rich one, though it has perhaps been more successfully worked, has produced in eighteen months over twenty thousand dollars, or five thousand pounds' worth of gold."\*

Mr Coke is here describing the riches of a spot on the immediate banks of the river, where circumstances had caused a larger proportion than usual of that gold to be collected, or thrown together—which the river, in cutting out its gravelly channel, had separated or *rocked out*, as we have described in the previous part of this article. This rich spot, therefore, is by no means a fair sample of the country, though, from Mr Coke's matter-of-fact language, many might be led to think so. Few spots so small in size could reasonably be expected to yield so rich a store of gold, though its accumulation in this spot certainly does imply that the quantity of gold diffused through the drift of the country may in reality be very great. It may be so, however, and yet not pay for the labour required to extract it.

That many rich prizes have been obtained by fortunate and steady men in these diggings, there can be no doubt; and yet, if we ask what benefit the emigrant diggers, as a whole, have obtained, the information we possess shows it to be far from encouraging. On this subject we find, in one of the books before us, the following information:—†

"The inaccessibility of the *placers*, the diseases, the hardships, and the very mo-

\* *A Ride over the Rocky Mountains.* By the Hon. HENRY J. COKE, p. 359.

† *Sights in the Gold Region, and Scenes by the Way.* By THEODORE J. JOHNSON. Second Edition. New York, 1850.

derate remuneration resulting to the great mass of the miners, were quite forgotten or omitted—in the communications and reports of a few only excepted.

"A few have made, and will hereafter make, fortunes there, and very many of those who remain long enough will accumulate something; but the great mass, all of whom expected to acquire large amounts of gold in a short time, must be comparatively disappointed. I visited California to dig gold, but chose to abandon that purpose rather than expose life and health in the mines; and as numbers were already seeking employment in San Francisco without success, and I had neither the means nor the inclination to speculate, I resolved to return to my family, and resume my business at home."—(P. 207.)

'Thousands, we believe, have followed Mr Johnson's example; and thousands more would have lived longer and happier, had they been courageous enough, like him, to return home unsuccessful.

"The estimate in a former chapter of three or four dollars per day per man, as the average yield during my late visit to the gold regions, has been most extensively and generally confirmed since that period. Innumerable letters, and persons lately returned from the diggings, (including successful miners,) now fix the average at from three to four dollars per day for each digger during the season."—(P. 243.)

"Thus far the number of successful men may have been one in every hundred. In this estimate those only should be considered successful who have realized and safely invested their fortunes. The thousands who thus far have made their fortunes, but are still immersed in speculations, do not belong as yet to the foregoing number."—(P. 245.)

This is applying the just principle, "Nemo ante obitum beatus," which is too generally forgotten when the first sudden shower of riches falls upon ourselves or our neighbours.

"Individual efforts, as a general rule, must prove abortive. So far as my knowledge enables me to judge, they already have. I do not know of a single instance of great success at the mines on the part of a single member of the passengers or ship's company with whom I came round Cape Horn: of the former there were a hundred, and of the latter twenty. Many have returned home, who can tell the truth."—(P. 249.)

This last extract does not contain Mr Johnson's own experience, but that of a physician settled at San Francisco, from whose communication he quotes; and the same writer adds many distressing particulars, which we pass by, of the fearful misery to which those free men, of their own free will, from the thirst of gold, have cheerfully exposed themselves.

"Quid non mortalia pectora cogit.  
Auri sacra fames?"

The latest news from Australia contains a repetition of the Californian experience. A recent *Australian and New Zealand Gazette* speaks thus of the gold-hunters—

"In all parts of the colony, labour is quitting its legitimate employment for the lottery of gold hunting; and, as a natural consequence, industrial produce is suffering. Abundant as is the metal, misery among its devotees is quite as abundant. The haggard look of the unsuccessful, returning disheartened in search of ordinary labour, is fully equalled by the squalor of the successful, who, the more they get, appear to labour the harder, amidst filth and deprivation of every kind, till their wasted frames vie with those of their less lucky neighbours. With all its results, gold-finding is both a body and soul debasing occupation; and even amongst so small a body of men, the vices and degradation of California are being enacted, in spite of all wholesome check imposed by the authorities."

It is indeed a melancholy reflection that, wherever such mines of the precious metals have occurred, there misery of the most extreme kind has speedily been witnessed. The cruelties of the Spanish conquerors towards the Indian nations of Mexico and Peru, are familiar to all. They are now brought back fresh upon our memories by the new fortunes and prospects of the western shores of America. Yet of such cruelties the Spaniards were not the inventors. They only imitated in the New, what thousands of years before the same thirst for gold had led other conquerors to do in the Old World. Diodorus, after mentioning that, in the confines of Egypt and the neighbouring countries, there are parts full of gold mines, from which, by the

labour of a vast multitude of people, much gold is dug, adds—

"The kings of Egypt condemn to these mines, not only notorious criminals, captives in war, persons falsely accused, and those with whom the king is offended, but also all their kindred and relations. These are sent to this work, either as a punishment, or that the profit and gain of the king may be increased by their labours. There are thus infinite numbers thrust into these mines, all bound in fetters, kept at work night and day, and so strictly guarded that there is no possibility of their effecting an escape. They are guarded by mercenary soldiers of various barbarous nations, whose language is foreign to them and to each other; so that there are no means either of forming conspiracies, or of corrupting those who are set to watch them. They are kept to incessant work by the overseer, who, besides, lashes them severely. Not the least care is taken of the bodies of these poor creatures; they have not a rag to cover their nakedness; and who-soever sees them must compassionate their melancholy and deplorable condition; for though they may be sick, or maimed, or lame, no rest, nor any intermission of labour, is allowed them. Neither the weakness of old age, nor the infirmity of females, excuses any from that work to which all are driven by blows and cudgels, till at length, borne down by the intolerable weight of their misery, many fall dead in the midst of their insufferable labours. Thus these miserable creatures, being destitute of all hope, expect their future days to be worse than the present, and long for death as more desirable than life."\*

How truly might we apply to gold the words of Horace—

"Te semper anteit sæva necessitas,  
Clavæ trabalis et cuneos manu,  
Gestans aliena, nec severus  
Uncus abest, liquidumque plumbum."

There was both irony and wisdom in the counsel given by the Mormon

leaders to their followers after their settlement on the Salt Lake. "*The true use of gold* is for paving streets, covering houses, making culinary dishes; and when the saints shall have preached the gospel, raised grain, and built up cities enough, the Lord will open up the way for a supply of gold to the perfect satisfaction of his people." This kept the mass of their followers from moving to the diggings of Western California. They remained around the lake "to be healthy and happy, to raise grain and build cities."†

But the occurrence of individual disappointment, or misery in procuring it, will not prevent the gold itself from afterwards exercising its natural influence upon society when it has been brought into the markets of the world. When the riches of California began to arrive, therefore, graver minds, whose thoughts were turned to the future as much as to the present, inquired, *first*, how much gold are these new diggings sending into the markets?—and, *second*, how long is this yield likely to last?

1st, To the first of these questions—owing to the numerous channels along which the gold of California finds its way into commerce—it seems impossible to obtain more than an approximate answer. Mr Theodore Johnson (p. 246) estimates the produce for

1848, at 8 million dollars.

1849, from 22 to 37 million dollars.

Or in the latter year, from four to seven millions sterling. It would, of course, be more in 1850, as it is assumed to be by Mr Wyld, from whose pamphlet (p. 22) we copy the following table of the estimated total yield of gold and silver by all the known mines of the world, in the five years named in the first column:—

	Gold.	Silver.	Total.
1800	—	—	£10,250,000
1840	£5,000,000	£6,750,000	11,750,000
1848	7,000,000	6,750,000	13,750,000
1850	17,500,000	7,500,000	25,000,000
1851	22,500,000	7,500,000	30,000,000

\* Quoted by JACOB, vol. i. pp. 56, 57.

† *The Mormons, or Latter-Day Saints*, (a cotemporary history,) p. 227. London, 1851.

Supposing the Russian mines, from which upwards of four millions' worth of the gold of 1848 was derived, to have remained equally productive in 1850 and 1851, this estimate assigns a yield of £10,000,000 worth of gold to California in 1850, and £15,000,000 to California and Australia together in 1851.

The *New York Herald* (October 31st, 1851) estimates the produce of the Californian mines alone, for the years 1850 and 1851, at

1850, 68,587,000 dollars, or £13,717,000
1851, 75,000,000                    „        £15,000,000

These large returns may be exaggerations, but they profess to be based on the custom-house books, and may be quite as near the truth as the lower sums of Mr Wyld. But supposing either statement to contain only a tolerable guess at the truth, it may well induce us anxiously to inquire, in the second place, how long is such a supply to continue?

2d, Two different branches of scientific inquiry must be followed up in order to arrive at anything like a satisfactory answer to this second question. We must investigate both the probable durability of the surface diggings, and the probable occurrence of gold in the native rocks.

Now, the duration of profitable gold-washing in a region depends, *first*, on the extent of country over which the gold is spread, and the universality of its diffusion. *Second*, on the minimum proportion of gold in the sands which will pay for washing; and this, again, on the price of labour.

The valley of the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers, in California, is 500 miles long, by an average of 50 miles broad; comprehending an area, therefore, of 25,000 square miles.

We do not know as yet over how much of this the gold is distributed; nor whether, after the richest and most accessible spots have been hunted out, and apparently exhausted, the surface of the country generally will admit of being washed over with a profit. We cannot draw a conclusion in reference to this point from any of the statements yet published

as to the productiveness of particular spots. But, at the same time, we ought to bear in mind that deserted spots may often be returned to several times, and may yield, to more careful treatment, and more skilful methods in after years, returns of gold not less considerable than those which were obtained by the first adventurers. Besides, if we are to believe Mr Theodore Johnson,

“There is no reason to doubt that the whole range of mountains extending from the cascades in Oregon to the Cordilleras in South America, contain greater or less deposits of the precious metals; and it is well known that *Senora*, the northern state of Mexico, is equally rich in gold as the adjoining country of *Alta California*. The Mexicans have hitherto proved too feeble to resist the warlike Apaches in that region, consequently its treasure remains comparatively undisturbed.”—(P. 231.)

Passing by Mr Johnson's opinion about the Oregon mountains, what he says of *Senora* has probably a foundation in truth, and justifies us in expecting from that region a supply of gold which may make up for any falling off in the produce of the diggings of California for many years to come.

The question as to the minimum proportion of gold in the sands of California, or in those of Australia—the state of society, the workmen and the tools, in both countries being much the same—which can be extracted with a profit, or the minimum daily yield which will make it worth extracting, has scarcely as yet become a practical one.

As a matter of curiosity, however, connected with this subject, it is interesting to know what is the experience of other gold regions in these particulars.

In Bohemia, on the lower part of the river Iser, there were formerly gold-washings. “The sand does not now yield more than *one grain of gold in a hundredweight*; and it is supposed that so much is not regularly to be obtained. There are at present no people searching for gold, and there have been none for several centuries.”\* This, therefore, may be

\* JACOB, i. p. 243, note.

considered less than the minimum proportion which will enable washers to live even in that cheap country. In the famed gold country of Minas Geraes, in Brazil, where gangs of slaves are employed in washing, the net annual amount of gold extracted seems to be little more than £4 a-head; and in Columbia, where provisions are dearer, "a mine, which employs sixty slaves, and produces 20 lb. of gold of 18 carats annually, is considered a good estate."\*

These also approach so near to the unprofitable point, that gold-washing, where possible, has long been gradually giving way, in that country, to the cultivation of sugar and other agricultural productions.

In regard to Siberia, Rose, in his account of his visit to the mines of the Ural and the Altai, gives the results of numerous determinations of the proportion of gold in the sands which are considered worth washing at the various places he visited. Thus on the Altai, at Katharinenburg, near Beresowsk, and at Nei-winskoi, near Neujiangsk, and at Wiluyskoi, near Nischni Tagilsk, the proportions of gold in 100 poods† of sand, were respectively—

Katharinenbur., 1.1 to 2.5, or an average of 1.3 solotniks.  
Nei-winskoi,  $\frac{1}{2}$  solotnik.  
Wiluyskoi,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  solotnik. †

These are respectively 72, 26, and 80 troy grains to the ton of sand;

and although the proportion of 26 grains to the ton is little more than is found unworth the extraction from the sands of the Iser, and implies that nearly 19 tons of sand must be washed to obtain one troy ounce of gold, yet it is found that this washing can in Siberia be carried on with a profit.

In the gold-washings of the Eastern slopes of the Ural, near Miask, the average of fourteen mines in 1829 was about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  solotniks to the 100 poods, or 60 grains to the ton of sand. The productive layers varied in thickness, from 2 to 10 feet, and were covered by an equally variable thickness of sand and gravel, which was too poor in gold to pay for washing.‡

We have no data, as yet, from which to judge of the richness of the Californian and Australian sands, compared with those of Siberia. And, if we had, no safe conclusion could be drawn from them as to the prolonged productiveness of the mines, in consequence of another interesting circumstance, which the prosecution of the Uralian mines has brought to light. It is in every country the case that the richest sands are first washed out, and thus a gradual falling off in every locality takes place, till spot by spot the whole country is deserted by the washers. We give an example of this falling off in four of the Ural mines in five successive years. The yield of gold is in solotniks from the 100 poods of sand—

	I.	II.	III.	IV.
1825,	2.28 sol.	1.56 sol.	5.64 sol.	
1826,	1.43 "	0.83 "	2.46 "	7.28 sol
1827,	0.64 "	0.77 "	1.43 "	5.0 "
1828,	0.58 "	0.29 "	1.92 "	3.52 "

As all the Ural diggings exhibit this kind of falling off, it has been anticipated, from time to time, that the general and total yield of gold by the Siberian mines would speedily diminish. But so far have these expectations been disappointed, that the produce has constantly increased from 1829 until now. On an average of the last five years, the quantity of

gold yielded by the Russian, and chiefly by the Siberian mines, is now greater than that obtained from the South American gold mines in their richest days. §

While, therefore, it is certain that the new American and Australian diggings will individually, or on each spot, become poorer year by year, yet, as in Siberia, the extension of the

\* Jacob, ii. pp. 263, 264, note.

† A pood is 36 lb. Russian, of which 100 are about 90 English avoirdupois; and solotnik, 1-96th of a Russian pound, or about 65½ troy grains.

‡ Rose, *Reise nach dem Ural*, &c., chaps. ii. iv. viii. Berlin, 1842.

§ Compare WYLD, p. 26, with JACOB, ii. pp. 62, 167.

search, and the employment of improved methods, may not only keep up the yield for a long period of years, but may augment the yearly supply even beyond what it has yet been.

But while so much uncertainty attends the consideration of the extent, richness, and durability of mines situated in the gold-bearing sands and gravels, something more precise and definite can be arrived at in regard to the gold-bearing rocks. In nearly all the gold countries of past times, the chief extraction of the precious metal, as we have said, has been from the drifted sands. It is so also now in Siberia, and it was naturally expected that the same would be the case in California. And as other countries had for a time yielded largely, and then become exhausted, so it was predicted of this new region, and it was too hastily asserted that the increasing thousands of diggers who were employed upon its sands must render pre-eminently shortlived its gold-bearing capability. This opinion was based upon the two considerations—*first*, that there is no source of reproduction for these golden sands, inasmuch as it is only in very rare cases that existing rivers have brought down from native rocks the metallic particles which give their value to the sands and gravels through which they flow—and *second*, that no available quantity of gold was likely to be found in any living rocks.

But in respect of the living rocks, two circumstances have been found to coexist in California, which have not been observed in any region of gold-washings hitherto explored, and which are likely to have much effect on the

special question we are now considering. These two circumstances are the occurrence of numerous and, it is said, extensive deposits of the precious metals in the solid quartz veins among the spurs of the Sierra Nevada, and of apparently inexhaustible beds of the ores of quicksilver.

The discovery of gold in the native rock was by no means a novelty. The ancient Egyptians possessed mines in the Sahara and other neighbouring mountains. "This soil," says Diodorus, "is naturally black; but in the body of the earth there are many veins shining with white marble, (quartz?) and glittering with all sorts of bright metals, out of which those appointed to be overseers cause the gold to be dug by the labourers—a vast multitude of people."\*

At Altenberg also, in Bohemia, in the middle ages, the mixed metals (gold and silver) were found in beds of gneiss;† and, at present, in the Ural and Altai, a small portion of the gold obtained is extracted from quartz veins, which penetrate the granite and other rocks; but these and other cases, ancient and modern, though not forgotten, were not considered of consequence enough to justify the expectation of finding gold-bearing rocks of any consequence in California. It is to another circumstance that we owe the so early discovery of such rocks in this new country, and, as in so many other instances, to a class of men ignorant of what history relates in regard to other regions.

As early as 1824, the inner country of North Carolina was discovered to be productive of gold. The amount

\* JACOB, i. p. 56. In copying the above extract from Diodorus, we inserted the word *quartz* in brackets after his word "marble," under the impression that the old Egyptian mines were, like the similar ones in California, really situated in veins of quartz, and not of marble. We have since communicated with a gentleman who, about twenty years ago, accompanied M. Linant, a French engineer in the service of Mehemet Ali, to examine these mines, and he informs us that the gold was really found in *quartz veins* traversing a black slaty rock. The locality, as may be seen in Sharpe's *Chronology and Geography of Ancient Egypt*, plate 10, is in the Eastern Desert, about the middle of the great bend of the Nile, and about the 21st parallel. The samples of rock brought down by M. Linant were considered rich enough to justify the despatch of a body of miners, who were subsequently attacked by the natives, and forced to abandon the place. A strong government would overcome this difficulty; and modern modes of crushing and extraction might possibly render the mines more productive than ever. A very interesting account of these mines is to be found in a work by Quatremere de Quincy—"Notice des Pays voisins de l'Égypte."

† Ibid. p. 247.



extracted in that year was only 6000 dollars, but it had reached in 1829 to 128,000 dollars. The washings were extended both east and west, and finally it was made out that a gold region girdles the northern part of Virginia, the two Carolinas, and Georgia. This region is situated towards the foot of the mountains, and where the igneous rocks begin to disturb and penetrate the primary stratified deposits. As the sands became poorer in this region, the ardent miners had followed up their stream-washings to the parent rock, and in veins of rusty quartz had discovered grains and scales of native gold. To obtain these, like the Africans at Semayla, they blasted, crushed, and washed the rock.

Now, among the first who, fired by fresher hopes, pushed to the new treasure-house in California, came the experienced gold-seekers from the Carolinian borders. Following the gold trail into the gulches and ravines of the Snowy ridge, some of them were able to fix their trained eyes on quartz veins such as they had seen at home, and, scattered through the solid rock, to detect sparkling grains of gold which might long have escaped less practised observers. And through the same men, skilled in the fashion and use of the machinery found best and simplest for crushing and separating the gold, the necessary apparatus was speedily obtained and set to work to prove the richness of the new deposits. This richness may be judged of by the following statements:—

"Some of the chief quartz workings are in Nevada and Mariposa Counties, but the best known are on the rancho or large estate bought by Colonel Fremont from Alvarado, the Mexican governor. They are those of Mariposa, Agua Fria, Nouveau Monde, West Mariposa, and Ave Maria—the first leased by an American company, the third by a French, and the others by English companies. Some of the quartz has been assayed for £7000 in the ton of rock. A Mariposa specimen was in the Great Exhibition.

"The Agua Fria mine was surveyed and examined by Captain W. A. Jackson, the well-known engineer of Virginia, U.S., in October 1850, for which purpose openings were made by a cross-cut of sufficient depth to test the size of the

vein and the richness of the ore. The vein appears to be of a nearly uniform thickness—of from three and a half to four and a half feet—and its direction a few points to the north of east; the inclination of the vein being 45°. Of the ore, some specimens were transmitted to the United States Mint in January 1851 and the report of the assays then made, showed that 277 lb. of ore produced 173 oz. of gold—value 3222 dollars, or upwards of £650 sterling; being at the rate of £5256 a ton.

"The contents of the vein running through the property, which is about 600 feet in length, and crops out on a hill rising about 150 to 200 feet above the level of the Agua Fria Creek, is estimated at about 18,000 tons of ore to the water level only; and how far it may descend below that, is not at present known.

"The West Mariposa mine, under Colonel Fremont's lease, has a vein of quartz which runs the whole length of the allotment, averages six feet in thickness, and has been opened in several places. The assay of Messrs Johnson and Mathey states that a poor specimen of 11 oz. 9 dwt. 18 grains, produced of gold .2 dwt. 17 grains, which would give £1347 per ton; and a rich specimen, weighing 17 oz. 12 dwt. gave 3 oz. 15 dwt. 9 grains, being at the rate of £24,482 per ton."—(WRLD, pp. 36-39.)

The nature and durability of the influence which the discovery and working of these rich veins is likely to have, depends upon their requiring capital, and upon their being in the hands of a limited number of adventurers. In consequence of this they cannot be suddenly exhausted, but may continue to yield a constant supply for an indefinite number of years.

In connection with the durability of this supply from the quartz veins—besides the unsettled question as to the actual number and extent of such veins which further exploration will make out—there is the additional question as to how deep these veins will prove rich in gold. Our readers are probably aware that what are called veins are walls, more or less upright, which rise up from an unknown depth through the beds of rock which we have described as overlying each other like the leaves of a book. This wall generally consists of a different material from that of which

the rocks themselves consist, and, where a cliff occurs, penetrated by such veins, can readily be distinguished by its colour from the rocks through which it passes. Now, when these veins contain metallic minerals, it has been long observed that, in descending from the surface, the mineral value of the vein undergoes important alterations. Some are rich immediately under the surface of the ground; others do not become so till a considerable depth is reached; while in others, again, the kind of mineral changes altogether as we descend. In Hungary the richest minerals are met with at a depth of eighty or a hundred fathoms. In Transylvania, veins of gold, in descending, become degraded into veins of lead. In Cornwall, some of the copper veins increase in richness the greater the depth to which the mine is carried; while others, which have yielded copper near the surface, have gradually become rich in tin as the depth increased.\*

Now, in regard to the auriferous quartz veins, it is the result of past experience that they are often rich in the upper part, but become poorer as the explorations are deepened, and soon cease to pay the expense of working. In this respect it is just possible that the Californian veins may not agree with those of the Ural and of other regions, though this is a point which the lapse of years only can settle. Two things, however, are in favour of the greater yield of the Californian veins than those of other countries in past times—that they will be explored by a people who abound in capital, in engineering skill, and in energy, and that it is now ascertained that veins may be profitably rich in gold, though the particles are too small to be discerned by the naked eye. Thus, while all the explorations will be made with skill and economy, many veins will be mined into, which in other countries have been passed over with neglect; and the extraction of gold from all—but especially from the poorer sands and veins—will be aided by the second circumstance to which we have adverted as peculiar to California, the

possession of vast stores of quicksilver.

“The most important, if not the most valuable, of the mineral products of this wonderful country, is its quicksilver. The localities of several mines of this metal are already known, but the richest yet discovered is the one called Forbes’s mines, about sixty miles from San Francisco, near San José. Originally discovered and denounced, according to the Mexican laws then in force, it fell under the commercial management of Forbes of Tepic, who also has some interest in it. The original owner of the property on which it is situated, endeavoured to set aside the validity of the denouncement; but whether on tenable grounds or otherwise, I know not. At this mine, by the employment of a small number of labourers, and two common iron kettles for smelting, they have already sold quicksilver to the amount of 200,000 dollars, and have now some two hundred tons of ore awaiting the smelting process. The cinnabar is said to yield from sixty to eighty per cent of pure metal, and there is no doubt that its average product reaches fifty per cent. The effect of these immensely rich deposits of quicksilver, upon the wealth and commerce of the world, can scarcely be too highly estimated, provided they are kept from the clutches of the great monopolists. Not only will its present usefulness in the arts be indefinitely extended and increased by new discoveries of science, but the extensive mines of gold and silver in Mexico, Chili, and Peru, hitherto unproductive, will now be made available by its application.”—(JOHNSON’S *Sights in the Gold Region*, p. 201.)

By mere washing with water, it is impossible to extract the finer particles and scales of gold either from the natural sand or from the pounded rock. But an admixture and agitation with quicksilver licks up and dissolves every shining speck, and carries it, with the fluid metal, to the bottom of the vessel. The amalgam, as it is called, of gold and quicksilver thus obtained, when distilled in a close vessel, yields up its quicksilver again with little loss, and leaves the pure gold behind. For the perfect extraction of the gold, therefore, from its ores, quicksilver is absolutely necessary, and it can be performed most cheaply where the latter metal is

\* FOURNET, *Etudes sur les Dépôts Metallifères*, p. 167.

cheapest and most abundant. Hence the mineral conditions of California seem specially fitted to make it an exception to all gold countries heretofore investigated, or of which we have any detailed accounts. They promise it the ability to supply a large export of gold, probably long after the remunerative freshness of the diggings, properly so called, whether wet or dry, shall have been worn off.

But both the actual yearly produce of gold, and the probable permanence of the supply, have been greatly increased by the still more recent discoveries in Australia. A wider field has been opened up here for speculation and adventure than North-Western America in its best days ever presented. We have already adverted to the circumstances which preceded and attended the discovery of gold in this country, and new research seems daily to add to the number of districts over which the precious metal is spread. It is impossible, however, even to guess over how much of this vast country the gold field may extend, and of richness enough to make washing possible and profitable. The basin of the river Murray, in the feeders of which gold has been found in very many places, has a mean length from north to south of 1400 miles, and a breadth of 400—comprising an area of from 500,000 to 600,000 square miles. This is four times the area of California, and five times that of the British Islands; but whether the gold is generally diffused over this wide area, or whether it is confined to particular and limited localities, there has not as yet been time to ascertain.

It is chiefly in the head waters or feeders of the greater streams which flow through this vast basin that the metal has hitherto been met with; but the peculiar physical character of the creeks, and of the climate in these regions, suggests the probability that the search will be profitably extended downwards along the entire course of the larger rivers. Every reader of Australian tours and travels is aware of the deep and sudden floods to which the great rivers of the country are subject, and of the disastrous inundations to

which the banks of the river Murray are liable. The lesser creeks or feeders of this river, in which the washings are now prosecuted, are liable to similar visitations. The Summerhill creek, for example, at its junction with the Lewis river, is described as fifty or sixty yards wide, and the "water as sometimes rising suddenly twenty feet." Now, supposing the gold drift to have been originally confined to the districts through which the upper waters of these rivers flow, the effect of such floods, repeated year by year, must have been to wash out from their banks and bottoms, and to diffuse along the lower parts of their channels, or of the valleys they flooded, the lighter portions, at least, of metallic riches in which the upper country abounded. The larger particles or lumps may have remained higher up: but all that the force of a deep stream in its sudden flood could carry down, may be expected among the sands and gravels, and in the wider river beds, and occasionally flooded tracts of the lower country. In other words, there is reason to believe that from its head waters on the western slopes of the Australian Alps, to its mouth at Adelaide, the Murray will be found to some degree productive in gold, and more or less remunerative to future diggers. . .

But there is in reality no reason to believe that the gold of the great Australian basin was ever confined—at least since the region became covered with drift—to the immediate neighbourhood of the mountains, or to the valleys through which its mountain streams pursue their way. We have already fully explained that it is not to the action of existing rivers on the native gold-bearing rocks of the mountain, that the presence of the precious metal in their sands is generally due, but to that of numerous degrading causes, operating simultaneously and at a more ancient period, when the whole valley was covered deep with water. By these, the debris of the mountains here, as in California, must have been spread more or less uniformly over the entire western plain. This vast area, therefore, comprehending so many thousand square miles, may,

through all its drifted sands and gravels, be impregnated with metallic particles. Dry diggings, consequently, may be hereafter opened at great distances from the banks of existing streams. Time alone, in fact, can tell over how much of this extensive region it will pay the adventurer to dig and wash the wide-spread depths of drift.

Then there is the province of Victoria, south of the Australian Alps, in which gold is described as most plentiful. The streams which descend from the southern slope of these mountains are numerous, in consequence of the peculiarly large quantity of rain which falls on this part of Australia,\* and over a breadth of 200 miles they are represented as all rich in gold. And besides, the country east of the meridian chain, between Bathurst and the sea, and all the still unknown portion of the Australian continent, have yet to add their stores to those of Victoria and of the basin of the Murray. And though we do not know to what extent quartz veins prevail in the mountains of New South Wales, we have authentic statements as to their existence not very remote from Bathurst, and as to their being rich in gold. Here also, therefore, as in California, there may be a permanent source of gold supply, which may continue to yield, after the washings have ceased to be greatly remunerative—which may even augment in productiveness as that of the sands declines. On the whole, then, although it is impossible to form any estimate of the actual amount of gold which year by year the great new mining fields are destined to supply to the markets of the world, yet we think two deductions may be assumed as perfectly certain from the facts we have stated—*first*, that the average annual supply for the next ten years is likely to be greater than it ever was since the commencement of authentic history;—and *second*, that the supply, though the washings fall off, will be kept up for an indefinite period, by the ex-

ploration of the gold-bearing quartz veins in Australia and America.

In the table we have copied from Mr Wyld, the produce of gold for 1851 is estimated—guessed is a better word—at £22,500,000. Advices from Melbourne to the 22d of December state that the receipts of gold in that place in a single day had amounted to 16,333 ounces—that the total produce of the Ballarat and Mount Alexander diggings, from their discovery on the 29th September to the 17th of December, two months and a half, had been 243,414 ounces, valued at £730,242—that from twenty thousand to thirty thousand persons were employed at the diggings—and that the auriferous grounds, already known, which can be profitably worked, cannot be dug for years to come “by any number of people that can by possibility reach them.” Those from Sydney calculate the export from that place to have been at the rate of three millions sterling a-year; while the report of the Government Commissioners, “On the extent and capability of the mines in New South Wales,” gives it as their unanimous opinion, that they offer a “highly remunerative employment to at least a hundred thousand persons—four times the number now employed.” With these data, there appears no exaggeration in the estimate now made in the colony, that the yearly export of gold will not be less than seven or eight millions sterling. With this more accurate knowledge of the capabilities of Australia than was possessed when Mr Wyld's estimate was made, and with the hopes and rumours that exist as to other new sources of supply, are we wrong in guessing that the total produce of gold alone, for the present and some succeeding years, cannot be less than £25,000,000 to £30,000,000 sterling? What was the largest yield of the most fruitful mines in ancient times compared with this? The annual product of the ancient Egyptian mines of gold and silver is said by Herodotus

\* The reader will be interested by satisfying himself of this fact, so peculiar to Victoria, and so favourable to it as a place of settlement. He will find it pictured before his eye in the newly-published small and cheap, but beautifully executed, *School Physical Atlas* of Mr Keith Johnston.

to have been inscribed on the walls of the palace of the ancient kings at Thebes, and the sum; as he states it in Grecian money, was equal to six millions sterling! This Jacob \* considers to be a gross exaggeration; but he believes, nevertheless, that "the produce of the mines of that country, together with that of the other countries whose gold and silver was deposited there, far exceeded the quantity drawn from all the mines of the then known world in subsequent ages, down to the discovery of America."

And what did America yield after the discovery by Columbus, (1492,) and the triumphs of Cortes and Pizarro? Humboldt estimates the annual yield of gold, from the plunder of the people and from the mines united—

From 1492	1521	at	£52,000
... 1521	1546	at	£630,000

And from the discovery of the silver mine of Potosi in 1545, to the end of the century, the produce of silver and gold together was about £2,100,000 from America; and from America and Europe together, £2,250,000 a-year.

Again, during the eighteenth century, the yearly produce of the precious metals—gold and silver together—obtained from the mines of Europe, Africa, and America, is estimated by Mr Jacob (ii. p. 167) at £8,000,000; and for the twenty years previous to 1830, at about £5,000,000 sterling.† And although the greatly enlarged produce of the Russian mines, in gold especially, has come in to make up for the failure or stoppage of the American mines since 1800, yet what does the largest of all past yields of gold amount to, compared with the quadrupled or quintupled supply there seems now fair and reasonable grounds for expecting?

And what are to be the consequences of the greatly augmented supply of gold which these countries promise? Among the first will be to provoke and stimulate the mining industry of other countries to new activity and new researches; and thus,

by a natural reaction, to add additional intensity to the cause of change. Such was the effect of the discovery of America upon mining in Europe, and especially in Germany. "In fourteen years after 1516, not less than twenty-five noble veins were discovered in Joachimsthal in Bohemia, and in sixty years they yielded 1,250,000 marcs of silver."‡ And

"The discovery of America, and of the mines it contained," says Mr Jacob, "seems to have kindled a most vehement passion for exploring the bowels of the earth in search of gold in most of the countries of Europe, but in no part of it to so great an extent as in the Bishopric of Salzburg. The inhabitants of that country seemed to think themselves within reach of the Apple of the Hesperides and of the Golden Fleece, and about to find in their streams the Pactolus of antiquity. Between the years 1538 and 1562,§ more than a thousand leases of mines were taken. The greatest activity prevailed, and one or two large fortunes were made."—(JACOB, i. p. 250.)

This impulse has already been felt as the consequence of recent discovery. The New York papers have just announced the discovery of new deposits of gold in Virginia, "equal to the richest in California;" in Queen Charlotte's Island gold is said to have been found in great abundance; in New Caledonia and New Zealand it is spoken of; and the research after the precious metal is at the present moment propagating itself throughout the civilised world. And that the activity thus awakened is likely to be rewarded by many new discoveries, and by larger returns in old localities, will appear certain, when we consider, *first*, that the geological position and history of gold-producing regions is far better understood now than it ever was before; *second*, that the value of quartz veins, previously under-estimated, has been established by the Californian explorations, and must lead in other countries to new researches and new trials; *thirdly*, that the increased supply of quicksilver

\* JACOB, i. p. 55.

† *Ibid.* ii. p. 267.

‡ FOURNET, p. 169.

§ Cortes invaded Mexico in 1519; Pizarro landed in Peru in 1527; and Potosi was discovered in 1545.

which California promises may call into new life hosts of deserted mines in Southern America and elsewhere; and, *lastly*, that improved methods of extraction, which the progress of chemical science is daily supplying, are rendering profitable the poorer mines which in past days it was found necessary to abandon.

About the end of the seventeenth century the reduction in the price of quicksilver, consequent on the supplies drawn from the mines of Idria, greatly aided the mines of Mexico, (Jacob, ii. p. 153;) and of the effects of better methods Rose gives the following illustrations, in his description of the celebrated Schlangenbergl mine in Siberia:—

“At first, ores containing only four solotniks of silver were considered unfit for smelting, and were employed in the mines for filling up the waste. These have long already been taken out, and replaced by poorer ores, which in their turn will probably by-and-by be replaced by still poorer.”—“The ancient inhabitants washed out the gold from the cobbles of these mines, as is evident from the heaps of refuse which remain on the banks of the river Smejewka. This refuse has been found rich enough in gold to pay for washing and extracting anew.”\*

The history of all mining districts, and of all smelting and refining processes,† present us with similar facts; and the aspects of applied science, in our day, are rich in their promise of such improvements for the future. If, therefore, to all the considerations we have presented we add those from which writers like McCulloch‡ had previously anticipated an increased supply of the precious metals—such as the pacification of Southern America, and the application of new energy to the mines of that country, and probably under the direction of a new race—the calmest and coolest of our readers will, we think, coincide with us in anticipating from *old* sources, as well as from *new* an increased and prolonged production of the precious metals.

Of the social and political consequences of these discoveries, the most striking and attractive are those which are likely to be manifested in the immediate neighbourhood—using the word in a large sense—of the countries in which the new gold mines have been met with. The peopling of California and Australia—the development of the boundless traffic which Western America and the islands of the Australasian, Indian, and Chinese seas are fitted to support—the annexation of the Sandwich Islands (!)—the establishment of new and independent dominions on the great islands to the south and west—the throng of great ships and vessels of war we can in anticipation see dotting and over-awing the broad Pacific—the influence, political and social, of these new nations on the old dominions and civilisation of the fabled East, and of still mysterious China and hidden Japan;—we may almost speak of this *forward* vision, as Playfair has written of the effect upon his mind of Hutton’s expositions of the *past*—“The mind seemed to grow giddy by looking so far back into the abyss of time; and while we listened with earnestness and admiration to the philosopher, who was now unfolding to us the order and series of these wonderful events, we became sensible *how much further reason may sometimes go than imagination can venture to follow.*”

But its influence, though less dazzling, will be as deep and perceptible upon the social relations of the older monarchies of Europe. Our own richly commercial and famed agricultural country, and its dependencies, will be especially affected. Prices will nominally rise—commerce and general industry will be stimulated—and a gilding of apparent prosperity will overspread class interests, which would otherwise languish and decline. How far this is likely to be favourable to the country, on the whole—to interfere with, disguise, or modify the effect of party measures

\* Rose, *Reise nach dem Ural*, i. 557.

† To some of our readers this may be new. Mr Lee Pattinson, of Newcastle, has now extracted from all our lead.

‡ *Commercial Dictionary*, e.

may call to mind the beautiful process of smelting lead, by which so much more silver is brought to market.  
1056.

—we have recently discussed in previous articles, and shall for the present pass by.

Perhaps that portion of its influence which, in this country of great money fortunes, and in some of the Continental states, is attracting most attention, is the change likely to be produced by it in the bullion market, especially in the relative values of gold and silver, and even (should this not materially alter, in consequence of an enlarged produce from the silver mines) in the real value of annuities, stock, and bonds of every description. It has occasionally happened in ancient times, that by a sudden large influx of gold the comparative value of that metal has been lowered in an extraordinary degree. Thus Strabo, in his *Geography*, (book iv. chap. vi. sect. 3,) has the following passage:—

“Polybius relates that, in his time, mines of gold were found among the Taurisci Norici, in the neighbourhood of Aquilea, so rich that, in digging to the depth of two feet only, gold was met with, and that the ordinary sinkings did not exceed fifteen feet; that part of it was in the form of native gold, in pieces as large as a bean or a lupin, which lost only one-eighth in the fire; and that the rest, though requiring more purification, gave a considerable product; that some Italians, having associated themselves with the barbarians to work the mines, in the space of two months the price of gold fell one-third throughout the whole of Italy; and that the Taurisci, having seen this, expelled their foreign partners, and sold the metal themselves.”\*

Were anything of this nature to happen—though very far less in degree—as a consequence of the recent discoveries, it could not fail to produce a serious monetary revolution, and much pecuniary distress, both individual and general, which the wisest legislation could neither wholly prevent nor remove. Such a sudden and extreme effect many have actually anticipated from them, and measures have, in consequence, been taken, even by Continental governments, such as are detailed in the following passage from Mr Wyld's pamphlet:—

“Among the many extraordinary incidents connected with the Californian dis-

coveries, was the alarm communicated to many classes, which was not confined to individuals, but invaded governments. The first announcement spread alarm; but, as the cargoes of gold rose from a hundred thousand dollars to a million, bankers and financiers began seriously to prepare for an expected crisis. In England and the United States the panic was confined to a few; but, on the Continent of Europe, every government, rich and poor, thought it needful to make provision against the threatened evils. The governments of France, Holland, and Russia, in particular, turned their attention to the monetary question; and, in 1850, the government of Holland availed itself of a law, which had not before been put in operation, to take immediate steps for selling off the gold in the banks of Amsterdam, at what they supposed to be the then highest prices, and to stock themselves with silver. This operation was carried on concurrently with a supply of bullion to Russia for a loan, a demand for silver in Austria, and for shipment to India; and it did really produce an effect on the silver market.

“The particular way in which the Netherlands operations were carried out was especially calculated to produce the greatest disturbance of prices. The ten-florin gold pieces were sent to Paris, coined there into napoleons, and silver five-franc pieces drawn out in their place. At Paris, the premium on gold, in a few months, fell from nearly two per cent to a discount, and at Hamburg a like fall took place. In London, the great silver market, silver rose between the autumn and the New Year, from 5s. per oz. to 5s. 1½d. per oz., and Mexican dollars from 4s. 10½d. to 4s. 11½d. per oz.; nor did prices recover until towards the end of the year 1851, when the fall was as sudden as the rise.”—(WYLD, pp. 20, 21.)

Now, without identifying ourselves with any unreasonable fears, or partaking of the alarms occasionally expressed, either at home or abroad, we cannot shut our eyes to the certainty of a serious amount of influence being exercised upon monetary and financial affairs, by a long continuance of the increased supplies of gold which are now pouring into the European and American markets. We concede all that can fairly be demanded, in the way of increased supply—to meet the wants of the new commerce springing up in the Pacific

\* Quoted in JOHNSTON'S *Notes on North America*, vol. ii. pp. 216, 217.

and adjacent seas—to allow of the increased coinage which the new States in North America, and the growing population of our own colonies require—to make up for the extending use of gold and silver in articles of luxury which increasing wealth and improving arts must occasion—to restore the losses from hoarding, from shipwreck, from wear and tear of coin, and the thousand other causes of waste—and to admit of the large yearly storing of coin for the purposes of emigration: all that can fairly be demanded to meet these and other exigencies we admit; and yet there will still, at the present rate of yield, be a large annual surplus, which must gradually cheapen gold in the market. There are no data upon which we can base any calculations as to the yearly consumption of gold alone for all these purposes; but estimates have been made by Humboldt, Jacob, and M'Culloch, of the probable consumption of gold and silver together, up to a very recent period. The latter author disposes of the annual supply of the metals—estimated at nine millions before the recent discoveries—in the following manner:—

Consumption in the arts in Europe and America, . . .	£4,840,000
Exportation to Australia and India, . . .	2,600,000
Waste of coin (at 1 per cent,) . . .	1,600,000
Making together,	£9,040,000

which was very nearly the supposed yield of all known mines, when Mr M'Culloch's estimate was made. If

we add a half to all these items—as we conceive a very liberal allowance—we shall have a round sum of thirteen and a half millions sterling of gold and silver together, as sufficient to supply all the wants of increasing use in the arts, waste in coinage, extending commerce, colonial settlement, State extension, and Eastern exportation. But the actual produce for 1851 is estimated at £30,000,000 and if we deduct . . . 13,500,000

thereremains a balance of £16,500,000—irrespective of all increase which is likely to be caused by the extension of the Australian gold field, and by the operation of the various other causes we have adverted to in the present article. This surplus also will consist chiefly of gold; so that whatever interest may otherwise attach to the curious fact stated by Mr Wyld, it is clear that his conclusion is premature, that no alteration is to be looked for in the relative market values of the two precious metals. Only a greatly increased activity and produce in the silver mines can prevent it.

But, independent of the question as between the two metals, there remains as certain the influence of the surplus gold supply upon the general bullion and other markets. The immediate demands, or actual outlets for increased coinage, may for a few years absorb even this large surplus, but its final action in lowering the comparative value of gold, and in altering nominal prices and values generally, cannot be reasonably doubted.



## LIFE OF NIEBUHR.

THE name of Niebuhr is so inveterately associated with certain profound discussions in historical criticism, that we must beg our readers to read twice over the notice at the foot of our page, in order to assure themselves that it is not the History of Rome, but the Life of its author, that we are about to bring before their attention. We shall hardly, perhaps, be able to abstain from some glance at that method of historical criticism so justly connected with the name of Niebuhr, but it is the life and personal character of the man which will occupy us on the present occasion.

One observation on that historical criticism we will at once permit ourselves to make, because it has a distinct bearing upon the intellectual character of Niebuhr, as well as on the peculiarities of his historical work. The distinguishing character of that school of historical criticism, of which he may be considered the founder, is not its scepticism, for it was no new thing to doubt of the extraordinary events related of the early periods of Roman, or of any other history. There have been always people sceptically disposed. Our David Hume could very calmly give it as his opinion that true history begins with the first page of Thucydides. It was nothing new, therefore, to disturb our faith in the earlier portions of the Roman history, or to pronounce them to be fables. The novelty lay in the higher and more patient and more philosophical manner in which those fables were investigated, and their origin, and their true place and connection with history, determined. The elder sceptic, having satisfied himself that a narrative was fabulous, threw it aside: the modern critic follows the spirit, the life of the nation, into the fable itself. He does not attempt, as the half-doubting, half-believing historian

has done, to shape it at once to the measure of modern credence, by merely modifying a few of the details, reducing an extravagance, or lopping off a miracle; but, taking his stand on whatever facts remain indisputable, or whatever knowledge may be obtained from collateral sources, he investigates thoroughly the fabulous or poetic narrative. He endeavours to transport himself into the times when men thought after a poetic fashion—or, at all events, when pleasure and excitement, not accuracy and instruction, were the objects they aimed at; he labours to form an estimate of the circumstances that kindled their imagination, to show *how the fable grew*, and thus to extract from it, in every sense of the word, its full historical significance.

How difficult such a task, and how precarious, after all, the result of such labours, we must leave at present to the reflection of our readers. What we have here to observe is, that such a method of historical criticism is not to be pursued by a mind stored only with dry erudition, or gifted only with the faculty of withholding its belief. Such store of erudition is indispensable, but it must be combined with that strong power of imagination which can recall into one vivid picture the scattered knowledge gained from many books, and which enables its possessor to live in the scenes and in the minds of the bygone ages of humanity. Accordingly, it is this combination of ardent imagination with most multifarious erudition that we meet with in Niebuhr; and it is not the life of a dry pedant, or of one of cold sceptical understanding, or of a mere philologist, that we have here presented to us.

These two volumes are extremely entertaining. They are chiefly composed of the letters of Niebuhr; nor do we remember to have ever encountered a series of letters of more un-

flagging interest. This interest they owe in great measure to the strongly-marked personal character of the writer. They are not only good letters, containing always something that suggests reflection, but they sustain their biographical or dramatic character throughout. It ought to be added, too, that they are most agreeably translated. The work has been altogether judiciously planned, and ably executed. A candid and explicit preface at once informs us of the sources from which it is derived; we are forewarned that many materials requisite to a complete life of Niebuhr still remain inaccessible; meanwhile, what is here presented to us bears an authentic stamp, and appears, as matters stand, to be the best biography that could be given to the English public. Of the merits of Niebuhr himself the author has preferred that others should speak. He has chosen almost entirely to restrict himself within the modest province of the translator or the editor. Into the motives of this reticence we have no business to pry: whatever is done, is done well; whatever is promised is ably performed. A book professing to be the *Life of Niebuhr* will excite some expectations which this publication will not satisfy; but when an author limits himself to a distinct and serviceable task, and performs that task well, he is entitled to our unreserved thanks, and to our simple commendation, unmixed with any murmur of complaint.

Interesting as we have found this book, still the perusal of two compact octavo volumes may deter some readers who might desire, at a rather less cost of time, to obtain an insight into the life and character of Niebuhr. To such readers the following abbreviated sketch may not be unacceptable. We must premise that the present work is founded on a memoir of Niebuhr published by his sister-in-law, Madame Hensler. This consists of a series of his letters divided into sections, each section being preceded by such biographical notice as was necessary to their explanation. The English author has retained this arrangement, adding, however, considerably to the narrative of Madame Hensler from other authentic sources,

and omitting such of the letters as he judged might be devoid of interest. Nearly one-half of these, we are told, have been omitted—chiefly on the ground that they were on learned subjects, and might detract from the interest of the biography. We have no doubt that a sound discretion has been exercised on this point; nevertheless we trust that these two volumes will meet with sufficient encouragement to induce the author to publish that third volume at which he hints, and which is to contain “the letters referred to, together with the most valuable portions of his smaller writings.” We sincerely hope that one who has performed this task so well will continue to render the same good services to the English public. The arrangement we have alluded to—that of letters divided into sections, with a biographical notice at the head of each, sufficient to carry us over the ensuing section—seems to us very preferable to the ordinary plan of our memoir writers, who attach the explanatory notice to each separate letter. Under this last plan, one never settles down fairly to *letter-reading*. We cannot, of course, in the following sketch, retain the advantages of this arrangement, but must put together our facts and our quotations in the best order we can:

Idle and cursory readers, who have only heard or thought of Niebuhr as the provoking destroyer of some agreeable fictions—as the ruthless enemy of poetic and traditional lore—will be surprised to find what a deep earnestness of conviction there was in this man, and how his enthusiasm for truth and for all virtue rises into romance. Once for all, let no man parade his love of poetry, with the least hope of being respected for it, who has not a still greater love of truth. Nay, if we reflect patiently and calmly upon this matter, we shall find that there is but one way to keep this flower of poesy in perennial bloom—it is to see that the waters of truth are flowing free and clear around it. We may be quite sure that to whatever level this stream, by its own vital force, shall rise or sink, the same fair lily will be seen floating just on the surface of it. Just where these waters lie open to

the light of heaven, do we find this beautiful creation looking up from them into the sky.

The scene and circumstances amongst which the childhood of Niebuhr was passed, appear to us to be singularly in accordance with the future development and character of the man. They were favourable to concentration of thought, and to an independent, self-relying spirit; they were favourable to the exercise of an imagination which was fed continually by objects remote from the senses, and by knowledge obtained from books, or else from conversation with his father, who was both a learned man and a great traveller. If nature, in one of her freaks—or, let us say, if some German fairies, of an erudite species, had resolved to breed a great scholar, who should be an independent thinker—who should be devoted to books, yet retain a spirit of self-reliance—who should have all the learning of colleges without their pedantry, and read through whole libraries, and yet retain his free, unfettered right of judgment—how would they have proceeded to execute their project? Would they have thrown their little pupil at the feet of some learned professor at Bonn or Göttingen? Not at all. They would have carried their changeling into some wild tract of country, shut him up there with his books, and given him for his father a linguist and a traveller. They would have provided for him just those circumstances into which young Niebuhr was thrown. His childish imagination was no sooner kindled than he found himself wandering in all quarters of the globe, and listening to the stories of the most remote ages.

This father of our historian—Carsten Niebuhr—was himself a remarkable man; full of energy, of great perseverance, and of strong feelings.

He had been one of five travellers dispatched by the Danish Government on an expedition of discovery of Arabia East. In crossing the deserts under the his four companions sank they encountered hardships and calamities first year of the journey; nevertheless, he pursued his way alone, and spent six years in exploring the East. He had returned to Copenhagen, and

“was on the point,” says our biography, “of undertaking a journey into the interior of Africa, when he fell in love with a young orphan lady, the daughter of the late physician to the King of Denmark.” He gives up Africa, and all the world of travel and discovery, for this “young orphan lady;” and a few years after his marriage, we find him settled down at Meldorf, as *land-schreiber* to the province of South Dithmarsh—a civil post, whose duties seem chiefly to have concerned the revenues of the province.

This Meldorf is a little, decayed, antiquated town, not without its traditions of municipal privileges; and Dithmarsh is what its name suggests to an English ear—an open marshy district, without hills or trees, with nothing but the general sky, which we all happily share in, to give it any beauty. One figures to one's self the traveller, who had been exploring the sunny regions of the East, or who had been living at Copenhagen, in the society of scholars and of statesmen, retiring, with his young orphan lady, to this dreary Dithmarsh, peopled only by peasantry. Even the high-road runs miles off from his habitation, so that no chance can favour him, and no passing or belated traveller rests at his door. He occupies his spare hours in building himself a house; in which operation there is one little fellow standing by who takes infinite delight. This is our Barthold George Niebuhr, who had been born in Copenhagen on the 27th of August 1776. He and an elder sister will be principal inhabitants of the new house when it is built, and their education be the chief care and occupation of the traveller.

Barthold is in his sixth or seventh year when his father writes thus of him:—

“He studied the Greek alphabet only for a single day, and had no further trouble with it: he did it with very little help from me. The boy gets on wonderfully. Boje says he does not know his equal; but he requires to be managed in a peculiar way. May God preserve our lives, and give us grace to manage him aright! Oh if he could but learn to control the warmth of his temper—I believe . . . his pride! He is no longer

so passionate with his sister : but if he stumbles in the least in repeating his lessons, or if his scribblings are alluded to, he fires up instantly. He cannot bear to be praised for them ; because he believes he does not deserve it. In short, I repeat it, he is proud ; he wants to know everything, and is angry if he does not know it. . . . My wife complains that I find fault with Barthold unnecessarily. I did not mean to do so. He is an extraordinarily good little fellow ; but he must be managed in an extraordinary way ; and I pray God to give me wisdom and patience to educate him properly."

Here we have "his picture in little," the wonderful quickness and application, the extreme conscientiousness, and the warmth of temper which distinguished the man Niebuhr through his career. But who is this Boje, who says "he does not know his equal?" And how happens it that there is any one in Meldorf—a place, we are told, quite destitute of literary society—who is entitled to give an opinion on the subject? This Boje was ex-editor of the *Deutsches Museum*, and translator, we believe, of Walter Scott's novels ; and has been lately appointed prefect of the province. His coming is a great event to the Niebuhrs, a valuable acquisition to their society, and of especial importance to young Barthold ; for Boje has "an extensive library, particularly rich in English and French, as well as German books," to which library our youthful and indefatigable student is allowed free access. French and English he has, from a very early age, been learning from his father and mother. Are we not right in saying, that no Teutonic fairies could have done better for their pupil? By way of nursery tale, his father amuses him with strange accounts of Eastern countries, of the Turks, of sultans, of Mahomet and the caliphs. He is already a politician. "He had an imaginary empire called Low-England, of which he drew maps, and he promulgated laws, waged wars, and made treaties of peace there." Then comes Boje to give him his first lesson upon *myths*. The literary prefect of Dithmarsh, writing to a friend, says :—

"This reminds me of little Niebuhr. His docility, his industry, his devoted love for me, procure me many a pleasant hour. A short time back, I was reading

*Macbeth*, aloud to his parents, without taking any notice of him, till I saw what an impression it made on him. Then I tried to render it intelligible to him, and even explained to him how the witches were only poetical beings. When I was gone, he sat down, (he is not yet seven years old,) and wrote it all out on seven sheets of paper, without omitting one important point, and certainly without any expectation of receiving praise for it ; for, when his father asked to see what he had written, and showed it to me, he cried for fear he had not done it well. Since then, he writes down everything of importance that he hears from his father or me. We seldom praise him, but just quietly tell him when he has made any mistake, and he avoids the fault for the future."

Very surprising accounts are given of the boy's precocious sagacity in picturing to himself a historic scene, with all its details, or following out the probable course of events. These accounts are rather *too* surprising. When the war broke out in Turkey, it so excited his imagination that he not only dreamt of it, but anticipated in his dreams, and we suppose also in his waking hours, the current of events. His notions were so just, and his knowledge of the country, and the situations of the towns, so accurate, that, we are told, "the realisation of his nightly anticipations generally appeared in the journals a short time afterwards." One would say that the fairies had indeed been with him. Madame Hensler's narrative partakes here, in some measure, of that marvellous character which accompanies family traditions of all kinds, whether of the Roman *gens* or the Danish household. But on other occasions, and from Niebuhr's own words, we learn that, owing to his minute knowledge, his most tenacious memory, and his vivid imagination, he, at a very early time, manifested that spirit of quite philosophical divination which led him to his discoveries in Roman history. We say quite philosophical divination ; for we do not suppose that Niebuhr claimed for himself, or his friends for him, any mysterious intuition into the course of events ; but there is occasionally, both in the memoir and in the letters, a vagueness of expression on this subject which might lead to misap-

brace up and strengthen both his mental and physical energies in preparation for active life." Why this should be better accomplished as a student in Edinburgh than as a citizen in Copenhagen, we do not apprehend; nor what there was in the air of Denmark that had enfeebled the spirit of self-reliance or of enterprise. But we are told that "he had become too dependent on the little details of life. He felt that he stood, so to speak, outside the world of realities." Therefore he sets himself down for a year as a student at Edinburgh.

London, of course, is first visited. He speaks highly of the English. Throughout his life he entertained a predilection for our countrymen, and extols the integrity and honesty of the national character. We feel a certain bashfulness, a modest confusion, when we hear such praises; but, as national characters nowhere stand very high, we suppose we may accept the compliment. Occasionally we sell our patriotic votes, as at St Alban's and elsewhere; occasionally we fill our cauldrons of preserved meats with poisonous offal; and there is not a grocer's shop in all England where some adulterated article of food is not cheerfully disposed of. Nevertheless, it seems we are a shade more honest than some of our neighbours. The compliment does not greatly rejoice us.

However, it is not all praise that we receive. He finds "that true warm-heartedness is extremely rare" amongst us. We shall be happy to learn that it is commonly to be met with in any part of the world. He laments, too, the superficiality and insipidity of general conversation. "That narrative and commonplaces form the whole staple of conversation, from which all philosophy is excluded—that enthusiasm and loftiness of expression are entirely wanting, depresses me more than any personal neglect of which, as a stranger, I might have to complain. I am, besides, fully persuaded that I shall find things very different in Scotland; of this I am assured by several Scotchmen whom I already know."

In this full persuasion he sets forth to Scotland. We have an account of his journey, which, read in these railroad times, is amusing enough. The

translator of the letters has evidently been determined that we should not miss the humour of the contrast. Niebuhr gives his absent Amelia as minute a description of the mode of travelling as if he were writing from China. After describing the post-chaises, "very pretty half-coaches, holding two," and the royal mail, rapid, "but inconvenient from the smallness of its build, and particularly liable to be upset," he proceeds to the old-fashioned stage-coach—

"In travelling by this, you have no further trouble than to take your place in the office for as far as you wish to go; for the proprietor of the coach has, at each stage, which are from ten to fifteen English miles at most from each other, relays of horses, which, unless an unusual amount of travelling causes an exception, stand ready harnessed to be put to the coach. Four horses, drawing a coach with six persons inside, four on the roof, a sort of conductor beside the coachman, and overlaid with luggage, have to get over seven English miles in the hour; and, as the coach goes on without ever stopping, except at the principal stages, it is not surprising that you can traverse the whole extent of the country in so few days. But, for any length of time, this rapid motion is quite too unnatural. You can only get a very piece-meal view of the country from the windows, and, with the tremendous speed with which you go, can keep no object long in sight; you are unable also to stop at any place."

After three days' travelling "at this tremendous speed," he reached Newcastle, from which the above letter was dated. The rest of the journey was also performed with the same unnatural rapidity. By some chance he made acquaintance with a young medical student, and the two together commenced housekeeping in Edinburgh on a very frugal and sensible plan.

The letters which Niebuhr wrote to his parents from Edinburgh, and which contained his observations on the graver matters of politics and of learning, were unfortunately burnt; those which were addressed to his betrothed have been alone preserved, and these chiefly concern matters of a domestic and personal nature. We hear, therefore, very little of the more learned society into which, doubtless, Niebuhr occasionally entered.

With Professor Playfair he formed an intimacy which was afterwards renewed at Rome. Other names are mentioned, but no particulars are given. The subjects which he principally studied in Edinburgh were mathematics and physical sciences. Philological and historical studies he prosecuted by himself, and by way of recreation. "In these departments he regarded the learned men there as incomparably inferior to the Germans." A Mr Scott, an old friend of his father's, and to whom he brought letters of introduction, was the most intimate acquaintance he possessed. The quite patriarchal reception that he received from Mr Scott and his family will be read with interest. As to his impressions of the Scotch, as a people, these are extremely various: he is at one time charmed with their unexampled piety; at another, he finds it a dreary formalism; and then, again, from the height of his Kantian philosophy, he detects a shallow French infidelity pervading the land. Such inconsistencies are natural and excusable in a young man writing down his first impressions in a most unreserved correspondence. But there would be very little gained by quoting them here at length. We pass on from this episode in the life, and now proceed with the main current of events.

On his return to Copenhagen, Niebuhr was appointed assessor at the board of trade for the East India department, with some other secretaryship or clerkship of a similar description. Thereupon he married, (May 1800;) and in some letters written soon after this event, he describes himself as in a quite celestial state of happiness. "Amelia's heavenly disposition, and more than earthly love, raise me above this world, and as it were separate me from this life."

Then come official promotion and increased occupation. Nevertheless his favourite studies are never altogether laid aside. The day might be spent at his office or in the exchange, in drawing up reports, in correspondence or in interviews with most uninteresting people, and when the night came he was often exhausted both in body and in mind;

yet, "if he got engaged at once in an interesting book or conversation, he was soon refreshed, and would then study till late at night."

Towards the end of 1805 a distinguished Prussian statesman, whose name is not here given, and who was then at Copenhagen on a mission from his government, sounded Niebuhr on his willingness to enter the Prussian service in the department of finance. After much hesitation and some correspondence, Niebuhr finally accepted a proposal made to him of "the joint-directorship of the first bank in Berlin, and of the *Seehandlung*," a privileged commercial company (as a note of the editor informs us) for the promotion of foreign commerce. Such were the labours to which Niebuhr was willing to devote the extraordinary powers of his mind—such were the services which his contemporaries were willing to accept from him. But we have only to glance at the date of these transactions to call to mind that we are traversing no peaceful or settled times. We are, in fact, in the thick of the war. Whilst Niebuhr was working at his assessorship in Copenhagen, that city was bombarded by the English; and now that he goes to take possession of his directorship in Berlin, he has to fly with royalty itself before the armies of Napoleon. The battle of Jena, and many other battles, have been fought and lost, and the French are advancing on the capital. Flight to Memel, ministerial changes, alternate rise and fall of Von Stein and Count Hardenberg—in all these events poor Niebuhr was now implicated. When peace is made with Napoleon, we find him despatched to Holland to negotiate a Dutch loan, the Prussian government being in great distress for money to pay the contributions imposed upon them by the French. Then follows some misunderstanding with Count Hardenberg, who has succeeded to power, which happily interrupts for a time the official career of our great scholar. He is appointed Professor of History in the university of Berlin. In Michaelmas 1810 the university reopened, and Niebuhr delivered his first course of lectures on the history of Rome.

For about three years we now see him in what every one will recognise as his right and legitimate place in the world, and labouring at his true vocation. His lectures excited the keenest interest—he was encouraged to undertake his great work, *The History of Rome*: it is in this interval that both the first and second volumes were published. An extract from his letters will show the pleasant change in his career, and give us some insight into the position he held in the university.

"Milly (his wife Amelia) has told you that the number of my hearers was much greater than I had anticipated. But their character, no less than their number, is such as encourages and animates me to pursue my labours with zeal and perseverance. You will feel this when I tell you that Savigny, Schleiermacher, Spalding, Ancillon, Nicolovius, Schmedding, and Sövern were present. Besides the number and selectness of my audience, the general interest evinced in the lecture exceeds my utmost hopes. My introductory lecture produced as strong an impression as an oration could have done; and all the dry erudition that followed it, in the history of the old Italian tribes, which serves as an introduction to that of Rome, has not driven away even my unlearned hearers. The attention with which Savigny honours me, and his declaration that I am opening a new era for Roman history, naturally stimulates my ardent desire to carry out to the full extent the researches which one is apt to leave half finished as soon as one clearly perceives the result to which they tend, in order to turn to something fresh. . . .

"With a little more quiet, my position would be one more completely in accordance with my wishes than I have long ventured even to hope for. There is such a real mutual attachment between my acquaintances and myself, and our respective studies give such an inexhaustible interest to conversation, that I now really possess in this respect what I used to feel the want of; for intercourse of this kind is quickening and instructive. The lectures themselves, too, are inspiring, because they require persevering researches, which, I venture to say, cannot remain unfruitful to me; and they are more exciting than mere literary labours, because I deliver them with the warmth inspired by fresh thoughts and discoveries, and afterwards converse with those who have heard them, and to whom they are as new as to myself. This makes the lectures a positive delight to me, and I feel quite averse to bring them

to a close. What I should like, would be to have whole days of perfect solitude, and then an interval of intercourse with the persons I really like, but not to remain so many hours together with them as is customary here. It would be scarcely possible to have less frivolity and dullness in a mixed society. Schleiermacher is the most intellectual man amongst them. The complete absence of jealousy among these scholars is particularly gratifying."

It is not long we are allowed to pause upon this agreeable and fruitful era of intellectual activity. Two volumes, however, are published of that history of which it is not here our purpose to speak, of which we would not wish to speak lightly or inconsiderately, which we admire and would cordially applaud, but which, we feel, has not yet received its exact place or value in the historical literature of Europe. We have not the time, nor will we lay claim to the profound erudition requisite, to do full justice to Niebuhr's *History of Rome*. We do not regret, therefore, that the present occasion calls for no decided verdict; and that it does not devolve on us to draw the line, and show where just, and bold, and discriminating criticism terminates, and where ingenious and happy conjecture begins to assume the air and confidence of history. On one point there can be no dispute—that his work exercised a great, and, upon the whole, a most salutary influence on historical criticism. It is not too much to say, that no history has been written since its appearance in which this influence cannot be traced.

Both volumes were received in a most cordial and encouraging manner by his friends and by the public, and materials for a third volume were being collected, when suddenly we hear that our professor—is drilling for the army! Napoleon's disastrous campaign in Russia has given hope to every patriotic German to throw off the degrading yoke of France. Niebuhr, though by his father's side of Danish extraction, was, in heart, wholly a German. When the Landwehr was called out he refused to avail himself of the privilege of his position to evade serving in it—he sent in his name as a volunteer, and prepared himself by the requisite

exercises. Meanwhile, till he could do battle with the musket, he fought with the pen, and edited a newspaper. "Niebuhr's friends in Holstein," writes Madame Hensler, "could hardly trust their eyes when he wrote them word that he was drilling for the army, and that his wife entered with equal enthusiasm into his feelings. The greatness of the object had so inspired Madame Niebuhr, who was usually anxious, even to a morbid extent, at the slightest imaginable peril for the husband in whom she might truly be said to live, that she was willing and ready to bring even her most precious treasure as a sacrifice to her country."

French troops were now constantly passing through Berlin, on their way from the fatal plains of Russia. The dreadful sufferings which they had manifestly endured did not fail to excite a general compassion; but their appearance excited still more the patriotic hopes of the citizens to liberate themselves from the degrading domination of France. Berlin was evacuated by the French. Then came the Cossacks, following in the route of the common enemy. "They bivouac," says a letter of Niebuhr, "with their horses in the city; about four in the morning they knock at the doors, and ask for breakfast. This is a famous time for the children, for they set them on their horses, and play with them." Here is an extract that will bring the times vividly before us. Niebuhr is writing to Madame Hensler:—

"I come from an employment in which you will hardly be able to fancy me engaged—namely, exercising. Even before the departure of the French, I began to go through the exercise in private, but a man can scarcely acquire it without a companion. Since the French left, a party of about twenty of us have been exercising in a garden, and we have already got over the most difficult part of the training. When my lectures are concluded, which they will be at the beginning of next week, I shall try to exercise with regular recruits during the morning, and, as often as possible, practise shooting at a mark. . . . By the end of a month, I hope to be as well drilled as any recruit who is considered to have finished his training. The heavy musket gave me so much trouble at first, that I almost despaired of being able to handle

it; but we are able to recover the powers again that we have only lost for want of practice. I am happy to say that my hands are growing horny; for as long as they had a delicate bookworm's skin, the musket cut into them terribly. . . .

"I mentioned to you a short time since, my hopes of getting a secretaryship on the general staff. With my small measure of physical power, I should have been a thousand times more useful in that office than as a private soldier. The friend I have referred to would like me to enter the ministry. Perhaps something unexpected may yet turn up. Idle, or busy about anything but our liberation, I cannot be now."

It is impossible to read the account of these stirring times *just now*, without asking ourselves whether it is probable that our own learned professors of Oxford and Cambridge may ever have their patriotism put to a similar trial. Perhaps, even under similar circumstances, they would act the wiser part by limiting themselves to patriotic exhortations to the youth under their control or influence. Of one thing we feel persuaded, that there would be no lack of ardour, or of martial enthusiasm, amongst the students of our venerable universities. After a few months drilling and practising, there would be raised such a corps of riflemen from Oxford and Cambridge as fields of battle have not often seen. How intelligence *tells*, when you put a musket in its hands, is as yet but faintly understood. We, for our own part, hope that the *voluntary principle* will here arouse itself in time, and do its bidding nobly. For as to that ordinary militia, which is neither voluntary service nor thorough discipline, where there is neither intelligence, nor ardour, nor professional spirit, nor any one good quality of a soldier, we have no confidence in it whatever: we would not willingly trust ~~our~~ *when* coops to such a defence; there is neither body nor soul in it. As a reserve force from which to recruit for the regular army, it may be useful. But to drill and train a set of unwilling servitors like these, with the intention of taking the field with them, would be a fatal mistake; for it would lull the nation into a false sense of security. But a regiment of volunteers of the spirited and intelligent youth of England, we would match with entire confidence



against an equal number of any troops in the world. Why should not there be permanent rifle-clubs established in every university, and in every town? These, and our standing army, increased to its necessary complement, would constitute a safe defence. Volunteers, it is said, cannot be kept together except in moments of excitement. And this was true while the volunteers had only to drill and to march; but practice with the rifle is itself as great an amusement as archery, or boating, or cricket, or any other that engages the active spirit of our youth. There is a skill to be acquired which would prompt emulation. There is an art to learn. These clubs would meet together, both for competition, and for the purpose of practising military evolutions on a larger scale, and thus the spirit of the institution would be maintained, and its utility increased. Nor would it be difficult to suggest some honorary privilege which might be attached to the volunteer rifleman. Such, we are persuaded, is the kind of militia which England ought to have for her defence; such, we are persuaded, is the only force, beside the standing army, on which any reliance can safely be placed.

All honour to the historian who unravels for us the obscurities of the past! Nevertheless, one simple truth will stare us in the face. We take infinite pains to understand the Roman *comitia*; we read, not without considerable labour, some pages of Thucydides; yet the daily English newspaper has been bringing to our door accounts of a political experiment now enacting before us, more curious and more instructive than Roman and Grecian history can supply. The experiment, which has been fairly performed on a neighbouring shore, gives a more profound lesson, and a far more important one, than twenty Peloponnesian wars. That experiment has demonstrated to us that, *by going low enough*, you may obtain a public opinion that shall sanction a tyranny over the whole intelligence of the country. A man who, whatever his abilities, had acquired no celebrity in civil or military life, inherits a name; with that name he appeals to the universal suffrage of France; and universal

France gives him permission to do what he will with her laws and institutions—to destroy her parliament—to silence her press—to banish philosophy from her colleges. It is a lesson of the utmost importance; and moreover, a fact which, at the present moment, justifies some alarm. It is not intelligent France we have for our neighbour, but a power which represents its military and its populace, and which surely, if we are to calculate on its duration, is of a very terrific character. But we must pursue our biographical sketch of the life of Niebuhr.

Although our professor never actually shoulders that musket of which we have seen him practising the use, and gets no nearer to the smoke of powder than to survey the battle of Bautzen from the heights, he is involved in all the civil turmoils of the time. He is summoned to Dresden, where the King of Prussia and the Emperor of Russia are in conference together. He follows the Sovereigns to Prague; he is again despatched to Holland, to negotiate there for subsidies with the English commissioners. Saddest event of all, his domestic happiness receives a fatal blow in the death of his wife. She must have been a woman of tender spirit and elevated character. She entered ardently into all the pursuits, and shared all the fame, of her husband. A few days before her death, Niebuhr, as he was holding her in his arms, asked her if there was no pleasure that he could give her—nothing that he could do for her sake. She replied, with a look of unutterable love, “You shall finish your history, whether I live or die.”

The history, however, proceeded very slowly. When public tranquillity was restored, Niebuhr did not return to his professor's chair; he went, as is very generally known, to Rome on a diplomatic mission. Here he spent a considerable portion of his life; and although his residence in that city might seem peculiarly favourable to his great undertaking, yet it proved otherwise;—either his time was occupied in the business or the ceremonial attached to his appointment, or his mind was unbinged. Besides, we have seen, from his own confession, that he needed such stimulants as

those he found at Berlin, of friends, and conversation, and a literary duty, to keep him to one train of inquiry or of labour. It was very much the habit of his mind to propose to himself numerous works or literary investigations. We have amongst his loose memoranda of an earlier date one headed thus, "Works which I have to complete." The list comprises no less than seven works, every one of which would have been a laborious undertaking. No scheme or outline of these several projected books was to be found, but the writer of the Memoir before us remarks that we are not to infer from this that such memoranda contain mere projects, towards whose execution no step was ever taken.

"That Niebuhr proposed," says Madame Hensler, "any such work to himself, was a certain sign that he had read and thought deeply on the subject; but he was able to trust so implicitly to his extraordinary memory, that he never committed any portion of his essays to paper till the whole was complete in his own mind. His memory was so wonderfully retentive that he scarcely ever forgot anything which he had once heard or read, and the facts he knew remained present to him at all times, even in their minutest details.

"His wife and sister once playfully took up Gibbon, and asked him questions from the table of contents about the most trivial things, by way of testing his memory. They carried on the examination till they were tired, and gave up all hope of even detecting him in a momentary uncertainty, though he was at the same time engaged in writing on some other subject."

Niebuhr married a second time. Madame Hensler, accompanied by her niece, had visited him in his affliction; their presence gradually cheered him; and Margaret Hensler, the niece, "soothed him with her gentle attentions, and gave him peculiar pleasure with her sweet singing. After some time he engaged himself to her, and married her before he left Berlin."

We have now to follow him to Rome. The correspondence is here, as indeed throughout these volumes, very entertaining; and it would be utterly impossible to convey to our readers, in our brief survey, a fair impression of the sort of interest this work possesses. The memoir may be

regarded as merely explanatory of the letters, and the letters themselves are not distinguished so much by remarkable passages as by a constantly sustained interest. They are not learned, for the erudite portion of the correspondence has been omitted, but they are never trivial; they perpetually suggest some topic of reflection, and are thoroughly imbued with the character and personality of the writer. We have lately had several biographies of eminent men written on the same plan, the letters being set forth as the most faithful portraiture of the man; but in none of these, so far as we can recall them to mind, are the letters at once so valuable in themselves, and so curious for the insight they give us into the character and feelings of the writer.

In reading Niebuhr's letters from Italy, we must always bear in mind that they are written by one of warm and somewhat irascible temper, and who has a standard of moral excellence which would be thought of a most inconvenient altitude by the people of any country in Europe. He is honest as the day, but open to receive very sudden and much too strong impressions. We must also look at the date of his letters, and ask ourselves what changes may have taken place since Niebuhr wrote. With these precautions, they will be found to convey many very instructive hints. From his first entrance into Italy to the last hour of his residence, he expresses the same opinion of the low standard of intellectual culture amongst its educated classes. Whilst he is yet at Florence, he writes thus:—

"My preconceived opinion of the scholars and higher classes in Italy has proved perfectly correct, as I was convinced would be the case, because I possessed sufficient data to form an accurate idea of them. I have always allowed the existence of individual exceptions, as regards erudition; but even in these cases, there is not that cultivation of the whole man which we demand and deem indispensable. I have become acquainted with two or three literary men of real ability; but, in the first place, they are old men, who have only a few years longer to live; and when they are gone, Italy will be, as they say themselves, a state of barbarism; and, in the second, they are like statues wrought to be placed in a frieze

on the wall—the side turned towards you is of finished beauty, the other unhewn stone. They are much what our scholars may have been sixty or eighty years ago. No one feels himself a citizen.

"The three genuine and intellectual scholars of my acquaintance, Morelli, Garatoni, and Fontana, are all ecclesiastics. They are, however, only ecclesiastics by profession, for I have not found in them the slightest trace either of a belief in the dogmas of Catholicism, or of the pietism which you meet with in Germany. When an Italian has once ceased to be a slave of the Church, he never seems to trouble his head about such matters at all. Metaphysical speculations are utterly foreign to his nature, as they were to the old Romans. Hence the vacuity of mind which has become general since the suppression of freedom, except in the case of those who find a sphere of action in writing literary and historical memoirs. Their public men are immeasurably behind the Germans in knowledge and cultivation."

What matter for reflection there is here, the reader will not need our assistance to point out. Let those who censure Protestantism for the spirit of speculation it is connected with, either as cause or effect, consider how important a part that speculative tendency plays in sustaining the intellectual activity of a people.

When Niebuhr arrives at Rome, the picture that he draws is still darker. Even the antiquities of the city seem to have given him little pleasure; he was more disturbed at what had been taken away than gratified by the little that remained. Then, although he well knew that the life of an ambassador at Rome could not be free from restraint and interruption, yet the courtly formalities he was compelled to observe were far more vexatious than he had anticipated. Housekeeping, too, perplexed him. Things were dear, and men not too honest. "Without a written agreement nothing can be done." In a letter to Savigny, he writes thus:—

"Rome has no right to its name; at most, it should be called New Rome. Not one single street here goes in the same direction as the old one; it is an entirely foreign vegetation that has grown up on a part of the old soil, as insignificant and thoroughly modern in its style as possible, without nationality, without history. It is very characteristic

that the really ancient and the modern city lie almost side by side.

"There are nowhere any remains of anything that it was possible to remove. The ruins all date from the time of the emperors; and he who can get up an enthusiasm about them, must at least rank Martial and Sophocles together. . . . St Peter's, the Sistine Chapel, and the Loggie, are certainly splendid; but even St Peter's is disfigured internally by the wretched statues and decorations.

. . . Science is utterly extinct here. Of philologists, there is none worthy of the name except the aged De Rossi, who is near his end. The people are apathetic.

"This, then, is the country and place in which my life is to be passed! It is but a poor amends that I can get from libraries, and yet my only hope is from the Vatican. That we may be crossed in every way, this is closed till the 5th of November, and to have it opened sooner is out of the question; in other respects, all possible facilities have been promised me by the Pope himself, Cardinal Gonsalvi, Monsignor Testi, and the Prefect of the library, Monsignor Baldi. This last is now engaged in printing, at his own cost, a work on which he has expended six hundred scudi, without hope of receiving any compensation for it. It is on seventeen passages in the Old Testament, in which he has found the cross mentioned by name. . . . At Terni, I found the old art of land-surveying still extant: I rode along what was probably an ancient 'limes,' found the 'rigor,' and the 'V. Pedes.' I shall go there again, if I live till next autumn. It is a charming place. There are at least fifty houses in the town, among them one very large, which date from the Roman times, and which have never yet been observed or described by any traveller. Several of the churches are Roman private houses. If one could but discover in Rome anything like this! I long inexpressibly to have it for my burial-place. Everything is ancient in Terni and its neighbourhood—even the mode of preparing the wine. Oh to have been in Italy five hundred years ago!"

One of the most agreeable topics mentioned in the period of his biography, is the interest Niebuhr took in the new school of German art then springing up at Rome. Every one, from prints and engravings, if from no other source, is now acquainted with the works of Cornelius, Overbeck, Veit, Schadow, and others. They were then struggling with all the usual difficulties of unemployed and

unrecognised genius. Niebuhr neither possessed, nor affected to possess, any special knowledge of art, but he was delighted with the genuine enthusiasm of his fellow-countrymen; he kindled in their society; he was persuaded of their great talent, and exerted whatever influence he possessed in obtaining for them some high employment. He wished that the interior of some church or other public building should be placed at their disposal, to decorate it with suitable paintings. The scattered notices that we find here of these artists we pass over very unwillingly, but we must necessarily confine ourselves to the course of our narrative.

By his first wife, Niebuhr had no family. His second, *Gretchen* as she is affectionately called—and who, we may observe in passing, is described as equally amiable, though not quite so intellectual or cultivated as the first—brought him several children, one son and three daughters. The birth of his son, April 1817, was an event which gave him the keenest delight, and kindled in all their fervour his naturally ardent affections. It was the first thing, we are told, that really dispelled the melancholy that fell on him after the loss of his *Milly*. It is curious and touching to note how he mingled up his reminiscences of his first wife with this gift brought him by the second. Writing to Madame Hensler, he says:—

“The trial is over, but it has been a terrible trial. How *Gretchen* rejoices in the possession of her darling child after all her suffering, you can well imagine. Her patience was indescribable. In my terrible anxiety I prayed most earnestly, and entreated my *Milly*, too, for help. *I comforted Gretchen with telling her that Milly would send help.*”

Then come plans for the education of the boy. How much does the following brief extract suggest!—

“I am thinking a great deal about his education. I told you a little while ago how I intended to teach him the ancient languages very early, by practice. I wish the child to believe all that is told him; and I now think you write in an assertion which I have formerly disputed, that it is better to tell children no tales, but to keep to the poets. But while I shall repeat and read the old poets to

him in such a way that he will undoubtedly take the gods and heroes for historical beings, I shall tell him, at the same time, that the ancients had only an imperfect knowledge of the true God, and that these gods were overthrown when Christ came into the world. He shall believe in the letter of the Old and New Testaments, and I shall nurture in him from his infancy a firm faith in all that I have lost, or feel uncertain about.”

On the opposite page we read the following letter to the same correspondent, Madame Hensler:—

“I have spent yesterday and last night in thinking of my *Milly*, and this day, too, is sacred to these recollections. I saw her a few days ago in a dream. She seemed as if returning to me after a long separation. I felt uncertain, as one so often does in dreams, whether she was still living on this earth, or only appeared on it for a transient visit. She greeted me as if after a long absence, asked *hastily after the child, and took it in her arms.*

“Happy are those who can cherish such a hallowing remembrance as that of the departure of my *Milly* with pious faith, trusting for a brighter and eternal spring. Such a faith cannot be acquired by one's own efforts. Oh that it may one day be my portion!”

“My son shall have a firm faith in all that I have lost, or feel uncertain about!” May the paternal hope, and the paternal confidence in its own “plans of education,” be fully justified.

One thing appears evident, that a residence at Rome (at least at the period when Niebuhr wrote) could not be very propitious to the cultivation of faith in educated minds. What is brought before us very vividly in these letters, and without any purposed design, is the combination of cold, worldly formalism, not to say hypocrisy, with harsh intolerant measures. The priesthood, with whom Niebuhr mingles, detest fanaticism, yet act with systematic bigotry. What union can be more repulsive than this—the cold heart and the heavy hand! A pious Chaldean, a man of great ability, comes to Rome to get a Bible printed there in his native language, under the censorship of the Propaganda. He applies to Niebuhr to assist him with money; Niebuhr exerts himself in his cause. The Chaldean is banished from Rome. His offence is

not, as might perhaps be apprehended, the wish to print the Bible; he has accepted assistance from our Bible Society in carrying out his scheme. In sharp contrast with bigoted conduct of this description, we have Niebuhr's general impression of the utter coldness of heart amongst the ecclesiastics at Rome. They run as follows—(the R. in this extract stands for Ringseis, a physician who had accompanied the Crown Prince of Bavaria to Rome, and who was a zealous and pious Catholic):—

“About the Italians you will have heard R's. testimony, and we Protestants can leave it to him to paint the clergy, and the state of religion in this country. In fact, we are all cold and dead compared to his indignation. His society has been a great pleasure to us all, even to our reserved friend Bekker, who in general turns pale at the very thought of Popery, and finds me far too indulgent. With an enthusiast so full of heart as R. you can get on; between such a luxuriance of fancy and the unshackled reason, there is much such an analogy as subsists between science and art; whilst, on the contrary, the slavish subjection to the Church is ghastly death. The most superficial prophet of so-called enlightenment cannot have a more sincere aversion to enthusiasm than the Roman priesthood; and, in fact, their superstition bears no trace of it. Little as the admirers of Italy care for my words, I know that I am perfectly correct in saying, that even among the laity you cannot discover a vestige of piety.”

Meanwhile the years pass on, and the education of the little boy really begins. Niebuhr says he succeeds in the task better than he could venture to hope. Our readers cannot but be curious to know what was the course of instruction the great historian pursued.

“Marcus already knows no inconsiderable number of Latin words, and he understands grammar so well that I can now set him to learn parts of the conjunctives without their teasing him like dead matter: he derives many of the forms from his own feeling. I am reading with him selected chapters from Hygin's *Mythologium*—a book which perhaps it is not easy to use for this purpose, and which yet is more suited to it than any other, from the absence of formal periods, and the interest of the narrative. For German, I write fragments of the Greek mythology for him. I began with the

history of the Argonauts; I have now got to the history of Hercules. I give everything in a very free and picturesque style, so that it is as exciting as poetry to him: and, in fact, he reads it with such delight that we are often interrupted by his cries of joy. The child is quite devoted to me; but this educating costs me a great deal of time. However, I have had my share of life, and I shall consider it as a reward for my labours if this young life be as fully and richly developed as lies within my power.

“Unexpected thoughts often escape him. Two days ago he was sitting beside me and began, ‘Father, the ancients believed in the old gods; but they must have believed also in the true God. The old gods were just like men.’”

All this time we have said nothing of the political embassy of Niebuhr. He was appointed ambassador to Rome to negotiate a concordat with the Pope. But it appears that several years elapsed before he received his instructions from his own court. We hardly know, therefore, whether to say that the negotiations were prolonged, or that their commencement had been delayed. Niebuhr always speaks in high terms of the Pope, (Pius VII.,) as a man every way estimable. Between them a very friendly feeling seems to have subsisted. There does not appear, therefore, to have been any peculiar or vexatious delay on the part of the Holy See. After Niebuhr had been in Rome more than four years, Count Hardenberg, the Prussian minister, who had been attending the conference at Laybach, made his appearance on the scene. To him, as we gather from the very brief account before us, was attributed with some unfairness the merit of concluding the negotiations. However this might be, the terms of this concordat were at length agreed upon, and Niebuhr had no longer any peculiar mission to detain him at Rome. Shortly afterwards he petitioned for leave of absence, and returned to Germany. He never went back again to Rome, but happily resumed the professor's chair—this time, however, in the University of Bonn; or rather he delivered lectures at Bonn, for it does not appear that he was an appointed professor.

But before we leave Rome for Bonn, or diplomacy for the profes-

social duties, we must glance at a little essay given us in the appendix, written by Chevalier Bunsen, and entitled *Niebuhr as a Diplomatist in Rome*. Bunsen was, during part of this period, secretary to the embassy, and of course in perpetual communication with Niebuhr. The few anecdotes he relates present us with a very distinct picture of this German Cato amongst the modern Romans. Judging by what are popularly understood to be the qualifications of a diplomatist, we should certainly say that our historian was by no means peculiarly fitted for this department of the public service. He was an unbending man, had much of the stoic in his principles, though very little of the stoic in his affections, and was more disposed to check or crush the hollow frivolity about him than to yield to it, or to play with it. He could throw a whole dinner-table into consternation, by solemnly denouncing the tone of levity which the conversation had assumed. At the house of some prince in Rome the events then transpiring in Greece had led Niebuhr to speak with earnestness on the future destiny of the Christian Hellenes. On the first pause that occurred, a fashionable diner-out contrived to turn the conversation, and in a few moments the whole table was alive with a discussion—on this important point, whether a certain compound sold at the Roman coffee-houses, under the slang name of “aurora,” was mostly coffee or mostly chocolate! Niebuhr sat silent for some time; but he, too, took advantage of the next pause to express his indignation and surprise, that “in such times, and with such events occurring around us, we should be entertained with such miserable trifles!” For a short time all were mute. Not a very diplomatic style, we should say, of conversation.

It was very characteristic of such a man, that, on the occasion of giving a grand entertainment in his character of ambassador, he should have the music of the Sistine Chapel performed in his house. He detested the modern Italian operatic music. He thought it becoming his ambassadorial position that something national should be selected. He therefore chose that celebrated music which

all foreigners make it a point of duty to go and listen to at the Sistine Chapel during Passion Week. When the gay assemblage, after an animated conversation, repaired for the concert to the brilliantly lighted saloon, a choir of sixteen singers from the chapel filled the air with their solemn strains. We do not wonder, as Chevalier Bunsen says, that “the assembly was evidently seized with a peculiar feeling,” or that many of them stole away to something they thought more amusing.

Even his connection with the learned men of Rome was not of long continuance. But this was owing to no want of sympathy in their studies or pursuits on the part of Niebuhr, as the following anecdote will testify—(those who know Leopardi as a poet will read it with peculiar interest):—

“I still remember the day when he (Niebuhr) entered with unwonted vivacity the office in which I was writing, and exclaimed, ‘I must drive out directly to seek out the greatest philological genius of Italy that I have as yet heard of, and make his acquaintance. Just look at the man’s critical remarks upon the Chronicle of Eusebius. What acuteness! What real erudition! I have never seen anything like it before in this country—I must see the man.’

“In two hours he came back. ‘I found him at last with a great deal of trouble, in a garret of the Palazzo Mattei. Instead of a man of mature age, I found a youth of two or three and twenty, deformed, weakly, and who has never had a good teacher, but has fed his intellect upon the books of his grandfather, in his father’s house at Recanati; has read the classics and the Fathers; is, at the same time, as I hear, one of the first poets and writers of his nation, and is withal poor, neglected, and evidently depressed. One sees in him what genius this richly endowed nation possesses.’ Capei has given a pleasing and true description of the astonishment experienced by both the great men at their first meeting; of the tender affection with which Niebuhr regarded Leopardi, and all that he did for him.”

Our diminishing space warns us that we must limit ourselves to the last scene of the life and labours of Niebuhr. After some intervals spent at Berlin, he took up his residence at Bonn, recommenced his lectures, recommenced his History. Before proceeding further in his task, he found

it necessary to revise the two volumes already published. In this revision he engaged so zealously that he almost re-wrote them. The third volume, as is well known, was not published in his lifetime: the manuscript was revised for the press by his friend and disciple, Professor Classen.

This and other manuscripts ran the risk of being consumed by the flames; for his new house, in the planning and arrangement of which he had taken much pleasure, was burnt down on the night of the 6th February 1830. It was indeed a misfortune, he said, but he did not feel as he felt "that night when he was near headquarters at the battle of Bantzen, and believed the cause of his country to be, if not lost, in the most imminent peril." But though much else was destroyed, the books and papers were preserved; and there was great rejoicing when here and there a precious treasure was found again, which had been looked on as lost; and the reappearance of the longed-for manuscript of the second volume of the history (then going through the press) was greeted with hearty cheers.

The prospect of public affairs, now embroiled by the French Revolution of 1830, seems to have disturbed him more than the loss of his house. From the selfishness of the governing party, and the rashness of their opponents, he was disposed to predict the saddest results—loss of freedom, civil and religious. "In fifty years," he says in one place, "and probably much less, there will be no trace left of free institutions, or the freedom of the press, throughout all Europe—at least on the Continent." In this enforced darkness, Protestantism would, of course, have no chance against her great antagonist. Wherever the spirit of mental freedom decays, the Roman Catholic must triumph. He says, "Already, all the old evils have awakened to full activity; all the priestcraft, all, even the most gigantic plans for conquest and subjugation; and there is no doubt that they are secretly aiming at, and working towards, a religious war, and all that tends to bring it on."

The interest which Niebuhr took in the public events of Europe was indirectly the cause of his last illness. One evening he spent a considerable

time waiting and reading in the hot news-room, without taking off his thick fur cloak, and then returned home through the cold frosty night air, heated in mind and body. He looked in, as he passed, on his friend Classen, to unburden some portion of his fervid cares for the universal commonwealth. "But," said he, "I have taken a severe chill, I must go to bed." And from the couch he then sought he never rose again.

"On the afternoon of the 1st of January 1830," thus concludes the account of his last days which we have from the pen of Professor Classen, "he sank into a dreamy slumber: once, on awakening, he said that pleasant images floated before him in sleep; now and then he spoke French in his dreams; probably he felt himself in the presence of his departed friend De Serre. As the night gathered, consciousness gradually faded away; he woke up once more about midnight, when the last remedy was administered; he recognised in it a medicine of doubtful operation, never resorted to but in extreme cases, and said in a faint voice, 'What essential substance is this? Am I so far gone?' These were his last words; he sank back on his pillow, and within an hour his noble heart had ceased to beat."

Any attempt at the final estimate of Niebuhr as a historian, we have already said we shall not make. The permanence of the structure that he has reared must be tested by time and the labours of many scholars. Indeed, where a reputation like this is concerned, old father Time will be slow in his operations—he is a long while tripping the balance and shuffling the weights—perhaps new weights are to be made. Niebuhr's great and salutary influence in historical literature, we repeat, is undeniable; and this signal merit will always be accorded to him. For his character as a man, this is better portrayed even by the few extracts we have been able to make from his letters, than by any summary or description we could give. But these extracts have necessarily been brief, and are unavoidably taken, here and there, from letters which it would have been much more desirable to quote *in extenso*, and therefore we recommend every reader who can bestow the leisure, to read these volumes for himself. He will find them, in the best sense of the word, very amusing.

## THOMAS MOORE.

THE recent death of the Poet Moore has rendered it incumbent on us, as taking an interest in the literary honour of the empire, to give a brief sketch of his career. In this outline we scarcely need say that we shall be guided by the most perfect impartiality. We have the due feeling for the memory of genius, and the due respect for the sacredness of the grave. Though differing from Moore in political opinions, we shall be willing to give him the praise of sincerity; and, though declining panegyric, we shall with equal willingness give our tribute to the talents which adorned his country.

It is to be hoped that a Memoir will be supplied by some of those friends to whose known ability such a work can be intrusted; and with as much of his personal correspondence, and personal history, as may be consistent with the feelings of his family and the regard for his fame.

Thomas Moore was born in Dublin on the 30th of May 1780. His parentage was humble; but it is the glory of Britain to disregard pedigree, where nature has given the ability which leads to distinction.

The period at which Moore first came before the public eye was one singularly exciting to Ireland. The Civil War under James II. had left bitterness in the Roman Catholic mind, and the Penal Laws gave ample topics for the declaimers. But, from the commencement of the reign of George III., those laws had undergone a course of extinction, and all the harsher parts of their pressure were gradually abolished.

We are not the panegyrists of those laws; they erred, in making the *religious belief* of the Romanist an object of penalty. Faith, let it be of whatever blindness, cannot be enlightened by force of law. But we are to remember, that the Irish Roman Catholics had been in *arms* against their sovereign; that they had shed English blood in the quarrel of a religion notoriously persecuting; that they had brought foreign troops into the country in aid of their rebellion; and

that they had formed an alliance with France, then at war with England. It was further to be remembered, that in their Parliament under a returned rebel, who had abdicated the throne of both islands—and whose success would have made Ireland a vassal, as he himself was a pensioner, of France—they had confiscated (against the most solemn promises) the property of two hundred leading Protestants, and would have eventually confiscated the whole property of Protestantism.

Ireland had made itself a field of battle, and the only relief for its emergencies was to make it a *garri-son*.

The wisdom of that measure was shown in its fruits—the true test of all statesmanship: Ireland remained undisturbed for *seventy* years. During the party and popular irritations of the two first Brunswick reigns, during the two Scottish invasions of 1715 and 1745, and during the American war, Ireland was perfectly tranquil—certainly not through loyalty, and as certainly through law. At that time there was no favoured party of agitation—no faction suffered to clamour itself into place, and the country into tumult. There was no relaxation of the laws of the land for scandalous intrigue or insolent importunity. The rule was strict, and strictly administered; no manufacture of grievance was permitted to give a livelihood to a disturber, and no celebrity was in the power of a demagogue, but the ascent to the pillory. Common sense, public justice, and vigilant law, were the *triad* which governed Ireland, and their fruits were seen in the most rapid, vigorous, and extensive improvement of the country. No kingdom of Europe had ever so quickly obliterated the traces of civil war. Improvement was visible, in every form of national progress. Ireland had previously been a country of pasture, and, of course, of depopulation: it became a country of tillage. It had formerly been totally destitute of commerce: it now pushed its trade to the thriving States of America, and grew



in wealth by the hour. It was formerly compelled, by the want of native manufactures, to purchase the clothing of its population from England: it now established the northern province as an emporium of the linen trade, which it still holds, and which is more than a gold mine to a crowded population.

The increase of human life in Ireland was perhaps the most memorable in the annals of statistics. In the beginning of the eighteenth century the population was calculated at little more than 700,000. It now started forth by millions. And the national increase of wealth, intelligence, and public spirit, was shown in a manner equally significant and singular. Ireland had the honour of *inventing* (if we may use the word) the Volunteers. The threat of a French invasion had alarmed the people, and Parliament asked the important question of the Viceroy, What forces were provided for the defence of the kingdom? His answer was, that he had but 7000 men at his disposal. The nation instantly determined to take the defence on themselves, and they raised an army such as the world had never before seen—wholly spontaneous in its rise, self-equipped, serving without pay, self-disciplined—80,000 men ready for the field!

The armies of Greece and Rome, even when republican, were *conscriptions*; the *levée en masse* in France was compulsory, and the guillotine was the recruiting officer; the gigantic columns of the Imperial armies were chiefly raised under the absolute scourge. The *land-sturm* of the Germans was created under the rigidity of a system which drove the whole population into the field—rightly and righteously drove them; for what but the low selfishness of brawling and bustling Radicalism, or the petty penury of superannuated avarice, would declare it a hardship to defend one's own country, or hesitate to pay the manly and necessary expenditure which fitted them for that defence? But Ireland, without hesitation, and without stipulation—without the pitiful pusillanimity of a weaver's soul and body, or the shrinking selfishness of a pawnbroker in the shape

of a legislator—rushed to arms, and scared away invasion!

The expense of this illustrious effort was enormous, the occupation of time incalculable—but the act was heroic. And let what will come, whether Ireland is to have a career worthy of her natural powers, or to perish under the ascendancy of her deadly superstition, that *act* will form the brightest jewel in her historic diadem, as will the noblest inscription on her tomb. But the whole effort implied the prosperity, as well as the patriotism, of the kingdom. Paupers cannot equip themselves for the field. The country must have had substantial resources to meet the expenditure. The arming of the volunteers would have exhausted the treasury of half the sovereigns of Europe, and yet the country bore it freely, fearlessly, and without feeling the slightest embarrassment in those efforts which were at the moment extending her interests through the world.

We have alluded to this fragment of Irish history, because it illustrates the system of fraud and falsehood under which pretended patriotism in Ireland has libelled, and continues to libel, England—a system which talks of peace, while it is perpetually provoking hostility; which boasts of its zeal for the country, while it is cutting up every root of national hope; and which is equally boastful in the streets, and cowardly in the field.

But another crisis came, and the manliness of the national character was to be tried in a still severer emergency. The Penal Laws were virtually extinguished, on the presumption that Popery was reconcilable by benefits, and that Irish patriotism was not always the language of conspiracy. The mistake was soon discernible in a Popish League for the subversion of the English Government. The "United Irishmen"—a name in itself a falsehood, for the object was to crush one-half of the nation, by establishing the tyranny of the other—were formed into a League. But the League was broken up, not in the field, but in the dungeon, and the insurrection was extinguished by the executioner. Wolfe Tone, the Secretary of the United Irishmen, came over in a French ship of war, to

effect the *peaceful* liberation of his "aggrieved country," was imprisoned, and cut his own throat. Lord Edward Fitzgerald, the hero of novels, and the martyr of poetry, lurked in the capital, in the *soldierly* disguise of a milkwoman, was taken in his bed, wounded in the arrest, and died of the wound. Not one of the leading conspirators died in the field; all who were not hanged begged their lives, delivered up their secrets for their own contemptible safety, and were transported to America, there to recover their courage, and wipe off their shame, by libelling England.

But among the most cruel acts of those villains was the attempt to involve the students of the University in their crime. Their converts were few, and those among the most obscure; but those were effectually ruined. A visitation was held under the Lord Chancellor Clare, and the delinquents were chiefly expelled. On this occasion Moore was questioned. His intimacy with the family of the Emmetts, who seem all to have been implicated in the charge, and his peculiar intercourse with the unfortunate and guilty Robert Emmett, who, a few years after, was hanged for open insurrection, rendered him liable to suspicion. He was accordingly examined at that formidable tribunal. But his stature was so undersized, his appearance so boyish, and his answers were given with such evident simplicity, that, to suppose *him* intrusted with the secrets of conspiracy, still less the sharer of a sanguinary revolt, seemed next to impossible, and he was dismissed without animadversion. Thus the future author of so many strains on the slavery of Ireland, and the tyranny of England, the publisher of such stores—

"Of fluent verse, and furious prose,  
Sweet songster of fictitious woes"—

was "quite pour la peur," and sent to receive the plaudits of his friends for his firmness, and the cautions of his own common sense with respect to his intimacies for the future.

Moore's want of stature was an actual misfortune to him through life, which, though not shown with the bitterness of Byron on his lameness,

must have been a source of perpetual vexation in society. He was one of the smallest men, perhaps, in existence, above a dwarf. Yet he was well-proportioned; and his lively countenance, which looked the very mirror of good-nature, aided by his manners, which had by instinct the grace of good society, made his figure, after the first introduction, almost forgotten. When he had established his fame, of course, none adverted to defects of any kind, and the "little Tom Moore" of Ireland became the Mr Moore of England, by the consent of all circles. He possessed, also, those gifts which create popularity. The people of Ireland have a remarkable fondness for music, and Moore was a musician by nature. Of music he knew nothing as a science, but he felt its soul. The heavy harmonies of Germany—in which the chief object is to show the toil of the performer and the patience of his auditory, to press discords into the service, and to crush the very sense of pleasure—would not have been endured by the Irish, who, like all lovers of the genuine art, prefer songs to musical problems, and to be bewitched rather than be bewildered. Moore, accordingly, cultivated the finer part—its feeling. He has been heard to say, "that if he had an original turn for anything, it was for music;" and he certainly produced, in his earliest career, some of the most original, tender, and tasteful melodies in existence for the Piano, which he touched with slight, but sufficient skill; and, sung to his own soft and sweet lines, he realised more of the *magic* of music than any performer whom we ever heard.

This subject, however apparently trivial, is not trifling in a Memoir of Moore; for, independently of its being his chief introduction into society, it was a *characteristic* of the man. He was the originator of a style, in which he had many imitators, but no equal; and after he abandoned it for other means of shining, almost no follower. It was neither Italian, nor, as we have observed, German; it had neither the frivolity of the French school nor the wildness of the Irish; it was exclusively his own—a mixture of the playful and the pathetic;

sweet, and yet singular; light, and yet often drawing tears. This effect, the finest in music—for what taste would compare a Sinfonia to a song?—he accomplished by the admirable management of a sweet voice, though but of small compass, accompanied by a few chords of the instrument, rather filling up the intervals of the voice than leading them: the whole rather an exquisite recitation than a song; the singer more the *minstrel* than the *musician*.

This description of his early powers, however extravagant it may seem to strangers, will be recognised as literally true by those who heard him in Ireland, and in the budding of his talent. He was an *inventor*; his art required the united taste of the composer and the poet, and this accounts for its having perished with him.

But a larger field was soon to open before Moore. The Rebellion of 1798 was a death-blow to the hopes of all those sanguine speculators who longed to become Presidents of the new republic. It drained the national resources—it disgusted the national understanding—it made Ireland disunited, and England at once contemptuous of Irish feeling, and suspicious of Irish loyalty. The safety of the empire obviously rendered it impossible to leave in its rear a nation which might throw itself, at a moment's notice, into the arms of France, Spain, or America—which had actually solicited a French army, and which still carried on transactions amounting to treason at home, and alliance abroad. Thus, the *regenerators* of Ireland, instead of raising her to a republic, sank her into a province. Even the dream of national independence was at an end; her Parliament was extinguished, and the only reality was the UNION.

Still, though the national pride was deeply hurt by the measure, the graver judgment of the nation acquiesced in the extinction of the Legislature. This was the fruit of those concessions which had been made by the ignorance of Government, and demanded by the intrigues of the Opposition. From the period of lowering the franchise to the Roman Catholic forty-shilling freeholder, the votes of the Romish peasantry became to the Government a terror, to the Oppo-

sition a snare, and to both, the sources of a new policy. In a few sessions more, the Parliament must have become almost totally *Papist*. Thus, after much declamation in the clubs, and much murmuring in the streets—after threats of declaring the mover of the measure “an enemy to his country”—and after a duel between the celebrated Grattan, the head of the Opposition, and Corry, the Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, the diadem was taken off the head of Ireland, and quietly lodged in Whitehall. England thenceforth became the field of Irish ambition, and the mart of Irish ability.

Moore came to London apparently for the purpose of commencing his studies as a barrister. Whether his volatile and fanciful spirit would have relished the details of a profession demanding so much labour in its rudiments, and so much perseverance in its pursuit, is now not worth a question, for he probably never opened a book of law; but he had brought with him a book of a more congenial kind; a translation of *Anacreon*, to be published by subscription, and dedicated “by permission” to the Prince of Wales, (George IV.,) — an honour obtained, like all his early popularity, through his musical accomplishments.

Moore was not a scholar, in the sense of a Markland or a Bentley; but he had the best part of scholarship, the spirit of his author. The elegance of this versification of the old Greek lover of “smiles and wine” was universally acknowledged. All former translations of *Anacreon* were poor and pedantic, to the richness and grace of the volume then offered to the public eye.

Whether the original was the work of Ionia or Athens; whether one-half of the Odes were not *imitations* in later Greek, with Gregory Nazianzen and a dozen others for their authors; whether Polycrates or Hipparchus was their patron—in short, the questions which still perplex Oxford, and break the rest of Cambridge—which drive both into the logomachies of Teutonic criticism, and waste English pens and patience on the imported drudgeries of the Leipsic press—were matters which gave the translator but slight trouble. Nature had created him for

the translation—the praises of wine and beauty, of flowers and sunshine, were a language of his own; they formed his style through the greater part of his life; and Cupid and Bacchus never had a laureate more devoted, and more successful.

After lingering for some years in London, fêted by the great and followed by the little, Moore was appointed to an office in the West Indies. Thus was harshly hazarded the life of a man of genius; and the talent which was destined to distinguish his country was sent to take its chance of the yellow fever. The guest of princes and the favourite of fashion must have felt many a pang at finding himself consigned to Bermuda. The poetic romance of the “still vexed Bermoothes” was probably insufficient to console him for the pavilion at Brighton, and the soirees of Portman Square. But necessity must not deliberate—the *res angusta domi* was imperative—and the bard submitted to banishment with the grace and gaiety that never forsook him. The appointment was unfortunate. Connected with the public revenue, it had been transacted by deputy; and Moore, on his arrival, found himself answerable for the chasms in the official chest. No one charged *him* with those chasms. But, as the lawyers hold, “the Crown makes no bad debts,” the unlucky poet was responsible in a sum which would have mortgaged all Parnassus, and made the Nine insolvent. The appointment was finally resigned, and Moore, *solutus negotiis*, shook off the dust of his feet against the gates of the West Indies.

Taking advantage of his proximity to America, he now resolved to visit the great Republic, Canada, and the wonder of the Transatlantic world, Niagara!

America was made by Moore the subject of some spirited poetry; but it had another effect, less expected, yet equally natural—it cured him of Republicanism. The lofty superstitions which haunt the sepulchres of Greece and Rome, the angry ambition which stimulated the Irish patriot into revolt, or that fantasy of righting the wrongs of all mankind, which put live coals into the hands of the Frenchman to heap on the altar of imaginary

freedom, were all extinguished by the hard reality before his eyes. He found the Americans, as all have found them, vigorous, active, and persevering in their own objects; men of canals, corduroy roads, and gigantic warehouses; sturdy reclaimers of the swamp and the forest; bold backwoodsmen, and shrewd citizens, as they ought to be; but neither poets nor painters, nor touched with the tendernesses of romance, nor penetrating the profound of philosophy. Even their patriotism startled the mourner over the sufferings of the *Isle of Saints*; and the *Ledger*, more honoured than the *Legend*, offended all his reveries of a

“Paradise beyond the main,  
Unknown to lucre, lash, and chain.”

Even the habits of Republicanism were found too primitive to be pleasing. He had the honour of an interview with Jefferson, then president; and this “four years’ monarch” received him in his nightgown and slippers, and stretched at his length on a sofa. Moore recoiled at this display of *nonchalance*, and would have been perfectly justified in turning on his heel, and leaving this vulgarism to the indulgence of “showing a Britisher” the manners of a “free and intelligent citizen.” This rough specimen of freedom disgusted him, as well it might; and though Republicanism in rhyme might still amuse his fancy, he evidently shrank from the reality ever after.

Canada increased his poetical sketches. He wrote some spirited Odes on its stern landscape, and some bitter lines on the United States, in revenge for its extinction of his dreams. But, with America, he left all revolution behind him, and never more cast a “longing, lingering look” on the subversion of thrones.

On his return to Europe, he found it necessary to consider into what new path he was to turn. He had long left the hope of shining on the bench; office was now closed upon him; authorship was his only resource; and to authorship he turned with all the quickness of his nature, sharpened by the Roman’s

“MAGISTER ARTIS, VENTER.”

The exertion became more important to him, from his having made a disinterested match; and, in the spirit of a poet, been contented to take beauty as the marriage portion. He now retired into the country, and prepared for a life of vigorous authorship. In this choice, he evidently consulted his immediate circumstances more than the natural direction of his mind. Such a man was made for cities; all his habits were social, and he must have languished for society. The cooing of doves and the songs of nightingales were not the music to accompany such verses as these—

“Fly not yet, 'tis just the hour,  
When pleasure, like the midnight flower,  
That scorns the eye of vulgar light,  
Begins to bloom for sons of night,  
And maids who love the moon.”

We can imagine the look of melancholy with which, after having finished his stanzas, Moore gave a moonlight glance to the woods and wilds, as he stood at his cottage door, and thought of the lively scenes at that moment glittering in London. Solitude may be the place of the philosopher, and universities the stronghold of science; but, for the knowledge of life, the play of character, the vigour of manly competition, and even the variety of views, events, and character, which make the true materials of the poetic faculty, association with our kind is indispensable. The poet in retirement either becomes the worship of a circle of women, who pamper him with panegyric, until he degenerates into silliness; or, living alone, becomes the worse thing—a worshipper of himself. Like a garrison cut off from its supplies, he lives on short allowance of ideas; like a hermit, thinks his rags sanctity, and his nonsense Oracles; or, like Robinson Crusoe, imagines his geese conversible, and his island an empire.

It is true, that Moore suffered less from this famine of poetic food than most of his race. His buoyancy of spirit never lost sight wholly of London, and his annual visit to the courts and conversations of Berkeley Square, and other scenes of high life, refreshed his recollections. But when he tells us that *Lalla Rookh* was written “amid the snows of two or three Derbyshire winters,” and in a

phraseology which seems like apologising to himself for this exile, talks of his “being enabled by that concentration of thought, which retirement alone can give, to call up around him some of the sunniest of his Eastern scenes,” the very toil and turgidity of the language show us that he felt himself in the *wrong* place. In fact, now that naked necks, turned-down shirt-collars, and dishevelled hair, no longer make poets *à la* Byron—when even the white waistcoats of Young England are no longer proof of chivalry—we wish to save the innocent hearts and fantastic heads of the rising generation from the experiment which Don Quixote performed so little to the satisfaction of Sancho Panza in the desert. We never heard of a great poet living a hundred miles from a metropolis. Contiguity to the world of men and women was essential. All the leaders of the tribe lived as near London as they could. Cowley lived within a walk, Pope within a drive, Milton within sight, of the walls—Shakspeare saw London Bridge every day of his life—Dryden lived in the Grecian Coffee-house—Byron, with his own goodwill, never would have stirred out of Bond Street; and when the newspapers and Doctors’ Commons at length drove him abroad, he nestled down in Venice, instead of singing among the slopes of the Apennines, or acting distraction among the pinnacles of the Alps. It is even not improbable that the last few and melancholy years of Moore’s life owed some of their depression to the weariness of this unnatural solitude.

On his return from America in 1803, we lose sight of him for a while. He was then probably harassed by government transactions connected with his luckless appointment; but in 1805 he gave unhappy evidence of his revival by the publication of *Poems by Mr Thomas Little*.

We have no desire to speak of this work. Perhaps “his poverty, but not his will,” was in fault. He made some kind of apology at the time, by attributing the performance “to an imagination which had become the slave of the passions;” and subsequently he made the better apology of excluding it from his collected

volumes. Yet, in this work, he did less harm to society than injustice to himself. The graver classes, of course, repelled it at once; the fashionable world took but little notice of a book which could not be laid in their drawing-rooms; and the profligate could be but little excited by its babyisms, for Moore's amatory poems were always babyish. They wanted, in a remarkable degree, the fervency of passion. They prattled rather than felt: they babbled of lips and eyes like an impudent child; their Cupid was always an Urchin, and the urchin was always in the nursery. His verses of this school were flowing, but they never rose above prettiness; they never exhibited love in its living reality—in its seriousness and power—its madness of the brain, and absorption of the soul—its overwhelming raptures, and its terrible despair. There is a deeper sense of the truth and nature of *passion* in a single ballad of Burns than in all the amatory poems that Moore ever wrote.

The injustice to himself consisted in his thus leaving it in the hands of every stranger, to connect the life of the man with the licentiousness of the author. Yet we have never heard that his life was other than decorous; his conversation certainly never offended general society—his manners were polished—and we believe that his mind was at all times innocent of evil intention. Still, these poems threw a long shade on the gentle lustre of his fame.

He now fell under the lash of the *Edinburgh Review*, never more sternly, and seldom so justly, exercised. Moore indignantly sent a message to the editor. Jeffrey, refusing to give up the name of the Zoilus in disguise, accepted the message, and the parties met. Fortunately some friend, with more sense than either, sent also his message, but it was to the Bow Street magistrates, and the belligerents were captured on the field. In conveying the instruments of war to Bow Street, the bullets had fallen out; and this circumstance was, of course, too comic to be forgotten by the wits. The press shot forth its epigrams, the point of which was the harmlessness of the hostilities. It was observed—

"That the pistols were lead  
Is no sort of news,  
For blank-cartridge should always  
Be fired at *Reviews*."

We transcribe but another squib.

"A Scotchman and Irishman went out to fight,  
Both equal in fierceness, both equal in fright;  
Not a pin, 'twixt the heroes, in valour to choose,  
The son of the *Scissors*, and son of the *Muse*."

The whole affair was an illustration of the barbaric absurdity of duelling. Lord Brougham was subsequently supposed to be the layer on of the critical lash. If Jeffrey had given him up, Moore would have shot him if he could; and if Brougham had survived, he would have shot Jeffrey. Thus, two of the cleverest men of their day might have been victims to the bastard chivalry of the nineteenth century. How Moore himself would have fared in the fray, no one can tell; but being as honourably savage as any of his countrymen, and as untameable as a tiger-cat, he would certainly have shot somebody, or got pistolled himself.

His next work was an opera. This attempt did not encourage him in trial of the stage. It had but a brief existence. Moore, though lively, was not a wit; and though inventive, was not dramatic. The inimitable "Duenna" of the inimitable Sheridan has expelled all Opera from the English stage, by extinguishing all rivalry.

But a broader opportunity now spread before him. A musical collector in Ireland had compiled a volume of the Native melodies, which, though generally rude in science, and always accompanied by the most aboriginal versification, attracted some publicity. Moore, in his happiest hour, glanced over these songs, and closed with the proposal of a publisher in Ireland to write the poetry, and bring the melodies themselves into a *civilised* form. The latter object he effected by the assistance of Stevenson, an accomplished musician, and even a popular composer: the former might be safely intrusted to himself.

It is to be remembered (though Ireland may be wroth to the bottom of its sensibilities) that its most

remote musical pedigree falls within the last century: that all beyond is shared with Scotland; and that the harmonies which Ossian shook from his harp, and which rang in the palaces of Fingal, and the nursing of Romulus and Remus, have equal claims to authenticity. Beyond the last century, the claims of Ireland to music were disputed by Scotland; and there was a species of partnership in their popular airs. But the true musician of Ireland was Carolan, a blind man who wandered about the houses of the country gentlemen, like Scott's minstrel, except that his patriotism was less prominent than his love of eating and drinking. He thought more of pay than of Party, and limited his Muse to her proper subjects—Love and Wine. But he was a musician by nature, and therefore worth ten thousand by art; and the finest melodies in Moore's portfolio were the product of a mind which had no master, and no impulse but its genius.

Time had not weaned Moore from the absurdity of imagining that every rebel must be a hero, or that men who universally begged their lives, or died by the rope, were the true regenerators of the country. His early connection with the Emmett family had been distressingly renewed by the execution of Robert Emmett, justly punished for a combination of folly and wickedness, perhaps without example in the narratives of impotent convulsion. Emmett was a barrister, struggling through the first difficulties of his difficult profession, when somebody left him a luckless legacy of five hundred pounds. He laid it all out in powder and placards, and resolved to 'make a Rebellion.' Without any one man of note to join him, without even any one patron or member of faction to give the slightest assistance, without any one hope but in *miracle*, he undertook to overthrow the Government, to crush the army, to extinguish the Constitution, to remodel the Aristocracy, to scourge the Church, to abolish the throne, and, having achieved these easy matters, to place Mr Robert Emmett on the summit of Irish empire.

Accordingly, he purchased a green coat with a pair of gold epaulettes;

rushed from a hovel in a back street, at the head of about fifty vagabonds with pikes; was met and beaten by a party of yeomanry going to parade; ran away with his *army*; hid himself in the vicinity of Dublin for a few days; was hunted out, and was tried and hanged. Those are the actual features of the transaction, where poetry has done its utmost to blazon the revolt, and partisanship has lavished its whole budget of lies on the heroism of the revolter; those *are* the facts, and the only facts, of Mr Robert Emmett's revolution.

Moore made his full advantage of the disturbances of the time; and it must be allowed that they wonderfully improved his poetry. Their strong reality gave it a strength which it never possessed before, and the imaginary poutings of boys and girls were vividly exchanged for the imaginary grievances of men. What can be more animated than these lines:—

"Oh, for the swords of former time!  
Oh, for the men who bore them!  
When, armed for Right, they stood sublime,  
And tyrants crouched before them.  
When, pure yet, ere courts began  
With honours to enslave him,  
The best honours worn by man,  
Were those which virtue gave him.  
Oh, for the swords, &c."

Or this—

#### I AMENT.

"Forget not the field where they perished,  
The truest, the last of the brave!  
All gone, and the bright hope we cherished  
Gone with them, and quenched in their grave.  
Oh, could we from Death but recover  
Those hearts as they bounded before,  
In the face of high heaven to fight over  
This combat for freedom once more."

The phrase used in the speeches of the late "Agitator," till it grew ridiculous by the repetition, will be found in the following fine lines:—

"Remember thee! yes, while there's life in  
this heart,  
It shall never forget thee, all lorn as thou art,  
More dear in thy sorrow, thy gloom and thy  
showers,  
Than the rest of the world in their sunniest  
hours.

Wert thou all that I wish thee, great, glorious, and free,  
First flower of the earth, and first gem of the  
sea,

I might hail thee with prouder, with happier  
brow,  
But, oh, could I love thee more deeply than  
now?

No! thy chains, as they rankle, thy blood, as  
it runs,  
But make thee more painfully dear to thy  
sons,  
Whose hearts, like the young of the desert-  
bird's nest,  
Drink love in each life-drop that flows from  
thy breast."

It would be *cruel* to ask for the evidence of all this tyranny—a link of the chains that rankle on the limbs of Ireland, or a drop of the blood that so perpetually oozes from her wounds. But poetry is privileged to be as "unhappy" as it pleases—to weep over sorrows unfelt by the world—and to fabricate wrongs, only to have the triumph of sweeping them away. We would tolerate half the harangues of the Irish disturbers for one poet like Moore.

Some of the most finished of those verses were devoted to the memory of Emmett, and they could not have been devoted to a subject more unworthy of his poetry. In Ireland, for the last five hundred years, every fault, folly, and failure of the nation is laid to the charge of England. The man who *invents* a "Grievance" is sure to be popular; but if he is to achieve the supreme triumph of popularity, he must fasten his grievance on the back of England; and if he pushes his charge into practice, and is ultimately banished or hanged, he is canonised in the popular calendar of patriotism. This absurdity, equally unaccountable and incurable, actually places Emmett in the rank of the Wallaces and Kosciuskos;—thus degrading men of conduct and courage, encountering great hazards for great principles, with a selfish simpleton, a trifier with conspiracy, and a runaway from the first sight of the danger which he himself had created. Moore's hero was a feeble romancer; his national regenerator a street rioter; and his patriotic statesman merely a giddy gambler, who staked his pittance on a silly and solitary throw for supremacy, and saw his stake swept away by the policeman! Totally foolish as Ireland has ever been in her politics, she ought to be most ashamed of this display before the

world—of inaugurating this stripling-revolutionist, this fugitive champion, this milk-and-water Jacobin, among her claims to the homage of posterity. Yet this was the personage on whose death Moore wrote these touching lines:—

"O breathe not his name, let it sleep in the  
shade,  
Where cold and unhonoured his relics are  
laid;  
Sad, silent, and dark, be the tears that we  
shed,  
As the night-dew that falls on the grass o'er  
his head.  
But the night-dew that falls, though in silence  
it weeps,  
Still brightens with verdure the grave where  
he sleeps,  
And the tear that we shed, though in secret  
it rolls,  
Shall long keep his memory green in our  
souls."

On the death of the celebrated Richard Brinsley Sheridan, some of his Notes and Manuscripts were put into Moore's hands, and the alliance constituted by the Whiggism of both was presumed to insure a satisfactory tribute to the remembrance of perhaps the most gifted man of the age. But their Whiggism was different; Sheridan's was party, and Moore's was prejudiced. Sheridan had put on and off his Whiggism, with the grave affectation, or the sarcastic ease, of one who knew its worthlessness; Moore adopted it with the simplicity of ignorance, and the blind passion of the native character. The result was, a biography that pleased no one. Those whom Sheridan had lashed in the House of Commons, thought that it was too laudatory; while his admirers charged it with injustice. However, to those who cared nothing for the partisanship of either, the volume was amusing, occasionally eloquent, though less anecdotal than was to be expected from a career almost *one anecdote* from the beginning. On the whole, it sustained Moore's reputation.

His *Life of Byron*, at a later period, had an increased popularity. The subject was singularly difficult; Byron had provoked a quarrel with the world, and was proud of the provocation. He had led a career of private petulance, which was deeply offensive to individuals, and he disclaimed all respect for those higher



decorums which society demands. The power of his verse had thrown a shield over the living poet, but a severe tribunal apparently awaited the dead. Moore accomplished his task with dexterity; judicious selection, and still more judicious suppression, were exercised; and he was enabled to produce a performance at once faithful to the fame of the dead, and free from insult to the living.

A more reluctant glance must be given to Moore's political writings. In this unhappy digression from the natural pursuits of a poet, Moore showed all the *monomania* of the Irish Papist. England is now familiar with the singular contradiction of fact to phrase, which exists in all the partisanship of Ireland. The first principle of the modern orator in Ireland is a reckless defiance of the common sense of mankind; facts fly before him, and truths are trampled under his heel. In the most insolent challenges to the law, he complains that he is tongue-tied; in the most extravagant license of libel, he complains of oppression; and in the most daring outrage against authority, he complains that he is a *slave*! Summoning public meetings for the purpose of extinguishing the Government, and summoning them with *impunity*, he pronounces the Government to be a tyrant, and the land a dungeon. The reader who would conceive the condition of Ireland from its Papist speakers must think that he is listening to the annals of Norfolk Island, or the mysteries of a French *oubliette*. Moore's politics shared the *monomania* of his Popish countrymen.

But he suddenly turned to more congenial objects, and produced his popular poem of *Lalla Rookh*. The scenery of India gave full opportunity to the luxuriance of his style; the wildness of Indian adventure, and

the novelty of Indian romance, excited public curiosity, and the volume found its way into every drawing-room, and finally rested in every library. But there its course ended; the glitter which at first dazzled, at length exhausted, the public eye. We might as well look with unwearied delight on a piece of tissue, and be satisfied with vividness of colour, in place of vividness of form. Moore's future fame will depend on his *National Melodies*.

He received large sums for some of his volumes; but what are occasional successes, when their products must be expanded over a life! He always expressed himself as in narrow circumstances, and his retired mode of living seemed to justify the expression. Towards the close of his days, his friend the Marquis of Lansdowne obtained for him a pension of £300 a-year. But he had not long enjoyed this important accession to his income before his faculties began to fail. His memory was the first to give way; he lingered, in increasing decay, for about two years, till on the 26th of February he died, at the age of nearly 72.

His funeral took place in a neighbouring churchyard, where one of his daughters was buried. It was so strictly and so unnecessarily private that but two or three persons attended, of the many who, we believe, would have willingly paid the last respect to his remains.

Thus has passed away a great poet from the world—a man whose manners added grace to every circle in which he moved—animation to the gay, and sentiment to the refined. If England holds his remains, Ireland is the heir of his fame; and if she has a sense of gratitude, she will give some public testimonial of her homage to the genius which has given another ray to the lustre of her name.

## MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

## BOOK XI.—INITIAL CHAPTER.

It is not an uncommon crotchet amongst benevolent men to maintain that wickedness is necessarily a sort of insanity, and that nobody would make a violent start out of the straight path unless stung to such disorder by a bee in his bonnet. Certainly, when some very clever, well-educated person, like our friend, Randal Leslie, acts upon the fallacious principle that "roguey is the best policy," it is curious to see how many points he has in common with the insane: what over-cunning—what irritable restlessness—what suspicious belief that the rest of the world are in a conspiracy against him, which it requires all his wit to baffle and turn to his own proper aggrandisement and profit. Perhaps some of my readers may have thought that I have represented Randal as unnaturally far-fetched in his schemes, too wire-drawn and subtle in his speculations; yet that is commonly the case with very refining intellects, when they choose to play the knave;—it helps to disguise from themselves the ugliness of their ambition, just as a philosopher delights in the ingenuity of some metaphysical process, which ends in what plain men call "atheism," who would be infinitely shocked and offended if he were entitled an atheist. As I have somewhere said or implied before, it is difficult for us dull folks to conceive the glee which a wily brain takes in the exercise of its own ingenuity.

Having premised thus much on behalf of the "Natural" in Randal Leslie's character, I must here fly off to say a word or two on the agency in human life exercised by a passion rarely seen without a mask in our debonnaire and civilised age—I mean Hate.

In the good old days of our forefathers, when plain speaking and hard blows were in fashion—when a man had his heart at the tip of his tongue, and four feet of sharp iron dangling at his side, Hate played an honest,

open part in the theatre of the world. In fact, when we read history, it seems to have "starred it" on the stage. But now, where is Hate?—who ever sees its face? Is it that smiling, good-tempered creature, that presses you by the hand so cordially? or that dignified figure of state that calls you its "right honourable friend?" Is it that bowing, grateful dependant?—is it that soft-eyed Amaryllis? Ask not, guess not; you will only know it to be Hate when the poison is in your cup, or the poniard in your breast. In the Gothic age, grim Humour painted "the Dance of Death;" in our polished century, some sardonic wit should give us "the Masquerade of Hate."

Certainly, the counter-passion betrays itself with ease to our gaze. Love is rarely a hypocrite. But Hate—how detect, and how guard against it? It lurks where you least suspect it; it is created by causes that you can the least foresee; and Civilisation multiplies its varieties, whilst it favours its disguise: for Civilisation increases the number of contending interests, and Refinement renders more susceptible to the least irritation—the cuticle of Self-Love. But Hate comes covertly forth from some self-interest we have crossed, or some self-love we have wounded; and, dullards that we are, how seldom we are aware of our offence! You may be hated by a man you have never seen in your life; you may be hated as often by one you have loaded with benefits;—you may so walk as not to tread on a worm; but you must sit fast on your easy-chair till you are carried out to your bier, if you would be sure not to tread on some snake of a foe. But, then, what harm does the Hate do us? Very often the harm is as unseen by the world as the hate is unrecognised by us. It may come on us, unawares, in some solitary byway of our life; strike us in our unsuspecting privacy; thwart us in some blessed hope we have

never told to another: for the moment the world sees that it is Hate that strikes us, its worst power of mischief is gone.

We have a great many names for the same passion—Envy, Jealousy, Spite, Prejudice, Rivalry; but they are so many synonyms for the one old heathen demon. When the death-giving shaft of Apollo sent the plague to some unhappy Achæan, it did not much matter to the victim whether the god were called Helios or Smintheus.

No man you ever met in the world seemed more raised above the malice of Hate than Audley Egerton: even

in the hot war of politics he had scarcely a personal foe; and in private life he kept himself so aloof and apart from others that he was little known, save by the benefits the waste of his wealth conferred. "That the hate of any one could reach the austere statesman on his high pinnacle of esteem,—you would have smiled at the idea! But Hate is now, as it ever has been, an actual Power amidst "the Varieties of Life;" and, in spite of bars to the door, and policemen in the street, no one can be said to sleep in safety while there wakes the eye of a single foe.

## CHAPTER II.

The glory of Bond Street is no more. The title of Bond Street Lounger has faded from our lips. In vain the crowd of equipages and the blaze of shops: the repown of Bond Street was in its pavement—its pedestrians. Art thou old enough, O reader! to remember the Bond Street Lounger and his incomparable generation? For my part, I can just recall the decline of the grand era. It was on its wane when, in the ambition of boyhood, I first began to muse upon high neckcloths and Wellington boots. But the ancient *habitués*—the *magni nominis umbra*—contemporaries of Brummell in his zenith—boon companions of George IV. in his regency—still haunted the spot. From four to six in the hot month of June, they sauntered stately to and fro, looking somewhat mournful even then—foreboding the extinction of their race. The Bond Street Lounger was rarely seen alone: he was a social animal, and walked arm in arm with his fellow-man. He did not seem born for the cares of these ruder times; not made was he for an age in which Finsbury returns members to Parliament. He loved his small talk; and never since then has talk been so pleasingly small. Your true Bond Street Lounger had a very dissipated look. His youth had been spent with heroes who loved their bottle. He himself had perhaps supped with Sheridan. He was by nature a spend-thrift: you saw it in the roll of his

walk. Men who make money rarely saunter; men who save money rarely swagger. But saunter and swagger both united to stamp PRODIGAL on the Bond Street Lounger. And so familiar as he was with his own set, and so amusingly supercilious with the vulgar residue of mortals whose faces were strange to Bond Street. But He is gone. The world, though sadder for his loss, still strives to do its best without him; and our young men, now-a-days, attend to model cottages, and incline to Tractarianism—I mean those young men who are quiet and harmless, as a Bond Street Lounger was of old—*redcant Saturnia regna*. Still the place, to an unreflecting eye, has its brilliancy and bustle. But it is a thoroughfare, not a lounge. And adown the thoroughfare, somewhat before the hour when the throng is thickest, passed two gentlemen of an appearance exceedingly out of keeping with the place. Yet both had the air of men pretending to aristocracy—an old-world air of respectability and stake in the country, and Church-and-Stateism. The burlier of the two was even rather a beau in his way. He had first learned to dress, indeed, when Bond Street was at its acmé, and Brummell in his pride. He still retained in his garb the fashion of his youth; only what then had spoken of the town, now betrayed the life of the country. His neckcloth ample and high, and of snowy whiteness, set off to comely

advantage a face smooth-shaven, and of clear, florid hues; his coat of royal blue, with buttons in which you might have seen yourself *vehuti in speculum*, was, rather jauntily, buttoned across a waist that spoke of lusty middle age, free from the ambition, the avarice, and the anxieties that fret Londoners into threadpapers; his smallclothes of greyish drab, loose at the thigh and tight at the knee, were made by Brummell's own breeches-maker, and the gaiters to match (thrust half-way down the calf) had a manly dandyism that would have done honour to the beautiful of a county member. The profession of this gentleman's companion was unmistakable—the shovel-hat, the clerical cut of the coat, the neckcloth without collar, that seemed made for its accessory—the band, and something very decorous, yet very mild, in the whole mien of this personage, all spoke of one who was every inch the gentleman and the parson.

"No," said the portlier of these two persons—"no, I can't say I like Frank's looks at all. There's certainly something on his mind. However, I suppose it will be all out this evening."

"He dines with you at your hotel, Squire? Well, you must be kind to him. We can't put old heads upon young shoulders."

"I don't object to his head being young," returned the Squire; "but I wish he had a little of Randal Leslie's good sense in it. I see how it will end: I must take him back into the country; and if he wants occupation, why, he shall keep the hounds, and I'll put him into Brookshy farm."

"As for the hounds," replied the Parson, "hounds necessitate horses; and I think more mischief comes to a young man of spirit, from the stables, than from any other place in the world. They ought to be exposed from the pulpit, those stables!" added Mr Dale, thoughtfully; "see what they entailed upon Nimrod! But agriculture is a healthful and noble pursuit, honoured by sacred nations, and cherished by the greatest men in classical times. For instance, the Athenians were—"

"Bother the Athenians!" cried the

Squire irreverently; "you need not go so far back for an example. It is enough for a Hazeldean that his father and his grandfather and his great-grandfather all farmed before him; and a devilish deal better, I take it, than any of those musty old Athenians—no offence to them. But I'll tell you one thing, Parson—a man, to farm well, and live in the country, should have a wife; it is half the battle."

"As to a battle, a man who is married is pretty sure of half, though not always the better half, of it," answered the Parson, who seemed peculiarly facetious that day. "Ah, Squire, I wish I could think Mrs Hazeldean right in her conjecture!—you would have the prettiest daughter-in-law in the three kingdoms. And I think, if I could have a good talk with the young lady apart from her father, we could remove the only objection I know to the marriage. Those Popish errors—"

"Ah, very true!" cried the Squire; "that Pope sticks hard in my gizzard. I could excuse her being a foreigner, and not having, I suppose, a shilling in her pocket—bless her handsome face!—but to be worshipping images in her room instead of going to the parish church, that will never do. But you think you could talk her out of the Pope, and into the family pew?"

"Why, I could have talked her father out of the Pope, only, when he had not a word to say for himself, he bolted out of the window. Youth is more ingenuous in confessing its errors."

"I own," said the Squire, "that both Harry and I had a favourite notion of ours, till this Italian girl got into our heads. Do you know we both took a great fancy to Randal's little sister—pretty, blushing, English-faced girl as ever you saw. And it went to Harry's good heart to see her so neglected by that silly, fidgetty mother of hers, her hair hanging about her ears; and I thought it would be a fine way to bring Randal and Frank more together, and enable me to do something for Randal himself—a good boy, with Hazeldean blood in his veins. But Violaute is so handsome, that I don't wonder at the boy's choice; and then it is our fault—we

let them see so much of each other, as children. However, I should be very angry if Rickeybockey had been playing sly, and running away from the Casino in order to give Frank an opportunity to carry on a clandestine intercourse with his daughter."

"I don't think that would be like Riccabocca; more like him to run away in order to deprive Frank of the best of all occasions to court Violante, if he so desired; for where could he see more of her than at the Casino?"

SQUIRE.—"That's well put. Considering he was only a foreign doctor, and, for aught we know, went about in a caravan, he is a gentlemanlike fellow, that Rickeybockey. I speak of people as I find them. But what is your notion about Frank? I see you don't think he is in love with Violante, after all. Out with it, man; speak plain."

PARSON.—"Since you so urge me, I own I do not think him in love with her; neither does my Carry, who is uncommonly shrewd in such matters."

SQUIRE.—"Your Carry, indeed!—as if she were half as shrewd as my Harry. Carry—nonsense!"

PARSON, (reddening).—"I don't want to make invidious remarks; but, Mr Hazeldean, when you sneer at my Carry, I should not be a man if I did not say that—"

SQUIRE, (interrupting).—"She was a good little woman enough; but to compare her to my Harry!"

PARSON.—"I don't compare her to your Harry; I don't compare her to any woman in England, sir. But you are losing your temper, Mr Hazeldean!"

SQUIRE.—"I!"

PARSON.—"And people are staring at you, Mr Hazeldean. For decency's sake, compose yourself, and change the subject. We are just at the Albany. I hope that we shall not find poor Captain Higginbotham as ill as he represents himself in his letter. Ah! is it possible? No, it cannot be. Look—look!"

SQUIRE.—"Where—what—where? Don't pinch so hard. Bless me, do you see a ghost?"

PARSON.—"There—the gentleman in black!"

SQUIRE.—"Gentleman in black! What!—in broad daylight! Nonsense!"

Here the Parson made a spring forward, and, catching the arm of the person in question, who himself had stopped, and was gazing intently on the pair, exclaimed—

"Sir, pardon me; but is not your name Fairfield? Ah, it is Leonard—it is—my dear, dear boy! What joy! So altered, so improved, but still the same honest face. Squire, come here—your old friend, Leonard Fairfield."

"And he wanted to persuade me," said the Squire, shaking Leonard heartily by the hand, "that you were the gentleman in black; but, indeed, he has been in strange humours and tantrums all the morning. Well, Master Lenny; why, you are grown quite a gentleman! The world thrives with you—eh! I suppose you are head-gardener to some grandee."

"Not that, sir," said Leonard smiling. "But the world has thriven with me at last, though not without some rough usage at starting. Ah, Mr Dale, you can little guess how often I have thought of you and your discourse on Knowledge; and, what is more, how I have lived to feel the truth of your words, and to bless the lesson."

PARSON, (much touched and flattered).—"I expected nothing less of you, Leonard; you were always a lad of great sense, and sound judgment. So you have thought of my little discourse on Knowledge, have you?"

SQUIRE.—"Hang knowledge! I have reason to hate the word. It burned down three ricks of mine; the finest ricks you ever set eyes on, Mr Fairfield."

PARSON.—"That was not knowledge, Squire; that was ignorance."

SQUIRE.—"Ignorance! The deuce it was. I'll just appeal to you, Mr Fairfield. We have been having sad riots in the shire, and the ring-leader was just such another lad as you were!"

LEONARD.—"I am very much obliged to you, Mr Hazeldean. In what respect?"

SQUIRE.—"Why, he was a village genius, and always reading some cursed little tract or other; and got

mighty discontented with King, Lords, and Commons, I suppose, and went about talking of the wrongs of the poor, and the crimes of the rich, till, by Jove, sir, the whole mob rose one day with pitchforks and sickles, and smash went Farmer Smart's thrashing-machines; and on the same night my ricks were on fire. We caught the rogues, and they were all tried; but the poor deluded labourers were let off with a short imprisonment. The village genius, thank heaven, is sent packing to Botany Bay."

LEONARD.—"But, did his books teach him to burn ricks, and smash machines?"

PARSON.—"No; he said quite the contrary, and declared that he had no hand in those misdoings."

SQUIRE.—"But he was proved to have excited, with his wild talk, the boobies who had! 'Gad, sir, there was a hypocritical Quaker once, who said to his enemy, 'I can't shed thy blood, friend, but I will hold thy head under water till thou art drowned.' And so there is a set of demagogical fellows, who keep calling out, 'Farmer This is an oppressor, and Squire That is a vampire! But no violence! Don't smash their machines, don't burn their ricks! Moral force, and a curse on all tyrants!' Well, and if poor Hodge thinks moral force is all my eye, and that the recommendation is to be read backwards, in the devil's way of reading the Lord's Prayer, I should like to know which of the two ought to go to Botany Bay—Hodge who comes out like a man, if he thinks he is wronged, or 'tother sneaking chap, who makes use of his knowledge to keep himself out of the scrape?"

PARSON.—"It may be very true; but when I saw that poor fellow at the bar, with his intelligent face, and heard his bold clear defence, and thought of all his hard struggles for knowledge, and how they had ended, because he forgot that knowledge is like fire, and must not be thrown amongst flax—why, I could have given my right hand to save him. And, oh Squire, do you remember his poor mother's shriek of despair when he was sentenced to transportation for life—I hear it now! And what, Leonard—what do you think

had misled him? At the bottom of all the mischief was a Tinker's bag. You cannot forget Sprott?"

LEONARD.—"Tinker's bag! — Sprott!"

SQUIRE.—"That rascal, sir, was the hardest fellow to nab you could possibly conceive; as full of quips and quirks as an Old Bailey lawyer. But we managed to bring it home to him. Lord! his bag was choke-full of tracts against every man who had a good coat on his back; and as if that was not enough, cheek by jowl with the tracts were lucifers, contrived on a new principle, for teaching my ricks the theory of spontaneous combustion. The labourers bought the lucifers—"

PARSON.—"And the poor village genius bought the tracts."

SQUIRE.—"All headed with a motto—'To teach the working-classes that knowledge is power.' So that I was right in saying that knowledge had burnt my ricks; knowledge inflamed the village genius, the village genius inflamed fellows more ignorant than himself, and they inflamed my stackyard. However, lucifers, tracts, village genius, and Sprott, are all off to Botany Bay; and the shire has gone on much the better for it. So no more of your knowledge for me, begging your pardon, Mr Fairfield. Such uncommonly fine ricks as mine were, too! I declare, Parson, you are looking as if you felt pity for Sprott; and I saw you, indeed, whispering to him as he was taken out of court."

PARSON, (looking sheepish.)—"Indeed, Squire, I was only asking him what had become of his donkey, an unoffending creature."

SQUIRE.—"Unoffending! Upset me amidst a thistle-bed in my own village green. I remember it. Well, what did he say *had* become of the donkey?"

PARSON.—"He said but one word; but that showed all the vindictiveness of his disposition. He said it with a horrid wink, that made my blood run cold. 'What's become of your poor donkey?' said I, and he answered—"

SQUIRE.—"Go on. He answered—"

PARSON.—" 'Sausages.' "

SQUIRE.—“Sausages! Like enough; and sold to the poor; and that’s what the poor will come to if they listen to such revolutionising villains. Sausages! Donkey sausages!—(spitting)—’Tis as bad as eating one another; perfect cannibalism.”

Leonard, who had been thrown into grave thought by the history of Sprott and the village genius, now pressing the Parson’s hand, asked permission to wait on him before Mr Dale quitted London; and was about to withdraw, when the Parson, gently detaining him, said—“No; don’t leave me yet, Leonard—I have so much to ask you, and to talk about. I shall be at leisure shortly. We are just now going to call on a relation of the Squire’s, whom you must recollect, I am sure—Captain Higginbotham—Barnabas Higginbotham. He is very poorly.”

“And I am sure he would take it kind in you to call too,” said the Squire with great good-nature.”

LEONARD.—“Nay, sir, would not that be a great liberty?”

SQUIRE.—“Liberty! To ask a poor sick gentleman how he is? Nonsense. And I say, sir, perhaps, as no doubt you have been living in town, and know more of new-fangled notions than I do—perhaps you can tell us whether or not it is all humbug, that new way of doctoring people?”

“What new way, sir? There are so many.”

“Are there? Folks in London *do* look uncommonly sickly. But my poor cousin (he was never a Solomon) has got hold, he says, of a homey—homely—What’s the word, Parson?”

PARSON.—“Homœopathist.”

SQUIRE.—“That’s it! You see the Captain went to live with one Sharpe Currie, a relation who had a great deal of money, and very little liver;—made the one, and left much of the other in Inge, you understand. The Captain had *expectations* of the money. Very natural, I dare say; but Lord, sir! what do you think has happened? Sharpe Currie has done him! Would

not die, sir; got back his liver, and the Captain has lost his own. Strangest thing you ever heard. And then the ungrateful old Nabob has dismissed the Captain, saying, ‘He can’t bear to have invalids about him;’ and is going to marry, and I have no doubt will have children by the dozen!”

PARSON.—“It was in Germany, at one of the Spas, that Mr Currie recovered; and as he had the selfish inhumanity to make the Captain go through a course of waters simultaneously with himself, it has so chanced that the same waters that cured Mr Currie’s liver have destroyed Captain Higginbotham’s. An English homœopathic physician, then staying at the Spa, has attended the Captain hither, and declares that he will restore him by infinitesimal doses of the same chemical properties that were found in the waters which diseased him. Can there be anything in such a theory?”

LEONARD.—“I once knew a very able, though eccentric homœopathist, and I am inclined to believe there may be something in the system. My friend went to Germany: it may possibly be the same person who attends the Captain. May I ask his name?”

SQUIRE.—“Consin Barnabas does not mention it. You may ask it of himself, for here we are at his chambers. I say, Parson, (whispering slyly,) if a small dose of what hurt the Captain is to cure him, don’t you think the proper thing would be a—legacy? Ha! ha!”

PARSON, (trying not to laugh.) —“Hush, Squire. Poor human nature! We must be merciful to its infirmities. Come in, Leonard.”

Leonard, interested in his doubt whether he might thus chance again upon Dr Morgan, obeyed the invitation, and with his two companions followed the woman—who “did for the Captain and his rooms”—across the small lobby, into the presence of the sufferer.

#### CHAPTER III.

Whatever the disposition towards merriment at his cousin’s expense

entertained by the Squire, it vanished instantly at the sight of the Cap-

tain's doleful visage and emaciated figure.

"Very good in you to come to town to see me—very good in you, cousin; and in you too, Mr Dale. How very well you are both looking. I'm a sad wreck. You might count every bone in my body."

"Hazeldean air and roast beef will soon set you up, my boy," said the Squire kindly. "You were a great goose to leave them, and these comfortable rooms of yours in the Albany."

"They *are* comfortable, though not showy," said the Captain, with tears in his eyes. "I had done my best to make them so. New carpets—this very chair—(morocco!)—that Japan cat (holds toast and muffins)—just when—just when—(the tears here broke forth, and the Captain fairly whimpered)—just when that ungrateful bad-hearted man wrote me word 'he was—was dying and lone in the world;' and—and—to think what I've gone through for him!—and to treat me so. Cousin William, he has grown as hale as yourself, and—and—"

"Cheer up, cheer up!" cried the compassionate Squire. "It is a very hard case, I allow. But you see, as the old proverb says, 'tis ill waiting for a dead man's shoes;' and in future—I don't mean offence—but I think if you would calculate less on the livers of your relations, it would be all the better for your own. Excuse me."

"Cousin William," replied the poor Captain, "I am sure I never calculated; but still, if you had seen that deceitful man's good-for-nothing face—as yellow as a guinea—and have

gone through all I've gone through, you would have felt cut to the heart as I do. I can't bear ingratitude. I never could. But let it pass. Will that gentleman take a chair?"

PARSON. — "Mr Fairfield has kindly called with us, because he knows something of this system of homœopathy which you have adopted, and may, perhaps, know the practitioner. What is the name of your doctor?"

CAPTAIN, (looking at his watch.) — "That reminds me, (swallowing a globule.) A great relief these little pills—after the physic I've taken to please that malignant man. He always tried his doctor's stuff upon me. But there's another world, and a juster!"

With that pious conclusion, the Captain again began to weep.

"Touched," muttered the Squire, with his forefinger on his forehead. "You seem to have a good tidy sort of nurse here, Cousin Barnabas. I hope she's pleasant, and lively, and don't let you take on so."

"Hist!—don't talk of her. All mercenary; every bit of her fawning! Would you believe it? I give her ten shillings a-week, besides all that goes down of my pats of butter and rolls, and I overheard the jade saying to the laundress that 'I could not last long; and she'd—EXPECTATIONS!' Ah, Mr Dale, when one thinks of the sinfulness there is in this life! But I'll not think of it. No—I'll not. Let us change the subject. You were asking my doctor's name? It is—"

Here the woman 'with expectations' threw open the door, and suddenly announced—"DR MORGAN."

#### CHAPTER IV.

The Parson started, and so did Leonard.

The Homœopathist did not at first notice either. With an unobservant bow to the visitors, he went straight to the patient, and asked, "How go the symptoms?"

Therewith the Captain commenced, in a tone of voice like a schoolboy reciting the catalogue of the ships in Homer. He had been evidently con-

ning the symptoms, and learning them by heart. Nor was there a single nook or corner in his anatomical organisation, so far as the Captain was acquainted with that structure, but what some symptom or other was dragged therefrom, and exposed to day. The Squire listened with horror to the morbid inventory—muttering at each dread interval, "Bless me! Lord bless me! What,



more still! Death would be a very happy release!" Meanwhile the Doctor endured the recital with exemplary patience, noting down in the leaves of his pocket-book what appeared to him the salient points in this fortress of disease to which he had laid siege, and then, drawing forth a minute paper, said—

"Capital—nothing can be better. This must be dissolved in eight table-spoonfuls of water; one spoonful every two hours."

"Table-spoonful?"

"Table-spoonful."

"'Nothing can be better,' did you say, sir?" repeated the Squire, who, in his astonishment at that assertion applied to the Captain's description of his sufferings, had hitherto hung fire—"nothing can be better?"

"For the diagnosis, sir!" replied Dr Morgan.

"For the dogs' noses, very possibly," quoth the Squire; "but for the inside of Cousin Higginbotham, I should think nothing could be worse."

"You are mistaken, sir," replied Dr Morgan. "It is not the Captain who speaks here—it is his liver. Liver, sir, though a noble, is an imaginative organ, and indulges in the most extraordinary fictions. Seat of poetry, and love, and jealousy—the liver. Never believe what it says. You have no idea what a liar it is! But—ahem—ahem. Cott—I think I've seen you before, sir. Surely your name's Hazeldean?"

"William Hazeldean, at your service, Doctor. But where have you seen me?"

"On the hustings at Lansmere. You were speaking on behalf of your distinguished brother, Mr Egerton."

"Hang it!" cried the Squire: "I think it must have been my liver that spoke there! for I promised the electors that that half-brother of mine would stick by the land; and I never told a bigger lie in my life!"

Here the patient, reminded of his other visitors, and afraid he was going to be bored with the enumeration of the Squire's wrongs, and probably the whole history of his duel with Captain Dashmore, turned, with a languid wave of his hand, and said, "Doctor, another friend of mine, the

Rev. Mr Dale,—and a gentleman who is acquainted with homœopathy."

"Dale? What, more old friends!" cried the Doctor, rising; and the Parson came somewhat reluctantly from the window nook, to which he had retired. The Parson and the Homœopathist shook hands.

"We have met before on a very mournful occasion," said the Doctor, with feeling.

The Parson held his finger to his lips, and glanced towards Leonard. The Doctor stared at the lad, but he did not recognise in the person before him the gaunt care-worn boy whom he had placed with Mr Prickett, until Leonard smiled and spoke. And then smile and the voice sufficed.

"Cott—and it is the boy!" cried Dr Morgan; and he actually caught hold of Leonard, and gave him an affectionate Welch hug. Indeed, his agitation at these several surprises became so great that he stopped short, drew forth a globule—"Aconite—good against nervous shocks!"—and swallowed it incontinently.

"Gad," said the Squire, rather astonished, "'tis the first doctor I ever saw swallow his own medicine! There must be something in it."

The Captain now, highly disgusted that so much attention was withdrawn from his own case, asked in a querulous voice, "And as to diet? What shall I have for dinner?"

"A friend!" said the Doctor, wiping his eyes.

"Zounds!" cried the Squire, retreating, "do you mean to say, sir, that the British laws (to be sure, they are very much changed of late) allow you to diet your patients upon their fellow-men? Why, Parson, this is worse than the donkey sausages."

"Sir," said Dr Morgan, gravely, "I mean to say, that it matters little what we eat, in comparison with care as to whom we eat with. It is better to exceed a little with a friend, than to observe the strictest regimen, and eat alone. Talk and laughter help the digestion, and are indispensable in affections of the liver. I have no doubt, sir, that it was my patient's agreeable society that tended to restore to health his dyspeptic relative, Mr Sharpe Currie."

The Captain groaned aloud.

"And, therefore, if one of you gentlemen will stay and dine with Mr Higginbotham, it will greatly assist the effects of his medicine."

The Captain turned an imploring eye, first towards his cousin, then towards the Parson.

"I'm engaged to dine with my son—very sorry," said the Squire. "But Dale, here"—

"If he will be so kind," put in the Captain, "we might cheer the evening with a game at whist—double dummy."

Now, poor Mr Dale had set his heart on dining with an old college friend, and having, no stupid, prosy double dummy, in which one cannot have the pleasure of scolding one's partner, but a regular orthodox rubber, with the pleasing prospect of scolding all the three other performers. But as his quiet life forbade him to be a hero in great things, the Parson had made up his mind to be a hero in small ones. Therefore, though with rather a rueful face, he accepted the Captain's invitation, and promised to return at six o'clock to dine. Meanwhile, he must hurry off to the other end of the town, and excuse himself from the pre-engagement he had already formed. He now gave his card, with the address of a quiet family hotel thereon, to Leonard, and not looking quite so charmed with Dr Morgan as he was before that unwelcome prescription, he took his leave. The Squire, too, having to see a new churm, and execute various commissions for his Harry, went his way, (not, however, till Dr Morgan had assured him that, in a few weeks, the Captain might safely remove to Hazledean;) and Leonard was about to follow, when Morgan hooked his arm in his old *protégé's*, and said, "But I must have some talk with you; and you have to tell me all about the little orphan girl."

Leonard could not resist the pleasure of talking about Helen; and he got into the carriage, which was waiting at the door for the homoeopathist.

"I am going into the country a few miles to see a patient," said the Doctor; "so we shall have time for undisturbed consultation. I have so often wondered what had become of you. Not hearing from Prickett, I

wrote to him, and received an answer as dry as a bone from his heir. Poor fellow! I found that he had neglected his globules, and quitted the globe. Alas, *pulvis et umbra sumus*! I could learn no tidings of you. Prickett's successor declared he knew nothing about you. I hoped the best; for I always fancied you were one who would fall on your legs—bilious-nervous temperament; such are the men who succeed in their undertakings, especially if they take a spoonful of *chamomilla* whenever they are over-excited. So now for your history and the little girl's—pretty little thing—never saw a more susceptible constitution, nor one more suited—to pulsatilla."

Leonard briefly related his own struggles and success, and informed the good Doctor how they had at last discovered the nobleman in whom poor Captain Digby had confided, and whose care of the orphan had justified the confidence.

Dr Morgan opened his eyes at hearing the name of Lord L'Estrange. "I remember him very well," said he, "when I practised murder as an allopathist at Lansmere. But to think that wild boy, so full of whim, and life, and spirit, should become staid enough for a guardian to that dear little child, with her timid eyes and pulsatilla sensibilities. Well, wonders never cease. And he has befriended you too, you say. Ah, he knew your family."

"So he says. Do you think, sir, that he ever knew—ever saw—my mother?"

"Eh! your mother?—Nora?" exclaimed the Doctor quickly; and, as if struck by some sudden thought, his brows met, and he remained silent and musing a few moments; then, observing Leonard's eyes fixed on him earnestly, he replied to the question:—

"No doubt he saw her; she was brought up at Lady Lansmere's. Did he not tell you so?"

"No." A vague suspicion here darted through Leonard's mind, but as suddenly vanished. His father! Impossible. His father must have deliberately wronged the dead mother. And was Harley L'Estrange a man capable of such wrong? And

had he been Harley's son, would not Harley have guessed it at once, and so guessing, have owned and claimed him? Besides, Lord L'Estrange looked so young;—old enough to be Leonard's father!—he could not entertain the idea. He roused himself, and said falteringly—

"You told me you did not know by what name I should call my father."

"And I told you the truth, to the best of my belief."

"By your honour, sir?"

"By my honour, I do not know it."

There was now a long silence. The carriage had long left London, and was on a high-road somewhat lonelier, and more free from houses than most of those which form the entrances to the huge city. Leonard gazed wistfully from the window, and the objects that met his eyes gradually seemed to appeal to his memory. Yes! it was the road by which he had first approached the metropolis, hand in hand with Helen—and hope so busy at his poet's heart. He sighed deeply. He thought he would willingly have resigned all he had won—independence, fame, all—to feel again the clasp of that tender hand—again to be the sole protector of that gentle life.

The Doctor's voice broke on his reverie. "I am going to see a very interesting patient—coats to his stomach quite worn out, sir—man of great learning, with a very inflamed cerebellum. I can't do him much good, and he does me a great deal of harm."

"How harm?" asked Leonard, with an effort at some rejoinder.

"Hits me on the heart, and makes my eyes water—very pathetic case—grand creature, who has thrown himself away. Found him given over by the allopathists, and in a high state of *delirium tremens*—restored him for a time—took a great liking to him—could not help it—swallowed a great many globules to harden myself against him—would not do—brought him over to England with the other patients, who all pay me well (except Captain Higginbotham.) But this poor fellow pays me nothing—costs me a great deal in time and turnpikes, and board and lodging.

Thank Heaven I'm a single man, and can afford it! My poy, I would let all the other patients go to the allopathists if I could but save this poor big penniless princely fellow. But what can one do with a stomach that has not a rag of its coat left? Stop—(the Doctor pulled the check-string.) This is the stile. I get out here and go across the fields."

That stile—those fields—with what distinctness Leonard remembered them. Ah, where was Helen? Could she ever, ever again be his child-angel?

"I will go with you, if you permit," said he to the good Doctor. "And while you pay your visit, I will saunter by a little brook that I think must run by your way."

"The Brent—you know that brook? Ah, you should hear my poor patient talk of it, and of the hours he has spent angling in it—you could not know whether to laugh or cry. The first day he was brought down to the place, he wanted to go out and try once more, he said, for his old deluding demon—a one-eyed perch."

"Heavens!" exclaimed Leonard, "are you speaking of John Burley?"

"To be sure, that is his name—John Burley."

"Oh, has it come to this? Cure him, save him, if it be in human power. For the last two years I have sought his trace everywhere, and in vain, the moment I had money of my own—a home of my own. Poor, erring, glorious Burley. Take me to him. Did you say there was no hope?"

"I did not say that," replied the Doctor. "But art can only assist nature; and, though nature is ever at work to repair the injuries we do to her, yet, when the coats of a stomach are all gone, she gets puzzled, and so do I. You must tell me another time how you came to know Burley, for here we are at the house, and I see him at the window looking out for me."

The Doctor opened the garden gate to the quiet cottage to which poor Burley had fled from the pure presence of Leonard's child-angel. And with heavy step, and heavy heart, Leonard mournfully followed, to behold the wrecks of him whose wit had glorified orgy, and "set the table in a roar."—Alas, poor Yorick!

## CHAPTER V.

Audley Egerton stands on his hearth alone. During the short interval that has elapsed since we last saw him, events had occurred memorable in English history, wherewith we have nought to do in a narrative studiously avoiding all party politics even when treating of politicians. The new Ministers had stated the general programme of their policy, and introduced one measure in especial that had lifted them at once to the dizzy height of popular power. But it became clear that this measure could not be carried without a fresh appeal to the people. A dissolution of Parliament, as Audley's sagacious experience had foreseen, was inevitable. And Audley Egerton had no chance of return for his own seat—for the great commercial city identified with his name. Oh sad, but not rare, instance of the mutabilities of that same popular favour now enjoyed by his successors! The great commoner, the weighty speaker, the expert man of business, the statesman who had seemed a type of the practical steady sense for which our middle class is renowned—he who, not three years since, might have had his honoured choice of the largest popular constituencies in the kingdom—he, Audley Egerton, knew not one single town (free from the influences of private property or interest) in which the obscurest candidate, who bawled out for the new popular measure, would not have beaten him hollow. Where one popular hustings, on which that grave sonorous voice that had stilled so often the roar of faction, would not be drowned amidst the hoots of the scornful mob?

True, what were called the close boroughs still existed—true, many a chief of his party would have been too proud of the honour of claiming Audley Egerton for his nominee. But the ex-Minister's haughty soul shrunk from this contrast to his past position. And to fight against the popular measure, as member of one of the seats most denounced by the people,—he felt it was a post in the grand army of parties below

his dignity to occupy, and foreign to his peculiar mind, which required the sense of consequence and station. And if, in a few months, these seats were swept away—were annihilated from the rolls of Parliament—where was he? Moreover, Egerton, emancipated from the trammels that had bound his will while his party was in office, desired, in the turn of events, to be nominee of no other man—desired to stand at least freely and singly on the ground of his own services, be guided by his own penetration; no law for action, but his strong sense and his stout English heart. Therefore he had declined all offers from those who could still bestow seats in Parliament. Those he could purchase with hard gold were yet open to him. And the £5000 he had borrowed from Levy were yet untouched.

To this lone public man, public life, as we have seen, was the all in all. But now more than ever it was vital to his very wants. Around him yawned ruin. He knew that it was in Levy's power at any moment to foreclose on his mortgaged lands—to pour in the bonds and the bills which lay within those rosewood receptacles that lined the fatal lair of the sleek usurer—to seize on the very house in which now moved all the pomp of a retinue that vied with the *valetaille* of dukes—to advertise for public auction, under execution, "the costly effects of the Right Hon. Audley Egerton." But, consummate in his knowledge of the world, Egerton felt assured that Levy would not adopt these measures against him while he could still tower in the van of political war—while he could still see before him the full chance of restoration to power, perhaps to power still higher than before—perhaps to power the highest of all beneath the throne. That Levy, whose hate he divined, though he did not conjecture all its causes, had hitherto delayed even a visit, even a menace, seemed to him to show that Levy still thought him one "to be helped," or, at least, one too powerful to crush. To secure his

position in Parliament unshackled, unfallen, if but for another year,—new combinations of party might arise, new reactions take place, in public opinion! And, with his hand pressed to his heart, the stern firm man muttered,—“If not, I ask but to die in my harness, and that men may not know that I am a pauper, until all that I need from my country is a grave.”

Scarcely had these words died upon his lips ere two quick knocks in succession resounded at the street door. In another moment Harley entered, and, at the same time, the servant in attendance approached Audley, and announced Baron Levy.

“Beg the Baron to wait, unless he would prefer to name his own hour to call again,” answered Egerton, with the slightest possible change of colour. “You can say I am now with Lord L’Estrange.”

“I had hoped you had done for ever with that deluder of youth,” said Harley, as soon as the groom of the chambers had withdrawn. “I remember that you saw too much of him in the gay time, ere wild oats are sown; but now surely you can never need a loan; and if so, is not Harley L’Estrange by your side?”

EGERTON.—“My dear Harley!—doubtless he but comes to talk to me of some borough. He has much to do with those delicate negotiations.”

HARLEY.—“And I have come on the same business. I claim the priority. I not only hear in the world, but I see by the papers, that Josiah Jenkins, Esq., known to fame as an orator who leaves out his h’s, and young Lord Willoughby Whiggolin, who is just now made a Lord of the Admiralty, because his health is too delicate for the army, are certain to come in for the city which you and your present colleague will as certainly vacate. That is true, is it not?”

EGERTON.—“My old committee now vote for Jenkins and Whiggolin. And I suppose there will not be even a contest. Go on.”

“So my father and I are agreed that you must condescend, for the sake of old friendship, to be once more member for Lansmere!”

“Harley,” exclaimed Egerton, changing countenance far more than

he had done at the announcement of Levy’s portentous visit—“Harley—No, no!”

“No! But why? Wherefore such emotion?” asked L’Estrange, in surprise.

Audley was silent.

HARLEY.—“I suggested the idea to two or three of the late Ministers; they all concur in advising you to accede. In the first place, if declining to stand for the place which tempted you from Lansmere, what more natural than that you should fall back on that earlier representation? In the second place, Lansmere is neither a rotten borough, to be bought, nor a close borough, under one man’s nomination. It is a tolerably large constituency. My father, it is true, has considerable interest in it, but only what is called the legitimate influence of property. At all events, it is more secure than a contest for a larger town, more dignified than a seat for a smaller. Hesitating still? Even my mother entreats me to say how she desires you to renew that connection.”

“Harley,” again exclaimed Egerton; and, fixing upon his friend’s earnest face, eyes which, when softened by emotion, were strangely beautiful in their expression—“Harley, if you could but read my heart at this moment, you would—you would—” His voice faltered, and he fairly bent his proud head upon Harley’s shoulder; grasping the hand he had caught, nervously, clingly—“Oh Harley, if I ever lose your love, your friendship!—nothing else is left to me in the world.”

“Audley, my dear dear Audley, is it you who speak to me thus? You, my school friend, my life’s confidant—you?”

“I am grown very weak and foolish,” said Egerton, trying to smile. “I do not know myself. I, too, whom you have so often called ‘Stoic,’ and likened to the Iron Man in the poem which you used to read by the riverside at Eton.”

“But even then, my Audley, I knew that a warm human heart (do what you would to keep it down) beat strong under the iron ribs. And I often marvel now, to think you have gone through life so free from the wilder passions. Happier so!”

Egerton, who had turned his face from his friend's gaze, remained silent for a few moments, and he then sought to divert the conversation, and roused himself to ask Harley how he had succeeded in his views upon Beatrice, and his watch on the Count.

"With regard to Peschiera," answered Harley, "I think we must have overrated the danger we apprehended, and that his wagers were but an idle boast. He has remained quiet enough, and seems devoted to play. His sister has shut her doors both on myself and my young associate during the last few days. I almost fear that, in spite of very sage warnings of mine, she must have turned his poet's head, and that either he has met with some scornful rebuff to incautious admiration, or that he himself has grown aware of peril, and declines to face it; for he is very much embarrassed when I speak to him respecting her. But if the Count is not formidable, why, his sister is not needed; and I hope yet to get justice for my Italian friend through the ordinary channels. I have secured an ally in a young Austrian prince, who is now in London, and who has promised to back, with all his influence, a memorial I shall transmit to Vienna. *Appropos*, my dear Audley, now that you have a little breathing-time, you must fix an hour for me to present to you my young poet, the son of *her* sister. At moments the expression of his face is so like hers."

"Ay, ay," answered Egerton quickly, "I will see him as you wish, but later. I have not yet that breathing-time you speak of; but you say he has prospered, and, with your friendship, he is secure from fortune. I rejoice to think so."

"And your own *protégé*, this Randall Leslie, whom you forbid me to dislike—hard task!—what has he decided?"

"To adhere to my fate. Harley, if

it please Heaven that I do ~~not~~ live to return to power, and provide adequately for that young man, do not forget that he clung to me in my fall."

"If he still cling to you faithfully, I will never forget it. I will forget only all that now makes me doubt him. But you talk of not living, Audley! Pooh!—your frame is that of a predestined octogenarian."

"Nay," answered Audley, "I was but uttering one of those vague generalities which are common upon all mortal lips. And now farewell—I must see this Baron."

"Not yet, until you have promised to consent to my proposal, and be once more member for Lansmere. Tut! don't shake your head. I cannot be denied. I claim your promise in right of our friendship, and shall be seriously hurt if you even pause to reflect on it."

"Well, well, I know not how to refuse you, Harley; but you have not been to Lansmere yourself since—since that sad event. You must not revive the old wound—you must not go; and—and I own it, Harley; the remembrance of it pains even me. I would rather not go to Lansmere."

"Ah! my friend, this is an excess of sympathy, and I cannot listen to it. I begin even to blame my own weakness, and to feel that we have no right to make ourselves the soft slaves of the past."

"You do appear to me of late to have changed," cried Egerton suddenly, and with a brightening aspect. "Do tell me that you are happy in the contemplation of your new ties—that I shall live to see you once more restored to your former self."

"All I can answer, Audley," said L'Estrange, with a thoughtful brow, "is, that you are right in one thing—I am changed; and I am struggling to gain strength for duty and for honour. Adieu! I shall tell my father that you accede to our wishes."

#### CHAPTER VI.

When Harley was gone, Egerton sunk back on his chair, as if in extreme physical or mental exhaustion, all the lines of his countenance relaxed and jaded.

"To go back to that place—there—there—where— Courage, courage—what is another pang?"

He rose with an effort, and folding his arms tightly across his breast,

paced slowly to and fro the large, mournful, solitary room. Gradually his countenance assumed its usual cold and austere composure—the secret eye, the guarded lip, the haughty collected front. The man of the world was himself once more.

“Now to gain time, and to baffle the usurer,” murmured Egerton, with that low tone of easy scorn, which bespoke consciousness of superior power and the familiar mastery over hostile natures. He rang the bell: the servant entered.

“Is Baron Levy still waiting?”

“Yes, sir.”

“Admit him.”

Levy entered.

“I beg your pardon, Levy,” said the ex-minister, “for having so long detained you. I am now at your commands.”

“My dear fellow,” returned the Baron, “no apologies between friends so old as we are; and I fear that my business is not so agreeable as to make you impatient to discuss it.”

EGERTON, (with perfect composure.) —“I am to conclude, then, that you wish to bring our accounts to a close. Whenever you will, Levy.”

THE BARON, (disconcerted and surprised.) —“*Peste ! mon cher*, you take things coolly. But if our accounts are closed, I fear you will have but little to live upon.”

EGERTON. —“I can continue to live on the salary of a Cabinet Minister.”

BARON. —“Possibly; but you are no longer a Cabinet Minister.”

EGERTON. —“You have never found me deceived in a political prediction. Within twelve months, (should life be spared to me) I shall be in office again. If the same to you, I would rather wait till then, formally and amicably to resign to you my lands and this house. If you grant that reprieve, our connection can thus close, without the *écart* and noise, which may be invidious to you, as it would be disagreeable to me. But if that delay be inconvenient, I will appoint a lawyer to examine your accounts, and adjust my liabilities.”

THE BARON, (soliloquising.) —“I don’t like this. A lawyer! That may be awkward.”

EGERTON, (observing the Baron, with a curl of his lip.) —“Well, Levy, how shall it be?”

THE BARON. —“You know, my dear fellow, it is not my character to be hard on any one, least of all upon an old friend. And if you really think there is a chance of your return to office, which you apprehend that an *esclandre* as to your affairs at present might damage, why, let us see if we can conciliate matters. But, first, *mon cher*, in order to become a Minister, you must at least have a seat in Parliament; and, pardon me the question, how the deuce are you to find one?”

EGERTON. —“It is found.”

THE BARON. —“Ah, I forgot the £5000 you last borrowed.”

EGERTON. —“No; I reserve that sum for another purpose.”

THE BARON, (with a forced laugh.) —“Perhaps to defend yourself against the actions you apprehend from me?”

EGERTON. —“You are mistaken. But to soothe your suspicions, I will tell you plainly, that finding any sum I might have insured on my life would be liable to debts preincurred, and (as you will be my sole creditor) might thus at my death pass back to you; and doubting whether, indeed, any office would accept my insurance, I appropriate that sum to the relief of my conscience. I intend to bestow it, while yet in life, upon my late wife’s kinsman, Randal Leslie. And it is solely the wish to do what I consider an act of justice, that has prevailed with me to accept a favour from the hands of Harley L’Estrange, and to become again the member for Lancashire.”

THE BARON. —“Ha!—Lancashire! You will stand for Lancashire?”

EGERTON, (wincing.) —“I propose to do so.”

THE BARON. —“I believe you will be opposed, subjected to even a sharp contest. Perhaps you may lose your election.”

EGERTON. —“If so, I resign myself, and you can foreclose on my estates.”

THE BARON, (his brow colouring.) —“Look you, Egerton, I shall be too happy to do you a favour.”

EGERTON, (with stateliness.) —“Favour! No, Baron Levy, I ask

from you no favour. Dismiss all thought of rendering me one. It is but a consideration of business on both sides. If you think it better that we shall at once settle our accounts, my lawyer shall investigate them. If you agree to the delay I request, my lawyer shall give you no trouble; and all that I have, except hope and character, pass to your hands without a struggle."

THE BARON.—"Inflexible and ungracious, favour or not—put it as you will—I accede, provided, first, that you allow me to draw up a fresh deed, which will accomplish your part of the compact; and secondly, that we saddle the proposed delay with the condition that you do not lose your election."

EGERTON.—"Agreed. Have you anything further to say?"

THE BARON.—"Nothing, except that, if you require more money, I am still at your service."

EGERTON.—"I thank you. No; I owe no man aught except yourself. I shall take the occasion of my retirement from office to reduce my establishment. I have calculated already, and provided for the expenditure I need, up to the date I have specified, and I shall have no occasion to touch the £5000 that I still retain."

"Your young friend, Mr Leslie,

ought to be very grateful to you," said the Baron, rising. "I have met him in the world—a lad of much promise and talent. You should try and get him also into Parliament."

EGERTON, (thoughtfully).—"You are a good judge of the practical abilities and merits of men, as regards worldly success. Do you really think Randal Leslie calculated for public life—for a Parliamentary career?"

THE BARON.—"Indeed I do."

EGERTON, (speaking more to himself than Levy).—"Parliament without fortune—'tis a sharp trial; still he is prudent, abstemious, energetic, persevering; and at the onset, under my auspices and advice, he might establish a position beyond his years."

THE BARON.—"It strikes me that we might possibly get him into the next Parliament; or, as that is not likely to last long, at all events into the Parliament to follow—not for one of the boroughs which will be swept away, but for a permanent seat, and without expense."

EGERTON.—"Ay—and how?"

THE BARON.—"Give me a few days to consider. An idea has occurred to me. I will call again if I find it practicable. Good day to you, Egerton, and success to your election for Lansmere."

#### CHAPTER VII.

Peschiera had not been so inactive as he had appeared to Harley and the reader. On the contrary, he had prepared the way for his ultimate design, with all the craft and the unscrupulous resolution which belouged to his nature. His object was to compel Riccabocca into assenting to the Count's marriage with Violante, or, failing that, to ruin all chance of his kinsman's restoration. Quietly and secretly he had sought out, amongst the most needy and unprincipled of his own countrymen, those whom he could suborn to depose to Riccabocca's participation in plots and conspiracies against the Austrian dominions. These his former connection with the Carbonari enabled him to track in their refuge in London; and his knowledge of the charac-

ters he had to deal with fitted him well for the villanous task he undertook.

He had, therefore, already collected witnesses sufficient for his purposes, making up in number for their defects in quality. Meanwhile, he had (as Harley had suspected he would) set spies upon Randal's movements; and the day before that young traitor confided to him Violante's retreat, he had, at least, got scent of her father's.

The discovery that Violante was under a roof so honoured, and seemingly so safe as Lord Lansmere's, did not discourage this bold and desperate adventurer. We have seen him set forth to reconnoitre the house at Knightsbridge. He had examined it well, and discovered the quarter which he judged favourable to a *coup-de-main*, should that become necessary.



Lord Lansmere's house and grounds were surrounded by a wall, the entrance being to the high-road, and by a porter's lodge. At the rear there lay fields crossed by a lane or by-road. To these fields a small door in the wall, which was used by the gardeners in passing to and from their work, gave communication. This door was usually kept locked; but the lock was of the rude and simple description common to such entrances, and easily opened by a skeleton key. So far there was no obstacle which Peschiera's experience in conspiracy and gallantry did not disdain as trivial. But the Count was not disposed to abrupt and violent means in the first instance. He had a confidence in his personal gifts, in his address, in his previous triumphs over the sex, which made him naturally desire to hazard the effect of a personal interview; and on this he resolved with his wonted audacity. Randal's description of Violante's personal appearance, and such suggestions as to her character and the motives most likely to influence her actions, as that young lynx-eyed observer could bestow, were all that the Count required of present aid from his accomplice.

Meanwhile we return to Violante herself. We see her now seated in the gardens at Knightsbridge, side by side with Helen. The place was retired, and out of sight from the windows of the house.

VIOLANTE.—“But why will you not tell me more of that early time? You are less communicative even than Leonard.”

HELEN, (looking down, and hesitatingly.)—“Indeed there is nothing to tell you that you do not know; and it is so long since, and things are so changed now.”

The tone of the last words was mournful, and the words ended with a sigh.

VIOLANTE, (with enthusiasm.)—“How I envy you that past which you treat so lightly! To have been something, even in childhood, to the formation of a noble nature; to have borne on those slight shoulders half the load of a man's grand labour. And now to see Genius moving calm in its clear career; and to say inly, ‘Of that genius I am a part!’”

“HELEN, (sadly and humbly.)—“A part! Oh, no! A part? I don't understand you.”

VIOLANTE.—“Take the child Beatrice from Dante's life, and should we have a Dante? What is a poet's genius but the voice of its emotions? All things in life and in Nature influence genius; but what influences it the most, are its sorrows and affections.”

Helen looks softly into Violante's eloquent face, and draws nearer to her in tender silence.

VIOLANTE, (suddenly.) — “Yes, Helen, yes—I know by my own heart how to read yours. Such memories are ineffaceable. Few guess what strange self-weavers of our own destinies we women are in our veriest childhood!” She sunk her voice into a whisper: “How could Leonard fail to be dear to you—dear as you to him—dearer than all others?”

HELEN, (shrinking back, and greatly disturbed.) — “Hush, hush! you must not speak to me thus; it is wicked—I cannot bear it. I would not have it be so—it must not be—it cannot!”

She clasped her hands over her eyes for a moment, and then lifted her face, and the face was very sad, but very calm.

VIOLANTE, (twining her arm round Helen's waist.)—“How have I wounded you?—how offended? Forgive me—but why is this wicked? Why must it not be? Is it because he is below you in birth?”

HELEN.—“No, no—I never thought of that. And what am I? Don't ask me—I cannot answer. You are wrong, quite wrong, as to me. I can only look on Leonard as—as a brother. But—but, you can speak to him more freely than I can. I would not have him waste his heart on me, nor yet think me unkind and distant, as I seem. I know not what I say. But—but—break to him—indirectly—gently—that duty in both forbids us both to—to be more than friends—than——”

“Helen, Helen!” cried Violante, in her warm, generous passion, “your heart betrays you in every word you say. You weep; lean on me, whisper to me; why—why is this? Do you fear that your guar-

dian would not consent? He not consent! He who—"

HELEN.—"Cease—cease—cease."

VIOLANTE.—"What! You can fear Harley—Lord L'Estrange? Fie; you do not know him."

HELEN, (rising suddenly).—"Violante, hold; I am engaged to another."

Violante rose also, and stood still, as if turned to stone; pale as death, till the blood came, at first slowly, then with suddenness from her heart, and one deep glow suffused her whole countenance. She caught Helen's hand firmly, and said, in a hollow voice—

"Another! Engaged to another! One word, Helen—not to him—not to—Harley—to—"

"I cannot say—I must not. I have promised," cried poor Helen, and as Violante let fall her hand, she hurried away.

Violante sat down, mechanically. She felt as if stunned by a mortal blow. She closed her eyes, and breathed hard. A deadly faintness seized her; and when it passed away, it seemed to her as if she were no longer the same being, nor the world around her the same world—as if she were but one sense of intense, hopeless misery, and as if the universe were but one inanimate void. So strangely immaterial are we really—we human beings, with flesh and blood—that if you suddenly abstract from us but a single, impalpable, airy thought, which our souls have cherished, you seem to curdle the air, to extinguish the sun, to snap every link that connects us to matter,

and to benumb everything into death, except woe.

And this warm, young, southern nature, but a moment before was so full of joy and life, and vigorous, lofty hope. It never till now had known its own intensity and depth. The virgin had never lifted the veil from her own soul of woman. What, till then, had Harley L'Estrange been to Violante? An ideal—a dream of some imagined excellence—a type of poetry in the midst of the common world. It had not been Harley the Man—it had been Harley the Phantom. She had never said to herself, "He is identified with my love, my hopes, my home, my future." How could she? Of such, he himself had never spoken; an internal voice, indeed, had vaguely, yet irresistibly, whispered to her that, despite his light words, his feelings towards her were grave and deep. O false voice! how it had deceived her. Her quick convictions seized the all that Helen had left unsaid. And now suddenly she felt what it is to love, and what it is to despair. So she sat, crushed and solitary, neither murmuring nor weeping, only now and then passing her hand across her brow, as if to clear away some cloud that would not be dispersed; or heaving a deep sigh, as if to throw off some load that no time henceforth could remove. There are certain moments in life in which we say to ourselves, "All is over; no matter what else changes, that which I have made my all is gone evermore—evermore." And our own thought rings back in our ears, "Evermore—evermore!"

#### CHAPTER VIII.

As Violante thus sat, a stranger, passing stealthily through the trees, stood between herself and the evening sun. She saw him not. He paused a moment, and then spoke low, in her native tongue, addressing her by the name which she had borne in Italy. He spoke as a relation, and excused his intrusion: "For," said he, "I come to suggest to the daughter the means by which she can restore to her father his country and his honours."

At the word "father" Violante roused herself, and all her love for

that father rushed back upon her with double force. It does so ever—we love most our parents at the moment when some tie less holy is abruptly broken; and when the conscience says, "There, at least, is a love that never has deceived thee!"

She saw before her a man of mild aspect and princely form. Peschiera (for it was he) had banished from his dress, as from his countenance, all that betrayed the worldly levity of his character. He was acting a part, and he dressed and looked it.

"My father!" she said quickly, and in Italian. "What of him? And who are you, signior? I know you not."

Peschiera smiled benignly, and replied in a tone in which great respect was softened by a kind of parental tenderness.

"Suffer me to explain, and listen to me while I speak." Then, quietly seating himself on the bench beside her, he looked into her eyes, and resumed.

"Doubtless, you have heard of the Count di Peschiera?"

VIOLANTE.—"I heard that name, as a child, when in Italy. And when she with whom I then dwelt, (my father's aunt,) fell ill and died, I was told that my home in Italy was gone, that it had passed to the Count di Peschiera—my father's foe."

PESCHIERA.—"And your father, since then, has taught you to hate this fancied foe?"

VIOLANTE.—"Nay; my father did but forbid me ever to breathe his name."

PESCHIERA.—"Alas! what years of suffering and exile might have been saved your father, had he but been more just to his early friend and kinsman; nay, had he but less cruelly concealed the secret of his retreat. Fair child, I am that Giulio Franzini, that Count di Peschiera. I am the man you have been told to regard as your father's foe. I am the man on whom the Austrian emperor bestowed his lands. And now judge if I am in truth the foe. I have come hither to seek your father, in order to dispossess myself of my sovereign's gift. I have come but with one desire, to restore Alphonso to his native land, and to surrender the heritage that was forced upon me."

VIOLANTE.—"My father, my dear father! His grand heart will have room once more. Oh! this is noble enmity, true revenge. I understand it, signior, and so will my father, for such would have been his revenge on you. You have seen him?"

PESCHIERA.—"No, not yet. I would not see him till I had seen yourself; for you, in truth, are the arbiter of his destinies, as of mine."

VIOLANTE.—"I—Count? I—arbiter of my father's destinies? Is it possible!"

PESCHIERA, (with a look of compassionate admiration, and in a tone yet more emphatically parental.)—

"How lovely is that innocent joy; but do not indulge it yet. Perhaps it is a sacrifice which is asked from you—a sacrifice too hard to bear. Do

not interrupt me. Listen still, and you will see why I could not speak to your father until I had obtained an interview with yourself. See why a word from you may continue still to banish me from his presence. You know, doubtless, that your father was one

of the chiefs of a party that sought to free Northern Italy from the Austrians. I myself was at the onset a warm participator in that scheme. In a

sudden moment I discovered that some of its more active projectors had

coupled with a patriotic enterprise schemes of a dark nature—and that

the conspiracy itself was about to be betrayed to the government. I wished

to consult with your father; but he was at a distance. I learned that his

life was condemned. Not an hour was to be lost. I took a bold resolve, that

has exposed me to his suspicions, and to my country's wrath. But my main

idea was to save him, my early friend, from death, and my country from

fruitless massacre. I withdrew from the intended revolt. I sought at once

the head of the Austrian government in Italy, and made terms for the lives

of Alphonso and of the other more illustrious chiefs, which otherwise would

have been forfeited. I obtained permission to undertake myself the charge

of securing my kinsman in order to place him in safety, and to conduct

him to a foreign land, in an exile that would cease when the danger was

dispelled. But unhappily he deemed that I only sought to destroy him.

He fled from my friendly pursuit. The soldiers with me were attacked

by an intermeddling Englishman; your father escaped from Italy—concealing

his retreat; and the character of his flight counteracted my efforts to

obtain his pardon. The government conferred on me half his revenues,

holding the other at its pleasure. I accepted the offer to save his whole

heritage from confiscation. That I did not convey to him, what I pined

to do—viz., the information that I held but in trust what was bestowed by

the government, and the full explanation of what seemed blamable in my conduct—was necessarily owing to the secrecy he maintained. I could not discover his refuge; but I never ceased to plead for his recall. This year only I have partially succeeded. He can be restored to his heritage and rank, on one proviso—a guarantee for his loyalty. That guarantee the government has named: it is the alliance of his only child with one whom the government can trust. It was the interest of all Italian nobility, that the representation of a house so great falling to a female, should not pass away wholly from the direct line;—in a word, that you should ally yourself with a kinsman. But one kinsman, and he the next in blood, presented himself. Brief—Alphonso regains all that he lost on the day in which his daughter gives her hand to Giulio Franzini, Count di Peschiera. Ah,” continued the Count, mournfully, “you shrink—you recoil. He thus submitted to your choice is indeed unworthy of you. You are scarce in the spring of life. He is in its waning autumn. Youth loves youth. He does not aspire to your love. All that he can say is, love is not the only joy of the heart—it is joy to raise from ruin a beloved father—joy to restore, to a land poor in all but memories, a chief in whom it reverences a line of heroes. ‘These are the joys I offer to you—you, a daughter, and an Italian maid. Still silent! Oh speak to me!’”

Certainly this Count Peschiera knew well how woman is to be wooed and won; and never was woman more sensitive to those high appeals which most move all true earnest womanhood, than was the young Violante. Fortune favoured him in the moment chosen. Harley was wrenched away from her hopes, and love a word erased from her language. In the void of the world, her father’s image alone stood clear and visible. And she who from infancy had so pined to serve that father, who had first learned to dream of Harley as that father’s friend! She could restore to him all for which the exile sighed; and by a sacrifice of self! Self-sacrifice, ever in itself such a temptation to the noble! Still, in the midst of the

confusion and disturbance of her mind, the idea of matrimony with another seemed so terrible and revolting, that she could not at once conceive it; and still that instinct of openness and honour, which pervaded all her character, warned even her inexperience that there was something wrong in this clandestine appeal to herself.

Again the Count besought her to speak; and with an effort she said, irresolutely—

“If it be as you say, it is not for me to answer you; it is for my father.”

“Nay,” replied Peschiera. “Pardon, if I contradict you. Do you know so little of your father as to suppose that he will suffer his interest to dictate to his pride. He would refuse, perhaps, even to receive my visit—to hear my explanations; but certainly he would refuse to buy back his inheritance by the sacrifice of his daughter to one whom he has deemed his foe, and whom the mere disparity of years would incline the world to say he had made the barter of his personal ambition. But if I could go to him sanctioned by you—if I could say your daughter overlooks what the father might deem an obstacle—she has consented to accept my hand of her own free choice—she unites her happiness, and blends her prayers, with mine,—then, indeed, I could not fail of success: and Italy would pardon my errors, and bless your name. Ah! Signorina, do not think of me save as an instrument towards the fulfilment of duties so high and sacred—think but of your ancestors, your father, your native land, and reject not the proud occasion to prove how you revere them all!”

Violante’s heart was touched at the right chord. Her head rose—her colour came back to her pale cheek—she turned the glorious beauty of her countenance towards the wily tempter. She was about to answer, and to seal her fate, when at that instant Harley’s voice was heard at a little distance, and Nero came bounding towards her, and thrust himself, with rough familiarity, between herself and Peschiera. The Count drew back, and Violante, whose eyes were still fixed on his face, started at the change that passed there. One quick gleam of rage sufficed in an instant

to light up the sinister secrets of his nature—it was the face of the baffled gladiator. He had time but for few words.

"I must not be seen here," he muttered; "but to-morrow—in these gardens—about this hour. I implore

you, for the sake of your father—his hopes, fortunes, his very life, to guard the secret of this interview—to meet me again. Adieu!"

He vanished amidst the trees, and was gone—noiselessly, mysteriously, as he had come.

#### CHAPTER IX.

The last words of Peschiera were still ringing in Violante's ears when Harley appeared in sight, and the sound of his voice dispelled the vague and dreamy stupor which had crept over her senses. At that voice there returned the consciousness of a mighty loss, the sting of an intolerable anguish. To meet Harley there, and thus, seemed impossible. She turned abruptly away, and hurried towards the house. Harley called to her by name, but she would not answer, and only quickened her steps. He paused a moment in surprise, and then hastened after her.

"Under what strange taboo am I placed?" said he gaily, as he laid his hand on her shrinking arm. "I inquire for Helen—she is ill, and cannot see me. I come to sun myself in your presence, and you fly me as if gods and men had set their mark on my brow. Child!—child!—what is this? You are weeping?"

"Do not stay me now—do not speak to me," answered Violante through her stifling sobs, as she broke from his hand and made towards the house.

"Have you a grief, and under the shelter of my father's roof? A grief that you will not tell to me? Cruel!" cried Harley, with inexpressible tenderness of reproach in his soft tones.

Violante could not trust herself to reply. Ashamed of her self-betrayal—softened yet more by his pleading voice—she could have prayed to the earth to swallow her. At length, checking back her tears by a heroic effort, she said, almost calmly, "Noble friend, forgive me. I have no grief, believe me, which—which I can tell to you. I was but thinking of my poor father when you came up; alarming myself about him, it may be, with vain superstitious fears; and so—even

a slight surprise—your abrupt appearance, has sufficed to make me thus weak and foolish; but I wish to see my father!—to go home—home!"

"Your father is well, believe me, and pleased that you are here. No danger threatens him; and you, *here*, are safe."

"I safe—and from what?"

Harley mused irresolute. He inclined to confide to her the danger which her father had concealed; but had he the right to do so against her father's will?

"Give me," he said, "time to reflect, and to obtain permission to intrust you with a secret which, in my judgment, you should know. Meanwhile, this much I may say, that rather than you should incur the danger that I believe he exaggerates, your father would have given you a protector—even in Randal Leslie."

Violante started.

"But," resumed Harley, with a calm, in which a certain deep mournfulness was apparent, unconsciously to himself—"but I trust you are reserved for a fairer fate, and a nobler spouse. I have vowed to live henceforth in the common workday world. But for you, bright child, for you, I am a dreamer still!"

Violante turned her eyes for one instant towards the melancholy speaker. The look thrilled to his heart. He bowed his face involuntarily. When he looked up, she had left his side. He did not this time attempt to follow her, but moved away and plunged amidst the leafless trees.

An hour afterwards he re-entered the house, and again sought to see Helen. She had now recovered sufficiently to give him the interview he requested.

He approached her with a grave and serious gentleness.

"My dear Helen," said he, "you

have consented to be my wife, my life's mild companion; let it be soon—soon—for I need you. I need all the strength of that holy tie. Helen, let me press you to fix the time."

"I owe you too much," answered Helen, looking down, "to have a will but yours. But your mother," she added, perhaps clinging to the idea of some reprieve—"your mother has not yet—"

"My mother—true. I will speak first to her. You shall receive from my family all honour due to your gentle virtues. Helen, by the way,

have you mentioned to Violante the bond between us?"

"No—that is, I fear I may have unguardedly betrayed it, against Lady Lansmere's commands too—but—but—"

"So, Lady Lansmere forbade you to name it to Violante. This should not be. I will answer for her permission to revoke that interdict. It is due to Violante and to you. Tell your young friend all. Ah, Helen, if I am at times cold or wayward, bear with me—bear with me; for you love me, do you not?"

## CHAPTER X.

That same evening Randal heard from Levy (at whose house he staid late) of that self-introduction to Violante which (thanks to his skeleton-key) Peschiera had contrived to effect; and the Count seemed more than sanguine—he seemed assured as to the full and speedy success of his matrimonial enterprise. "Therefore," said Levy, "I trust I may very soon congratulate you on the acquisition of your family estates."

"Strange!" answered Randal, "strange that my fortunes seem so bound up with the fate of a foreigner like Beatrice di Negra and her connection with Frank Hazeldean." He looked up at the clock as he spoke, and added—

"Frank, by this time, has told his father of his engagement."

"And you feel sure that the Squire cannot be coaxed into consent?"

"No; but I feel sure that the Squire will be so choleric at the first intelligence, that Frank will not have the self-control necessary for coaxing; and, perhaps, before the Squire can relent upon this point, he may, by some accident, learn his grievances on another, which would exasperate him still more."

"Ay, I understand—the *post obit*?"

Randal nodded.

"And what then?" asked Levy.

"The next of kin to the lands of Hazeldean may have his day."

The Baron smiled.

"You have good prospects in that direction, Leslie: look now to another. I spoke to you of the borough of

Lansmere. Your patron, Audley Egerton, intends to stand for it."

Randal's heart had of late been so set upon other and more avaricious schemes, that a seat in Parliament had sunk into a secondary object; nevertheless, his ambitious and all-grasping nature felt a bitter pang, when he heard that Egerton thus interposed between himself and any chance of advancement."

"So!" he muttered sullenly—"so. This man, who pretends to be my benefactor, squanders away the wealth of my forefathers—throws me penniless on the world; and, while still encouraging me to exertion and public life, robs me himself of—"

"No!" interrupted Levy—"not robs you; we may prevent that. The Lansmere interest is not so strong in the borough as Dick Avenel's."

"But I cannot stand against Egerton."

"Assuredly not—you may stand with him."

"How?"

"Dick Avenel will never suffer Egerton to come in; and though he cannot, perhaps, carry two of his own politics, he can split his votes upon you."

Randal's eyes flashed. He saw at a glance, that if Avenel did not overrate the relative strength of parties, his seat could be secured.

"But," he said, "Egerton has not spoken to me on such a subject; nor can you expect that he would propose to me to stand with him, if he foresaw the chance of being ousted by

the very capditate he himself introduced."

"Neither he nor his party will anticipate that possibility. If he ask you, agree to stand—leave the rest to me."

"You must hate Egerton bitterly," said Randal; "for I am not vain enough to think that you thus scheme but from pure love to me."

"The motives of men are intricate and complicated," answered Levy, with unusual seriousness. "It suffices to the wise to profit by the actions, and leave the motives in shade."

There was silence for some minutes. Then the two drew closer towards each other, and began to discuss details in their joint designs.

Randal walked home slowly. It was a cold moonlit night. Young idlers of his own years and rank passed him by, on their way from the haunts of social pleasure. They were yet in the first fair holiday of life. Life's holiday had gone from him for ever. Graver men, in the various callings of masculine labour—professions, trade, the state—passed him also. Their steps might be sober, and their faces careworn; but no step had the furtive stealth of his—no face the same contracted, sinister, suspicious gloom. Only once, in a

lonely thoroughfare, and on the opposite side of the way, fell a foot-fall, and glanced an eye, that seemed to betray a soul in sympathy with Randal Leslie's.

And Randal, who had heeded none of the other passengers by the way, as if instinctively, took note of this one. His nerves crisped at the noiseless slide of that form, as it stalked on from lamp to lamp, keeping pace with his own. He felt a sort of awe, as if he had beheld the wraith of himself; and ever, as he glanced suspiciously at the stranger, the stranger glanced at him. He was inexpressibly relieved when the figure turned down another street and vanished.

That man was a felon, as yet undetected. Between him and his kind there stood but a thought—a veil air-spun, but impassable, as the veil of the Image at Sais.

And thus moved and thus looked Randal Leslie, a thing of dark and secret mischief—within the pale of the law, but equally removed from man by the vague consciousness that at his heart lay that which the eyes of man would abhor and loathe. Solitary amidst the vast city, and on through the machinery of Civilisation, went the still spirit of Intellectual Evil.

#### CHAPTER XL.

Early the next morning Randal received two notes—one from Frank, written in great agitation, begging Randal to see and propitiate his father, whom he feared he had grievously offended; and then running off, rather incoherently, into protestations that his honour as well as his affections were engaged irrevocably to Beatrice, and that her, at least, he could never abandon.

And the second note was from the Squire himself—short, and far less cordial than usual—requesting Mr Leslie to call on him.

Randal dressed in haste, and went at once to Limmer's hotel.

He found the Parson with Mr Hazeldean, and endeavouring in vain to soothe him. The Squire had not slept all night, and his appearance was almost haggard.

"Oho! Mr young Leslie," said he, throwing himself back in his chair as Randal entered—"I thought you were a friend—I thought you were Frank's adviser. Explain, sir; explain."

"Gently, my dear Mr Hazeldean," said the Parson. "You do but surprise and alarm Mr Leslie. Tell him more distinctly what he has to explain."

SQUIRE.—"Did you or did you not tell me or Mrs Hazeldean, that Frank was in love with Violante Rickeybockey?"

RANDAL, (as in amaze.)—"I! Never, sir! I feared, on the contrary, that he was somewhat enamoured of a very different person. I hinted at that possibility. I could not do more, for I did not know how far Frank's affections were seriously engaged. And indeed, sir, Mrs Hazel-

dean, though not encouraging the idea that your son could marry a foreigner and a Roman Catholic, did not appear to consider such objections insuperable, if Frank's happiness were really at stake."

Here the poor Squire gave way to a burst of passion, that involved, in one tempest, Frank, Randal, Harry herself, and the whole race of foreigners, Roman Catholics, and women. While the Squire himself was still incapable of hearing reason, the Parson, taking aside Randal, convinced himself that the whole affair, so far as Randal was concerned, had its origin in a very natural mistake; and that while that young gentleman had been hinting at Beatrice, Mrs Hazeldean had been thinking of Violante. With considerable difficulty he succeeded in conveying this explanation to the Squire, and somewhat appeasing his wrath against Randal. And the Dissimulator, seizing his occasion, then expressed so much grief and astonishment at learning that matters had gone as far as the Parson informed him—that Frank had actually proposed to Beatrice, been accepted, and engaged himself, before even communicating with his father; he declared so earnestly, that he could never conjecture such evil—that he had had Frank's positive promise to take no step without the sanction of his parents; he professed such sympathy with the Squire's wounded feelings, and such regret at Frank's involvement, that Mr Hazeldean at last yielded up his honest heart to his consoler—and griping Randal's hand, said, "Well, well, I wronged you—beg your pardon. What now is to be done?"

"Why, you cannot consent to this marriage—impossible," replied Randal; "and we must hope therefore to influence Frank by his sense of duty."

"That's it," said the Squire; "for I'll not give way. Pretty pass things have come to, indeed! A widow too. I hear. Artful jade—thought, no doubt, to catch a Hazeldean of Hazeldean. My estates go to an outlandish Papistical set of mongrel brats! No, no, never!"

"But," said the Parson, mildly, "perhaps we may be unjustly pre-

judiced against this lady. We should have consented to Violante—why not to her? She is of good family?"

"Certainly," said Randal.

"And good character?"

Randal shook his head, and sighed. The Squire caught him roughly by the arm—"Answer the Parson!" cried he, vehemently.

"Indeed, sir, I cannot speak ill of the character of a woman, who may, too, be Frank's wife; and the world is ill-natured, and not to be believed. But you can judge for yourself, my dear Mr Hazeldean. Ask your brother whether Madame di Negra is one whom he would advise his nephew to marry."

"My brother!" exclaimed the Squire furiously. "Consult my distant brother on the affairs of my own son!"

"He is a man of the world," put in Randal.

"And of feeling and honour," said the Parson; "and, perhaps, through him, we may be enabled to enlighten Frank, and save him from what appears to be the snare of an artful woman."

"Meanwhile," said Randal, "I will seek Frank, and do my best with him. Let me go now—I will return in an hour or so."

"I will accompany you," said the Parson.

"Nay, pardon me, but I think we two young men can talk more openly without a third person, even so wise and kind as you."

"Let Randal go," growled the Squire. And Randal went.

He spent some time with Frank, and the reader will easily divine how that time was employed. As he left Frank's lodgings, he found himself suddenly seized by the Squire himself.

"I was too impatient to stay at home and listen to the Parson's prosing," said Mr Hazeldean, nervously. "I have shaken Dale off. Tell me what has passed. Oh! don't fear—I'm a man, and can bear the worst."

Randal drew the Squire's arm within his, and led him into the adjacent park.

"My dear sir," said he, sorrowfully, "this is very confidential what I am about to say. I must repeat it to you, because without such confi-



dence, I see not how to advise you on the proper course to take. But if I betray Frank, it is for his good, and to his own father;—only do not tell him. He would never forgive me—it would for ever destroy my influence over him."

"Go on, go on," gasped the Squire; "speak out. I'll never tell the ungrateful boy that I learned his secrets from another."

"Then," said Randal, "the secret of his entanglement with Madame di Negra is simply this—he found her in debt—nay, on the point of being arrested—"

"Debt!—arrested! Jezabel!"

"And in paying the debt himself, and saving her from arrest, he conferred on her the obligation which no woman of honour could accept save from her affianced husband. Poor Frank!—if sadly taken in, still we must pity and forgive him!"

Suddenly, to Randal's great surprise, the Squire's whole face brightened up.

"I see, I see!" he exclaimed, slapping his thigh. "I have it—I have it. 'Tis an affair of money! I can buy her off. If she took money from him, the mercenary, painted baggage! why, then, she'll take it from me. I don't care what it costs—half my fortune—all! I'd be content never to see Hazeldean Hall again, if I could save my son, my own son, from disgrace and misery; for miserable he will be, when he knows he has broken my heart and his mother's. And for a creature like that! My boy, a thousand hearty thanks to you. Where does the wretch live? I'll go to her at once." And as he spoke, the Squire actually pulled out his pocket-book and began turning over and counting the bank-notes in it.

Randal at first tried to combat this

bold resolution on the part of the Squire; but Mr Hazeldean had seized on it with all the obstinacy of his straightforward English mind. He cut Randal's persuasive eloquence off in the midst.

"Don't waste your breath. I've settled it; and if you don't tell me where she lives, 'tis easily found out, I suppose."

Randal mused a moment. "After all," thought he, "why not? He will be sure so to speak as to enlist her pride against himself, and to irritate Frank to the utmost. Let him go."

Accordingly, he gave the information required; and, insisting with great earnestness on the Squire's promise not to mention to Madame di Negra his knowledge of Frank's pecuniary aid, (for that would betray Randal as the informant;) and satisfying himself as he best might with the Squire's prompt assurance, "that he knew how to settle matters, without saying why or wherefore, as long as he opened his purse wide enough," he accompanied Mr Hazeldean back into the streets, and there left him—fixing an hour in the evening for an interview at Limmer's, and hinting that it would be best to have that interview without the presence of the Parson. "Excellent good man," said Randal, "but not with sufficient knowledge of the world for affairs of this kind, which *you* understand so well."

"I should think so," quoth the Squire, who had quite recovered his good-humour. "And the Parson is as soft as buttermilk. We must be firm here—firm, sir." And the Squire struck the end of his stick on the pavement, nodded to Randal, and went on to Mayfair as sturdily and as confidently as if to purchase a prize cow at a cattle show.

#### CHAPTER XII.

"Bring the light nearer," said John Burley—"nearer still."

Leonard obeyed, and placed the candle on a little table by the sick man's bedside.

Burley's mind was partially wandering; but there was method in his madness. Horace Walpole said that

"his stomach would survive all the rest of him." That which in Burley survived the last was his quaint wild genius. He looked wistfully at the still flame of the candle: "It lives ever in the air!" said he.

"What lives ever?"

Burley's voice swelled—"Light!"

He turned from Leonard, and again contemplated the little flame. "In the fixed star, in the Will-o'-the-wisp, in the great sun that illumines half a world, or the farthing rushlight by which the ragged student strains his eyes—still the same flower of the elements. Light in the universe, thought in the soul—ay—ay—Go on with the simile. My head swims. Extinguish the light! You cannot; fool, it vanishes from your eye, but it is still in the space. Worlds must perish, suns shrivel up, matter and spirit both fall into nothingness, before the combinations whose union makes that little flame, which the breath of a babe can restore to darkness, shall lose the power to unite into light once more. Lose the power!—no, the *necessity*:—it is the one *Must* in creation. Ay, ay, very dark riddles grow clear now—now when I could not cast up an addition sum in the baker's bill! What wise man denied that two and two made four? Do they not make four? I can't answer him. But I could answer a question that some wise men have contrived to make much knottier." He smiled softly, and turned his face for some minutes to the wall.

This was the second night on which Leonard had watched by his bedside, and Burley's state had grown rapidly worse. He could not last many days, perhaps many hours. But he had evinced an emotion beyond mere delight at seeing Leonard again. He had since then been calmer, more himself. "I feared I might have ruined you by my bad example," he said, with a touch of humour that became pathos as he added, "That idea preyed on me."

"No, no; you did me great good."

"Say that—say it often," said Burley, earnestly; "it makes my heart feel so light."

He had listened to Leonard's story with deep interest, and was fond of talking to him of little Helen. He detected the secret at the young man's heart, and cheered the hopes that lay there, amidst fears and sorrows. Burley never talked seriously of his repentance; it was not in his nature to talk seriously of the things which he felt solemnly. But his high animal spirits were quenched with

the animal power that fed them. Now, we go out of our sensual existence only when we are no longer enthralled by the Present, in which the senses have their realm. The sensual being vanishes when we are in the Past or the Future. The Present was gone from Burley; he could no more be its slave and its king.

It was most touching to see how the inner character of this man unfolded itself, as the leaves of the outer character fell off and withered—a character no one would have guessed in him—an inherent refinement that was almost womanly; and he had all a woman's abnegation of self. He took the cares lavished on him so meekly. As the features of the old man return in the stillness of death to the aspect of youth—the lines effaced, the wrinkles gone—so, in seeing Burley now, you saw what he had been in his spring of promise. But he himself saw only what he had failed to be—powers squandered—life wasted. "I once beheld," he said, "a ship in a storm. It was a cloudy, fitful day, and I could see the ship with all its masts fighting hard for life and for death. Then came night, dark as pitch, and I could only guess that the ship fought on. Towards the dawn the stars grew visible, and once more I saw the ship—it was a wreck—it went down just as the stars shone forth."

When he had made that allusion to himself, he sat very still for some time, then he spread out his wasted hands, and gazed on them, and on his shrunken limbs. "Good," said he, laughing low; "these hands were too large and rude for handling the delicate webs of my own mechanism, and these strong limbs ran away with me. If I had been a sickly puny fellow, perhaps my mind would have had fair play. There was too much of brute body here! Look at this hand now! you can see the light through it! Good, good!"

Now, that evening, until he had retired to bed, Burley had been unusually cheerful, and had talked with much of his old eloquence, if with little of his old humour. Amongst other matters, he had spoken with considerable interest of some poems and other papers in manuscript which had been left in the house by a former

lodge, and which, the reader may remember, that Mrs Goodyer had urged him in vain to read, in his last visit to her cottage. But *then* he had her husband Jacob to chat with, and the spirit bottle to finish, and the wild craving for excitement plucked his thoughts back to his London revels. Now poor Jacob was dead, and it was not brandy that the sick man drank from the widow's cruise. And London lay afar amidst its fogs, like a world resolved back into nebula. So to please his hostess and distract his own solitary thoughts, he had condescended (just before Leonard found him out) to peruse the memorials of a life obscure to the world, and new to his own experience of coarse joys and woes. "I have been making a romance, to amuse myself, from their contents," said he. "They may be of use to you, brother author. I have told Mrs Goodyer to place them in your room. Amongst those papers is a journal—a woman's journal; it moved me greatly. A man gets into another world, strange to him as the orb of Sirius, if he can transport himself into the centre of a woman's heart, and see the life there, so wholly unlike our own. Things of moment to us, to it so trivial; things trifling to us, to it so vast. There was this journal—in its dates reminding me of stormy events of my own existence, and grand doings in the world's. And those dates there, ohronicling but the mysterious unrevealed record of some obscure loving heart! And in that chronicle, O Sir Poet, there was as much genius, vigour of thought, vitality of being, poured and wasted, as ever kind friend will say was lavished on the rude outer world by big John Burley! Genius, genius; are we all alike, then, save when we leash ourselves to some matter-of-fact material, and float over the roaring seas on a wooden plank or a herring tub?" And after he had uttered that cry of a secret anguish, John Burley had begun to show symptoms of growing fever and disturbed brain; and when they had got him into bed, he lay there muttering to himself, until towards midnight he had asked Leonard to bring the light nearer to him.

So now he again was quiet—with his face turned towards the wall; and Leonard stood by the bedside sorrowfully, and Mrs Goodyer, who did not heed Burley's talk, and thought only of his physical state, was dipping cloths into iced water to apply to his forehead. But as she approached with these, and addressed him soothingly, Burley raised himself on his arm, and waived aside the bandages. "I do not need them," said he, in a collected voice. "I am better now. I and that pleasant light understand one another, and I believe all it tells me. Pooh, pooh, I do not rave." He looked so smilingly and so kindly into her face, that the poor woman, who loved him as her own son, fairly burst into tears. He drew her towards him and kissed her forehead.

"Peace, old fool," said he fondly. "You shall tell anglers hereafter how John Burley came to fish for the one-eyed perch which he never caught; and how, when he gave it up at the last, his baits all gone, and the line broken amongst the weeds, you comforted the baffled man. There are many good fellows yet in the world who will like to know that poor Burley did not die on a dunghill. Kiss me! Come, boy, you too. Now, God bless you, I should like to sleep." His cheeks were wet with the tears of both his listeners, and there was a moisture in his own eyes, which nevertheless beamed bright through the moisture.

He laid himself down again, and the old woman would have withdrawn the light. He moved uneasily. "Not that," he murmured—"light to the last!" And putting forth his wan hand, he drew aside the curtain so that the light might fall full on his face. In a few minutes he was asleep, breathing calmly and regularly as an infant.

The old woman wiped her eyes, and drew Leonard softly into the adjoining room, in which a bed had been made up for him. He had not left the house since he had entered it with Dr Morgan. "You are young, sir," said she with kindness, "and the young want sleep. Lie down a bit: I will call you when he wakes."

"No, I could not sleep," said Leonard. "I will watch for you."

The old woman shook her head. "I must see the last of him, sir; but I know he will be angry when his eyes open on me, for he has grown very thoughtful of others."

"Ah, if he had but been as thoughtful of himself!" murmured Leonard; and he seated himself by the table, on which, as he leaned his elbow, he dislodged some papers placed there. They fell to the ground with a dumb, moaning, sighing sound.

"What is that?" said he starting.

The old woman picked up the manuscripts and smoothed them carefully.

"Ah, sir, he bade me place these papers here. He thought they might keep you from fretting about him, in case you would sit up and wake. And he had a thought of me, too; for I have so pined to find out the poor young lady, who left them years ago. She was almost as dear to me as he is; dearer perhaps until now—when—when—I am about to lose him."

Leonard turned from the papers, without a glance at their contents: they had no interest for him at such a moment.

The hostess went on—

"Perhaps she is gone to heaven before him; she did not look like one long for this world. She left us so suddenly. Many things of hers besides these papers are still here; but I keep them aired and dusted, and strew lavender over them, in case she ever come for them again. You never heard tell of her, did you, sir?" she added, with great simplicity, and dropping a half curtsy.

"Of her?—of whom?"

"Did not Mr Johu tell you her name—dear—dear;—Mrs Bertram."

Leonard started;—the very name so impressed upon his memory by Harley L'Estrange.

"Bertram!" he repeated. "Are you sure?"

"Oh yes, sir! And many years after she had left us, and we had heard no more of her, there came a packet addressed to her here, from over sea, sir. We took it in, and kept it, and John would break the seal, to know if it would tell us anything about her; but it was all in a foreign language like—we could not read a word."

"Have you the packet? Pray show it to me. It may be of the greatest value. To-morrow will do—I cannot think of that just now. Poor Burley!"

Leonard's manner indicated that he wished to talk no more, and to be alone. So Mrs Goodyer left him, and stole back to Burley's room on tiptoe.

The young man remained in deep reverie for some moments. "Light," he murmured. "How often 'Light' is the last word of those round whom the shades are gathering!"\* He moved, and straight on his view through the cottage lattice there streamed light, indeed—not the miserable ray lit by a human hand—but the still and holy effulgence of a moonlit heaven. It lay broad upon the humble floors—pierced across the threshold of the death chamber, and halted clear amidst its shadows.

Leonard stood motionless, his eye following the silvery silent splendour.

"And," he said inly—"and does this large erring nature, marred by its genial faults—this soul which should have filled a land, as you orb the room, with a light that linked earth to heaven—does it pass away into the dark, and leave not a ray behind? Nay, if the elements of light are ever in the space, and when the flame goes out, return to the vital air—so thought, once kindled, lives for ever around

\* Every one remembers that Goethe's last words are said to have been, "More Light;" and perhaps what has occurred in the text may be supposed a plagiarism from those words. But, in fact, nothing is more common than the craving and demand for light a little before death. Let any consult his own sad experience in the last moments of those whose gradual close he has watched and tended. What more frequent than a prayer to open the shutters and let in the sun! What complaint more repeated, and more touching, than "that it is growing dark?" I once knew a sufferer—who did not then seem in immediate danger—suddenly order the sick room to be lit up as if for a gala. When this was told to the physician, he said gravely, "No worse sign."

and about us, a part of our breathing atmosphere. Many a thinker, many a poet, may yet illumine the world, from the thoughts which you genius, that will have no name, gave forth—to wander through air, and recombine again in some new form of light.”

Thus he went on in vague speculations, seeking, as youth enamoured of fame seeks too fondly, to prove that mind never works, however erratically, in vain—and to retain yet, as an influence upon earth, the soul about to soar far beyond the atmosphere where the elements that make fame abide. Not thus had the dying man interpreted the endurance of light and thought.

Suddenly, in the midst of his reverie, a low cry broke on his ear. He shuddered as he heard, and hastened forebodingly into the adjoining room. The old woman was kneeling by the bedside, and chafing Burley's hand—eagerly looking into his face. A glance sufficed to Leonard. All was over. Burley had died in sleep—calmly, and without a groan.

The eyes were half open, with that look of inexpressible softness which death sometimes leaves; and still they were turned towards the light; and the light burned clear. Leonard closed tenderly the heavy lids; and, as he covered the face, the lips smiled a serene farewell.

#### OUR LONDON COMMISSIONER.

##### NO. II.

IN the northern outskirt of London, there is a dingy-looking, ill-shaped building, on the bank of a narrow canal, where at one time, not very long ago, real water fell in sparkling cascades. Trafalgars were fought in veritable vessels, and, triumphant over all, radiant in humour and motley, with wit at his fingers' ends, and ineffable character in his feet, laughed, hobbled, jeered, flouted, and pirouetted the clown, Joseph Grimaldi. The audiences, in those days, were partial to beer. Tobacco was a pleasant accompaniment to the wonders of the scene. Great effect was produced by farces of a very unsentimental kind; and the principal effort of the author was to introduce as much bustle and as many kicks into his piece as he could. A bloody nose secured three rounds of applause; a smack on the cheek was a successful repartee; a coarse oath was only emphatic—nobody blushed, everybody swore. There were fights in the pit, and the police-office was near at hand. It was the one place of entertainment for a poor and squalid district. Poverty and dirt went there to forget themselves, and came away unimproved. It was better, perhaps, than the beer-shop, certainly better than the prize-fight, but not so good as the tea-garden and hop. This

building is now the Theatre Royal, Sadler's Wells, presided over by one of the best actors on the English stage, and ringing, night after night, to the language of Shakspeare and Massinger. How does the audience behave? Better than young gentlemen of the Guards at a concert of sacred music; better than young ladies of fashion at a scientific lecture. They don't yawn, they don't giggle, they don't whisper to each other at the finest passages; but there is intense interest—eyes, heart, mind, all fixed on the wondrous evolution of the story. They stay, hour by hour, silent, absorbed, attentive, answering the touch of the magician's wand, warming into enthusiasm, or melting into tears, with as fine an appreciation of the working of the play as if they had studied the Greek drama, and been critics all their days. Are they the same people, or the same class of people, who roared and rioted in the pit in the days of the real water? Exactly the same. The boxes are three shillings, the pit a shilling, the gallery a sixpence. There are many fustian jackets in the pit, and in the gallery a sprinkling of shirt sleeves. Masters of trades, and respectable shopkeepers, and professional men, and their families are in the boxes; and Mr Phelps is as great

a benefactor to that neighbourhood as if he had established a public park, or opened a lyceum for education. There is a perceptible difference, we are told, in the manners of the district. You can't raise a man in any one department without lifting him up in all. Improve his mind, you refine his character; teach him even mathematics, he will learn politeness; give him good society, he will cease to be coarse; introduce him to Shakespeare, Jonson, Beaumont, Massinger, and Webster, he will be a gentleman. A man with friends like these will not go to the tap of the Black Dog. Better spend his sixpence at Sadler's Wells, and learn what was going on in Rome in the time of Coriolanus, or learn the thanklessness of sycophantic friends in the Athenian Timon. With the bluff and brutal Henry VIII. they are quite familiar, and form a very tolerable idea of a certain pinchbeck cardinal's pride, from the insolence of the overweening Wolsey. That energy and honour overcome all impediments, they have long discovered from the story of the Lady of Lyons, and the grandeur of self-devotion in the noble aspirations of Ion. A world like this opening to their eyes, reflects a pleasant light on the common earth they inhabit. "One touch of nature makes the whole world kin." The same sentiment brings a big sob into their rough throats, and swells the gentle bosom of the delicate young lady in the front row of the dress circle. If the Queen were there, there would be a quivering of the royal lip. Jack Wiggins, the tinman, cries as if he were flogged. Let us off to see Sadler's Wells, where a new play is to be acted, with our old friend James VI. for its hero. A pretty hero for a play!—The pedantic, selfish, ambitious, and cowardly son of Mary Stuart, who kissed the hand reeking with his mother's blood, and held out the Scottish crown to be an awmous-dish, into which Elizabeth disdainfully threw her niggard charity, like an old maid depositing a farthing in the plate at the Magdalen Hospital door. This play is improperly called a tragedy, because a few people happen to be killed in the course of it. The foundation is de-

cidedly comic—horribly, grotesquely comic. There the laughter tries in vain to banish the shudder, and between them a compound is created which we believe to be new to the stage. The conventional tyrant of tragedy is entirely done away with. There are no knittings of brows and crossings of elbows, starts and struttings, such as we generally see made the accompaniments of revenge and hatred. There is a low, selfish, cruel nature, disguised in ludicrous repartee and jocular conversation—a buffoon animated by the soul of Richard III., a harlequin's lath tipped with deadly poison—our ordinary ideas turned topsy-turvy, and Polonius running his sword through Hamlet behind the arras. Whether this historical view of James be correct or not, does not matter to the play. It is the view chosen by the author on a preponderating weight of evidence; and the point of his career chosen for the development of these blacker portions of his disposition is the Gowrie plot, where even the king's adulators were unable to hide the murmurs of the people, who certainly believed his conduct to have been cruel and unjust.\*

Such a piece of acting as Mr Phelps's presentment of James is rarely seen on the stage. His command of the Scotch dialect is wonderful in an Englishman; his walk, his look, his attitude, are as palpable indications of character as the language he employs. There is not a turn of his mouth, or a leer of his eye, that is not in harmony with the general design. His pride, terror, abasement, doubt, triumph, and final despair, are all given with a marvellous versatility, which yet never trenches on the identity of the actor's creation. But touches are here and there added, some to soften, some to darken, till the whole is like a Dutch picture—laboriously minute in all its details, and perfect as a finished whole.

The English envoy, Sir John Ayliffe, has been sent by Elizabeth with an answer to a demand made by James, that she should proclaim him her successor on the English throne. He has diverged from his road to Holyrood to the castle of the Laird of Restalrig—the secret, but principal

agent in a plot for seizing the king; and is greatly alarmed on hearing that Spanish and Roman agents are at the Scottish court, promising the king great pecuniary assistance if he will march across the Border, and, with the help of the discontented Catholic nobility, assert his claim by force. He therefore agrees to aid Restalrig in his attempt to secure the king, and proceeds on his way to Edinburgh. Lord Gowrie, with his brother, is on a visit to the Laird, Gowrie being, of course, in love with his daughter, and is easily worked on to aid the plot by hearing of certain indignities which had been offered to his mother in his absence by the minions of the king. He also goes to Edinburgh, and here we are introduced to his mother, the widowed countess, who urges him to revenge her wrongs, and vindicate his honour by confronting the oppressor. Restalrig has also come to the capital, encounters his friend Gomez, the Spanish agent, and is by him requested to take care of certain sums of gold which have been sent over for the purpose of purchasing the assistance of the nobles to the views of Spain. We now come into the court of Holyrood. James gabbles, and storms, and fleeches, and goes through the most strange, yet natural evolutions—hears a negative reply from England delivered by Sir John Ayliffe—is startled by the apparition of Gowrie drest in his father's arms—and dismisses the court with a threat of vengeance against all his opponents, especially the heirs of his old enemy, Lord Ruthven.

The interest of the plot hangs on the intellectual combat between the wily and sagacious laird, and the truculent and relentless king. With some of the gold obtained from the Spaniard, Restalrig induces James to move the court to Falkland, in order to be more easily seized when in the vicinity of Gowrie's house; but James carries his design farther, and goes into the mansion of the Gowries, having arranged with his train to follow him, and make themselves masters of his hosts. When Restalrig's triumph in the success of his plan and the imprisonment of the king is at its height, a chivalrous sense of honour in the young earl has disconcerted the whole design, by

restoring James to liberty, and admitting his followers. Slaughter then takes place; but while James is rejoicing in his gratified revenge, and the destruction of his enemies, it is announced to him that Restalrig, at the head of the men of Perth, is at the gate; they are clamorous for vengeance—the alarm-bells are ringing—strange yells of an outraged populace are heard—James, in an agony of cowardly remorse, blames the instruments of his cruelty—and the curtain falls; leaving him in immediate expectation of being torn to pieces in punishment of his useless crime. The performers have little to do in this play, except to bring out the peculiarities of the king. Restalrig is played with a rough humour, and appreciation of the part, by Mr Beunet; but the effect of the young earl, upon whom a great deal depends in the scene of the release, is entirely destroyed by the unfortunate voice and feebleness of the actor. As an exhibition, however, of how one great performer can vivify a whole play in spite of all drawbacks, we pronounce the acting of Mr Phelps in some respects without a parallel on the modern stage.

In the good old comedy of the "Man of the World," he is no less remarkable in his delineation of Sir Pertinax Macsycophant. His power over the Scotch dialect is the same; and it is only a less powerful performance, from the character itself being less diversified, and the tragic element being entirely omitted. Disagreeable characters both, from their hardness and selfishness; and we should like to see the same art applied to some softer and more captivating specimens of the Scottish species.

We have been forced already to confess that single-character pieces are the only style of drama to which full justice can be done in any theatre in London. Many people, deluded by this circumstance, and preferring the perfection of one to the mediocrity of many, will gravely tell you that the drama itself ought to be formed, in this respect, on the model of the stage; that the interest ought to be concentrated in the hero, and the others kept entirely subordinate, or at least only endowed with vitality enough to

enable them to survive the kicks and buffets with which the chief personage of the plot asserts his superiority. That one central interest must exist in a properly-constructed drama, there is no doubt; but it is a terrible narrowing of the author's walk if you debar him from affixing this interest to a group, and limit it entirely to one. You force him to descend to mere peculiarities, and the evolvment of character in its most contracted sense—thereby, and to this extent, trenching upon the province of farce, which consists in a development of the humours of some selected individual. The drama, on the other hand, paints humanity in the abstract, modified in its particular action by the position and character of the personages of the story; and in so far as, for the sake of one chief actor, the movement of the play is made to depend on him, the poet sinks from being the Titian or Michael Angelo of his art, into the Watson Gordon, Phillips, or Pickersgill;—high names certainly; but portrait-painting, even at its best, is not history. Let any man read *Julius Cæsar*, and think of the Kembles, Young, Macready, and Elliston all in the same play, and talk no more of a one-charactered drama as the fittest for representation, and the highest of its class. A one-charactered drama is only the best when there is but one good actor in a theatre; if there were three good actors, a three-charactered play would speedily arise; where all were good, Shakspeare would reappear—that is to say, crowds would go to see Shakspeare, instead of going, as now, to see this or that performer in Hamlet or Macbeth.

The nearest approach to this diffusion of excellence is to be found on the French stage. A unity of purpose is visible in the whole company. The flunky who announces the countess's carriage enters into the spirit of the scene, and is as completely the flunky, and nothing more, as Regnier is the marquis, and nothing less. But one man we possess on the English boards, who is very superior to Regnier and all his clan. Charles Matthews has more graceful ease, more untiring vivacity, more genial comprehension, than the very finest

of the Parisians. For ninety-five nights he has held a hushed theatre in the most complete subjection to his magic art, and was as fresh and forcible on the last night of the course as at its beginning. Yet never once does he raise his voice above drawing-room pitch; no reliance has he on silver shoe-buckles or slashed doublets; he wears the same coat and other habiliments in which he breakfasts at home or dines with a friend. Never once does he point an epigram with a grimace, or even emphasise a sentiment with a shrug of his shoulders. The marvel is how the effect is created; for there is no outward sign of effort or intention. That the effect is there, is manifest from pit to gallery; and yet, there stands a quiet, placid, calm-eyed, pleasant-mannered, meek-voiced, bald-headed, gentlemanly stockbroker, with respectable brass-buttoned blue coat and grey trousers, such as is to be seen on any day of the week pursuing his way from St John's Wood or Brompton; and, at first sight, as unfit for theatrical representation as the contents of his ledger for the material of an epic poem. But he is placed in queer and unaccountable situations?—made intensely interesting by some strange instance of mistaken identity?—or endangered in life and fame by some curiously ingenious piece of circumstantial evidence? Nothing of the kind. The man is before you all the time. You know his whole circumstances as well as he himself does. He has a wife and daughter; he lives in a well-furnished capacious house—we should say in the upper part of Baker Street; and probably a brass plate reveals to the inquiring passenger that it is the residence of Mr Affordable Hawk. That is his name: a merchant or stockbroker, at one time very honest and very rich; but his partner, a Mr Sparrow, has eloped with the co-partnery funds, leaving Mr Hawk's affairs in inextricable confusion, and throwing him into the disagreeable necessity of living on his wits. He has a great and available capital, and lays it out to the best advantage. Never did wits so stand in the stead of money before. With them he pays off debts, with them he embarks in speculations, and on their



security raises loans, throwing seed in the stoniest places, and receiving a hundredfold. Nor is his triumph over a set of trustful spinsters, or persons unaccustomed to business. He does not live upon pigeons, but, like the lovers in Boccaccio, makes an excellent dinner on a sharp-beaked falcon. Mr Hardcore will stand no more nonsense. He rushes into the house—hat on head, stick in hand. He will have his money, or issue a writ at once. With a gentlemanly motion towards his head, Mr Affable convicts him silently of ill-breeding and impertinence, and the hat is instantly removed. With the utmost suavity, he requests the irate creditor to write to his clerk to stop farther proceedings, and to add, in a postscript, a cheque for £200. The man is staggered by the immensity of the impertinence. But the calm superiority of his debtor makes itself felt in spite of his utmost efforts. Certain shares in a brilliant speculation have been secured by Mr Hawk for his friend at a very low premium. The letter to the clerk is written. But the cheque for £200? Sir Harry Lester, a rich baronet, is about to marry Mr Hawk's daughter; all debts are to be paid by the enraptured son-in-law; a fitting breakfast must be given; a few trinkets, a few dresses. You wouldn't have such a glorious prospect spoiled by the want of such a trifle? Hardcore writes the cheque, and rushes off to secure the depreciated shares. Another comes in who throws himself on the charity of his debtor, pleads poverty, distress, even starvation. How can the polished and humane Mr Hawk resist so touching an appeal? He can't. He doesn't. He goes for three pounds, as an instalment of which it appears he has already paid nine, making a remarkably good return on the loan of our penurious friend, Mr Earthworm. That gentleman rejoices in the success of his "dodge," and appears triumphant in his conquest over the feelings of Mr Hawk. But the benevolent debtor now returns, pays the three sovereigns, and hurries his visitor off to make way for Mr Grossmark, who is about to purchase shares in a speculation of Mr Hawk's, which is to yield three hundred per cent.

"How much is required?" says the miserable Earthworm—"three hundred pounds?" He thinks he can raise the sum—a friend who is very rich will help him: he will advance the money. "But the four hundred pounds are required at once." Is it four hundred?" A bow from Mr Hawk. "Well, my friend will not stick at that." "And the five hundred pounds will set the matter afloat," said Mr Hawk; "but go—there's a good fellow—for I hear Grossmark's step, and the shares are promised to him." Earthworm's disguise is seen through, and falls off like the traveller's cloak before the heat of the sun. "Here! here's the money," he cries—puts a pile of notes into Mr Hawk's reluctant hand, and the bargain is closed. Prosperity once more seems an inhabitant of Baker Street. He has received seven hundred pounds, and can now provide a trousseau, and furnish forth a wedding breakfast. Twenty thousand pounds he has settled on his daughter; but they are any twenty thousand he may be able to extract from the uncountable riches of his son-in-law. This noble specimen of Hibernian honour rejoices in a double name; one being Sir Harry Lester, with which to tickle the ears of the millionaires of Baker Street, and the other his work-day appellation under which he enacts the distinguished part of a stag in railways, and a defaulter in other speculations. His interview with Mr Hawk would be diamond cut diamond if the strength and brilliancy weren't all on one side. Preliminaries are settled—the amount of marriage portion agreed upon—a description of the Lester estates, including a salt marsh taken on trust, and all things verging towards a satisfactory fulfilment. The salt marsh instantly suggests to the ingenious Hawk a perfect California of speculation; divided into shares, market rigged, property realised, and no other inquiries are made. But the course of true love never did run smooth. In the most dramatic scene of the play, the mutual discovery is made that Mr Hawk is an insolvent, and Sir Harry a swindler—the Lester estates are in an Irish bog, the salt marsh is the sea. Pleasant is it to

see the mild self-composure, and sublime self-reliance of Mr Hawk. For some years he has softened his creditors' hearts, and amused their hopes with reports of the return of his runaway partner Mr Sparrow, with all the funds of the firm, and a vast increase of capital by successful trade in the East. That expedient has been tried so often that it begins to lose its effect. The creditors laugh when he mentions Sparrow's name. What can be better than to make Sir Harry bronze his countenance, shave off his beard, put on a wig, buy a carriage in Long Acre, and post up to Baker Street at the very moment, decisive of his fate, when his creditors, now aware of the failure of his chance of marrying his daughter to a fortune, are to assemble with their united claims and remorselessly convey him to the Fleet? Sir Harry agrees. Hawk retires to mature his plans; but Mrs Hawk, radiant with some unexpected good news, hurries in—stops Sir Harry from the execution of his infamous plot, and waits in happy expectation the *dénouement* of the piece. The creditors come in—they bawl, they grin, they scold, they bully. Sparrow is appealed to in vain. They have heard too much of that Levanter's return to believe in it any more. Hark! a carriage rattles up to the door. They look out of the window: carriage covered with mud;—old fellow hobbles out—pigtail wig exactly as ordered. Capital, Sir Harry, cries Hawk! Now, then, gentlemen, will you be persuaded? Won't you wait for ten days till I have arranged our partnership accounts, and then we will pay you in full? The creditors pause. At last one of them goes out to see. He comes back with a cheque for the amount of his debt! Hawk stands aghast. Another goes out, and comes in holding up a bank post bill for ten thousand pounds! More and more confounded. Hawk has uncomfortable thoughts of forgery, and thinks Sir Harry carries the joke too far. At last the wife of his bosom rushes in, and at the other door Sir Harry makes his appearance. This is magic, witchcraft, sorcery; for still the creditors go out, and still come back with all their claims discharged. The real

Sparrow has indeed returned; and, having thus made the *amende*, is in a position to solicit an interview with his injured partner; and that sagacious and now thoroughly honourable gentleman concludes the series of his "dodges" with a solemn declaration in favour of probity and fair-dealing, which would have been more edifying if he could have appealed to his own conduct in illustration of what he said. There was no occasion for any piece of hypocrisy like this at the end. His life was a sermon. We have heard an objection made to the moral of this play, that it invests swindling with dignity, and so unites dishonesty with wit, ease, grace, and fascinating manner, as to make dishonesty itself far from a repulsive object. Have you ever reflected, oh critic, that the creditors here are the helots of the scene, to be a disgust and warning to others; and, in the midst of their apparent respectabilities, are shown to be the dishonest workers of their own losses?—that Mr Hawk is far less the tempter of those City gentlemen, than the creation of the style of speculation in which they are all engaged. Without Earthworms and Hardcores there would be no possible existence for our easy, pleasant, buoyant friend Hawk. The whole play may be called "Rochefoucauld's Maxims Dramatised;" for a better satire on the selfishness, meanness, and gullibility of the animal man is not to be found in the whole range of literature or philosophy. What little is to be done by Mr Roxby, as Sir Harry, is done "excellent well." There is a very praiseworthy obtuseness to the rascality of his conduct, and calm consideration of his claims, which is very edifying as contrasted with the thorough appreciation of him instantaneously arrived at by his intended father-in-law. The principal creditors also are very adequately represented, especially the miserable beggared impostor, by Mr Frank Matthews. A more life-like combination of mendacity, and its unvarying accompaniment mendacity, was never observed by Mr Horsford: and we confess to a feeling approaching displeasure, when we learn that the beneficent Sparrow has restored his money to

that smooth-tongued, supple-backed, blackhearted vagabond. Now, what is the conclusion derived from all this?—That a dramatic feast of this quality has not been seen in our time. Not that the language is comparable to Sheridan's—in fact, the composition is rather poor; not even that there is any novelty in the plot;—but the strength of this play is first of all in the prevailing truthfulness of Charles Matthews' acting; and, secondly, that it never on any one occasion oversteps the modesty of nature. With the sole exception of the opportune return of the defaulting partner, we believe that the entire story of this drama was enacted every day in the neighbourhood of Capel Court all the time of the railway mania, and is now performing every day not far from the Stock Exchange. And the proof that this lecture, as it may be called, on the art of commercial gambling, is carried on in accordance with inevitable natural laws, is that in spite of the English names, the Irish baronet, the Baker Street furniture, and the thoroughly London atmosphere that surrounds all the personages introduced, the play is originally French. The scene is Paris—the creditors are Parisian—the swindling, speculating, caballing, kite-flying, and mystification, are all originally the offspring of the Bourse; and all the merit of the English play-wright is, that he has very ingeniously hidden the birthplace of his characters, without altering, or in the slightest degree damaging, their features; and, in fact, has given them letters of naturalisation under which they could rise to be Lord Mayors of London, and eat turtle and drink port as if to the manner born. The author is poor Balzac, lately dead, who left *Mercadet* a legacy to the stage of more value by far than all his contributions to it during his lifetime. His minute dissection of character had given a charm to his novels, but gave no promise of a success upon the boards; for his ends were worked out by a thousand little traits, as in our own Miss Austin, without ever having recourse to the broad effects that seem adapted to the theatre;—and we believe his dramatic triumph came as a surprise upon the Parisian public,

which, at the same time, highly appreciated his Eugénie Grandet, and his other revelations of provincial life.

While dwelling on the performances of the Lyceum, it would be unpardonable to omit, from the notice of Maga and her readers, the genius of Mr Beverley, the scene-painter. It almost requires an apology for applying that old appellation to a man who lavishes upon the landscapes required in a play a richness of imagination and power of touch which would bring envy to the hearts of the Poussins or Claude. It is not by gorgeous colours, or startling light and shade, that Beverley produces his effects. With a severe adherence to his original design, he works out a scene, so perfect in its parts, and so combined as a whole, that it is difficult to realise to the mind the gigantic scale, or the coarse touches, with which it is painted: you gaze on it as on a finished picture by some great artist, who has devoted months to its elaboration in the solitude of his studio; and wonder not less at the taste, and fancy, and sentiment of those extraordinary works, than at the rapidity with which they are produced, and the inexhaustible resources of the mind that gives them birth. It rests with Mr Beverley himself, whether to follow his illustrious predecessors, Roberts and Stanfield, to the highest honours of the Academy, or to continue an exhibition of his own, where the applause of shouting theatres testifies nightly to his artistic powers; and ample room and verge enough is given for his highest conceptions, which would, perhaps, object to find themselves cramped within the limits of an ordinary frame, and subjected to the tender mercies of a hostile hanging committee. Whichever way he decides, the arts will infallibly be the gainers. If he descends to ordinary canvass, and places "infinite riches in a little room," he will take rank in after ages with the masters who have ennobled the English school; if he continues where he is, not less useful will his efforts be in diffusing a love of beauty and a knowledge of effect. The Lyceum, like its Athenian prototype, will become a lecture-hall; and from his lessons and examples, new Wilsons and Turners, new Calcotts and

Constables, may arise to maintain the supremacy of British landscape against all competitors.

Our readers must remember a very spirited account of an ascent of Mont Blanc by Mr Albert Smith. Very spirited, and very interesting it was; but you should go and hear the author give his *vivâ voce* version of it, illustrated by Beverley's views. When we say the descriptions are funny, we are not correct; though certainly there is a great deal of whim and fun in the course of his address. When we say the narrative is grave, startling, entrancing, we are not correct; though, undoubtedly, there are passages that take away the auditor's breath, and hair-breadth 'scapes that make him shudder;—but the true description of the whole two hours' entertainment is, that it is a remarkable combination of talent, humour, lucid narrative, and personal adventure, which everybody ought to go and hear, and a succession of scenes and paintings which everybody ought to go and see. The deaf man will be delighted; the blind man will be amazingly pleased; but people in the full enjoyment of eyes and ears will be inexcusable, if they refuse them so great a treat as the united efforts of two such artists will afford.

Saturday—and the week's inspection has come to a close. A cold east wind is howling along Oxford Street, evidently in search of snow, and rather disappointed at not finding the Serpentine covered with ice. The Almanac tells us it is April; but our extremities have private information that it is December. As we go shivering home, we will diverge for a moment into the most curious repository of nick-nacks the world contains—being the gatherings of thirty years, at a cost of thirty thousand pounds. We call in Argyll Street, and are civilly received by Mr Hertz, the proprietor of the collection. He is a little, round, oily-faced German, evidently of the Jewish persuasion, and remarkably fond of tobacco. His room is like a pawnbroker's shop; only all his customers must have been possessors of picture galleries, and have brought themselves into difficulties by cultivating a "taste." There are wardrobes richly inlaid, with a genealogy

as carefully kept as the pedigree of a race-horse. He will tell you how it came into the hands of Louis XIV., and how it ornamented a chamber in the Tuileries during the Empire; or a ring will be shown you, with the hair of Julius Cæsar under the glass. Beautiful miniatures are pointed out, of great value as works of art, but far more valuable from their being undoubted likenesses of their fair and famous originals. Beauties of the reign of Francis; eyes that looked kindly on Henry IV.; cheeks that flushed in vain to win a transient smile from the Grand Monarque, are all there. Then there are little ivory cabinets, and screens magnificently embroidered, all with their respective stories—there being no article that depends entirely on its intrinsic merits, but borrows a great part of its interest from the adventures it has gone through. Finally, he gives you a key, and sends you off, under the guardianship of his maid, to a house in Great Marlborough Street, which you find filled, from cellar to garret, with works of a still more valuable description. We have only time to mention some very fine cartoons by Correggio, and a splendid statue in black marble of a Roman prize-fighter. This is a very fine specimen of ancient skill. Mr Hertz's object is to sell the entire collection, and we believe he declines to dispose of it piecemeal. Were this not the case, it would be indispensable for the country to secure some of the treasures here contained, though it would perhaps be asking too much of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to endow the British Museum with the miscellaneous articles by which the statue and cartoons are accompanied. Colder, colder still, and fast and furious we hurry towards our chambers. What do blockheads and poetasters of all ages mean by the balmy breath of April?—the sunny showers of April?—the "smiles and tears together" characteristic of that hopeful and delicious month? We believe it is a cuckoo note, continued by imitative mediocrity from the days of Theocritus. All very well for him in the beautiful climate of Sicily to cover the head of Spring with fresh flowers, and lie upon the grass play-

ing his Pandean pipes. But where are flowers, to be seen, at this most uncheering season, here? Or who can lie down on the grass before the end of July without the certainty of cold and rheumatism? Here has the cold wind been blowing for two months—sneezes and snufflings loading every breeze; and yet you turn to a pastoral poem, an eclogue or rhapsody, about the beauties of nature, and you read whole passages in praise of April! With our hat clenched over our brow, and a handkerchief held to our mouth, we career madly through Leicester Square. On the steps of Miss Linwood's old exhibition, a man is standing enveloped in ancient armour. He might as well be cased in ice. But utterly unconscious seems he of the absurdity of his appearance, or of the cold that must be shot through him from steel cuirass and iron greaves. In a gentle voice he addresses the passer by. "It is useless to observe," he says, "that all intelligent individuals will be gratified by a sight of the strongest man in the world." This is so different from the usual style of those touters, that we involuntarily slacken our pace. "It is scarcely necessary," he proceeds, "to remark that Professor Crosso is decidedly at the head of his profession, and that the entrance money is only one shilling." We are won by the smooth volubility of the knightly orator. Who is Professor Crosso?—and what is his profession? We ascended the steps, traversed a gallery, deposited a shilling, and entered a large apartment with a number of wooden benches, a small gallery at the back, and a green curtain door, hiding for a time the wonders of the stage. Three fiddlers strung their instruments with most unholy discord; the company gradually dropped in, principally foreigners; the gas gave a leap of increased light; a tune began, and the curtain rose. Oh, earth and sky! what is this we behold? A *tableau-vivant* of the death of Hector. Old Priam, venerable from the length of his beard, is the central figure; around him sit the maids and matrons of Troy. Hector lies dead in front; and to slow music, the stage on which they stand is whirled round so as to give a

variety of views of the same group, and great applause rewards the display. There is certainly a great scarcity of drapery about the principal figures, but nothing to be found fault with on the score of decorum or propriety; but we read in a small hand-bill that the *artistes* are all German, and we gaze with great curiosity on the development of the Teutonic form. The round hilarious faces, the flat noses, and prominent chins, would prove, to the entire satisfaction of Professor Owen, that our Bavarian friends were lineal descendants of the Caffres at the Cape. There was not a single one of the Trojan ladies who did not look well practised in asking the inhabitants to buy a broom. The sons of Priam seemed waiters from the foreign *restaurants* in Lisle Street; and the dead Hector had a strong resemblance to the owner of a small cigar-shop, where there is a card in the window with the words, "Hier spricht Mann Deutsch." There were other subjects illustrated, but all by the same *artistes*. The figures were very tastefully disposed; but a little more beauty, and a closer approximation to the outlines of the Canova Venus, would be a great improvement. However, the patriotic audience were highly gratified, and the Dutch ideal evidently fulfilled. Performances then began, where there was a display of strength which would be incredible if there was no trick in some of the displays. The professor tossed weights about which were more fit for waggons than human arms. An immense iron bar was laid upon the floor, which he first lifted by the middle with unanimous approbation; he then raised it, keeping it horizontal by a hold about one-third from the end. He then laid it down, and grasping one end of it, certainly succeeded in raising the other end from the ground, while the minutest observation could detect no hair suspended from the ceiling, nor other means by which he could be assisted in the feat. But the crowning performance, which was preceded by a long pause, to enable "the yellow-haired and blue-eyed Saxons" to recover from their surprise, was called the Harmless Guillotine, and consisted in cutting off a girl's

head, without doing her any harm. The professor walked in leading his victim by the hand. She was probably one of the Trojan maidens, and by no means so favourable a specimen of female charms as the Argive Helen. With a vast amount of guttural and other splutter, the professor addressed the audience in German; and was interpreted by one of the fiddlers for the benefit of any untravelled Englishman who might be present. The object of the speech was to beg the ladies not to be alarmed at what they are about to see; for though the head appeared to be cut off, he assured them, on his own word as a gentleman and a Christian, that it was mere deception, and that he was by no means the murderer he appeared. He then led away his victim, and placed her on a kind of sofa-bed at the back of the stage, and drew the curtains round her. He next advanced, and asked whether the company would have the execution done behind the curtain or in front? There was a unanimous answer to this, that we wished to see the operation; whereupon he drew the curtain, waved a sword two or three times, and appeared to saw away at the girl's neck, till finally the head came off, and in a triumphant manner he held it up for popular applause. It was a failure. The stage was so dark, the figure so indistinct, the preparation so clumsy, that we could not by any means entertain the feelings of horror and astonishment he intended to produce. The fiddler, in a feeble voice, invited any of the ladies or gentlemen present to go on the stage and examine more nearly the separated head and its marks of reality. But nobody responded to the invitation; and again we fixed our hat desperately over our brows, and faced once more the pitiless blowings of the April breeze.

Thus have we attempted to give a clear and dispassionate view of some of the amusements offered to the millions of London. The list we have chosen is very limited; for, in this communication we have omitted all mention of the great majority of the theatres, the operas, the *salles de danse*, the panoramas, the dioramas, and other pictorial exhibitions. What

we wish to impress on the intelligent reader is the absolute necessity of improving, and turning to as beneficial purpose as possible, the means of entertainment which already exist. The theatre, we maintain, has in itself the material most fitted for this purpose; not the theatre of show and spectacle, of burlesque and buffoonery, but the theatre of life and poetry. The machinery is already there, the actors capable of improvement, the drama ready to spring into fresh existence, and all that is wanted is the fostering presence of good and benevolent men—wise enough to see the immense engine, for good or for evil, which it is in their power to direct, and brave enough, in the confidence of a good cause, to despise the sneers of the ignorant. The amusements of the people, properly considered, are as important as their ability to spell, or even as the comfort of their houses; and the philanthropic economist who spreads the light of education into desolate lanes, and brightens, with cleanliness and convenience, the poor man's room, only half executes his task if he does not afford intellectual recreation to the mechanic who has a shilling or two to spare, but leaves him to the false excitement of the melodrama, or the leer and vulgarity of the tea-garden.

But this is Sunday morning, and we are at Woolwich in time for changing guard. Here are four or five thousand artillery, and a regiment or two of dragoons; and what with cadets and engineers, the fighting population must be close on seven thousand men. The heath spreads its smooth hard surface in front of the parade-ground, and scattered all over the place are cannons and carriages, and mortars and implements of warfare enough to exterminate the human race in half-an-hour. There are no such fine intelligent-looking men as the artillery in the British service. Great care is taken in the selection of recruits; for the duties even of a private need both bodily and mental activity. Their pay is higher than that of the line, and their conduct so good, that out of that immense body only four have made their appearance before a magistrate for the last two years.

The quiet of the town is wonderful. There is not a uniform anywhere to be seen, except where the sentry, with drawn sword, guards the heath gates. On this great expanse there is no motion. A flag here and there sways to and fro in the breeze, and occasionally the burst of a bugle-call rises into the air from some distant barrack-yard. But now a few officers and their wives and families move silently about—fine handsome lads come down by twos and threes from the college of cadets—white-haired generals, and majors and captains scarcely less white-haired, pace solemnly along the gravel—and, finally, we all arrive at the door of the barrack chapel, which is guarded by sentinels, and devoted entirely to the garrison. On entering on the ground line we are surprised to find ourselves in the gallery. On the different pew doors the ranks and designations of the occupants are written—general officers, field-officers, officers, &c. &c.; and on going forward to the front of the seat, and looking down into the body of the building, we see already assembled the men of the 4th Dragoons on the cross-benches in front of the pulpit, and artillerymen on the seats under the gallery. A beautiful sight—above a thousand gallant fellows in their blue trousers with red or yellow stripes, their belts crossed, their side-arms on, and all exhibiting any medals or decorations they may possess. A corporal in full uniform acted as clerk, and the band played the anthems, while some military choristers sang the hymns and responses. Better behaviour it is impossible to see in a church. It was a calm, observant, and very attentive congregation. After the prayers, the clergyman, who rejoices in a very fine voice, commenced his sermon amid

the hushed attention of his audience. He was very plain, very straightforward, and spoke to them as men who had duties which were by no means inconsistent with the Christian character. Their temptations he touched upon, and gave them warnings and advice. In about a quarter of an hour, having seen that his admonition had had its effect—for he preached without book, and kept his eye on his congregation the whole time—he dismissed them with their faculties unfatigued, and what he had told them fresh upon their minds. On standing up or kneeling down, the clash of their swords upon the pavement was very fine; the jingle of spurs also was heard whenever they moved; and not the less gallantly will they press their horses' flanks, and sway their sabres in some deathful charge, that they heard and treasured the lessons of their friend the chaplain. We intend, on some future occasion, to devote a whole paper to a day at Woolwich, but we have already seen enough to take off the edge of our fear of a French invasion. With Hardinge at the head of our Ordnance, and the great name of Wellington still sounding in the hearts of his countrymen—with rifle corps innumerable, and the whole empire ready to rise at the first beacon that flares on Beachy Head—we shall only observe to the whole world in arms, that if by some miracle it finds its way to English ground, it will receive the most tremendous thrashing that ever a world in arms, or out of them, received since history began. We therefore solemnly advise all foreign nations, kings, princes, adventurers, bullies, and personages whatsoever, to keep a civil tongue in their heads, and stay quietly at home.

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## THE GOLD-FINDER.

## I.

To travellers by the seas, or on long plains,  
 The distant objects, on the horizon's verge,  
 Show but their highest summits ; so with Time.  
 Time orbs so silently beneath our feet,  
 We look around, and know not that we move.  
 Or that the point whereon we stand, to-day,  
 This moment, is our culminating point ;  
 The Past and Future dip as they recede,  
 And only give to view the tops of things.  
 Therefore, be happy now ; the mental eye  
 May take his pleasure, pleasure if it be,  
 In gazing on the Cottage, or the Church ;  
 The Heart may fondly dwell upon the one,  
 And think of days of piety, to be ;  
 And on the other, till the breath of Home  
 Waft to the soul more pleasant memories  
 Than the West stealing o'er a field of hay ;—  
 Blest in our ignorance, we cannot see  
 That, underneath the rose-grown eaves of Home  
 Lurk fire and sickness, bickering and want ;  
 Or, where the steeple-cross shines in the sun,  
 That damp, cold graves are nestling dark beneath.

All Nature cries, " Be happy now." The Bee,  
 Whose angry labours wound the ear of Noon,  
 Finds in the winter, from his garnered store,  
 Quick spoliation, and a bitter death ;  
 The light-winged Butterfly, with truer scope,  
 Ranges, all summer, through the garden-beds,  
 And, ignorant of darker days to come,  
 Enjoys a life-long holiday ; the Man  
 Who spake as never man did, bade us view  
 The untended lilies of the desert-plain :  
 " They toil not," said he, " neither do they spin ;  
 And yet I say to you that Solomon,  
 In all his glory, was not clad like these."

Michael De Mas knew not this holy truth ;  
 Alas ! his thought was ever of the morrow :  
 And yet he was no foolish homesick swain,  
 Such as, amid the perils of the strife,  
 The conflict of existence, pine and sigh  
 To flee to some ideal resting-place,  
 To feed on contemplation, or to woo  
 Some simple Thestylis in beechen groves.  
 To him the cry of subjugate despair  
 Rang, like a trumpet of encouragement ;  
 And brave resistance did but seem to him  
 Another step that led him to the heights.

Ten years had poured their various gifts on earth  
 Of death and life, of sunshine and of shade,  
 Since Michael left his little school disgraced  
 By acts of lawless violence ; and went  
 Back to a ruined parent's ruined home,  
 To feed his heart on innutritious dreams  
 And idle scorn of those he would not know.



Once when the lights of English Autumn time,  
 Clear, vigorous, spirit-cheering, morning lights,  
 Were dancing on a thousand thousand trees,  
 Were streaming on a thousand fertile fields,  
 And smoking on a hundred cottage tops,  
 He felt that these, once his, were his no more :  
 A stranger ploughed his very garden plots ;  
 The Halls, where his forefathers fed the shire,  
 Were fallen, and the stones and timbers sold ;  
 One-tenth of all the house, one-hundredth part  
 Of the broad lands, and how much less part still  
 Of the respect and power that graced the name,  
 Would cleave to him the heir. So slow had been  
 The gradual alienation, that till now  
 He had not felt it fully ; but that morn  
 ('Twas Sabbath) they had been to worship God,  
 And even in the very Church, where once  
 The service staid for them, and bells rang on  
 Till good Sir Marmaduke, in coach of state,  
 Drawn by six solemn Flanders steeds, and girt  
 By a full score of stalwart serving men,  
 Approaching, gave the signal to begin,  
 Even there a London Scrivener, with his brood  
 Of pale and purse-prond children of the fog,  
 Sate in their ancient place, beneath the crest  
 Which Black Sir Walter wore at Agincourt ;  
 Ay, over the cold stones, where lies at peace  
 The knight who fell at Naseby, by his King,  
 There sate his steward's grandson.

" Ah," thought Michael,  
 " The desolate abomination stands  
 Most proudly where it ought not ; 'tis not these  
 I blame but gold, the cursed cause of all,  
 Gold that o'erthrew my fathers, and raised these,  
 These—and why not me also ? " till he swore  
 That gold, and gold alone, should be his god,  
 As who alone rewards its worshippers.  
 " Therefore," he said, " dear Idol, I to thee  
 From henceforth pay my vows ; thou who dost raise  
 The Beggar, till the Princes of the Earth  
 Bow low to kiss his stirrup ; who dost give  
 Power and distinction, virtue and renown.  
 My name shall be among the fortunate,  
 For I am of those whose will is Destiny.  
 And then, perhaps, when Victory shall be mine,  
 My Margaret will not turn away from me,  
 As now, methinks, even she must wish to do."

The thought was inspiration : all on fire,  
 He wrote to one, their noble house's chief,  
 Whose voice was heard at Eastern council boards ;  
 And with the ardour of a youthful heart,  
 He urged his claim : " His Lordship knew him well,  
 The soldier's spirit He felt ; for He was strong ;—  
 The influence of wind, or sun, or rain,  
 Could never sap His sinews : were it his  
 To draw a sword in yonder golden land,  
 He promised them no niggard of himself,  
 No slothful wearer of a scarlet coat,  
 Most terrible to women."

## Marvel not

That Michael took the final step alone ;  
 His Mother never knew a wish but his ;  
 His Father, ah, the sorrows of decay,  
 And sorrow-taught indulgence, made him cold,  
 Cold as the inmate of an idiot's cell.

## II.

Michael had gained his end, and India's Sun  
 Now ruled his eager blood ; some of his hopes  
 Were crowned with triumph ; he got store of gold,  
 But lost his sense of honour.

In days like those,  
 Deceit and violence gave the rule of life  
 To men once wise and generous ; they were poor,  
 And they had power : Opinion, far away  
 Raved, like the idle murmurs of the Sea,  
 Heard, in still summer evenings, from a hill.  
 Blame them not over harshly ; skill and valour  
 Give power, which, even when marred and mixed with wrong,  
 May bless those who abide its visitings.  
 When Autumn nights are moonless, and thick clouds  
 Have hid the friendly faces of the stars,  
 The storm may bring keen lightnings : here and there  
 Some wretch, whose hour was come, may gain by them  
 Immunity from other lingering deaths,  
 And that may seem an Evil ; yet the air,  
 Purged by those very bolts, grows sweet and clear,  
 And feeds the corn, the oil, the parched vine,  
 And gives to men, for many and many a day,  
 Prosperity and pleasure : so with these,  
 God's chosen messengers to work his will ;  
 They purify the poisoned moral gale,  
 Cause peace and plenty wheresoe'er they go,  
 And lead in happiness on a path of thorns.

Among the foes of the English settlers, one  
 Was ever foremost ; he—by what arts won  
 Boots not to trace—had made a friend of Michael,  
 Who grew in power and riches day by day.

But purer times were coming ; there were heard  
 Deserved, though little looked for then from those,  
 Themselves not pure who raised them, murmurings ;  
 Surmise grew into knowledge ; Michael's friends  
 Were few ; men stained as he pronounced his doom.

Still there was hope ; he never knew despair :  
 The Rajah he had served should shelter him,  
 And he would lead his Armies ; he foresaw  
 More wealth, more power, more means of growing great.

## III.

He passed from low Bengal's unbroken green,  
 That, like a harlot, smiles out to betray,  
 And with a troop of chosen cavaliers,  
 Came to the Holy Land of Hindostan,  
 Wearily wandering, whether the strong sun  
 Parched the wide champaign, and the furnace blasts  
 Came howling, hot and dry, whirling the sand  
 In dense and overwhelming canopy,

So that, for hours, the dark was palpable ;  
 Or whether, under the moist star of Eve,  
 The village slumbered peaceful, great old trees  
 Intensely still, and immemorial pools  
 Silently shining, save where, now and then,  
 The Alligator glided from the bank,  
 Warned by the chill of evening, or the girls  
 With tinkling bangles, and the ringing laugh  
 Of youth, and happiness, and unrestraint,  
 In coming down for water, scared away  
 The timid monster of two elements.

Once, as they halted in an ancient grove,  
 Set by some hospitable hand, of old,  
 And consecrate to travellers, now too near  
 The fortress of a wild Mahratta Prince,  
 The weary band were throwing by their arms,  
 And, gathered in their separate brotherhoods,  
 Prepared for evening's rest ; some made in earth  
 Their simple ovens, some set up the tents,  
 Some slew the bleating kid, some kneeling, turned  
 Their faces to the West, their Prophet's shrine,  
 And with much prostrate bending, prayed to Him  
 Who made the morning and the even-tide.

Suddenly came upon them, unawares,  
 The soldiers of the castle, bound their arms,  
 And drove them, harshly, o'er the plain, on foot,  
 Weary and terror-stricken, through the gate,  
 Into the presence hall, where sat their chief.  
 Sternly he questioned Michael of his wealth,  
 And with what hope he, from a foreign land,  
 Was wandering, thus attended ; who, in scorn,  
 Answered him nothing ; till " Away with him !  
 Bind him there on the house-top, that the moon  
 Shed curses on his face, pale as her own,  
 And our strong Sun burn up his alien blood ;  
 And straitly search, and bring me all his gold."

They laid him on a low, unfurnished couch,  
 And left him, bound, alone ; he could but look  
 Up to the sky, his head so fast was set,  
 And so he lay, and strove to rest himself,  
 But vainly ; the sharp cords entered his flesh,  
 The dews sank on his shuddering skin ; the Moon  
 Rose, like a fire, among the mango boughs,  
 And, slowly wending on her westward way,  
 Smote him with deadly influence : so night passed,  
 A night as long as three ; the chilly dawn  
 Came, grey, and weakly struggling with the Moon,  
 Then threw a red flush over all the East,  
 Whereat the Moon turned white, and hid herself,  
 While the great Orb that is her lord arose,  
 And swiftly mounted high : his pain increased,  
 His body streamed, his brain was agonised,  
 His sense was reeling ; suddenly there came  
 A tingling stillness on his ears ; his eyes  
 Closed ; and he scarcely knew of one who said,  
 " Let be ; unbind him ; 'tis a warrior good."

Long days the fever lasted, but his strength,  
 Nursed by the breezes of a hardier clime,  
 Would not desert him ; so that he arose,  
 A bold, refreshed young giant : then the Chief

Spoke soothing words ; and Michael hid his wrath,  
 And answered calmly ; till they made them terms,  
 That Michael gave the service of his skill  
 To tame those wild Mahrattas, ruling them  
 To discipline, that they might grow more fierce,  
 Like dogs, that wreak on foes their masters' will.

## IV.

Time held his course ; the strong-willed man of blood  
 Prospered in all he undertook, and throve,  
 And gathered stores, and seemed to casual eyes  
 A happy child of Fortune ; yet there burned  
 Two unextinguished furnaces of woe  
 Within him—lust of gold and of revenge :  
 For his was not a spirit that e'er could yield,  
 Or ever cease to think upon its wrongs.

And therefore watched he, many days and years,  
 How he might compass his employer's ruin,  
 And yet not risk his fortunes ; the last spark  
 Of holier fire, his love for that fair girl,  
 That cottage-flower of purity and truth,  
 Margaret, the sister of his boyhood's friend—  
 That spark still smouldered in some inmost nook  
 Of his sin-darkened bosom, for the fumes  
 Of thought debased, rose ever, like a smoke,  
 Dimming the smiles of Nature ; the carouse,  
 The fierce extremes of dalliance and of blood,  
 Had almost made him something less than Man.

At length came round the time he waited for ;  
 The fraud and rapine of the prince he served  
 Rose to such height, as seemed, to the English chiefs.  
 A source of fear, if not at once abridged ;  
 And thereupon, they issued words of War.

Full long the Rajah treated, hoping still,  
 By terms, to pacify the alien power  
 Which, even then, was growing terrible ;  
 But each concession, made a day too late,  
 Drew forth fresh claims of power, and land, and gold ;  
 For, in those days, the illusion of the East  
 Had not yet vanished ; like the peasant boy  
 Who deems that London streets are paved with gold,  
 Men, old in all the arts of peace and war,  
 Dreamed that a land whose poverty they saw,  
 Might harbour still the treasures of romance.  
 At last, grown desperate, he stood at bay,  
 And, hoping that the neighbouring potentates,  
 (Whose crooked policy still left in doubt  
 Which side they meant to favour) when they saw  
 Their countryman but once victorious,  
 Would join to drive the usurper to the Sea,  
 Resolved to stand the hazard of a fight.

## V.

The season was the later Indian rains ;  
 The sorrowing sky, bereaved of her Lord,  
 Was dark and full of weeping, and the heart  
 Of Michael, though a bold one, had been trained  
 In its cold native Island, to a love

Of the bright beams of Summer ; and the Sun  
 Even when it dealt destruction, gave him joy :  
 And now he drooped, and felt an inward dread,  
 Such as the priests of old Jerusalem  
 Felt, when they heard the sighing gust that swept,  
 From the dark shrine to the gate Beautiful,  
 Upon the fatal night before the storm,  
 When the Shechinah left them audibly.

Long mused he, while the chill damp night came on,  
 And starting, after dark, trooped with sad thoughts,  
 Felt fear and wonder that he was alone.  
 Around his tent he heard the mighty waters  
 Splash in the wet, and hiss upon the dry ;  
 Within, the congregated insect life  
 Monotonously hummed ; he made two turns,  
 Then, calling for his torch, took an old book,  
 Brass-bound and weather wasted, the last gift  
 Of a dear mother, given to him with sobs,  
 And murmured blessings, when he left his home.

He opened it, and face to face arose  
 The dead old years he thought to have escaped,  
 All chronicled in letters ; there he saw  
 Answers to some of his, containing doubts  
 Long since become negations, some again  
 Encouraging resolves of his, long broke,  
 And, as he thought, forgotten ; not a leaf  
 But marked some downward step : Oh, in our life  
 There are no hours so full of speechless woe,  
 As those in which we read, through misty eyes,  
 Letters from those who loved us once ; of whom  
 Some have long ceased to love at all ; the hand  
 That traced the fond warm records still and cold ;  
 The spirit that turned to ours, long lost to all  
 That moves and mourns and sins upon the earth ;  
 And some, oh ! sadder ! that, by us estranged,  
 Still live, still love, but live for us no more.

He sate and gazed, till through the tent was heard  
 That sound the coldest cannot hear unmoved,  
 The strong spasmodic weeping of a man.  
 And all that night in Michael's tent there burned,  
 Though foul with smoke, and swayed by gusty winds,  
 A strong bright torch, fit emblem of his soul,  
 That keen lamp of God's lighting bright and strong.  
 While, looking on a tress of golden hair  
 That lay before him, all night long he sate ;  
 This was the man who left in days gone by,  
 A friend, and a friend's sister, dear as he—  
 A most kind mother, sinking with her cares—  
 An apathetic father, worn with woe—  
 A home in ruins—and a noble name,  
 To be renewed, or ended, by himself.

## VI.

All things had now combined ; they were to march  
 Against the English army ; thoughts long nursed  
 Had taken form, to ripen into deeds.

The rains were ended ; and the army met  
 In an old city where he marshalled them ;  
 And, as he walked at evening, on the terrace

Of the high castle where his dwelling was,  
He looked through fretted arches to the plain,  
And saw their tents dropped white and countless there,  
Like sheep without a shepherd—like poor sheep  
Marked for the slaughter—and he pitied them.

Ere long, the dying despot of the day  
Sank softly down, drowned in a sea of blood—  
Like the old Roman Wolf in Capreae.  
Michael prepared for action : dark night fell,  
The tents were lost to sight, the shouting sank,  
The drums were silent, all the plain was dark ;  
Only against the far horizon loomed  
The uneven outline of the distant hills.

He called his trusty troopers, and stole forth,  
Hoping to pass the camp all unobserved ;  
But with that Host was one who loved him not,  
His own Lieutenant, nephew to the King,  
And higher in the soldiers' hearts than he—  
This man had dogged his path for many a day—  
And when they came to the town's outer gate,  
They found it strictly guarded ; Michael rode,  
In anger, at the densest, shouting loud,  
" Smite, smite them, spare not, each man for his life."  
His Arab Horse, that stood with gathered limbs,  
And head reined to his chest, sprang at the cry,  
And leaping, like a flame, plunged in the crowd ;  
The rest was one confusion, without sight,  
Or sound—a breathless dream of ecstasy—  
Till he, and half a hundred mounted men,  
Were pouring o'er the plain, as pour the floods,  
When the dams burst, and winter drowns the fields.

On came the fierce Lieutenant, and behind  
Thundered a motley rabble, whose lean steeds  
Could ill sustain that violent career,  
And soon there were not left who followed him  
Five hundred horsemen ; still the chase was hot ;—  
Hot was the chase, and long—o'er scorched sands,  
And open cornfields, till the spent pursuers  
Began to drop behind ;—some, rolled on earth,  
Saw their girths broken, or their horses slain.  
Then Michael's men drew bridle and stood still,  
Waiting the onset of the exhausted crew,  
Whose numbers now were scarce the double of theirs.  
First came the bold Woujdar. " Forward ! " he cried ;  
" Down with the false Feringhi " his last word ;—  
A pistol flash, a groan, a drop of blood  
On the white drapery he wore—his horse  
Was riderless for ever. Michael turned  
Fierce on the cowed pursuers, " Get you back,  
And tell your master he is now to pay  
My long-held forfeit for foul injuries,  
Who dared to fling on me, when I was weak,  
The childish insults of a childish mind."

That night he was within the British lines ;  
But his dear gold was gone ; for at the gate  
His waggon-bullocks and their driver slain,  
And half his guard cut off, he had but saved  
His life alone, and some few jewels, stored  
Upon his person : once more, all his toil,  
His guilt, was foiled ; he was a beggar still.

## VII.

His ill-gained wealth was gone, but not his heart ;  
 And gain it seemed to that impatient spirit  
 That now he should not go, a man disgraced,  
 To build his fallen ancestral home, long bare  
 To the invading scorn of low-born men.

He would sail eastward, with what yet remained,  
 Touch at some island of the Tropic seas,  
 And take a freight of spices ; thence set sail  
 For the rich ports of China, there to trade,  
 And see the wonders of that unknown land ;  
 Thence o'er the broad Pacific, and so down  
 By Panama, and Valparaiso, home  
 By the cold Land of Fire : thus would he voyage,  
 And gain more wealth, and win himself a name  
 For riches and adventure, courage bold,  
 And knowledge of strange countries. Then no more  
 Would cleave to him the brand of his disgrace ;—  
 All bow the knee to him whom Fortune serves,  
 And he would be her master : he would rise  
 Higher and brighter o'er the heads of men,  
 Blaze in their sight—no meteor, short-lived, vain,  
 But rule them like the Day-God ; then to him  
 The Senate and the Court should open their gates,  
 The mammon-loving City name his name,  
 His old ancestral mansion rear its head,  
 And he would dwell at ease, for all abroad  
 He should behold the lands his fathers held,  
 And breathe again his genial native air.  
 Nature and he should both their youth renew,  
 And all things have a beauty not their own.  
 There, on the upland, shall a milder sun  
 Smite the white cottage and the glistening vane ;  
 And nestle in the balmy stack, and float,  
 A fruitful flood upon the southern wall ;—  
 There the great oak shall stir his solemn head,  
 The lime-tree shed her blossoms sweetly faint,  
 The poplar tremble, like the heart of man,  
 Whose darkest thoughts have under-lights of hope ;—  
 The beech shall spread his venerable shade,  
 The stately elms' procession guard his walks,  
 The birch-bark gleam through foliage, and the ash  
 Wave ruddy clusters ;—willows there shall weep,  
 And the wet alder shall delight to wade  
 Knee-deep in sluggish waters, where the kine  
 Take the whole meadow with contented eye,  
 Philosophers of nature.

One dark thought  
 Alone can mar these visions ;—he must die,  
 And leave the dear possessions : in this land  
 Where men are struck down in their hour of strength,  
 That thought will oft intrude ;—by day it flies  
 Before the excitement that his life affords—  
 The chase, the goblet, and the battle-field.  
 In sleep it haunts him ; once he dreamed a dream  
 Fifty unspeakable ones had borne his soul,  
 (For he was dead) with sounds of writhing laughter,  
 Into a sideless, roofless, bottomless place,

And left him there alone ;—there was no pain ;  
 But a sense that all was lost for evermore,  
 That this was now, and worse might be to come,  
 Made the stagnation misery ; till, behold,  
 The sad and silent years wore on ;—at length  
 His musing Spirit said within herself :—  
 “ Oh ! for one breath of life ; a day, an hour,  
 Before the irrevocable change ;—how great  
 My power was, had I used it ; now 'tis gone.  
 Where is my wealth ? a heap of rotten leaves  
 Blown to the shores of folly, where it grew ;  
 My cherished body gone, perchance, for ever,  
 Perhaps reserved to torment.” With the thought  
 He strove to utter such a cry, as, heard  
 Echoing beyond the hollow halls of Hell,  
 Upon the confines of the orb'd Earth,  
 Might warn the guilty, ere it was too late ;—  
 And with that cry he woke : the dawning day  
 Saw him confused with horror ; when it set,  
 He was carousing to the lips in sin.

Now was no hope ! save that domestic joys  
 Might give him pause, and win him from his sins—  
 Sins not now pleasant, but so strong of growth,  
 That, like old Ivy, they had hid the tree,  
 And threatened its destruction.

There was one,  
 (Although he dared not name her) who had been  
 A cottage light, still seen, though far away,  
 In the dark, stormy wilderness of life ;  
 Her love should win him yet ;—for he had heard  
 That she was still unwedded ; and he knew  
 Her woman's heart, in blessed ignorance,  
 Might still be true to that which he had been.

### VIII.

He sailed, in search of wealth, from Ganges' mouth,  
 But the ship's prow was never seen again,  
 Stemming the homeward waters—whether, whelmed  
 In stormy ocean, half way down she swayed  
 And swung among the dolphins and the sharks ;  
 Or whether, on some calm Pacific night,  
 Where on the farthest limits of the dark  
 There rose and fell the momentary flash  
 Of lone inland volcanoes, some soft breeze  
 Had run her slowly on the coral reefs,  
 And the blue waves had rippled o'er her grave,

There was a nine days' wonder ;—men inquired,  
 Where was the man, whose wealth, without an heir,  
 (So lost, so wonderfully won again,  
 After he left the country, by the faith  
 Of an old servant, thought to have been slain,)  
 Was fabulously splendid ? And some said  
 There was a Will ; all he might have was left  
 To strangers—“ to a Lady he had loved.”

It was the year that filled the century  
 From Michael's birth, when he was seen again.

A venturesome band had wandered in the West,  
 Till far from towns, or any haunt of men,  
 They came upon a region by the sea.



Rock-bound and bare it lay ; and all the storms  
That hurled the ancient, white-topped, weary waves  
On California, since the world began,  
Had, day by day, and year by untold year,  
Heaped all their violence on its patient side,  
And wasted it unhindered ;—such salt herbs,  
Such dwarf and barren trees as the keen air  
Gave sufferance to, but rendered still more grim  
The stony desolation of the place.

Yet was that soil not barren, or the men  
Had never sought its distant boundaries ;  
For they were of the eager Saxon race,  
And e'en their rude and weather-wasted garb  
Bore mark of civilised life : " No foot of man,"  
Said one, " has trode these wastes from everlasting :  
Brothers, the land is virgin ; part we here,  
And in the evening let us meet again,  
There, by the mouth of yonder natural cave,  
And share the general labours of the day—  
See, Edward, even now you tripped on gold."

They parted : in the evening, when they met,  
Their leader wore a sad and solemn look,  
And with few words he led them up the rocks,  
Into a stern wild scene. Far as they looked,  
Cliff heaped on cliff, and stone on fragment stone,  
The land's brown ribs extended : here and there  
Steep chasms it had, declining to the sea :—  
Some were the beds of streams, that evermore  
Washed down the golden grain, and in a year  
Paid to the treasury of the insatiate flood  
More than the subjects of the richest Kings .  
Yield to their despots in a century ;—  
But some of them were dry, and choked with stones  
And logs of rotting timber, and deep sand ;—  
Here, with the lumps of ore heaped high around  
They found a human skeleton ; hard by,  
A rusty cutlass, such as mariners use,  
Whereon was rudely graven, and half-effaced,  
The words " Michael De Mas ;" and underneath,  
" I die of want upon a bed of gold."

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## THE VINEYARDS OF BORDEAUX.

It is no easy matter now-a-days, for a tourist, whether he travels for pleasure, health, or information, to throw his notes and memoranda into such a shape as shall excite the interest of the reading public. Nothing new is to be picked up by traversing the beaten highways of Europe. We know all about Madrid, and Stockholm, and St Petersburg, and Vienna, and Rome, and Naples. Not only the banks of the Danube and the Rhine, but the coasts of Brittany and the fiords of Norway have been deflowered of all their legends. There exists not as much virgin romance in this quarter of the globe as would furnish a decent excuse for the perpetration of three octavo volumes. Then, as to observations upon men and manners—a line which earnest-minded travellers, who have an eye to the regeneration of the human race, most commonly adopt—we shall fairly confess that we take little interest, and repose less faith, in their fancied discoveries. Your regenerator is almost invariably an ass;—ignorant, garrulous, and as easy to be gulled as the last convert to the Papacy. At every *table d'hôte* he makes a violent effort to increase his stores of knowledge by inveigling his nearest neighbour into a discussion upon some point of grand social importance; and, in nine cases out of ten, the result is, that he has to pay for the whole of the liquor consumed, without being any wiser than before. And yet, perhaps, even the travelling regenerator is less liable to be humbugged than the travelling collector of statistics. The most trustful people in the world neither think it necessary nor expedient to speak the truth regarding themselves. Individuals are not apt to answer the queries of a stranger touching the state of their own particular finances—neither do men choose to disclose to foreigners the real nature of their national relations. We are all in the habit of fibbing most egregiously,

when the honour, the pride, or the interest of our country is in any degree concerned. Why should we scruple to confess that, on various occasions, we made statements to confiding foreigners, under a solemn pledge of 'secrecy, which, when afterwards printed—the inevitable fate of all such confidential statements—have greatly tended to the renown of this portion of the United Kingdom? Our rule has always been to act upon the principle professed by Caleb Balderstone, and never to stick at trifles when the "credit of the family" was involved. We wholly deny that fictions of this kind can be classed in the category of falsehoods. They arise from a just and honourable estimate of the value of national diplomacy; and no one but an arrant idiot would hesitate to contribute his humble quota towards the exaltation of his race.

What right has a Frenchman or any other foreigner to inquire what is going on in the heart of Great Britain? What business is it of his how we cultivate our fields, work our machinery, or clear out the recesses of our mines? Ten to one the fellow is no better than a spy; and if so, it is our bounden duty to mislead him. But patriotism does not belong to one nation only. When the Frenchman or other foreigner beholds an unmistakable Briton, clad, perhaps, in the drab uniform of Manchester, making curious investigations into the value of his crops, and the other sources of his wealth, he most naturally concludes that the child of perfidious Albion is actuated by some sinister motive. The result may be conceived. Figures, more mendacious than any that were ever promulgated by the League, are supplied with amazing liberality to the believing statist. He calculates the product of a province, after the inspection of a single farmyard; commits his observations to the press, and is henceforward quoted as an oracle!

It is not from tourists that we can hope to gather accurate information of the state of other countries. A very great amount of mischief and misconception has arisen from an absurd reliance in the accuracy of men who were absolute strangers to the country in which they sojourned, and necessarily exposed to every sort of imposition; and really, with all deference to our brethren of the daily press, we must be allowed to express our conviction that the system of "Commissionership" has, of late years, been carried a great deal too far. Of the talents of the gentlemen so employed we would wish to speak with the utmost respect. They are, almost all of them, clever fellows, sharp, shrewd, and observing; but it is too much to expect that, at a moment's notice, they can forget the whole previous antecedents of their lives, and discourse dogmatically and with perfect precision upon subjects of which they knew nothing until they were gazetted for the special service.

Mr Reach, we trust, will do us the kindness to believe that these preliminary remarks have not been elicited by anything contained in his present volume, and also that we intend no insinuation derogatory of his contributions in the capacity of a commissioner. The fact is, that we have not read his papers on the social and agricultural condition of the peasantry of France, being somewhat more deeply interested in the condition of our peasantry at home; but we know quite enough of his talent and ability to make us certain that he has treated the subject both honestly and well. Fortunately we are not called upon now to investigate his statistical budget. He comes before us in the more agreeable character of a traveller in the sunny south of France. Led by a fine natural instinct, he has tarried in the vinous district until he has imbibed the true spirit of the region. His native Caledonian sympathies in favour of claret—a disposition in which we cordially participate, detesting port almost as intensely as Whiggery—were fully developed by a sojourn in the neighbourhood of the Chateau Lafite. Of Ceres, at so much a

quarter, he tells us nothing—of Bacchus, at so much a bottle, he speaks well and eloquently. Endowed by nature with a gay and happy temper, fond of fun, relishing adventure, and with a fine eye for the picturesque, he ranges from the Garonne to the Rhone, from the shores of the Bay of Biscay to the Mediterranean marshes, from the sterile wastes of the Landes, by the splendour of the Pyrenees, to the old Roman city of Nismes—making us wish all the while that we could have made the journey in such agreeable company. As a fellow-traveller, we should be inclined to say that he errs on the score of haste. Assuredly we should have lingered with reverence at some places which he passed with undue precipitancy. He had no right to hurry through Haut-brion as he did—he should have dwelt longer at Leoville. Our matured taste and experience of vintages would have mitigated the rapidity of his career.

Mr Reach has not done justice to himself in the selection of a title for his volume. *Claret and Olives* are rather apt to be misunderstood in the present day, owing to the practices of previous authors, who have been in the habit of vending the properties of the deceased Joseph Miller under some such after-dinner disguise. *Wine and Walnuts* was an old title, whereof we have an indistinct recollection; our impression at this moment being, that the wine was corked and the walnuts woefully shrivelled. Then followed *Nuts and Nutcrackers*—maggoty enough, and filled with devil's-dust that might have choked a member of the League. *Grog and Biscuits* we presume to have been a feeble sort of production, emanating from a disappointed mind, working on a heritage of wrong. *Sherry and Cheroots* did not amalgamate. *Alcohol and Anchovies* gave token of a diseased intellect and a ruined constitution. *Tumblers and Talk*—a Glasgow publication, if we recollect aright—had little circulation except among bibulous members of town-councils, or similar corporations. *Ale and Aesthetics* was but an unfortunate specimen of alliteration. How many editions of *Beer* and *Daccy* have been printed, we know not; but we

are not aware as yet that the author has made his fortune. With all these beacons before him, we could wish that Mr Reach had announced his book under some other name. He is not to be confounded, as an author, with the issuers of such catch-pennies. Putting aside even his present work as one of limited interest—though we should be puzzled to name any tourist who writes more pleasantly than our author—his novel of *Leonard Lindsay* displays a carefulness of composition, and a life-like painting, in the style of Defoe, which contrasts remarkably with the slip-shod trash now forming the staple commodity of the circulating libraries. There is the right stuff in him, visible throughout whatever he attempts; and if at times his taste is liable to exception, we believe that aberration to be solely owing to the exigencies of the times, which leave far too little leisure to most men to revise and consider their productions.

The title, however, is unquestionably appropriate enough, though it may be calculated to mislead the reader. In his wanderings he has visited the home domain both of the vine and the olive—at least he has passed from the sanctuary of the one to the outskirts of the other; but we could really wish that he had not profaned the goodly vintage by reminding us of those lumps of vegetable fatness which sometimes, even now, are served up at an octogenarian symposium, in honour of the goddess Dyspepsia. We honour oil like the Sultan Saladin, and could wish to see it brought into more general use in this country; but there is something revolting to us in the sight and colour of the olive, which has neither the freshness of youth nor the fine hue of maturity. The last man whom we remember to have seen eating olives was an eminent manufacturer of Staleybridge, who he'ped himself to the fruit of Minerva with his short stubby fingers, desecrating all the while on the propriety of the enactment of a bill for augmenting the hours of infant labour. He died, if we recollect aright, about a fortnight afterwards—perhaps in consequence of the olives: if so, we are not disposed to deny that at times they may be served up with advantage.

Mr Reach, however, loathes the olive as much as we do, and therefore there is no difference of opinion between us. We like the fine enthusiasm with which he does justice to the taste of our mother country—a taste which we are certain will not decay so long as Leith flourishes, and the house of Bell and Rannie continues to maintain its pristine ascendancy in claret. With us in the north, we are glad to say there is no recognised medium between Glenlivet and Bordeaux. Either have in the hot water, or produce your '34; nobody will thank you for that port which you bought last week at an auction, and which you are desirous to represent as having been bottled for your use about the era of the Reform Bill. It may be both "curious" and "crusted," as you say it is; but you had better have it set aside to make sauce for wild-ducks. Indeed, "curious" port is, for many reasons, a thing to be avoided. We remember once dining at the house of an excellent clergyman in the country, whose palate, however, might have undergone a little more cultivation, with mutual advantage to himself and to his acquaintance. On that occasion we were presented three times with a certain fluid, under three different names; but all of us afterwards agreed that it was the same liquor, varying simply in degree of temperature. First, it came in smoking in a tureen, and was then called hare-soup; secondly, it was poured out cold from a decanter, under the denomination of port; third, and lastly, it came before us tepidly, with the accompaniment of sugar and cream, and the red-armed Hebe who brought the tray had the effrontery to assure us that it was coffee. So much for the curious vintage of Oporto—but we are forgetting Mr Reach.

"It is really much to the credit of Scotland that she stood staunchly by her old ally, France, and would have nothing to do with that dirty little slice of the worst part of Spain—Portugal, or her brandified potatoes. In the old Scotch houses a cask of claret stood in the hall, nobly on the tap. In the humblest Scotch country tavern, the pewter *tappit-hen*, holding some three quarts—think of that,

Master Slender—'reamed' (*Anglice*, mantled) with claret just drawn from the cask; and you quaffed it, snapping your fingers at custom-houses. At length, in an evil hour, Scotland fell."

We have more than half a mind to ascend the Rhine to Bacharach, and swear upon the altar of Lyæus—which must now be visible, if the weather on the Continent has been as dry as here—never to relax our efforts until either the Union, or the infamous duty on the wines of Bordeaux, is repealed! But we must calm ourselves and proceed moderately. Now, then, for the vineyards—here, as elsewhere, no very picturesque objects to the eye, but conveying a moral lesson that real goodness does not depend upon external appearances. We never saw a vineyard yet, where-of the wine was worth drinking, which a man would care to look at twice. Your raspberry-bush is, upon the whole, a statelier plant than the vine when fulfilling its noblest functions; nevertheless, we presume there are few who would give the preference to raspberry vinegar over veritable Lafitte. We have seen the vineyards in spring, when, as poor Ovid says—

"Quoque loco est vitis, de palmitè gemma movetur;"

but they do not bud at all so luxuriantly as a poet would fancy. The only time for seeing them to advantage is at the gathering of the grapes, when the gay dresses of the vintagers give animation to the scene, and song and laughter proclaim the season of general jubilee. There is nothing in our northern climates to compare with it, especially of late years, since the harvest-home brings no certainty of added wealth. Just fancy Mr Cobden at a *kirn*! Why, at the very sight of him the twasome reel would stop of its own accord—the blind old fiddler, scenting some unholy thing, would mitigate the ardour of his bow—and the patriarch of the parish, brewing punch, would inevitably drown the miller. Lucky for the intruder if he made his escape without being immersed in a tub of sowens!

We shall let Mr Reach speak for himself, as to the complexion of his favourite vineyards.

"Fancy open and unfenced expanses of stunted-looking, scrubby bushes, seldom rising two feet above the surface, planted in rows upon the summit of deep furrow ridges, and fastened with great care to low fence-like lines of espaliers, which run in unbroken ranks from one end of the huge fields to the other. These espaliers or lathes are cuttings of the walnut-trees around, and the tendrils of the vine are attached to the horizontally running slopes with withes, or thongs of bark. It is curious to observe the vigilant pains and attention with which every twig has been supported without being trained, and how things are arranged, so as to give every cluster as fair a chance as possible of a goodly allowance of sun. Such, then, is the general appearance of matters; but it is by no means perfectly uniform. Now and then you find a patch of vines unsupported, drooping, and straggling, and sprawling, and intertwisting their branches like beds of snakes; and again, you come into the district of a new species of bush, a thicker, stouter affair, a grenadier vine, growing to at least six feet, and supported by a corresponding stake. But the low, two-foot dwarfs are invariably the great wine-givers. If ever you want to see a homely, not read, but grown by nature, against trusting to appearances, go to Medoc and study the vines. Walk and gaze, until you come to the most shabby, stunted, weazened, scrubby, dwarfish expanse of bushes, ignominiously bound neck and crop to the espaliers, like a man on the rack—these utterly poor, starved, and meagre-looking growths, allowing, as they do, the gravelly soil to show in bald patches of grey shingle through the straggling branches,—these contemptible-looking shrubs, like paralysed and withered raspberries, it is which produce the most priceless, and the most imitably-flavoured wines. Such are the vines that grow Chateau Margaux at half-a-sovereign the bottle. The grapes themselves are equally unpromising. If you saw a bunch in Covent Garden, you would turn from them with the notion that the fruiterer was trying to do his customer with over-ripe black currants. Lance's soul would take no joy in them, and no sculptor in his senses would place such meagre bunches in the hands and over the open mouths of his Nymphs, his Bacchantes, or his Fauns. Take heed, then, by the lesson, and beware of judging of the nature of either men or grapes by their looks. Meantime, let us continue our survey of the country. No fences or ditches you see—the ground is too precious to be lost

in such vanities—only, you observe from time to time a rudely curved stake stuck in the ground, and indicating the limits of properties. Along either side of the road the vines extend, utterly unprotected. No raspers, no ha-ha's, no fierce denunciations of trespassers, no polite notices of spring-guns and steel-traps constantly in a state of high-go-offism—only, where the grapes are ripening, the people lay prickly branches along the wayside to keep the dogs, foraging for partridges among the espaliers, from taking a refreshing mouthful from the clusters as they pass; for it seems to be a fact, that everybody, every beast, and every bird, whatever may be his, her, or its nature in other parts of the world, when brought amongst grapes, eats grapes. As for the peasants, their appetite for grapes is perfectly preposterous. Unlike the surfeit-sickened grocer's boys, who, after the first week, loathe figs, and turn poorly whenever sugar candy is hinted at, the love of grapes appears literally to grow by what it feeds on. Every garden is full of table vines. The people eat grapes with breakfast, lunch, dinner, and supper. The labourer plods along the road munching a cluster. The child in its mother's arms is lugging away with its toothless gums at a bleeding bunch; while, as for the vintagers, male and female, in the less important plantations, heaven only knows where the masses of grapes go to, which they devour, labouring incessantly at the *metier*, as they do, from dawn till sunset."

In all this, however, we cannot say that we detect any matter for surprise. The grape season lasts only for a short period; and we have observed symptoms of a similarly universal appetite in this country when gooseberries are at their perfection. Nay, we shall venture to say that Mr Reach himself would cut no indifferent figure in a garden where the honey-blobs, hairy-yellows, and bloody-captains were abundant. As for the consumption by the vintagers and pressmen, that can be accounted for on the same principle which forbids the muzzling of the ox while treading out the corn; but we never enter willingly into such details, being satisfied that, with regard to many things edible, potable, and culinary, it is imprudent to be too curious in investigation. We eat and drink in confidence, as our fathers did before us, trusting that what harmed not them can do us no manner of injury; and

we do not feel at all grateful to those gentlemen who think it necessary to go out of their way for the purpose of presenting as with detailed accounts of the minutiae of the vinous manufacture.

It is, we think, a peculiar feature of the wines of the Bordelais, that you will rarely, if ever, find a connoisseur who will confess an undivided and exclusive attachment to any one particular growth. We fear that the claret-drinker has much of the lillertine in his disposition. He flits from vineyard to vineyard, without being able to fix his affections once and for ever. Such pleasant fickleness is not akin to the downright English spirit, and therefore perhaps it is that Englishmen generally prefer the heavy Portuguese drench, to the lively Gallican nectar. In London it is not uncommon to hear a man swearing by Barclay and Perkins, in almost feudal opposition to Meux. Many would rather be tee-totallers than defile their throats with other beer than that of Hanbury; and the partisans of Bass stand in deadly opposition to those who espouse the cause of Allsopp. So on the Rhine, men are bigoted to their vineyards. One individual approaches you, as Uhland beautifully remarks in the best of his romantic ballads,—

"With a flask of Asmannshauser  
In each pocket of his trowser,"

and vows, by the memory of Herrmann, and by that of Brennus, who first brought the vine from Italy, that the red fluid is incomparably superior to the pale. With a scornful laugh the adherent of Steinberger listens to the boast, and pours into his glass a beverage which scents the room like a dozen nosegays. A fiery devotee of Neiersteiner stands up—or rather tries to do so, if he is deep in his third bottle—for the credit of his pet vintage; and a priest, addicted to Liebfrauen-milch, in vain attempts to end the controversy by descanting upon the sanctity of his liquor. In Nuremberg we have witnessed several serious rows on the subject of the superiority of beer. A hot contest had been going on for some time as to the merits of the respective browsts of "right Bavarian" at the Himmelsleiter and the Jammer-thal, the two

most considerable beer-taverns in Germany; until at last—this was in '48—we of the Himmels-leiter being no longer able to stand the *outrécuidance* of our opponents, who were notoriously of the democratic party, marched upon them, and, under cover of political principle, smashed the glasses, and set several casks of the obnoxious fluid abroad. This is bare matter of fact; but if any gentleman is sceptical as to the possibility of such a movement, we may as well remind him that the only serious rising which took place in Bavaria originated from a proposed impost of an infinitesimal duty upon beer. Were England as Bavaria is, the continuance of the malt-tax would have led to a crisis of the most alarming description—and, after all, we cannot help thinking that the name of Hampden would now have been held in higher estimation, had he stood forward in the cause of his country's beer, instead of being the opponent of a miserable tax, which weighed only upon men of his own condition.

But we must not become political. So, gentlemen, "the memory of Hampden" in any kind of beer you choose, from the smallest to the stiffest;—and now to our present subject. We are very sorry indeed to observe that the taste in champagne—a wine which we hold in much reverence—is becoming hideously depraved in this country. We do not speak merely of England—England can look after herself, and Cyrus Redding is a safe monitor on such subjects, who, we trust, will make strong head against national depreciation. Sparkling Hock and petillating Moselle may be tolerated, though we do not like them; and we have no objection to St Peray as an agreeable companion to a cutlet. But, latterly, some superlative trash has made its appearance among us under such names as the Ruby and the Garnet; and we would earnestly recommend all good Christians who have a regard for their stomachs to avoid these. The fact is, that there is no tolerable medium in the quality of the wines of Champagne. Either they are first-rate, in order to secure which you had best stick to the established names, or they are not one whit preferable

to Perry. A conservative taste in wines is likely to be the most correct. Adhere to the ancient vineyards, and have nothing to do with newfangled fluids, however puffed or recommended. If you want to know how these are made, listen to Mr Reach, whose fine palate enabled him at once to detect the slightest touch of adulteration. Young men are apt to be led astray by the splendour of novel names, and to believe in the possibility of the discovery of new vineyards. They cannot resist an imposition, if it is paraded before them with proper pomp and dignity. Some years ago a nondescript species of liquor, bad enough to perpetuate the cholera in a province, was received with considerable approbation, because it bore the high-sounding name of "Céil de Montmorenci." We always distrust in wines those poetical and chivalresque titles. From this condemnation, however, we would specially exclude "Beaujolais de Fleury," a delicious liquor, which might have beseeemed the cup of old King René of Provence. But your Céil de Montmorencis, your Chateau Chastelleraults, and your Sang de St Simeons, with other similar ptisans, are neither more nor less than the concoction of those ingenious troubadours, the wine-fabricators of Cette.

"I said that it was good—good for our stomachs—to see no English bunting at Cette. The reason is, that Cette is a great manufacturing place, and that what they manufacture there is neither cotton nor wool, Perigord pies nor Rheims biscuits, but wine. '*Ici*,' will a Cette industrial write with the greatest coolness over his *Porte Cochère*—'*Ici on fabrique des vins*.' All the wines in the world, indeed, are made in Cette. You have only to give an order for *Johannisberg* or *Tokay*—nay, for all I know, for the *Falernian* of the Romans, or the nectar of the gods—and the Cette manufacturers will promptly supply you. They are great chemists, these gentlemen, and have brought the noble art of adulteration to a perfection which would make our own mere logwood and sloe-juice practitioners pale and wan with envy. But the great trade of the place is not so much adulterating as concocting wine. Cette is well situated for this notable manufacture. The wines of southern Spain are brought by coasters from Bar-

celona and Valencia. The inferior Bordeaux growths come pouring from the Garonne by the Canal du Midi; and the hot and fiery Rhone wines are floated along the chain of etangs and canals from Beaucaire. With all these raw materials, and, of course, a chemical laboratory to boot, it would be hard if the clever folks of Cette could not turn out a very good imitation of any wine in demand. They will doctor you up bad Bordeaux with violet powders and rough cider—colour it with cochineal and turnsole, and out-swear creation that it is precious Chateau Margaux, vintage of '25. Champagne, of course, they make by hogsheds. Do you wish sweet liqueur wines from Italy and the Levant? The Cette people will mingle old Rhone wines with boiled sweet wines from the neighbourhood of Lunel, and charge you any price per bottle. Port, sherry, and Madeira, of course, are fabricated in abundance with any sort of bad, cheap wine and brandy, for a stock, and with half the concoctions in a druggist's shop for seasoning. Cette, in fact, is the very capital and emporium of the tricks and rascalities of the wine-trade; and it supplies almost all the Brazils, and a great proportion of the northern European nations, with their after-dinner drinks. To the grateful Yankees it sends out thousands of tons of Ay and Moet; besides no end of Johannisberg, Hermitage, and Chateau Margaux—the fine qualities and dainty aroma of which are highly prized by the Transatlantic amateurs. The Dutch flag fluttered plentifully in the harbour, so that I presume Mynheer is a customer to the Cette industrial—or, at all events, he helps in the distribution of their wares. The old French West Indian colonies also patronise their ingenious countrymen of Cette; and Russian magnates get drunk on Chamberlain and Romanee Conte, made of low Rhone and low Burgundy brewages, eked out by the contents of the graduated vial. I fear, however, that we do come in—in the matter of 'fine golden sherries, at 22s. 9d. a dozen,' or 'peculiar old crusted port, at 1s. 9d.'—for a share of the Cette manufactures; and it is very probable that after the wine is fabricated upon the shores of the Mediterranean, it is still further improved upon the banks of the Thames."

We wish that these remarks could be made practically useful to that class of men who give dinners, and gabble about their wines. Nothing is, to our mind, more disgusting than the conduct of an Amphytrion who accompanies the introduction of each bottle

by an apocryphal averment as to its age, coupled with a minute account of the manner in which it came into his possession—he having, in nine cases out of ten, purchased it at a sale. Sometimes the man goes further, and volunteers a statement of its price. Now this is, to say the very least of it, a mark of the worst possible breeding. No guest, with a palate to his mouth, will relish the wine any better, because the ninny-hammer who gives it declares that it cost him seven guineas a-dozen. We don't want to know from an entertainer, unless he be a tavern-keeper, the absolute cost of his victuals. Just fancy Lucullus, in the saloon of Apollo, recounting the items of his repast—"Flaccus, my friend, those oysters which you are devouring with so much gusto cost ten sestertii a-piece. Fabius, my fine fellow, that dish of thrushes which you have just swallowed was not got for nothing—it cost me a whole sestertium. Peg away, Plancus, at the lampreys! May Pluto seize me if a dozen of them are not worth a tribune's salary. You like the Palernian, Furius? Ay—that's right *Anno Urbis* 521—I bought it at Sylla's sale. It just cost me its weight in silver. Davus, you dog! bring another amphora with the red seal—the same that we got from the cellars of Mithridates. Here's that, O conscript fathers, which will make the cockles of your hearts rejoice!" Now, who will tell us that such conversation, which would be revolting even from a Lucullus, ought to be tolerated from the lips of some pert whippersnapper, who, ten years ago, would have been thankful for a bumper of Bucellas after a repast upon fried liver? We are serious in saying that it is full time to put a stop to such a nuisance, which is more common than many people would believe; and perhaps the easiest way of doing so is by doggedly maintaining that each bottle is corked. After half-a-dozen of the famous vintage have been opened, and pronounced undrinkable, the odds are that you will hear nothing more for the rest of the evening on the subject of liquor. Your suggestion as to a tumbler will be received with grateful humility, and thus you will not only receive the applause of your fellow-guests, but



the approbation of your own stomach and conscience, both then and on the following morning.

There are many points connected with dinner-giving—dinner-taking belonging to a different branch of ethics—which deserve mature consideration. If you are not a man of large fortune, you must perforce study economy. We presume that you have in your cellar a certain limited portion of really good wine, such as will make glad the heart of man, and leave no vestige of a headache; but you cannot afford, and you certainly ought not to bestow, that indiscriminately. Good taste in wine is, like good taste in pictures, and good taste in poetry, by no means a common gift. Every man wishes to be thought to possess it; but, in reality, the number of those who have the gift of the "*geschmack*," as the Germans term the faculty, is but few. Now it would evidently be the height of extravagance were you to throw away first-rate wine upon men who cannot appreciate it. Who, in the possession of his senses, would dream of feeding pigs on pine-apples? And as, in this wicked world, we are all of us occasionally compelled to give dinners to men, who, though excellent creatures in other respects, are utterly deficient in the finer sensations of our being, we cannot, for the life of us, see why they should be treated contrary to the bent of their organisation. Give them toddy, and they are supremely happy. Why place before them Lafitte, which they are sure to swallow in total ignorance of its qualities, very likely commending it as good "*fresh claret*," and expressing their opinion that such wine is better from the wood than the bottle? Keep your real good liquor for such men as are capable of understanding it. There is no higher treat than to form one of a party of six, all people of first-rate intelligence, true, generous, clarety souls, when the best of the vintages of Bordeaux is circulating at the board. No man talks of the wine—he would as soon think of commending the air because it was wholesome, or the sun because it gave him warmth. They drink it with a quiet gusto and silent enjoy-

ment, which prove that it is just the thing; and no impertinent remonstrance is made when the bell is pulled, until taste, which your true claret-drinker never disobeys, simultaneously indicates to the party that they have had a proper allowance. Indeed, you will almost never find a thorough gentleman, who has been properly educated in claret, committing any excess. Port sends people to the drawing-room with flushed faces, husky voices, and staring eyes, bearing evident marks upon them of having partaken of the cup of Circe. Claret merely fosters the kindlier qualities, and brings out in strong relief the attributes of the gentleman and the scholar.

We should have liked, had time permitted, to have transcribed one or two of Mr Reach's sketches of scenery, especially his description of the Landes, where, instead of wine, men gather a harvest of resin, and where the shepherds imitate the crane, by walking perpetually upon stilts. We already possessed some knowledge of that singular region from the writings of George Sand, but Mr Reach's description is more simple, and certainly more easily realised. His account also of Pau, and its society, and the neighbouring scenery, is remarkably good; but so is the book generally, and therefore we need not particularise. Only, as we are bound to discharge the critical function with impartiality, and as we are rather in a severe mood, this not being one of our claret days, we take leave to say that the legends which he has engrafted are by far the least valuable portion of the volume. Everybody who knows anything of modern book-making, must be aware that such tales are entirely attributable to the fertile genius of the author; for we would as soon believe in the discovery of a buried treasure, as in the existence of those grey-haired guides, veteran smugglers, and antique boatmen, who are invariably brought forward as the Homeridæ or recounters of floating tradition. We have travelled a good deal in different parts of the world, and seen as much of that kind of society as our neighbours; but we can safely aver that we never yet met with a local Sinbad who had any-

thing to tell worth the hearing. If an author wants the materials of romance, the best place that he can frequent is a commercial traveller's room. We have been privileged to hear in such social circles more marvels than would furnish forth a whole library of romance, with this additional advantage, that the narrator of the tale, whether it referred to love or war, was invariably its principal hero.

But we are now rapidly approaching the limits of our paper, and must break off. Those who have a mind to know something of the south of France—of that strange old place, Aigues-Mortes, from which the Crusaders once embarked for Palestine, but which is now almost entirely deserted, and left like a mouldering wreck in the midst of the marshes that surround it—of Nismes, with its remains of Roman greatness and power—and of Languedoc, the name of which province is more inspiring than its actual appearance—will do

well to consult this lively and agreeable volume. But beyond the district of the vine we are determined not to journey now. Fair, we doubt not, are the vineyards in this beautiful spring—fair, at least, in the eye of the poet who believes in the promise of their buds. With us the lilacs and the laburnums are scarce yet expanding their blossoms; but it is a beautiful and a consoling thought that, within the circle of Bordeaux, thousands and thousands of vines are just now bursting into blossom, to alleviate the toils and cheer the hearts of the claret-drinkers of this and perchance of the next generation. May the year be ever famous in the annals of legitimate thirst! And with this devout aspiration, which we doubt not will be echoed by many good fellows and true, we take our leave of Mr Reach, thanking him for the amusement and information we have derived from the perusal of his pleasant book.

## THE DEMOCRATIC CONFEDERACY.

ALTHOUGH the precise period for the dissolution of Parliament is not yet known, we hear, on every side, the hum of political preparation. Members who had confidently reckoned on a longer lease of their seats, are trying to reconcile past votes with the present temper of their constituents, and, where they cannot openly vindicate their conduct, suggesting pleas in palliation. The over-timorous, and those who feel that they have no longer a chance of office, are issuing valedictory addresses, expressive of their preference of private life to the turmoil of a public career. Some are recanting former professions—others becoming bolder and more determined in their views. It is natural that such should be the case. The contest is not now solely between Whig and Tory, or even between Free-Trader and Protectionist. It has, owing to the occurrences of the last few months, assumed a more portentous aspect. Since his resignation, if we may not assume an earlier date, Lord John Russell has entered into the most close and intimate relations with the Manchester party, whose confession of political faith, as they themselves hardly scruple to avow, falls very little short of Republicanism. No sooner was he in opposition than he hastened to take counsel with Mr Cobden. The triumvirate was completed by the adhesion of Sir James Graham, a man who, having exhausted every possible form of moderate opinion, having played more parts in his day than the imagination of Autolycus could conceive, has assumed in his advanced years the character of an uncompromising democrat. Under Lord John Russell, Whiggery had lost its power. He could no longer command the suffrages, because he did not avow the opinions of the fiercer Liberal party, and because, so long as he remained allied with and recognised by the Whig aristocracy, he could not conciliate the chiefs and leaders of the democracy. He did not even understand the traditions of his own party—at all events, he has forgotten them for wellnigh twenty

years. However much the Whigs, in former times, may, for their own purposes, have appeared to tamper with the Constitution, they were at least understood to be in nowise the advocates of what is now called perpetual progress. They were not constantly innovating, for innovation's sake—or altering for the sake of securing a little temporary popularity. But Lord John Russell can no more abstain from experiment than a chemical lecturer. Partly from natural propensity, and partly from political exigencies, which he considered himself compelled to meet adroitly, in order to defeat his chief political antagonist, he walked on, step by step, until he reached the boundary of Radicalism. Once there, the temptation to venture over was great. His own immediate followers were few and feeble: behind him was the Conservative phalanx,—firm, united, and powerful; before him was the *Garde Mobile* of the Destructives, eagerly beckoning him over. He went; and it is little wonder if those of his staff who disapproved of so desperate a course, should now be either retiring from the field, or wandering about in disguise. What line, indeed, can a Ministerial Whig, who purposes to take his seat in the next Parliament, adopt with regard to his constituents? If he should say that he has faith and confidence in Lord John Russell, he must equally declare that he has faith and confidence in Mr Cobden, for these two are now inseparable in virtue of their late alliance. And if he is prepared to support a Cobden Ministry, he must needs avow himself a democrat. If, on the other hand, he should denounce Lord John Russell, and deny his leadership, whom is he prepared to follow? Is he to oppose Lord Derby as a Conservative, when the only possible party that can succeed to office in the event of the defeat of Lord Derby is that of the Destructives? Who leads him? Under what particular banner does he now profess to serve? These are questions and considerations which, during the last two months, have en-

grossed the attention of many a hesitating Whig, and which are now agitating, with great force, the whole of the electoral community. For it is quite clear that the old Whig party has ceased to have a separate existence. We do not say that, in time coming, it may not be reconstructed. There are materials enough to do that, providing a fitting architect can be found; but in the absence of any such artist, it must necessarily remain in abeyance. Men of moderate opinions—such as Sir William Gibson Craig, whose high character, affable demeanour, and unwearied attention to the interests of his constituents rendered his re-election perfectly secure—decline to present themselves as candidates at the approaching general election. Making every allowance for special and private reasons, on which no one has a right to comment, it does appear to us that such instances of withdrawal argue great uncertainty as to the political future, and cannot in any way be construed into tokens of approval of that line of conduct which Lord John Russell has thought fit to adopt. We could very well understand such withdrawals from public life, were the late Premier still in power. We can hardly believe that they would have taken place, had he remained, in adversity, the exponent and representative of the views which have hitherto been held by gentlemen of the old Whig party. Our own conviction is, that his conduct, since he was compelled to surrender power, has alienated the confidence of the best and wisest of his former adherents, who regarded his proposed Reform Bill with marked apprehension, and were sincerely rejoiced to be freed from the responsibility which must have attached to all, who, from party ties, might have thought themselves obliged to vote for so very dangerous a measure. It is now well known that the leading Whigs of England regard the defeat of Lord John Russell rather as a deliverance than a calamity. Henceforward they have done with him. If he is again to take office, he cannot count upon his old supporters. The Whig peers—the Lansdownes, the Fitzwilliams, the Zetlands—are too sensible, honourable, and loyal to

support a Cabinet in which Mr Cobden must have the principal say; and throughout the country we know that public opinion among the educated classes is utterly opposed to, and abhorrent of any such consummation. The few Whigs who are struggling to attain or regain their contested seats, dare not venture upon a distinct enunciation of their own opinions. They usually have recourse to such general terms as—"wise and temperate reform;"—"that degree of progress which the advanced position and increased intelligence of the age render imperative;"—or, "the timely concession to popular demand of those privileges which, if withheld, may hereafter be more clamorously enforced." It is no use commenting upon such language. The unhappy individuals who employ it are quite guiltless of any meaning; and they could not explain themselves if required. Generally speaking, they cut a most miserable figure when under examination by some burly Radical. On no one point are they explicit, save in their rejection of the ballot, which they think themselves entitled to except to, as Lord John Russell has hitherto declined to pronounce in favour of secret voting; and they dare not, for the lives of them, attempt to mark out the limit of the suffrage, or state the proper period for the duration of Parliaments. This is but a cowardly and contemptible line of conduct. If they have any spark of manhood in them, why can they not speak out? Surely by this time they should know the points of the Charter by heart, and be able to tell the constituencies to which of them they are ready to agree. On the contrary, we find nothing but dodging, shuffling, equivocating, and reserving. The fact is, that they have no mind of their own at all, and they are in sore perplexity as to the state of two other minds which they are trying to reconcile—the first being the mind of Lord John Russell, and the second being the mind of the constituency which they are addressing. For, apart from reform altogether, there are several topics about which your pure Whig candidate must be exceedingly cautious. For example, there is the withdrawal of the grant to Maynooth.

Even supposing that Lord John Russell were as alert a Protestant as he professed himself to be in the autumn of 1850, how could he venture to sacrifice the support of the Irish tail? Therein lies the difficulty. You will find plenty of men—very determined Protestants, but also very determined adherents of the late Ministry—who will tell you “that they were always opposed to any grant of the kind;”—that is, that they thought it essentially wrong, not only in a political, but in a religious point of view; but, press one of these gentlemen upon the point, especially if, as in the case of Edinburgh, the selection of a candidate seems to depend greatly on his views with regard to that measure, and you will almost invariably find that his attachment to Protestantism is less strong than his regard for the interests of his party. This may not be right, and we do not think it is so; but we infinitely prefer the conduct and avowal of such men to the disgraceful exhibitions which have lately been made by more than one Whig candidate. Opinions, based on religious principle, never ought to be conceded. Changed they may be; but what idea of the sincerity of such a change can be formed, when we find it taking place immediately on the eve of an election, and, in one instance, after the issue of an address? After all, we are perhaps too severe. Every one knows what was the miserable denouement of Lord John Russell's determined stand for Protestantism against Papal aggression; and it might be too much to expect that the devoted and even servile follower should exhibit, in his own person, more consistency than was displayed by his redoubted chief.

It is, however, quite apparent that, notwithstanding Lord John Russell's advances to the Radical party, the latter are by no means inclined to place confidence in the Whigs. In every case in which such a movement seems likely to be attended with any prospect of success, they are putting forward candidates of their own—men whose adhesion to democratic principles is beyond the possibility of a challenge. Persons whose names were never before heard of—utterly briefless barristers, reporters and writers

for the Radical press, broken-down speculators, who consider a career within the walls of St Stephen's as the best method of effacing the memory of the enormities of Capel Court, attorneys in dubious practice, and the like class of characters—are presenting themselves to constituencies rather on the strength of recommendations from the Radical Reform Junta, than from any particular merits of their own. By these men the Whigs are especially persecuted, and may, perhaps, in various instances, be beaten. Yet, strange to say, the Whigs, as a party, have not the courage to adopt any distinct principle, or announce any determined line of action, which would serve at once to distinguish and separate them from the fellowship of these political adventurers. They are ashamed of their old party names, and persist in calling themselves Liberals. Now, as we all know, Liberalism is, in politics, an exceedingly comprehensive term. Cussey was a Liberal, so is Mr Feargus O'Connor; so are Mr Joseph Hume, Mr John M'Gregor, Mr Cobden, Mr W. J. Fox, Lord Melbourne, and Mr James Moncrieff. And yet it would be difficult to say upon what particular point, negotiations excluded, one and all of these gentlemen are agreed. The fact is—and the Whigs know it—that there is no such thing as a united Liberal party, and that the soldering up of their differences is impossible. When a Whig appeals to a constituency as a Liberal, he is taking the worst and weakest, because the most untenable, ground. He is acting the part of the Girondists, who persisted in claiming kindred with the Montagnards, until the Mountain fell upon and crushed them. It is this feature which distinguishes the present from every previous contest. The chiefs of the Liberal sections profess to act in concert and amity—they hold meetings, pass resolutions, and lay down plans for future operations—their followers are as much opposed to each other as Abram and Balthazar of the House of Montague were to Sampson and Gregory of the House of Capulet. One thing alone they agree in—they are determined to do everything in their power to obstruct her Majesty's present Government.

It is very needful that such matters

should be considered at the present time—that sober-minded people, who must take a part in the approaching election, should thoroughly understand the responsibility which devolves upon them, and the consequences which may ensue from their committing an error of judgment. The influence of party watchwords, though materially lessened of late years, has not yet ceased to exist; and it is possible that some men may, through a terror of being charged with political inconsistency, actually commit themselves to principles which they hold in sincere abhorrence. Therefore it is necessary to look, not only to the past and present position of parties, but also to their future prospects and views, according to the support which may be accorded to them by the country at the general election.

Let us suppose that, at the opening of the new Parliament, Lord Derby should be defeated by a vote of want of confidence. His resignation must follow as a matter of course, and then begins the strife. Past events render it perfectly clear that the old Whig Government cannot return to office, or, if it could do so, must act upon other principles than before. Lord John Russell's resignation in February was an event which could not have been long postponed. His Cabinet was broken into divisions; it was unpopular out of doors; and his own conduct had, on various matters, been such as to engender general dissatisfaction. His Reform Bill was a measure which gave vast umbrage to the majority even of the urban electors. Its introduction was, perhaps, the most signal proof of his political weakness, and, we may add, of his ignorance of the state of popular feeling. No matter whether it was intended to be carried or not, it remains, and ever will remain, an example of the length to which personal ambition may carry an unscrupulous Minister. Earl Grey's administration of the Colonies has become a byword for imbecility, blundering, and disaster. The finances were not in much better hands. No movement was made by Sir Charles Wood towards the termination of the Income-Tax, nor had he even the practical ability to reimpose it upon

an equitable basis. We do not allude to these things by way of criticism on the past—indeed it would be unnecessary to do so, as they are matters of common notoriety. We state them merely to show that the reconstruction of the Whig Government, out of old materials, and on old principles, is a thing impossible, and that the next professing Liberal Government must differ greatly in kind and character from any which has hitherto preceded it.

Could it possibly be a moderate Government? Let us first consider that.

Not only the Radical party, (who must be looked upon as the chief supporters of such a Government,) but Lord John Russell and Sir James Graham, are pledged to the introduction of certain organic changes, differing only in degree. To suppose that any of them will adopt a less measure than that which they have advocated, is out of the question; and as the tendency of the movement has been, not from the Radicals to Lord John Russell, but from Lord John Russell to the Radicals, we may very naturally conclude that the result would be an approximation to the views of Mr Cobden. That gentleman, as we know, (for he does not scruple to tell us so in as many words,) has "ulterior objects" of his own, the time for developing which in safety has probably not yet arrived. We shall not inquire too curiously into the nature of those, being satisfied, as probably will be most of our readers who have watched the progress of the man, that they are not at all calculated to improve the stability of any of our institutions. We cannot, therefore, see what hopes can be entertained of the formation of a moderate Government, supposing Lord Derby's to be overthrown; unless, instead of uniting with Mr. Cobden, Lord John Russell could effect a union with some other political party.

No such party exists. Unless we are much deceived, the majority of the followers of the late Sir Robert Peel, at least the majority of those who may be able to re-enter Parliament, are prepared to give their support and confidence to Lord Derby's Administration. There may, no-

doubt, be exceptions. Sir James Graham and Mr Cardwell are clearly out of the Conservative ranks, and may enlist under any banner they choose. But as it is extremely problematical whether either of these gentlemen will obtain seats in the new House of Commons, their views are of little consequence. Other Obstructives, of whom there are a few, have no chance whatever of being returned; so that the construction of what we may term a moderate Liberal Government could not take place, from absolute want of material. Indeed, judging from the language lately employed by the knight of Netherby, we should say that moderation is as far from his thoughts as from those of the rankest Radical in Oldham.

Unless, therefore, the electors are really anxious for a Radical Government and for Radical measures, they ought to abstain from giving a vote to any candidate who is hostile to the continuance of Lord Derby's Administration. Let us not be misunderstood. We are not now arguing as to the propriety of sending Protectionists instead of Free-Traders to Parliament; we are not asking any man to forsake his opinions on points of commercial policy. Doubtless in the next Parliament there will be some opposed to the reimposition of duties upon corn, who, nevertheless, are prepared to accord their general support to Lord Derby, the more readily because he has distinctly stated that he leaves the corn-duties question "to the deliberate judgment of the country, and to the general concurrence of the country, without which I shall not," said he, "bring forward that proposition." But in voting for any candidate, who sets forward as a ground for his acceptance, the fact that he belongs to what is called "the Liberal party," let the electors remember that they are in truth voting for Radical measures, and for organic changes. They may be slow to believe so, but there can actually and absolutely be no other result. These gentlemen of "the Liberal party," however moderate their individual views may be, seek to enter Parliament for the purpose of overthrowing one Government

and establishing another. Of course the overthrow must always precede the reconstruction; and, most commonly, it is not until the overthrow has been made, that the plan of the structure is considered. We have already stated our reasons—and we submit they are strong ones—for thinking that no moderate Liberal Government, in the proper sense of the term, can be again constructed; that Lord John Russell, if once more summoned to form a Cabinet, must do so on a Radical basis, and the inevitable consequence must be the establishment of a thorough democracy, on the ruins of our present Constitution. We appeal in this matter as directly to the old constitutional Whigs, as to that powerful body of the electors, who, entertaining moderate opinions, are attached to no particular party in the state. We entreat them earnestly to consider the difficulties of the present crisis—difficulties which have arisen not so much from any increasing power of the Radical faction, as from the weakness, vacillation, and strong personal ambition of the late Whig leader. No doubt it is an honourable and a high ambition which excites a statesman to aim at the possession of power, but the honour ceases the moment that principle is abandoned. And it does appear to us that, of late years, far too little attention has been paid to the terms of the conditions which are implied by a Minister's acceptance of office. Under our constitutional monarchy he is the servant of the Crown, and he is bound to bring forward such measures only as will tend to the dignity and the safety of that, and the welfare of the people generally. Is it possible for any one conscientiously to maintain that Lord John Russell has pursued such a course? Is it not, on the contrary, apparent to all, that his main object, and the leading thought of his life, has ever been the supremacy of his own political party? Has he not, in order to prolong that supremacy, approached repeatedly to factions with whose principles he had nothing in common, and purchased their temporary support on terms alike degrading to the giver and to the recipient? That is not the art of

governing, at least as it was understood of old. Once let it be known that a Government is plastic—that it may be bullied, coerced, or driven into making terms—and its moral power and influence are for ever gone. Is there any reason—we would ask the electors—why any man should incur such risk as must arise from the instalment of a Radical Ministry in power, solely from personal devotion to the interests of my Lord John Russell? There may be some who think that hitherto he has deserved well of his country. So be it: we have no objection that they should entertain such an opinion. But this much is undeniable, that however good his intentions might be, he neither could, nor can, command a majority of direct followers of his own; and that he has been forced to scramble on from point to point by the assistance of political antagonists, dexterously availing himself, at each turn, of the hand which was immediately nearest. But this kind of course must always have an end. A precipice lay before him; and, as no other arms were open, he leaped into those of Mr Cobden.

If the main body of the Whigs are prepared to follow Lord John Russell wherever he may go, notwithstanding all that has passed, and all that he has indicated for the future, we, of course, can have no manner of objection. But let them distinctly understand what is in store for them if they choose to adopt such a course. Many of them, we know, were thoroughly disgusted with the Reform Bill which he introduced this Session; and did not hesitate to express their conviction that it was an unnecessary, dangerous, and reprehensible measure. If Lord John Russell returns to power, he must bring in a new Reform Bill far more democratic than the last. That is the condition on which he is allowed to retain the nominal leadership of the Opposition, and from it he cannot depart. The Manchester party will not rest until they have attained their end. They are for no half-measures; they are plagued by no scruples. Their doctrine is, that political power should be vested in the uneducated masses,—“the instinct of the million being,” according to their great oracle,

“wiser than the wisdom of the wisest.” In other words, mob rule is to be paramount, and whatever the majority wish to be done, must be straightway put into execution. Is there any reflecting man in the country who does not shudder at the thought of such a consummation?—is there any one conversant with history who does not see to what it must necessarily lead? With no lack of demagogues to mislead and excite them, what part of the British fabric would be secure against the attacks of an ignorant democracy? It may be true that Lord John Russell does not contemplate this—that he would even shrink from and repudiate the thought with horror. But he is not the less doing all in his power to forward the advance of anarchy. By consenting to lower the suffrage, he has given authority and significance to demands far more comprehensive in their scope. He has indicated that the bulwark which he himself erected, twenty years ago, is not to be considered as permanent, but merely temporary in its purpose. He has begun, like the foolish dike-builder of Holland, to tamper with the sea-wall of his own construction, heedless of the inundation which must follow.

Let the Whigs pause for a moment, and consider what are the principles maintained by the men with whom their leader is now in alliance. Of their notions on religious matters it is difficult to speak with accuracy. One large section of them consists of rank Papists, men under the control and domination of the Roman Catholic priesthood, and ready to do their bidding in anything that may advance the supremacy of a false and apostate Church. Another section professes to regard all Churches and creeds as alike, maintaining, as a fundamental doctrine, that Establishments ought to be abolished, and religious teaching maintained only on the strict Voluntary principle. The advocates of this view are of course prepared to strike down the Established Churches of England and of Scotland, to overturn the whole existing ecclesiastical arrangements, and to confiscate ecclesiastical property. Another section is supremely indifferent to religious teaching of any kind, regarding secular education as



quite sufficient for all the requirements of the people. These are the men who regard all opposition to Papal aggression as sheer bigotry and intolerance, who clamour for the admission of Jews into one House of Parliament, whilst in the same breath they profess themselves ready to dismiss the Christian prelates from the other. In politics they are republican, all except the name. But, in truth, it matters little what name is given to their creed, seeing that the principle which they profess is that of pure democracy. It is not pretended, and certainly they do not pretend, that if their scheme were carried, the House of Peers could continue on its present footing to coexist with the House of Commons. They admit that they have "ulterior objects"—all revolutionists have—and these are left to our conjecture. Is then our present Constitution so faulty, that the great body of the electors are prepared to risk, and to recommend a change?

If not, let them beware of returning any man who will so far support Lord John Russell as to act unscrupulously against Lord Derby. By all means let the measures of the present Government be considered with the utmost rigidity and exactitude, and let no favour be shown to them beyond what they conscientiously deserve. The ordeal may be—must be, a severe one; but Ministers will not shrink from it, being conscious of the integrity of their motives. But it is no part of the game of Opposition to allow them a fair trial, or even a fair hearing, if they can in anywise be prevented. They must, say the democrats, be crushed—and that immediately. Mr Cobden went the length of counselling that they should not be permitted to get through the business of the present Session, so apprehensive was he of the effect which an appeal to the constitutional feelings of the country might produce. He and Mr Villiers had concocted a scheme which they thought might precipitate a crisis, but it was too scandalously factious to admit of its being carried into effect.

The late Whig Government has been tried, and found wanting. It never can be reconstituted again, and its old supporters are undoubtedly

released from all their ties of allegiance. It will be for them to determine whether they are to follow Lord John Russell in his retreat to the camp of the Radicals, or continue to maintain those constitutional principles which were once the boast of the Whig party. The question is indeed a serious and a momentous one. Lord Derby has most clearly indicated the nature of the ground on which he stands. He does not appeal to the country on this or that financial measure—he comes forward as the supporter of the Protestant institutions of the realm, and as the determined opponent of a designing and encroaching democracy. What sound Protestant, or true lover of his country, can be indifferent to such an appeal?

We have been thus particular in noticing the state of parties, because we observe that various underlings of the late Government are canvassing constituencies, especially in Scotland, in rather an artful manner. They keep out of sight altogether the fact of the Chesham Place alliance. They are as unwilling to allude to that treaty as to the notorious Lichfield House compact, when the Whigs bartered religious principle for Roman Catholic support. Now, this may be very convenient for those gentlemen; but, we presume, the electors will agree with us in thinking that the sooner they can arrive at a distinct understanding upon such points the better. It is all very well to talk of "judicious and timely reform," but the orator who uses such terms should go a little further, and explain to his audience the exact nature of the reform which he contemplates. Because, if Lord John Russell's abortive Bill is not to be introduced again, but, in the event of his resumption of office, another, revised by Mr Cobden, and approximating to the full requirements of the Manchester politicians, is to be tabled instead—it would be as well to know how far the liberality of honourable candidates will permit them to advance. Also, it would be a curious and not unprofitable subject of inquiry whether they still hold themselves to be bound by the acts of their parliamentary leader? If they attended the meeting at Ches-

ham Place, they must be held as consenting parties to the Cobden compact; if they did not, it might not be useless to ask who is their leader, and what line of policy do they intend to pursue? It is a good thing to hear the abstract opinions of political soldiers and subalterns; but in these times, it is much more instructive to learn the name of the captain of their troop. None of the gentlemen to whom we are alluding are likely to originate measures—they must be contented to take the word of command from others. If, therefore, they remain, and intend to remain, followers of Lord John Russell, they form part of that grand army of which Mr Cobden is a general of division, if not something higher. They have pronounced for the democracy, and as democrats they should accordingly be viewed.

It would be exceedingly instructive if we could exact from each candidate a distinct definition of the meaning which he attaches to the term "Liberal principles." We observe from the Edinburgh newspapers that a gentleman, professing "liberal principles," proposes to contest the representation of the Montrose burghs with Mr Joseph Hume—the inference being, that the principles of the said Joseph are not sufficiently liberal! Then, at Paisley, a candidate recommended by the same Joseph Hume, and that superlative twaddler Sir Joshua Walmsley, comes forward, on "liberal principles," to oppose Mr Hastie, whom we have hitherto been accustomed to regard as rather in advance of the Whigs. The Radicals of Perth did not think Mr Fox Maule "liberal" enough for them, since they brought forward an opponent in the person of a certain Mr Gilpin; and now that Mr Maule has succeeded to the peerage, the gentleman who next solicits the suffrages of the Fair City in his place, must make up his mind to compare his "liberal principle" with those of the Gilpin. Not long ago a well-known Whig citizen and civic functionary of Edinburgh declared himself opposed to any further extension of the suffrage, thereby intimating his dissent from the principle of Lord John Russell's Bill; and yet, at a meeting lately held

for the purpose of selecting a candidate, this same individual moved a resolution to the effect that the candidate ought to be a man professing "liberal opinions!" Really there is something ludicrous and intensely absurd in this general employment of a phrase which can be made to mean almost anything. Is a man in favour of a republic, abolition of the House of Peers, suppression of the Church, and repudiation of the national debt? Then he is undoubtedly a man of "liberal principles." Is he merely for household suffrage, electoral divisions, vote by ballot, and triennial parliaments? He is likewise of "liberal principles." Is he a thick-and-thin supporter of Lord John Russell, having held a place under the late Government? Who so ready as he to lay claim to "liberal principles." Does he wish the separation of Church and State? "Liberal" again. Does he back up the Papacy in their insolent attempts at aggression, and defend the grant of Maynooth? He does so on "liberal principles." Does he wish to see the Jews in Parliament? He vindicates that wish on the score of "liberal principles." Now, surely, unless logic is an art as lying as that of chiromancy, it cannot be that all the men holding such conflicting opinions are entitled to the name of Liberals, or to claim credit to themselves for entertaining "liberal opinions." If so, who is illiberal? But it is not worth while to comment further upon a point so very obvious as this. If Liberalism means contemplated overthrow and anarchy, we make the gentlemen who profess such principles as welcome to their title as was the late Thomas Paine, when he too arrogated to himself, in his isolation, the name of Liberal. If it means adherence to the principles of the Constitution, love of social order, and regard for the welfare of the general body of the people, we fear that we must deny the name to a good many of those who claim it.

One miserable feature in the conduct of some of these *soi-disant* Liberal candidates, especially the new ones, is their extreme avidity to swallow any pledge that may be proposed, provided that, by so doing, they can secure the suffrages of some inconsi-

derable fraction of the electors. Their addresses are not deliberate expositions of their own formed opinions, but are framed upon another and very liberal principle. They endeavour to ascertain the points of doctrine which are supposed to be the most popular with the constituency whom they are ambitious to represent, and they issue their manifestoes accordingly. If anything has been omitted, or if they have not gone far enough, an opportunity is usually afforded them to make up for that deficiency at the first meeting of the electors—so called by courtesy, for in many cases there are not half-a-dozen electors, besides those on the platform, in the room. Such meetings are invariably attended by the busy-bodies of the place—radical cobblers, church-rate martyrs, philosophical barbers, and perhaps one or two specimens of that most loathsome of all animals, the dirty dandy. Here the candidate is expected to go through his facings, and to answer every question which insolence can suggest, or ignorance render unintelligible. No matter:—as our friend is a member of the “Liberal party,” he can safely expand his conscience to any extent which may be required; and the decisive and prompt manner in which he frequently disposes of the most knotty points of social and political economy, is delightful and edifying. Without ever having read a single page on the subject, he is quite ready to reconstruct the Currency, and pledges himself to bring in a bill to that effect, at the request of a snuffy dealer in gingerbread, who never had credit for five pounds in his life, and who has just made application for a *cessio honorum*. An individual in fustian, evidently in the last stage of *delirium tremens*, after a hiccupped harangue on ecclesiastical rapacity, demands from him his thoughts upon Church Establishments in general; and the liberal candidate at once undertakes to have them all suppressed. If his opinions on the subject of National Education are somewhat vague, the fault lies with the respectable non-elect, who could not frame his question so as to render it intelligible. To one earnest inquirer—a carrier—he promises an entire and compulsory

stoppage of Sunday trains. To another—a publican—he pledges himself to remove the excise duties from British spirits. To a third—a cabman—he indicates his resolution of commencing a violent onslaught on the Customs, so that “the poor man’s tobacco” may be no longer smoked under a sense of injustice. Of course he disposes very summarily of the Army, Navy, and Colonies, these being parasitical weeds which ought immediately to be done away with; in fact, before he has done, there is hardly one institution, tax, custom, establishment, or system in the United Kingdom which he has not denounced as odious, and which he has not pledged himself to alter! So convenient are your “liberal principles” in adjusting themselves to the popular will.

What takes place now, bad as it is, is but a faint type of what would be enacted if democracy had the upper-hand; and we would recommend all those who are sceptical as to this matter, to attend personally some meeting at which a candidate is subjected to this kind of examination, and mark the intelligence which is displayed by the questioners, and the consistency which is exhibited in the replies. It is, indeed, as sorry a spectacle as a man could wish to witness; and could we suppose it to be a reflex either of the mind of the electors, or of the settled opinions of those who are likely to be Liberal members of Parliament, the idea would inevitably cast a heavy gloom over our anticipations for the future. But the truth is, that the electors have little or nothing to do with it; and the great majority of the upstart aspirants after the honours of legislation will, in a month or so, return to their usual avocations, probably not without an imprecation on the folly which induced them, at the bidding of an interested faction, to suspend the humble toils on which their daily bread depended, and expose themselves alike to ridicule and defeat. There are, however, reflections of a very serious nature suggested by the efforts which the Radical party are making for the introduction of organic changes, which ought not to be lightly passed over.

Why is it that certain parties are

now, more than heretofore, engaged in getting up a cry for reform and extension of suffrage? Why is it that some men, ostensibly belonging to the Whig party, who, a year or two ago, held such views in utter detestation, have declared themselves favourable to the movement? Has anything been done to curtail the popular privileges—to take away from the people any portion of the power which they previously possessed—to curtail the liberty of the press—or in any way to trench upon the rights which are common to every subject? Has there been any tyranny on the part of the Crown—any audible complaint against the acts of the House of Peers? Nothing of the kind. Has, then, the House of Commons failed in the fulfilment of its duty? That averment can hardly be made, with consistency at least, by any member of the Liberal party, since they have made it their boast that, at the present moment, they are in possession of a majority in the Lower House, and have taken credit to themselves for magnanimity in allowing Lord Derby's Ministry to exist, as they say, by sufferance, until the ordinary business of the Session is completed. What, then, can be the motive for the change which is now so loudly urged? It is simply this: The Liberal party are aware that they no longer possess the confidence of the country, and they hope, by rousing a new and formidable agitation, to divert the public mind into another channel, and prevent it from dwelling upon the injuries which they have inflicted upon the industrious classes of the nation. How otherwise can we account for this sudden and violent mania for extending the suffrage, which is apparent in the election speeches of most of the Liberal candidates? Mark the inconsistency of these men. They tell us—no matter whether falsely or not—that the country never was in a state of greater prosperity than now, and that such has been the fruit of their earnest and triumphant efforts. Very well. If it be so, what reason can be urged for making any organic change? Are not the prosperity and the welfare of a nation, and that content which, as we are told, reigns among the working-classes, the surest

proofs that the Constitution is working admirably; and would it not, in that case, be utter madness to alter its arrangement? Yet such is the dilemma in which the Liberals, including Lord John Russell, are placed. They dare not aver that the country is not prospering, seeing that, for many years, they have had it all their own way, and that any statement of the kind would be tantamount to a censure passed upon themselves. On the contrary, they avow prosperity in the highest degree, and yet they are clamouring for a change, which cannot improve, but may possibly imperil it!

They cannot say that they demand extension of the suffrage because the acts of another Ministry might possibly endanger the prosperity which they assume to exist. Both the Radicals and Lord John Russell had declared for extension of the suffrage long before Lord Derby was summoned to take office. They were quite as keen for organic change at the time when they tauntingly told us that Protection was confined and buried for ever, as they are now when they behold it in life and motion. Nor can they reasonably suppose that a cry for extended suffrage will be generally acceptable to the great body of the present electors, who are jealous enough of the privileges which they have so long possessed, and are by no means disposed to part with them, or to be swamped by the uneducated rabble. We are loath to suppose that any, beyond the worst and most unprincipled agitators of the Manchester rump, are base enough to hope in their hearts that they may succeed in exciting popular tumult and disturbance. We shall not consult Mr Roebuck's *History of the Whig Ministry* for any similar passages in former days—we content ourselves with the assurance that no disposition of the kind exists anywhere. Therefore, after looking at the subject in all its bearings, we are constrained to come to the conclusion, that all this talk about reform on the part of the Liberals has its origin in a sincere and not unnatural desire to mislead the people of this country, and to withdraw their attention from those matters in which they are immediately and most deeply interested.

The advocates of that system which has been dominant for several years, although its introduction is of an older date, are, of course, loud in its praise, and claim for it the credit of full and triumphant success. We do not deny that their system has, in the mean time, had the effect of cheapening commodities, though not in the ratio which they predicted. The price of the loaf, of sugar, and of various other articles commonly termed "of first necessity," is lowered; and we may fairly acknowledge that to many this not only appears, but is, a valuable boon. For, undoubtedly, if we could procure all the articles which we consume at a far lower rate than before, retaining, at the same time, our incomes undiminished, we should each of us be immense gainers—we might either work less, and continue to live as formerly, or we might work as formerly, and gradually accumulate a capital; but if, in proportion to the cheapness of commodities, our incomes equally diminish, then it is not easy to see wherein the advantage lies.

It is obvious, then, that at least one class of persons—those who are in the receipt of fixed incomes—must profit materially by any system which induces the cheapening of commodities. The mere annuitant can now live more comfortably than before; but as annuitants do not constitute a very large class of the community, and as they necessarily must derive their incomes from the product of internal labour, we apprehend that, in treating of such questions, it is proper to look directly to the working and productive classes. We do not intend to argue over again points which we have repeatedly discussed in previous articles; our object just now is to show that these pretended Liberals have reason on their side in wishing to escape from a calm and deliberate investigation of the consequences of their lauded policy.

We are told by them that the working-classes never were so comfortable as they are just now. If we believed this, and believed also that the comfort *could be permanent*—because both points of belief are necessary before any one can be convinced of the excellence of their system—we

should submit to the deep degradation of acknowledging, in silence and tears, our conversion to the tenets of the men of Manchester. But, unfortunately, we believe nothing of the kind—nay, we know that the contrary is the fact; and, first, let us try to understand, if possible, the meaning of the Free-Traders.

We need not complicate the question as to what the working-classes are, by insisting that every man who depends for his support upon his own exertions belongs to that order. Heaven knows that the pen is oftentimes a more toilsome implement than the shuttle or the spade; and, although we cannot say that we ever had a fancy to try our hand at the loom, we would have no objection, on occasion, to take a turn at trenching. By the working-classes, we understand those who are engaged in mechanical toil—in tilling the earth, cultivating its products, raising and smelting its minerals, producing fabrics from raw materials, and assisting the operations of commerce and manufactures in an endless variety of ways. They are distinguished from the capitalist in this, that they labour with their hands, and that labour is their sole inheritance.

That it is the first duty of every Government to guard and protect that class, has been our invariable doctrine. In them the motive strength of Britain lies. Machinery is of man's invention—the human frame is the work of God alone, animated by His breath, and must not be treated as a machine. They may be called upon—as all of us are called upon—to contribute some portion of their labour for the maintenance of our national institutions, which have undeniably exempted us from those terrible calamities by which almost every other state in Europe has been visited. A bad system of the entailment of state debts, commenced more than a hundred and sixty years ago by a monarch who came over to this country as a Liberator, has increased the national burdens, and occasioned a further tax upon labour. Yet, nevertheless, it is undeniable that the condition of the British labourer, in every department of industry, has been for a long time superior to that of his fellow

in any other European country. The men of the working-classes are, though they may not know it, possessed of enormous power. Wronged they cannot be, except by their own consent, and as victims of delusion; for the sympathy of the intelligence of the country is with them, and so is that of the higher orders. To all who have true nobility of soul, the rights of the working man are sacred; and when that ceases to be the case, the days of the aristocracy are numbered.

But *why* is it that the condition of the British labourer has been superior to that of his foreign equal? That is indeed a consideration of the very greatest importance; and it would be well if statistical compilers and political economists had set themselves seriously to consider "the reason why," instead of simply noting the fact. We have read a good many volumes—more than we care to enumerate—written by gentlemen of that class, but we never have been able to find any intelligible explanation of that phenomenon. Yet surely it is a remarkable one. This country is, in respect of its population, far more heavily burdened than any of the leading states of Europe—it has not the climatic advantages of some of them—and it can scarcely be said to produce the precious metals. Its exports, though undoubtedly large, were, and are, as nothing to the quantity produced, intended for the home consumption. It has been computed, from an investigation of the census taken in 1841, that not much more than half a million of people, the population being then nearly twenty seven millions, were employed in the manufacture of articles for the foreign trade.\*

It may be useful here to mention that, according to one foreign statistical authority, Schnabel, the proportion of taxes paid yearly by each individual in Great Britain, France, and Prussia, was in the following ratio:—

Great Britain, . . . .	18
France, . . . . .	11½
Prussia, . . . . .	5½

And the comparative rate of agricultural wages is stated thus by Rau, in his *Lehrbuch der Politischen Oekonomie*:—

	s.	d.
Great Britain, (average),	1	6
France, (do.)	1	0½
East Prussia, . . . .	0	4½

These figures, of course, may be slightly inaccurate, but they are sufficient to show the great variation, both in taxation and wages, which prevails in the three countries which are here specified; and we have no reason to believe that, during the few years which have elapsed since these calculations were made, any material difference in proportion has taken place. A similar discrepancy prevails in wages of every kind. For example, Mr Porter tells us that in Wurtemberg the wages of the artisans in towns are from 1s. 8d. to 4s. 2d. per week; that in Bavaria "labourers are paid at the rate of 8d. per day in the country, and from 8d. to 1s. 4d. in the towns;" and that in Saxony "a man employed in his loom, working very diligently from Monday morning until Saturday night, from five o'clock in the morning until dusk, and even at times with a lamp, his wife assisting him in finishing and taking him the work, could not possibly earn more than 20 groschen (2s. 6d. sterling) per week." We might have added many other instances to these, but we judge it to be unnecessary. We quote them simply for the purpose of showing that labour in Britain, if heavily taxed, was better remunerated than elsewhere.

Now, why was it better remunerated? That is—after all that has been said and written on the subject, and Eolus-bags of oratory, and hundreds of thousands of reams of paper have been expended on it—the question, upon the solution of which the merit

\* Mr Spackman, in his *Analysis of the Occupations of the People*, states the whole number of persons employed in manufactures of every kind at 1,440,908; the total annual value of their production in 1841, at . . . . . £187,184,292

Whereof, for the Home Trade, . . . . . £128,600,000

For the Foreign Trade, . . . . . 58,584,292

187,184,292

of the rival systems depends. It was better remunerated in this way—because in Great Britain there has been a far greater outlay of capital in every department and branch of industry, than has been made in any other country of the world. With us, land has been reclaimed, and brought under tillage, which elsewhere would have been left in a state of nature. At an immense cost the difficulties of climate have been overcome, and the soil rendered productive, and capable of sustaining an increased number of inhabitants. We must go back farther than the memory of the present generation can reach, in order to appreciate the vast nature of the improvements which were so effected. Since the commencement of the present century, very nearly four millions of acres, in England alone, have been brought into cultivation under the Inclosure Acts, besides all that has been effected by private enterprise—and it is probable that amount immensely exceeds the other—on land held by a simple tenure. Eighty years ago, the greater part of the surface of what are now our best cultivated counties, was covered with heath and ling, and of course wholly unproductive. It was from this outlay of capital in the cultivation of the soil that the rapid growth of our towns, and the great increase of our manufactures, took their rise. The latter cannot precede—it must always follow the other. The country supplied the towns with food, and the towns in turn supplied the country with manufactures. Such being the case, it is evident that the prosperity of either interest depended greatly upon the circumstances of the other. If agriculture was depressed, from whatever cause, there was no longer the same demand as formerly for manufactures; if manufactures were depressed, the agriculturist suffered in his turn. But in reality, except from over-trading, and a competition pushed to an extent which has affected the national interest, it is difficult to understand how a depression in manufactures for the home trade could take place, except through and in consequence of agricultural calamity. The home demand was remarkably steady, and could be calculated upon

with almost a certainty of return. It was reserved for the enlightened economists of our age to discover that the interests of agriculture and manufactures were not harmonious. Such, clearly, was not the theory of our forefathers. The Book of Common Prayer contains a form of thanksgiving for a good harvest—it has none for a year of unusual export and import.

We must not, however, pass over without notice, the circumstances which led to the extraordinary development of industry and enterprise in Great Britain, in every department. Without consumers, it is quite evident that agriculture could not have advanced with such rapid strides; and it is important that there should be no misunderstanding on this matter. The possession of a hundred or a thousand acres of land is of little value unless the owner can command a remunerative market for his produce; nor will he cultivate his land to the utmost unless he has the assurance of such a market. It is all very well to say, that, by the expenditure of a certain sum of money, such and such an amount of crops may be reared on each acre;—that is a mere feat of agricultural chemistry, such as Mr Huxtable offered to undertake upon pure sand with the assistance of pigs' dung; but the real and only question is—will the return meet the outlay? Without some unusual and extraordinary cause to increase the number of consumers, it is clear to us that the progress of agriculture must have been comparatively slow; and accordingly, we find that cause in the Continental war, which continued for nearly a quarter of a century, and which has effected such mighty changes—the end of which is not yet apparent—in the social position of Great Britain.

To maintain that war, the resources of this country were taxed to the utmost. So great were the demands, that they could not possibly have been met but for two things—one being the result of internal arrangement, and the other arising from external circumstances. The first of these was the suspension of cash payments, and the extension, or rather creation, of credit, arising from an unlimited paper currency. The second was the mono-

poly of the foreign markets, which we engrossed, in virtue of our naval supremacy. No writer on the social state of Britain, even at the present hour, and no political economist who does not specially refer to these two circumstances, are worth consulting. Better put their volumes into the fire, than discuss effects without regard to their antecedent cause.

It may be that the extent to which that unlimited currency was pushed, has since had disastrous results. If unwisely permitted without control or regulation, it was, as we think, contracted in a manner even more unwise; and the practical consequence has been an enormous addition to the weight of the public debt. But without a currency of very large extent—without the credit which that currency created—Great Britain could not have continued the struggle so long, nor brought it to a triumphant issue. It was this that stimulated both agriculture and manufactures, the latter having, in addition, the inestimable privilege of the command of the markets of the world, without any interference of a rival. Reclaimed fields and new manufactories were the products of that period; and unquestionably there never was an era in our history when prosperity appeared to be more generally diffused. If prices were high, so were wages. Employment was plentiful, because improvement was progressing on every side, and no jealousy existed between the manufacturer and the agriculturist. During fifteen years, from 1801 to 1815, the average annual quantity of wheat and wheat-flour imported to this country was only 506,000 quarters.

Perhaps it may be instructive here to quote the words of an acute observer in 1816, regarding the improvements which had taken place, before any check occurred. The writer of the historical summary in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for that year thus expresses himself:—

“During the continuance of the last war, many things had conspired to stimulate to the highest extent the exertions of every class of the people of England. Cut off by the decrees of Buonaparte from direct intercourse with some of the richest countries of Europe, the policy

which England had adopted in revenge of this exclusion, had greatly increased the action of those many circumstances which naturally tended towards rendering her the great, or rather the sole entrepot, of the commerce of the world. In her the whole of that colonial trade which had formerly been sufficient to enrich, not her alone, but France and Holland also, had now centred. The inventive zeal of her manufacturers had gone on from year to year augmenting and improving branches of industry, in which, even before, she had been without a rival. The increase of manufactures had been attended with a perpetual increase in the demand for agricultural produce, and the events of the two years of scarcity (as they were called) lent an additional spring to the motion of those whose business it was to meet this demand. The increase which took place in the agricultural improvements of the island, was such as had never before been equalled in any similar period of time. Invention followed invention, for economising labour, and increasing production; till throughout no inconsiderable part of the whole empire the face of the country was changed. ‘It may safely be said,’ asserted Mr Brougham, ‘that without at all comprehending the waste lands wholly added to the productive tenantry of the island, not perhaps that two blades of grass now grow where one only grew before, but certainly that five grow where four used to be; and that this kingdom, which foreigners were wont to taunt as a mere manufacturing and trading country, inhabited by a shopkeeping nation, is, in reality, for its size, by far the greatest agricultural state in the world!’”

Contrary, perhaps, to the general expectation, the close of the war and the return of peace operated disastrously upon the internal interests of the country. Though the manufacturing energies of the Continent had been checked, its agriculture was ready and available; and accordingly, no sooner were the ports opened than prices fell at an alarming rate. The result was not only immediate agricultural distress in Britain, but the *greatest depression in every branch of manufacture connected with the home trade*. The agricultural distress needs no explanation. The vast improvements on land had been made with borrowed money; and when prices went down, the proprietor too often found himself unable from his rents to pay the bare interest of the



money expended. Yet, had these improvements not taken place, how could Britain have continued the struggle so long—how could her manufacturing population have been fed? These are questions never considered now, especially by those agitators who revile the landlords, or rather the Legislature, for the imposition of the Corn Laws; but the truth is, that, unless the corn duty had been then imposed, England must, within a very few years, either have exhibited the humiliating spectacle of a bankrupt and ruined state, or been plunged in revolution. The distress rapidly spread to the manufacturers—for example, those engaged in the silk trade, and the iron and coal-workers of Staffordshire and Wales. The fall in the price of corn produced its natural effect by limiting the consumption of everything else; and, as if to crown the calamity, the exporting manufacturers, in their eagerness for gain, committed precisely the same blunder, from the effects of which they are now suffering so severely; and by creating a glut in the Continental markets, they both annihilated their own profits, and excited such an alarm in foreign governments as to give rise to a system of prohibitory duties, which continues to the present hour. Then followed the resumption of cash payments, with all its train of ruin—a measure which, whether necessary or not in principle, could not have been carried but for the existence of a corn law, which in some degree mitigated its pressure.

In a country so loaded with debt as ours, it is in vain to talk, as Lord John Russell lately did, of a “natural price.” The term, indeed, has no kind of significance under any circumstances; and we are perfectly certain that the noble lord, when he employed it, was not attempting to clothe a distinct idea in words. He found the phrase somewhere—perhaps borrowed it from the *Economist*—and used it, because he thought it sounded well. If he could reduce the price of all commodities here to the level of that which prevails in a Continental country—a consummation which appears to be contemplated and desired by the Free-Traders—the result would necessarily be a like de-

cadence of our wealth—not accompanied, however, by a relaxation of our present burdens. The high wages which the working-classes receive in this country, contrasted with the low wages which are given elsewhere, depend upon the return which is yielded to the capitalist who calls their labour into being. Now, let us see what effect depression in any one great branch of industry exercises upon the working-classes, who are not immediately dependent upon it for their subsistence.

This involves one of the most curious phenomena in economical science. When an interest is depressed, it does not always happen—especially in the first stage of depression—that the labourers attached to that interest feel immediately the consequences of the decline. Agricultural wages, for example, do not fluctuate according to the price of wheat. The retrenchment which becomes necessary in consequence of lessened returns is usually effected, in the first instance at least, by curtailment of personal expenditure on the part of the cultivator—by abstinence from purchases, not necessary indeed, but convenient—and by that species of circumspect, but nameless thrift, which, at the end of a year, makes a very considerable difference in the amount of tradesmen's bills. This kind of retrenchment is the easiest, the safest, and the most humane; and it is not until the depression becomes so great as to render other and more stringent modes of economising necessary, that the agricultural labourer is actually made to feel his entire dependence upon the land, and the interest which he has in its returns. The small tradesmen and dealers in the country and market towns are usually the first to discern what is called the pressure of the times. They find that the farmers are no longer taking from them the same quantity of goods as before; that their stocks, especially of the more expensive articles, remain on their hands unsold; and that there is no demand for novelties. If the depression goes so far as to necessitate a diminution of rental, then the same economy, but on a wider scale, is practised

by the landlord. Expensive luxuries are given up, establishments contracted, and the town's-people begin to complain of a dull season, for which they find it impossible to account, seeing that money is declared to be cheap. All this reacts upon the artisans very severely; because in towns labour has a far less certain tenure than in the country; and when there is a cessation of demand, workmen, however skilled, are not only liable, but certain to be dismissed. If the shopkeeper cannot get his goods off his hands, the manufacturer need not expect to prevail upon him to give any farther orders. The demand upon the mills becomes slack, and the manufacturer, finding that there is no immediate prospect of revival, considers it his duty to have recourse to short time.

This is precisely what has been going on for the last two years. Landlords and farmers have curtailed their expenditure in consequence of the great fall of prices; and the parties who have actually suffered the most are the tradesmen with whom they commonly deal, and the artisans in their employment. It is impossible to affect materially the gigantic interest of agriculture without striking a heavy blow at the prosperity of home manufactures; and unfortunately these manufactures, or at least many branches of them, are now liable to foreign competition. If it should be allowed that this is a true statement of the case—and we cannot see how it can be controverted—then it will appear that the working-classes, the vast majority of whom are engaged in producing for the home market, have lost largely in employment if they have gained by cheaper food.

And it is most remarkable, that in proportion as food has become cheap in this country, so has emigration increased. That is apparently one of the strangest features of the whole case. What contentment can there be in a nation when the people are deserting their native soil by hundreds of thousands? They did not do so while the other system was in operation. Whatever were the faults of Protection, it did not give rise to

scenes like the following, which we find quoted in the *Economist* of 17th April, as if it were something rather to be proud of than otherwise. The pious editor entitles it "The Exodus." Certainly he and his friends have made Ireland the reverse of a land flowing with milk and honey:—

"The flight of the population from the south is thus described by the *Clonmel Chronicle*:—'The tide of emigration has set in this year more strongly than ever it has within our memories. During the winter months, we used to observe solitary groups wending their way towards the sea-coast, but since the season opened, (and a most beautiful one it is,) these groups have been literally swelled into shoals, and, travel what road you may, you will find upon it strings of cars and drays, laden with women and children and household stuffs, journeying onward, their final destination being America. In all other parts of the country it is the same. At every station along the rail, from Gould's Cross to Sallins, the third-class carriages receive their quota of emigrants. The Grand Canal passage-boats, from Shannon harbour to Sallins, appear every morning at their accustomed hour, laden down with emigrants and their luggage, on their way to Dublin, and thence to Liverpool, whence they take shipping for America.'"

And yet this wholesale expatriation is so far from appearing a disastrous sign, that it does not even excite a word of comment from the cold-blooded man of calculations. Truly there are various points of similarity between the constitution of the Free-Trader and the frog!

Remarkable undoubtedly it is, and to be remarked and remembered in all coming estimates of the character and ability of the men, styling themselves statesmen, whose measures have led to the frightful depopulation of a part of the British Empire. Remarkable it is, but not to be wondered at, seeing that the same thing must occur in every instance where a great branch of industry is not only checked, but rendered unprofitable. Succeeding generations will hardly believe that it was the design of the Whigs and the Free-Traders to feed the Irish people with foreign grain, and so promote their prosperity, at a time when their sole wealth was derived from

agricultural produce. Just fancy a scheme for promoting the prosperity of Newcastle by importing to it coals to be sold at half the price for which that article is at present delivered at the pit-mouth! Conceive to yourselves the ecstasy which would prevail in Manchester if Swiss calicoes were brought there to be vended at rates greatly lower than are now charged by the master manufacturers! Undoubtedly the people of Newcastle and the operatives of Manchester would in that case pay less than formerly both for fuel and clothing—both of them “first articles of necessity;” but we rather imagine that no long time would elapse before there were palpable symptoms of a very considerable emigration. And lest, in their grand reliance in a monopoly of coals and cottons, the Free-Traders should scoff at our parallels as altogether visionary, we challenge them to make a trial in a case which is not visionary. *Let them take off the manufacturing protective duties which still exist, and try the effect of that measure upon Birmingham, Sheffield, and Paisley.* Of course they know better than to accept any such challenge; but we warn the manufacturers—and let them look to it in time—that the day is rapidly drawing near when all these duties must be repealed, unless justice is done to the other suffering interests. If they persist in asking Free Trade, and in refusing all equivalents or reparation for the mischief they have done, *they shall have Free Trade, BUT ENTIRE.* Then we shall see whether they—with all their machinery, all their ingenuity, and all their capital—with all their immunity from burdens which are imposed upon other classes—with all the stimulus given to them by the income-tax, now levied since 1842, in order that taxes weighing on the manufacturing interest might be repealed—can compete on open terms in the home market with the manufacturers of the Continent. Do not let them deceive themselves; that reckoning is nigh at hand. They must be content to accept the measure with which they have meted to others; and we tell them fairly, that they need not hope that this subject will be any longer overlooked. *Not one*

*rag of protection can be left to manufactures of any kind, whether made up or not, if Free Trade is to be the commercial principle of the country. If so, the principle must be universally recognised.*

What is now taking place in Ireland, must, ere long, we are convinced, take place in Britain. Nay, in so far as Scotland is concerned, the same symptoms are exhibited already, almost in the same degree. In one point of view, we cannot deplore the emigration. If it is fated that, through the blindness and cupidity of men whose religious creed consists of Trade Returns, and whose sole deity is Mammon, the system which has contributed so much to the greatness and wealth of the nation, and which has created a garden out of a wilderness, is to be abandoned for ever, it is better that our people should go elsewhere, and find shelter under a government which, if not monarchical, may be more paternal than their own. It is a bitter thing, that expatriation; but it has been the destiny of man since the Fall. They will find fertile land to till in the prairies of the West—they will have blue skies above them, and a brighter sun than here; and, if that be any consolation to them in their exile, they may still contribute to the supply of food to the British market, without paying, as they must have done had they continued here, their quota to the taxes of the country. But we must fairly confess that we feel less sympathy for those who go than for those who are compelled to linger. Until the home demand is revived—which can only be in consequence of the enhanced value of home produce—we can see nothing but additional misery in store for all those artisans and operatives who are unconnected with the foreign trade. With regard to that trade, we have yet to learn how it has prospered. Those who are engaged in it admit that, in spite of increased exports—which, be it remembered, do not by any means imply increased demand—their reasonable hopes have been disappointed; and that in regard to the countries from which we now derive the largest supply of corn, their exports have materially decreased.

That is a symptom of no common significance; for it shows that, simultaneously with the increase of their agriculture, those countries are fostering and extending their own manufactures. As for the other—the home trade—it is, by the unanimous acknowledgment of our opponents, daily dwindling; and the income of the country—as the last returns of the property-tax, which do not by any means disclose the whole amount of the deficit, have shown us—has fallen off six millions within the last two years. Were we to add the diminution on incomes under £150 per annum, we have no doubt whatever that the loss would be found to amount to more than three times that sum. All that is so much lost to the retailer and home manufacturer. For a time, even yet, cheapness may serve to palliate and disguise the evil; but it cannot do so long. Many important branches of industry, such as the iron trade, are in a state of extreme depression. The evil is not confined to the mother country; it is impoverishing the fairest parts of our colonial empire. Some of the sugar-growing colonies are on the verge of abandonment. Unless a very different policy from that adopted by the Liberals is pursued and sanctioned by the people of this country, the catastrophe cannot long be delayed; and then, perhaps, the British public, though too late, may be instructed as to the relative value of colonial possessions of our own, and those belonging to states which do not recognise reciprocity.

Years ago, when the Free-Traders were in the first blush of their success, and the minds of men were still inflamed with the hot fever of speculation, the advocates of the new system were requested to state in what way they proposed to employ that mass of labour which must necessarily be displaced by the substitution of so much foreign produce instead of our own. They answered, with the joyousness of enthusiasm, that there would be room enough and to spare in the factories for every man who might so be thrown out of employment. It was not until an after period that the stern and dreary remedy of emigration was prescribed

and enforced—not until it had become apparent from experience that all their hopes of increased profit from foreign trade and expected reciprocity were based upon a delusion. Then indeed the misery which had been created by reckless legislation was exalted into a cause for triumph, and the Exodus of the poor from the land of their birth, wherein they no longer could find the means of labour, was represented as a hopeful sign of the future destinies of the country.

We are very far, indeed, from blaming those who, at the present time, declare themselves averse to any violent changes, and who think that some remedy and redress may be given, without having recourse to an entire alteration of the principle upon which our present commercial policy is based. It may be that time is yet required before the effects of Free Trade can be fully felt and appreciated by some of the classes of this country; and, certainly, the first step which ought to be taken in the new Parliament, should be a readjustment of taxation, corresponding to the altered circumstances of the community. Of course, as this demand is founded strictly upon justice, it will be opposed strenuously by many of those who glory in their Liberal opinions; but we believe that the great bulk of the British people, whatever may be their thoughts on other points, have that regard to justice, that they will not countenance oppression. It may be that the agricultural classes cannot yet expect to receive that measure of relief which they have waited and hoped for so long. The partial failure of the last harvest on the Continent, though it has not brought up prices to a remunerative level, has had more than the effect of checking their further decline; and that circumstance, we are bound to admit, may have some influence on the minds of many who are slow to believe that foreign importations can really affect the permanence of British agriculture. The experience of another season may be necessary to open their eyes. So far as we can gather from the opinions of men who are engaged in the trade, and who are best qualified to form a judgment upon such subjects, we may

look almost immediately for a great increase of importations, and a rapid decline of prices. The failure on the Continent did not extend to the wheat crop—it was limited to the rye and potatoes, the customary food of the peasantry; and it is now ascertained that there is a large surplus of wheat ready to be thrown into our ports. But it would be out of place to discuss such points just now. The verdict lies with the country, to which Lord Derby has appealed. If that verdict should not be of a nature to enable him at once to apply a remedy to agricultural distress, by the reimposition of a duty on corn, then we must look in the first instance to such a readjustment of burdens as shall at least give fair play to the cultivator of the soil. But there is much more than this. The strength of the Protective case lies in its universal application to all classes of the community; and it is not we, but our opponents, who affect to regard it as a question in which no one is interested beyond the landlord and the tenant. We look upon it as of vital importance to the retailer, the tradesman, the artisan, and the home manufacturer, and to all who labour for them; and it appears to us that the time has now arrived when a full and searching Parliamentary inquiry should be made on the subject of the cheap loaf in connection with the rate of wages, and the prosperity of the home trade. Surely the Free-Traders can have no reason to object to this. They ground their case on philanthropy and regard to the interest of the poor and labouring man, and in that respect we are both agreed. Well then;—if, as we think and say, agricultural distress, occasioned by the low prices which have prevailed in consequence of the large importations of foreign corn, has had the effect of lessening employment generally throughout the country—a position which, in our mind, is much strengthened by the enormous and unprecedented increase of emigration—surely that proposition is capable of tangible proof or equally distinct refutation. Let us

know, from authentic sources, not from partial or interested assertion, whether, along with the cheap loaf, the people have had full and remunerative employment—whether the condition of the working-classes and of the home interests has been improved by the change or not. The inquiry undoubtedly would be an extended, but at the same time a most valuable one. It would necessarily, in order to arrive at a fair and thorough understanding of the subject, embrace the present state of every trade as contrasted with that of former years—it would show us in what way the home market has been affected by what we must still be allowed to term a diminution of the means of the purchaser. Surely such a subject as this is well worth the pains of inquiry. Parliament cannot be better occupied than in receiving evidence upon the condition of the people. And we cannot rate too highly, either for the present or the future, the importance of such an investigation in checking and correcting, or, it may be, in confirming the doctrines of political economy, as they are usually quoted and received.

Some, no doubt, may be interested in opposing such an inquiry. We have little expectation that the Manchester men will accede to any such reasonable proposal; for, as we have already said, we regard this outcry of theirs for wild and sweeping reform simply as a ruse to withdraw the attention of the public from the disastrous effects of their lauded commercial system. Lord John Russell and his immediate Liberal followers would probably oppose such an inquiry as impious, because casting a doubt on the infallibility of Whig tradition. But we are convinced that sensible and moderate men, of every shade of opinion, would rejoice to see this vexed question brought to something like a practical test; so that, whatever policy England may pursue for the future, it shall at least have for its object that of promoting the welfare and the happiness of the people.

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## THE CURRENCY EXTENSION ACT OF NATURE.

WHOEVER has examined with attention the past annals of mankind, must have become aware that the greatest and most important revolutions that have occurred in human affairs have originated in the variations which from time to time have taken place in the supply of the precious metals which could be obtained for the use of man. As they constitute, by the universal consent of the world, the common medium of exchange and measure of value among nations, their plenty or scarcity has an immediate and powerful influence upon the remuneration of industry and the activity of the working-classes in all countries. According as they are increasing or diminishing, abundant or wanting, is the condition of the people prosperous or calamitous—the national prospects bright or gloomy. No amount of human exertion, no efforts of human patriotism, can sustain the national fortunes for any length of time, or diffuse general and enduring prosperity among the people, if the existing medium of exchange is below what their numbers and transactions require; because, in such a case, prices are constantly declining, credit is liable to periodical and ruinous contractions, and industry, on an average of years, ceases to meet with its due reward. No calamities are insuperable, no dangers insurmountable,

when a currency is provided adequate to the wants of men, and capable of extension in proportion to their necessities; because, in such a case, prices are rising or remunerative, and individual effort, stimulated by the prospect of an adequate return, becomes universal, and acts powerfully and decisively upon the general welfare of society and the issue of the national fortunes.

The two greatest revolutions which have taken place in the annals of the species, and which have for ever left their traces on the fortunes of mankind, have arisen from the successive diminution and increase in the supply of the precious metals for the use of the world. There can be no doubt that the decline and fall of the Roman empire—so long and falsely ascribed to its latter extension, plebeian slavery, and patrician corruption—was in reality mainly owing to the failure in the mines of Spain and Greece, from which the precious metals in ancient times were chiefly obtained, joined to the unrestricted importation of grain from Egypt and Libya, which ruined the profit of the harvests and destroyed the agriculture of Italy and Greece, at once paralysing industry, and rendering taxes overwhelming.\* We know now to what the failure of these mines, attended with such portentous results, was owing. It was to the

\* See "Fall of Rome," Alison's *Essays*, vol. iii. p. 440.

exhaustion of the auriferous veins in Spain and Greece near the surface, from long-continued working, and the extreme hardness of the rock in which they were imbedded farther down, which seems to be a general law of nature all over the world,\* and which rendered working them, to any considerable depth, no longer a source of profit. On the other hand, the prodigious start which Europe took during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and which has implanted the European race for ever in the new hemisphere, is well known to have been mainly owing to the discovery of the mines of Mexico and Peru, and the continual rise of prices during nearly two centuries, which took place all over the world, from the constant and increasing influx of the precious metals drawn out of their rich strata.

The greatest and most momentous contests which have taken place among nations, have been in a great degree determined by the discovery or use, by one of the belligerents, of an expansive currency, to which the other was for a time a stranger. The most memorable strife in antiquity, that between Rome and Carthage, on which depended whether Europe or Africa was to become the mistress of the civilised world, was in reality determined by a great extension of the Italian circulating medium during

the second Punic war; and that dreadful contest was less brought to a successful issue by the firmness of the senate or the arms of Scipio, than by the wisdom of a decree which virtually, at the crisis of its fate, doubled the currency of the Roman republic.† The Transatlantic revolution was brought to a successful issue in the same way; and the independence of the United States is less to be ascribed to the imbecility of British counsels, or the wisdom of American generalship, than to the establishment of a paper currency, which sustained the efforts of the insurgent states when they had no other resources wherewith to maintain the contest. It was the assignats, as all the world knows, that set on foot those prodigious armies which, amidst the destruction of all private fortunes, enabled France, during the Reign of Terror, to repel the assault of all the European powers; and the coalition which at last overturned the empire of Napoleon was sustained by a vast system of paper currency, issued in 1813 in Germany, which, guaranteed by the four Allied powers, passed as gold from the Atlantic Ocean to the wall of China, and arrayed all the armies of Europe in dense and disciplined battalions on the banks of the Rhine. Of what incalculable importance it was may be judged of by the dreadful straits to

\* See a very able article on California, *Quarterly Review*, Oct. 1850.

† "Quum Censores ob inopiam ærarii, se jam locationibus abstinerent ædium sacrarum tuendarum, curuliumque equorum præbendorum, ac similium his rerum: convenire ad eos frequentes, qui hæc hujus generis assueverant; hortatique censores, ut omnia perinde agerent, locarent, ac si pecunia in ærario esset. NEMINEM, NISI BELLO CONFECTO, PECUNIAM AB ÆRARIO PETITURUM ESSE."—LIVY, lib. xxiv. c. 19. "The censors," says Arnold, "found the treasury unable to supply the public services. Upon this, trust monies belonging to widows and minors, or to widows and unmarried women, were deposited in the treasury; and whatever sums the trustees had to draw for, were paid by the quarter in bills on the banking commissioners, or *triumvirs mensarii*. It is probable that these bills were actually a paper currency, and that they circulated as money on the security of the public faith. In the same way the government contracts were also paid in paper; for the contractors came forward in a body to the censors, and begged them to make their contracts as usual, promising not to demand payment till the end of the war. This must mean, I conceive, that they were to be paid in orders upon the treasury, which orders were to be converted into cash when the present difficulties of the government should be at an end."—ARNOLD'S *History of Rome*, ii. 207, 208. This was just an inconvertible paper currency; and its issue immediately after the battle of Cannæ saved the Roman empire. We have heard, from a gentleman who was present, that, in a political Whig party many years ago, when the conversation turned on the service of a paper currency in bringing a state through a pecuniary crisis, and some one said it was that which enabled the Romans to surmount the Second Punic war, Lord Melbourne, who was present, immediately repeated, from memory, the words above quoted from Livy in capitals.

which Wellington, for five previous years, had been reduced by its want. Great Britain emerged victorious from the strife, chiefly from the powerful influence of the same omnipotent agent. Vain would have been the constancy of Pitt, the genius of Nelson, or the wisdom of Wellington, if the paper currency, established in 1797, had not given her people the sinews of war, and the means of illimitable industry, when the Continent was shut to her commerce, and the whole precious metals were drained away by the necessities of Continental warfare. Nor have the effects of the opposite system, pursued since the peace, been less striking and momentous; for the contraction of British currency to one half of its former dimensions, by the bills of 1819 and 1844, has brought about the dreadful panics of 1825, 1837, and 1847, induced by the decline of prices and the sufferings it occasioned. The English revolution of 1832 transferred power in the British islands exclusively to the inhabitants of towns, and spread such misery through the rural population, that *three hundred thousand* emigrants now annually leave the British islands for Transatlantic or Australian shores.

As the expansion or contraction of the circulating medium is thus an agent of such prodigious power and irresistible weight, both upon the fortunes of particular states and the general progress of the species, so it will be found upon examination that it is by a withholding or letting loose the fertilising flood, that Providence appears often to act most directly and decisively upon human affairs. When a nation has performed its mission, and is to make room for other actors on the great stage of the world, if its power has rendered conquest by a foreign enemy impossible, a contraction of its domestic currency paralyses its internal strength, and renders dissolution, at no distant period, a matter of certainty. If a great start is prepared for human industry, if new continents are laid open to its energies, and an unusual impulse communicated to its activity by the development of social and democratic passions, a vast addition is suddenly made to its metallic resources, and

the increased numbers or enhanced efforts of mankind are amply sustained by the newly opened treasures of the reserves of nature. Rome, impregnable to the assaults of undisciplined barbarians, yielded, at the appointed season, to the contraction of its domestic currency, which rendered the maintenance of armaments adequate to the public defence a matter of impossibility in the later days of the empire; and when the discovery of the compass, of the art of printing, and of the new hemisphere, had at once given a vast impulse to European activity, and provided new and boundless fields for its exertion, the mines of Potosi and Mexico were suddenly thrown open, and nature provided a suitable reward for all this enhanced effort by the continually rising price of its produce.

That a period of equal, perhaps greater activity, than that which followed the discoveries of Columbus, would succeed the outbreak of the social passions that occasioned the French Revolution, has long been familiar to the thinking part of men, and unequivocal proofs of the reality of the change may be seen in every direction around us. But sufficient attention has not hitherto been paid to the extraordinary encouragement which this increased mental energy has received, from the facilities which have been placed at its disposal by the *mechanical* discoveries of the last half century. Yet are they such as to throw all past discoveries into the shade, and give an impulse to human affairs which has scarcely been exceeded since the first separation of the dwellers in cities and the sojourners in the fields. The steam-engine has wrought these prodigies. Applied to mechanical invention, and the moving of machinery, it has multiplied tenfold the powers of urban industry, elevated the districts possessing the necessary fuel to the clouds, cast down places once the seats of commercial greatness, but destitute of that essential element in modern manufacturing energy, to the dust. Applied to the propelling of vessels, it has more than halved the breadth of the ocean, rendered navigable against the current the



greatest rivers, sent the colonists of Europe in countless multitudes up the streams of the New World, and provided an entrance for civilised man into the greatest continents by the very magnitude of the waters which flow down from their inaccessible mountains; or are fed in their marshy plains. Applied to travelling by land, it has diminished distance to a third—brought the capital of every civilised state into close proximity to its most distant provinces; while the simultaneous discovery of the electric telegraph has rendered the communication of intelligence all but instantaneous, and made the circulation of ideas and, it is to be feared, also of passions, as rapid over a mighty empire as heretofore it was in the streets of a crowded capital.

When nature communicated this vast impulse to human activity, and placed these mighty instruments in the hands of men, she was not unmindful of the extended field for industry which their enlarged numbers and increased energies would require. The plain of the Mississippi, the garden of the world, containing a million of square miles, or six times the area of France, was thrown open to their enterprise. Steam power propelled a thousand vessels through the thick network of natural arteries which in every direction penetrate its vast and fertile plains. In 1790, five thousand Anglo-Saxons were settled in this magnificent wilderness; now their numbers exceed eight millions. Australia has opened its vast prairies, New Zealand its fertile vales, to European enterprise. The boundless plains of Central Russia and Southern Siberia, afforded inexhaustible resources to the rapidly increasing Muscovite population; and an empire which already possesses in Europe and Asia sixty-six million inhabitants, can without apprehension contemplate a continuance of its present rate of increase for centuries to come. The Andes even have been passed; the Rocky Mountains surmounted; and on the reverse of their gigantic piles new states, peopled by the Anglo-Saxon race, are arising, and increasing with unheard-of rapidity, in regions rivalling Italy in the variety and riches of their produc-

tions, and exceeding it tenfold in the magnitude of their extent. Proportionate to the wants and necessities of mankind, in an age of such intellectual and physical activity, has been the hitherto untrodden fields which the beneficence of nature has laid open to their industry.

These advantages, however, great and unbounded as they are, have been, till very recently, counterbalanced, and perhaps more than counterbalanced, by the *serious decrease* which, for the greater part of the period that has elapsed since the peace of 1815, has been going on, from the effect of human violence or folly, in the *circulating medium of the globe*. The South American revolution at once almost destroyed the working of the mines of Mexico and Peru: the annual produce of those mines sank from £10,000,000, to which, according to Humboldt, it had risen prior to 1810, to less than £3,000,000. The diminution in the supply of the precious metals for the use of the globe, from the effects of this most calamitous revolution, which Great Britain did so much to promote, was, during the thirty years which elapsed from 1810 to 1840, certainly not less than £150,000,000 sterling. Contemporaneous with this immense reduction, took place the great contraction of the paper currency of Great Britain, the commercial heart of the globe, which was reduced by the bill of 1819 from £60,000,000, which it had reached in 1814, to little more than £30,000,000, its average since that time. These two great causes of decrease, operating simultaneously during a period of general peace, unbroken industry, great increase in population both in Europe and America, and a vast addition to the transactions and mercantile dealings of men in every part of the world, produced that universal and unlooked-for decline of prices which has been everywhere felt as so discouraging to industry, and nowhere so much so as in the highly taxed and deeply indebted realm of Great Britain. It was the exact converse of the general and long-continued prosperity which the progressive rise of prices consequent on the discovery of the South American mines produced dur-

ing the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. It was apparently the commencement of a long and disastrous period of rise in the value of money, and fall in the price of every species of produce, similar to that which, in the first four centuries of the Christian era, crushed the industry and paralysed the strength of the Roman Empire, and at length prostrated the dominion of the legions before the arms of an untutored and barbarous enemy.

It is now ascertained, therefore, by the only sure guide in political science—experience—that if no addition to the circulating medium of the globe had been made at a time when so immense an increment was going forward in the numbers and transactions of the most active part of mankind, consequences the most disastrous to human industry and happiness *must* have taken place. If—when the United States, with their population of 25,000,000 doubling every twenty-five years, and Russia, with its population of 66,000,000 doubling every forty years, and Great Britain, with its population of 29,000,000 doubling in about the same time, and its exports and imports tripling, in thirty years, were in a state of full and undiminished activity—there had been no addition made to the circulating medium of the globe, it is difficult to estimate the amount of embarrassment and distress which must have become all but universal. If the circulating medium of the earth had *remained stationary*, or gone on receiving only its wonted annual increment, when so prodigious an addition was going forward in the numbers and transactions of men, a universal and progressive fall of prices must have ensued. The remuneration of industry must have been halved—the weight of debts and taxes doubled. The fatal increase in the value and power of riches, so truly felt and loudly complained of in the declining days of the Roman empire, would have been everywhere experience<sup>1</sup>. A *money famine* would have been universally felt; and, paradoxical as it may appear, dear-bought experience has now taught us that such a famine is attended with more disastrous, because more widely spread and irremovable, consequences, than even a

shortcoming in the supply of food for the use of man. The latter may be removed by increased rural activity and a good harvest in a single year. But the former is susceptible of no such remedy. On the contrary, the augmented activity which it brings on, from the general and pinching suffering with which it is attended, only tends to aggravate the common distress, because it multiplies the transactions in which money as a medium of exchange is indispensable, and consequently makes its scarcity in proportion to the existing demand be more severely felt.

To this must be added another and most important cause, which operated since the peace of 1815 in withdrawing the precious metals from the globe, arising from the very scarcity of these metals themselves. The addition which their enhanced value made to the riches of the affluent was so great, that it led to a rapid and most important increase in the consumption of gold and silver in articles of luxury. Gold and silver plate, jewels, and other ornaments set in gold, became general among the richer classes, and to an extent unprecedented since the fall of the Roman empire. Gilding was employed so much in furniture, the frames of pictures, the roofs of rooms, carriages, and other articles of state or show, as to withdraw a considerable part of that the most precious of the precious metals from the monetary circulation. The scarcer gold and silver became, the more was this direction of a large portion of it increased, because the richer did the fortunate few who possessed amassed capital become from the daily decline in the price of all other articles of merchandise. This effect was most conspicuous in ancient Rome in its latter days, where, while the legions dwindled into cohorts from the impossibility of finding funds to pay them in large numbers, and the fields of Italy became desolate from the impossibility of obtaining a remunerating price for their produce, the gold and silver vases, statues, and ornaments amassed in the hands of the wealthy patricians in Rome, Constantinople, Alexandria, and the other great cities of the empire, so prodigiously increased, that, with the currency, which formed but a small part of its

amount, their value is estimated by Gibbon at the almost incredible amount of £350,000,000 sterling of our money.

Bills of exchange and paper money, which have become known and general only in modern Europe, might have gone far to mitigate these disastrous consequences in particular states, or even, if conducted with prudence and regulated by wisdom, might in some places have altogether prevented them. But as paper currency is a new element of surpassing power and efficacy, but recently introduced into common use among men, the principles on which it should be regulated are far from being generally understood. Even if understood, it requires for its due regulation a combination of wisdom and self-denial that can rarely be looked for among the rulers of mankind. The fundamental principles on which its due regulation must be rested—that of being based on *certain and available property of some kind*, and of being capable of *extension* in proportion to the increase in the numbers and transactions of men, and the abstraction of the precious metals forming the medium of international circulation, and yet duly restrained and over-issue prevented—were successively overlooked by the greatest and most enlightened nations of the world. Issued in unbounded profusion in France during the fervour of the Revolution and the terrors of European invasion, with no real basis of available property on which to rest, the assignats produced, simultaneously with the prodigious armaments which saved the country, an unheard-of confusion among the transactions and obligations of men, and destroyed in a few years the whole capital of that great country, the accumulated savings of centuries of industry. Contracted with equal rapidity from the influence of the opposite set of interests in Great Britain after the peace, the paper circulation of the British Empire was rendered the instrument of destruction of property as great, and misery as wide-spread and universal, among its inhabitants, as the assignats or confiscations of the Convention. Adopted with heedless eagerness, and without any adequate safeguards, at one

time in America, and checked at another with precipitate and imprudent severity, four-fifths of the wealth of the United States were in a few years swept away by the fearful oscillation of prices consequent on these violent changes. And although wisdom and prudence could easily have devised a system of paper currency which, entirely based upon available property of some kind, and therefore perfectly secure, was yet capable of expansion in proportion to the increase of the numbers and transactions of men, and the temporary abstraction of the precious metals from a particular country by the mutations of commerce or the necessities of war, yet it was evident that no such wise and patriotic system was to be anticipated, till a vast amount of general suffering had enlightened the majority of men on the subject. Least of all could it be hoped for in Great Britain, where the increase and weight of the moneyed interests, and the consequent determination to enhance the value of money, without any regard to its effects on the remuneration of industry, had become such, that no other interest in the State, nor even all other interests allied, were able to make head against it.

The future destinies of mankind, and of this country in particular, seemed, therefore, to be involved in clouds and darkness; nor did any means appear to be within the bounds of possibility by which the difficulties which beset or awaited industry could be obviated. The greater the efforts made by industry, it was plain the greater would be the distress in which it would be involved; because an increase in the transactions of men required an augmentation in the circulating medium by which they were to be conducted; and an addition to the produce of labour, while the currency was fixed or declining, only rendered its remuneration less. The whole object of statesmen and legislators, both in Great Britain and America, had come to be to cheapen everything, and raise the value of money by contracting its amount—augmenting instead of relieving the general distress arising from the inadequacy of the existing circulating medium for the enlarged wants and numbers of men. The evil seemed to be beyond the reach of human

remedy; for in the only country in which a remedy could be effectually applied, the moneyed interests had become so powerful, that Government was set chiefly on measures which, for the sake of private profit, most grievously aggravated it. But Providence is wiser than man: Nature is seldom awanting in the end to those who are suffering from the faults of others. A few bands of American squatters wandered into Texas—a war of aggression on the part of the United States succeeded to make good the settlement—a serious contest took place with Mexico—the Anglo-Saxon race asserted their wonted superiority over the Castilian—CALIFORNIA was wrested from them—and by the ultimate effects of that conquest some of the greatest evils inflicted by human selfishness or folly were alleviated, and the destinies of the world were changed!

It is a striking proof how much the fortunes of men are in their own hands, and how vain are the choicest gifts of nature if not seconded by the vigour and industry of those for whom they are intended, that the rich auriferous veins, the discovery of which has been attended with such important effects, and is destined to avert so many evils arising from the absurd legislation or selfish desires of men in recent times, had been for three hundred years in the possession of the Spaniards, but they had never found them out! The gold was there, under their feet, in such quantities that its excavation, as will immediately appear, is adequate to double the annual supply of the precious metals for the use of man over the whole world; but they never took the trouble to turn it up! It was so near the surface, and so accessible, being mixed with the alluvial sand and gravel of the country, that it was first discovered in the cutting a common mill-course through a garden, and has since been obtained almost entirely by common labourers digging holes not deeper than ordinary graves through the level surface of the alluvial deposit of the mountains. They had never attempted agricultural operations, nor thought of an improvement which would have led to its detection. The Spaniards, as all the world knows, and as their history

in every age has demonstrated, were passionately desirous of gold; and from the days of Columbus they had been familiar with a tradition or report among the native Indians, that there existed beyond the mountains in the far west a country in which gold was as plentiful as the sand on the seashore, and was to be had simply for the trouble of taking it. It was all true it was there, mixed in large quantities with the alluvial deposit of the mountains; yet during three hundred years that they held the country, they never found it out! A single ditch in any part of the flat region, which is above three hundred miles long and forty or fifty broad, would have revealed the treasure, but they never took the trouble to cut it. Before the Anglo-Saxons had been there three months, they had discovered the riches lying below their feet. Such is the difference of races! It is easy to see to which is destined the sceptre of the globe.

It is impossible as yet to say with positive certainty what is the amount of gold which may be obtained for a long period from this auriferous region; but it is already evident that it will be very great—much greater than was at first anticipated. The following extract, from the great and able Free-Trade organ, the *Times*, of Nov. 19, 1850, will show what amount has been realised and exported from San Francisco last year, and what may be anticipated in the next:—

“Some estimates have lately been formed of the shipments of gold received in Europe from California to the present time, which, we believe, may be regarded as tolerably accurate, and according to which the amount is about £3,300,000. On the other side, up to the end of September, the receipts at the two mints of the United States had been about 31,000,000 dols., or £6,200,000. Since that time we have had advices of farther arrivals at New York and New Orleans amounting to £500,000. An aggregate is consequently formed of exactly £10,000,000. To this must be added, in order to estimate the total production, not only the amounts which have found their way to China, Manilla, Australia, Oregon, the Sandwich Islands, the States of Spanish America, &c., but also the total which has been retained in California for the purposes of currency. The popula-

tion in that country now ranges somewhere between 200,000 and 300,000, and although a considerable amount of silver dollars have been imported, the bulk of the circulation is believed still to be in the form of gold-dust or of gold tokens. If the 250,000 persons possess, on an average, £10 a-piece, we have a sum of £2,500,000; and, looking at the expense of a week's maintenance in the country, as well as the large quantities constantly in transit, as well as the reserves, which, as was shown by the last advices, the various deposit-houses are compelled to retain to meet sudden runs, it is probable that this is under the real total. Taking all points into consideration, it may, therefore, be assumed that the whole which has been raised is equal to at least £13,000,000 sterling. Of this production, according to recent official returns from the United States, nearly four-fifths have taken place during the present year. Of 25,966,817 dols. received in the United States Mint at Philadelphia, up to the end of September last, only 44,177 dols. had arrived in 1848, and 5,481,430 dols. in 1849, while the quantity in 1850 had been 20,441,210 dols. The same proportions would probably prevail with regard to the sums distributed to other places; and we are, therefore, led to the supposition that the export this year has already actually reached upwards of £10,000,000, although the results of two additional months have yet to be known. It will be observed, consequently, that the unexpected feature which has hitherto attended the progress of this new region—namely, that almost all the accounts from it, although deemed exaggerations at first, have proved ultimately to have been understatements—is still presented. At the commencement of 1850 the most sanguine expectations that were formed in any direction fixed its probable yield at £10,000,000; and not only has this been exceeded, but each quarter of the year has thus far shown an increase of nearly half upon the amount gathered in the preceding one. Thus the receipts at Philadelphia, for the first three months, were 4,370,714 dols., while they were 6,920,496 dols. for the second, and again 9,250,000 dols. for the third. This rate of augmentation coincides with the influx of population, and, as the emigration to the country is certain to be continued until the remuneration it affords for labour is brought to a level with the advantages offered elsewhere, there is no reason, so long as we are without accounts of an apparent limit to the field of operations, to anticipate anything else than a steady continuance of an improving ratio. So

far from a limit having yet been found, each fresh exploration seems to develop new and more favourable localities, and an extended discovery of dry diggings lately alleged to have been made, together with the steps in progress elsewhere to crush the mountain ore by machinery, appears to hold out the prospect that, even with the approach of winter, there will scarcely be a suspension of the prevailing activity."—*Times*, Nov. 19, 1850.

By the last accounts there was no less than a million sterling exported from California in *six days*. This amount of gold, great as it is, however, is by no means the whole of the supply which has been obtained. It is the regular measured amount only—what entered the custom-house books, and was exported in the entered traders. But who can estimate the amount which in those vast and desolate regions has been amassed by individuals, and made its way out of the country in their private possession, or secretly in shipments of which no account was kept? It is incalculable: like the plunder amassed during the sack of a capital or province, it may be guessed at, but cannot be ascertained with anything approaching to accuracy. Probably the amount thus acquired, but not entering any public records, may equal all that is ascertained from the custom-house books. But call it only a half, or fifty per cent, it will follow that last year the amount raised was upwards of £15,000,000, and this year (1851) may be expected to reach £17,000,000 or £18,000,000! If so, it will nearly double the annual supply of the precious metals for the use of the globe, which at present, from all sources, is between £16,000,000 and £17,000,000. It may with confidence be anticipated, that how secretly soever great part of this treasure may be smuggled or conveyed out of California, none, or at least very little of it, will be lost. It will all be carefully preserved, and sooner or later find its way into the circulation of the world, or be manufactured into the gold ornaments and vessels which minister to its luxury or magnificence. Nothing more is required to show the prodigious influence of this great change; beyond all question it will, in its ultimate effects, alter the face of the globe.

Mr M'Culloch observes in his *Commercial Dictionary*—"Should eight or ten millions yearly, in addition to the present supply, be obtained from any other source, it will produce a gradual alteration of prices, similar to that which took place three centuries ago on the discovery of the mines of Mexico and Peru." No one can doubt that this observation is well founded; but if the effect of eight or ten millions annually added to the treasures of the world would be so considerable, what must the effect of the addition of sixteen or eighteen millions? Yet this addition is just *now going on*. In the month of August last, the gold shipped at San Francisco alone was 2,984,000 dollars, or about £800,000; and supposing a half more was raised, of which no account is kept, this is £1,200,000 in a single month! In five weeks from September 1, the quantity shipped was 5,000,000 dollars, or above £1,200,000; which implies at least £1,800,000 altogether obtained. This is from the labour of 40,000 or 50,000 persons only, who are at present engaged in the diggings; but it is known that from 80,000 to 90,000 will be engaged in them next year, so that the supply raised may be expected to be nearly doubled. There is great inequality in the amount obtained by individual persons employed in that laborious occupation; but taking the average, it is about four and a half dollars a day. Call it four only, and suppose they work 250 days in the year, each person at this rate will raise 1000 dollars' worth of gold, or nearly £250. At that rate, 50,000 persons would raise £12,500,000 in a year; and 75,000, £18,750,000;—which coincides very nearly with the result derived as above from other sources of information.

The bullionists, struck with terror at so prodigious an addition annually to their darling gold, and consequent diminution in its exchangeable value are beginning to exert themselves to decry it. They say that there is a "*Currency Restriction Act of Nature*;" that the supply of gold from the alluvial washings will soon be exhausted; and that when the excavation comes

to be made from the rocks and mountains in which the veins are embedded, it will cease to be profitable, from the hardness of the strata of rock in which the veins are found. \* The plain abatement of the supply of gold thus likely to be obtained is very remarkable. The fact of its appearing in the highly respectable journal where it first was ushered to the world, and from the pen of the eminent geologist from whom it is said to have proceeded, are alike ominous. It shows at once how marvellously strong has been the hold which the mania for raising the value of gold and cheapening that of everything else prevailing during the last thirty years, from the influence of the holders of realised wealth, has got of the most influential classes in this country; and how deep is their alarm at the prospect of all their measures being at once blown into the air by the augmented supply of *this very gold* from the shores of California! A "*Currency Restriction Act of Nature*!" What a commentary on the measures of Sir R. Peel, so vehemently lauded and strenuously supported by all the capitalists whose fortunes, from the Currency Restriction Act of the right hon. baronet, were every day increasing in value! They would fain enlist Nature in the same crusade against labour and in favour of riches; but they may save themselves the trouble. There is no Currency Restriction Act of Nature: her beneficence, unlike that of man, is equally distributed over all her children. The CURRENCY EXTENSION ACT of Nature will only stand forth in brighter relief from having been immediately preceded by the Currency Restriction Act of Man.

To show how chimerical are the hopes of a Currency Restriction Act of Nature, which is to limit and interrupt the blessings with which an increased supply of the precious metals for the general service of the world cannot fail to be attended, it is sufficient to observe that the auriferous region where the gold is found in alluvial deposit, is said to be a tract of country between three and four hundred miles long, and from thirty to forty miles broad. It is therefore as long as from London to Berwick, and as broad as

the average breadth of the plains of Yorkshire. What is the scraping or excavations of sixty or eighty thousand men on so immense a surface? Conceive every one of these persons *daily digging his own grave* in this auriferous region: how long will it take them to go over the whole surface and exhaust its treasures? Only apply to it the test of the rudest calculation. A square mile contains above 3,000,000 square yards. Supposing each digging occupies two square yards, there will be 1,500,000 diggings in a square mile; and if each person excavates a digging a-day, which is probably as much as can be calculated upon at an average, as the operation is so much impeded by water, 100,000 persons will take fifteen days to turn up and exhaust one square mile. In the gold region, however, there are at least 9000 square miles. Supposing that the 100,000 persons work 300 days in the year, which is more than can be calculated upon, they will only turn over and thoroughly search twenty square miles in a year. At this rate, it would take above four hundred years for even that large army of labourers to exhaust the *alluvial* gold region. We are aware the diggings do not go on regularly as is now supposed; that one man tries his fortune here, and another there; and that the earth is perforated at the same time in a great variety of places, many of them at a considerable distance from each other. We know, too, that the real extent of the gold region is hitherto the object of speculation and hope, rather than actual survey or knowledge. It is quite probable, too, that our calculation, which is a mere rough guess, may be above the mark in some particulars, and below it in others. Still, enough, making allowance for all such errors, remains to show that, in the *alluvial* gold region alone, if the accounts of its extent and riches are at all to be relied on, there is ample room for a vast annual addition to the treasures of the earth for a great many generations to come. The circumstance which makes it all but certain that the gold region must be very extensive, is its being found in the *alluvial* deposits of the mountain rivers, such as the Sacramento,

along their whole course. If you find granite or mica slate particles in the beds of rivers and the level fields they overflow near the sea, you are sure of finding the same deposits up to the mountain regions from which they are brought down.

But what is the alluvial gold region to the mountain region from which the precious metals with which it abounds have been torn down by the storms and wintry torrents of thousands of years! If you find a *detritus* of a certain description in the mixed sand and gravel of a plain, you may predicate with perfect certainty the existence of mountains and rocks of the same formation in the higher regions from which it has been brought down. Granite or mica-slate *debris* in the beds of rivers or the level fields which they occasionally overflow, imply granite or mica slate in the hilly region from which they take their rise. Whence has all the gold come which in the alluvial plains of California is producing such treasures, and changing prices over the whole world? It has come down from the mountains. And what must be the metallic riches with which they are charged, when the washed-down gravel at their feet is so prolific of mineral wealth! The bullionists, influenced by dread of a general rise of prices, and depreciation of the exchangeable value of their realised fortunes from this rise, say there is a "Currency Restriction Act of Nature;" that gold at any depth is unworkable at a profit; that Providence is niggardly of its bounty; and they in secret indulge the hope that it will continue permanently that contraction of the currency which they have contrived to force upon mankind, and which, while it lasted, has proved so eminently profitable to themselves. But a little consideration must show that their hopes in this respect are entirely fallacious. Granting that the veins of gold, when they go deep, are embedded in very hard rock, what is to be said to the cropping out of the veins over the vast extent of the auriferous Rocky Mountains? If the wasting away of wintry storms on the tops and sides of these mountains brings down such quantities of gold with the streams which furrow their sides, must not the laborious hand of

industry prove equally efficacious in removing it? If the expansive force of a rapid thaw, following severe frost, can rend the rocks in which the gold is embedded, is not the power of gunpowder or steam equally great? Already a company, composed of English capitalists, has been formed to explore the mountain treasures; and without supposing that they are to find an El Dorado in every hill, and admitting that there may be several failures before the right one is hit on, it is morally certain that in the end the mountain reserves of treasure must be discovered.

The additions to the currency of the earth, hitherto considered, have been those coming from these auriferous regions of North America, now for the first time brought into view only; but this is by no means the whole of the provision made by nature for the extended wants of mankind in this age of transition, vehement excitement, extended transactions, and rapidly-increasing numbers. The URAL AND ALTAI MOUNTAINS have brought forth their treasures at the same time, and provided as amply for the wants of the Slavonic race in the Old, as the Californian hills have done for the growth of the Anglo-Saxon in the New World. Gradually, for twenty years past, the Russian treasures have been brought to light; and their progressive increase has done more to alleviate the distress and sustain the industry of western Europe than all the wisdom of man in her aged monarchies has been able to effect. Grievous as have been the calamities which the contraction of the currency of the world by the reduction of paper in Great Britain, simultaneously with the ruin of the South American mines by the revolutions of its vast regions, which we laboured so assiduously to promote, have produced, they would have been doubly severe if the Ural and Altai Mountains had not provided treasures at the very time when the other supplies were failing, which in part at least supplied their place. Their influence was long felt in Europe before their amount was suspected, and even now the wisdom or terrors of the Russian Government have prevented it from being accurately known; but it is generally understood to have

now reached five or six millions sterling annually; and, like the Californian gold, it is susceptible of an indefinite increase, in the event of the influx of that metal from America not lowering its value so as to render it unworkable in Asia at a profit.

Assuming it, then, as certain that for a very long period, and for many successive generations, a vast addition is to be made to the annual supply of the metallic treasures of the earth, it becomes of the highest importance to the interests of industry in all its branches, agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing, to consider what *the effects of the change* thus induced must be—what benefits it will confer upon mankind—what dangers, if any, it will remove, especially in the great commercial community in which we are placed. And a little consideration must be sufficient to demonstrate to every impartial and disinterested mind what these effects will be—and to prevent, on the one hand, chimerical or unfounded hopes being formed, and, on the other, undue or unmanly depression from the effects of recent calamities being felt. Fortunately we are not driven to theory or speculation to ascertain what these effects will be—experience, the only sure guide in political science, points to them with unerring certainty: the great monetary revolution of the sixteenth century is the precursor and the monitor of that of the nineteenth.

The first effect of a great addition being made to the annual supply of a particular metal in general use and high estimation all over the world, is that the exchangeable value of *that metal*, in comparison with other metals or articles of consumption, will undergo an immediate alteration, which will prove lasting and considerably if the increased supply turns out to be great and permanent. This is no more than takes place every day with all the articles of commerce. According as the crop of wheat, or oats, or barley, or cotton proves abundant, so surely does the price of these articles rise or fall in the market. If gold is produced in much greater quantities than heretofore, its price, as compared with everything else, and in particular with the precious metal in common use, next to it in value, silver, must



ere long change. If the increased supply proves very great, it may in time come to reduce the price of gold, as compared with silver, fifty, eighty, or even a hundred per cent. Gold is more valuable than silver, only because it is more scarce: if it becomes equally plentiful, its value will gradually sink; and if the quantity afloat in the earth should ever come to be as great as that of silver, it would come to be of no greater value. This effect may appear either in the fall of the value of gold as compared with silver, or notes exchangeable into gold, or in the *rise* in the value of silver as compared with that of gold, or notes exchangeable into that metal. This effect has already taken place. Silver is 3 per cent dearer as compared with gold than it was a year ago: and this change will doubtless continue. This is the first and obvious effect of a great addition to the gold treasures of the earth; and even this is a considerable benefit; because, as it has been produced by the augmentation of the amount of the circulating medium of mankind, it must facilitate the acquisition of it for the purposes of commerce, or for sustaining the undertakings of industry.

But though this is the first, it is by no means either the only or the most important effect of a great addition to the gold treasures of the earth. By far the most important and beneficial effect is to be found in the *gradual but certain rise of prices*, whether measured in gold, silver, or paper, which inevitably results from any considerable addition to the circulating medium of mankind. This effect is precisely analogous to the great rise of prices which took place during the war, in consequence of the extended issue of paper which was made after 1797 to sustain its expenses. It is well known that it more than doubled the cost of every article of consumption: it raised the price of wheat, in fifteen years, from 55s. to 110s.\* This effect resulted from

the extension of the issues of the Bank of England from twelve to twenty-eight millions a-year. A result precisely the same must take place over the whole world from a lasting and considerable addition to the metallic treasures by which its exchanges are conducted. If the gold in circulation, or which may be put into circulation, is greatly augmented, the price of everything must rise, whether it is paid in *gold or silver*, just as the price of everything rose during the war, whether paid in specie or in paper. Gold then bore such a monopoly price, from its being so much in request for the necessities of war, that the guinea at last came to be worth twenty-eight shillings. That was the enhanced price of gold, as compared with silver; it had risen thirty per cent in consequence of the absorption of gold specie in the Peninsular, German, and Russian campaigns. But the change of prices resulting from the extended issue of paper was much more considerable; it had increased not thirty, but a hundred per cent, and that equally, whether the price was paid in gold, silver, paper, or copper.

This change will be universal. It is a mistake to suppose that it will be limited to the countries, such as England, in which gold is the established standard of value. It will affect equally, certainly, though perhaps somewhat more indirectly, thenations, such as France, where silver is the standard and great medium of exchange. The reason is, that by adding considerably to the general circulating medium of the globe, it brings a larger quantity to be balanced against every article which forms the subject of commerce, and consequently raises its price when measured by any part of that circulating medium. This effect may be seen every day in ordinary life. A plentiful crop of wheat, especially if it continues for several years in succession, lowers the price not only of wheat, but of every other

\* AVERAGE PRICES OF WHEAT:—

	s.	d.		s.	d.
1792, . . .	47	1	1809, . . .	106	0
1793, . . .	49	6	1810, . . .	112	0
1794, . . .	54	0	1811, . . .	108	0
1795, . . .	81	6	1812, . . .	118	0
1796, . . .	80	3	1813, . . .	120	0

*grain crop in the country*, and consequently raises the price of every article of commerce when measured by the amount given for it in any of these grain crops. And the same effect took place on a great scale, over the whole world, for centuries together, when the mines of Mexico and Peru were discovered, which, although chiefly productive of silver only, yet, by the large quantity of that metal which they yielded, raised prices to a very great degree universally, and that equally whether those prices were paid in gold, silver, or copper.

The effects hitherto considered are those on the value of the precious metals themselves from a considerable and continued increase in their supply in any part of the world. But in a commercial and opulent community such as Great Britain, where the greater part of its undertakings are carried on by means of money advanced by banks in their own notes or those of the Bank of England, on the security of bills or other obligations, the effect of a considerable increase in the supply of gold or silver is far more extensive. Such an increase diminishes the great weakness of a paper circulation, that of being dependent on the supply of the precious metals, and liable to be contracted when they are withdrawn. An inconvertible paper, issued in reasonable and not excessive quantities, and adequately guaranteed, would answer the purpose just as well in a particular country, and effectually secure it against the terrible disasters consequent on the alternate expansion and contraction of the currency; the former inducing the commencement of undertakings of which the latter disabled the performance. But the world is not wise enough yet to perceive how easy and effectual a remedy this simple expedient would provide against the greatest and most extensive calamities which now afflict humanity; and so great is the power of vested capital which such calamities benefit, that it is probable several generations must descend to their graves, or become insolvent, before it is generally adopted. But the extension of the metallic currency of the globe, though it cannot altogether remove, materially lessens this dreadful danger. *It inspires confidence*

*among moneyed men.* It diminishes the terror of the withdrawal of the precious metals, which, when it once seizes them, is productive of such unbounded calamities; and thus renders the granting of accommodation on their part both more abundant and more regular. Paper becomes more plentiful, because gold, on which it is based, has flowed into the coffers of the banks in larger quantities, and thus at once augmented their own treasures, and diminished the risk of their being drained away by the necessities of other men. The effect of this change in a commercial and manufacturing community is incalculable. We can form a clear idea from woeful experience, of what it is. It is precisely the converse of Sir R. Peel's measure.

It is impossible to give a better picture of what this great Currency Extension Act of Nature will do for industry in all countries, and especially the commercial, than by saying that it will as nearly as possible *reverse* the effects which Mr Cobden, the great advocate for the cheapening system, said, in his evidence before the Committee on Bank Issues in 1840, he had experienced in the preceding years in his own business from the contraction of the currency consequent on the great importation of grain in 1838 and 1839:—

“I could adduce a fact derived from my own experience that would illustrate the heavy losses to which manufacturers were exposed in their operations, by those fluctuations (in 1837) in the value of money. I am a calico printer. I purchase the cloth, which is my raw material, in the market; and have usually in warehouse three or four months' supply of material. I must necessarily proceed in my operations, whatever change there may be—whether a rise or a fall in the market. I employ six hundred hands; and those hands must be employed. I have fixed machinery and capital which *must* also be kept going; and, therefore, whatever the prospects of a rise or fall in price may be, I am constantly obliged to be purchasing the material, and contracting for the material on which I operate. In 1837 I lost by my stock in hand £20,000, as compared with the stock-taking in 1835, 1836, and 1838; the average of those three years, when compared with 1837, shows that I lost £20,000 by

my business in 1837; and what I wish to add is, that the whole of this loss arose from the depreciation in the value of my stock.

"My business was as prosperous; we stood as high as printers as we did previously; our business since that has been as good, and there was no other cause for the losses I then sustained, but the depreciation of the value of the articles in warehouse in my hands. What I wish particularly to show, is the defenceless condition in which we manufacturers are placed, and how completely we are at the mercy of these unnatural fluctuations. Although I was aware that the losses were coming, it was impossible I could do otherwise than proceed onward—with the certainty of suffering a loss on the stock; to stop the work of six hundred hands, and to fail to supply our customers, would have been altogether ruinous; that is a fact drawn from my own experience. I wish to point to another example of a most striking kind, showing the effect of these fluctuations on merchants. I hold in my hand a list of thirty-six articles which were imported in 1837, by the house of Butterworth and Brookes of Manchester, a house very well known; Mr Brookes is now boroughreeve of Manchester. Here is a list of thirty-six articles imported in the year 1837, in the regular way of business, and opposite to each article there is the rate of loss upon it as it arrived, and as it was sold. The average loss is 37½ per cent on those thirty-six articles, and they were imported from Canton, Trieste, Bombay, Bahia, Alexandria, Lima, and, in fact, all the intermediate places almost. This, I presume, is a fair guide to show the losses which other merchants incurred on similar articles."

It was these disastrous losses which made Mr Cobden a Free-trader. He wished to cheapen everything as his own produce had been cheapened. The contraction of the currency, and its being made dependent on the retention of gold, was the origin and root of the whole evil and all the disasters the nation has since undergone.

Such a change, however, the reverse of all this, like all those produced by nature, is so gradual as to the vast majority of men to be imperceptible. Like the gradual extension of the day in spring, or the change of temperature, the change is so slight from day to day that it eludes even the closest observation. From one month to another,

however, the alteration is great and striking. The addition, first, of six or eight millions of gold, annually raised, rising by degrees to sixteen or eighteen millions—which doubles the annual supply of the precious metals for the use of the globe—being diffused over an immense surface, and finding its way more or less into the coffers of all nations, may not produce a great or even visible start of prices at any one time. But the change will be incessant; and before many years have elapsed, the result, if the increased supply continues, will be great and apparent. In the first instance, the effect will appear in arresting the fall of prices which has so long been going on, and which our legislative measures have all been calculated to increase. But after arresting the fall, it will speedily induce a rise; and this rise will for a long period be so steady and considerable as to produce a very great increase in the remuneration of the labouring classes, and immensely to benefit them. There is no speculation in this: it is only supposing that the increase of gold is to produce the same effect as the increase of silver, from the discovery of the South American mines, did three centuries ago.

The effect of the same change, by diminishing the weight of debt and taxes, will be still more signal and beneficial. Among the many and appalling evils of which a rise in the value of the circulating medium, and consequent fall in that of everything else, is productive, there is perhaps none so widespread and calamitous in its effects, as the adding to the weight of debts and taxes, and thus weighing down the energies of the productive classes, upon whose efforts the whole prosperity of society depends. It is that which has been the great cause of the long-continued depression and agony, interrupted only by fleeting gleams of prosperity, of the last thirty years, as the sudden expansion and contraction of the currency consequent on its being made dependent on the presence or absence of the precious metals, has been of its frightful oscillations. The taxes now paid by the nation, as measured by the price of wheat—the true measure—are, after five-and-thirty years

of peace, twice as heavy as they were in 1815, after twenty years of a costly war. This is what renders it so difficult for any government to maintain armaments, either at sea or land, at all commensurate to the public necessities; which has weakened our national influence, and degraded our national character, and exposed us to the deplorable state of weakness against foreign aggression, to the dangers of which, the Duke of Wellington has said he has found it impossible to awaken any Administration for thirty years. The Government see the public dangers, but they are disabled from guarding against them, because Parliament, stimulated by suffering constituencies whom the fall of prices has involved in constant difficulties, will not vote the necessary supplies. It is the same with the weight of mortgages, jointures, family provisions, bonds, bills, and debts of every description. They have all been doubled in weight since the bill of 1819 contracted the currency; and hence the inextricable embarrassments into which nearly all classes of the community have been precipitated, except the moneyed, whose fortunes have every day been increasing in real amount, from the same cause which has spread ruin so generally around them.

When it is said that the effect of Californian gold will be to reverse all this—to reduce gradually, and probably before twenty years have elapsed, *half the weight of debt and taxes* now felt as so grievous a burden by the community—it is affirmed that it will confer, perhaps, the greatest blessing which a beneficent Providence could confer on a suffering world. In England it will gradually and to a certain extent, so far as average prices are concerned, undo all that the Bullionists and Free-traders have been doing for the last thirty years. It will remove a large part of the frightful evils consequent on the monetary measures of Sir Robert Peel; and if seconded by a revision of our import duties, and a moderate tax for fiscal purposes on all foreign articles brought into the country, it would go far to repair the devastation produced by the selfish legislation of the last thirty years. In France it will arrest

that dreadful fall of wages which, ever since the peace, has been felt to be increasing, from the constant reduction of prices arising from the destruction of the South American mines, and the simultaneous measures adopted for the contraction of the currency in Great Britain. The unjust monopoly of realised capital will be arrested, at least for a long period. The unjust depression of industry, by the continued fall of prices, will be gradually terminated. But so gradual will be the change, and so unseen the operation of the vivifying element thus let into society, that even the classes most benefited by it will, for the most part, be ignorant of the cause to which their improved circumstances have been owing. They will be blessed by the hand of Nature, they know not how or by whom, as, under the former system, they were cursed by the hand of man, they knew not how or by whom.

Already the beneficial effects of Californian gold have been felt over the whole world,\* and nowhere more strongly than in this country. It is well known that prices of all articles of commerce, except corn and sugar, have risen twenty or thirty per cent within the last year; and the Free-traders consider that as being entirely owing to their measures. If so, it is singular how *corn and sugar*, on which the inundation of Free Trade has been chiefly let in since 1816, should be the *only exceptions* to the general rise. It is singular what contradictory effects they ascribe to their system: at one time it is lauded to the skies, because it tends to lower prices, and cheapen every article of consumption; at another, because it is said to raise prices, and encourage every branch of industry. Both effects cannot be owing to the same system: to ascribe them both to it is to say that a certain combination of gases produces alternately fire and water. At all events, if Free Trade brings about a rise of prices, what comes of all the arguments which went to recommend it on the score of reducing them? The truth is, however, Free Trade has nothing whatever to do with the recent rise of prices of manufactured articles, nor with the extension of the national

On the contrary, it may, under many circumstances, materially aggravate them.

As the effect produced by a great addition of the metallic treasures of the earth is *universal*, it must affect prices equally in every part of the world. The largest part of the bullion, indeed, will be brought to the richest country, which is best able to buy it, and has most need of it to form the basis of its transactions. But still, some part will find its way into every country; prices will be everywhere raised, and *the relative proportion between them in different countries will remain the same, or even be rendered more unfavourable to the richer state.* That is the material circumstance; for it shows that it must leave the greatest and most lasting evils of Free Trade untouched. Supposing gold to become so plentiful that the sovereign is only worth ten shillings, and the effect on general prices to be such that the average price of the quarter of wheat is raised from forty to sixty shillings—which, in a course of years, is by no means improbable—still the relative position of the British with the Polish and American cultivator will remain the same. The price of the wheat may be raised from 15s. to 25s. a-quarter, on the banks of the Vistula or the Mississippi; but still *the ability of their cultivators to undersell our farmers will remain the same*, or rather be augmented. Prices will still be so much higher in the old rich and heavily-taxed country, which absorbs the largest part of the metallic circulation of the earth, than in the young poor and untaxed one, that in the production of the fruits of the earth, to which machinery can never be made applicable, the inability to carry on the competition will only be rendered the more apparent by the increasing, or at all events, permanent difference of the prices.

In the next place, how cheap soever gold, from its augmented plenty, may become, there will be no cessation, as long as our paper circulation remains on its present footing, of those dreadful monetary crises which now, at stated periods recurring every five or six years, spread such unheard-of

ruin through the industrious classes. Let gold, from its greater plenty, become of only half its value, or a sovereign be only worth ten shillings, and prices, in consequence, rise to double their present amount, the danger of a monetary crisis, as long as our currency is based on its present footing, will remain the same. Still, any considerable drain of the metallic treasure of the country, such as it is—either from the necessities of foreign war, the adverse state of foreign exchanges, or a great importation, occasioned by a deficient home harvest—will send the specie headlong out, and, by suddenly contracting the currency, ruin half of the persons engaged in business undertakings. It is the *inconceivable folly* of making the paper circulation dependent on the retention of the metallic; the enormous error of enacting, that, for every five sovereigns that are drawn out of the country, a five-pound note shall be drawn in by the bankers; the infatuated self immolation arising from the gratuitous negation of the greatest blessing of a paper circulation—that of supplying, during the temporary absence of the metallic currency, its want, and obviating all the evils thence arising—which is the real source of the evils under which we have suffered so severely since the disastrous epoch of 1819, when the system was introduced. The increased supply of gold, so far from tending to obviate this danger, has a directly opposite effect; for, by augmenting the metallic treasures of the country, and thus raising credit during periods of prosperity, it engages the nation in a vast variety of undertakings, the completion of which is rendered impossible when the wind of adversity blows, by the sudden contraction of its currency and credit. And to this danger *the mercantile classes are exposed beyond any other*; for as their undertakings are always far beyond their realised capital, and supported entirely by credit, every periodical contraction of the currency, recurring every five or six years, exposes one-half of them to inevitable ruin.

Let not the Free-traders, therefore, lay the flattering unction to their souls, that California is to get them

out of all their difficulties, and that after having, by their ruinous measures, brought the nation to the very brink of ruin, and destroyed one-half of its wealth engaged in commerce, they are to escape the deserved execration of ages, by the effects of an accidental discovery of metallic treasures on the shores of the Pacific. Californian gold, a gift of Providence to a suffering world, will arrest the general and calamitous fall of prices which the Free-traders have laboured so assiduously to introduce, and thus diminish in a most material degree the weight of debts and taxes. So far it will undoubtedly tend to relieve the industrious classes, *especially in the rural districts*, from much of the misery induced on them by their oppressors; but it cannot work impossibilities. It will leave industry in all classes, and in none more than the manufacturing, exposed to the ruinous competition of foreigners, working, whatever the value of money may be,

at a cheaper rate than we can ever do, because in poorer and comparatively untaxed countries. It will leave the commercial classes permanently exposed to the periodical recurrence of monetary storms, arising out of the very plenty of the currency when credit is high, and its sudden withdrawal from the effect of adverse exchanges, or the drain consequent on vast importations of food. It will leave the British navy, and with it the British colonial empire and our national independence, gradually sinking from the competition, in shipping, of poorer states. Nature will do much to counteract the disasters induced by human folly; but the punishment of guilty selfishness is as much a part of her system as the relief of innocent sufferers; and to the end of the world those who seek to enrich themselves by the ruin of their neighbours will work out, in the very success of their measures, their own deserved and memorable punishment.

## MY NOVEL; OR, VARIETIES IN ENGLISH LIFE.—PART V.

BY PISISTRATUS CAXTON.

BOOK III.—INITIAL CHAPTER, SHOWING HOW MY NOVEL CAME TO BE CALLED "MY NOVEL."

"I AM not displeased with your novel, so far as it has gone," said my father graciously; "though as for The Sermon—"

Here I trembled; but the ladies, Heaven bless them! had taken Parson Dale under their special protection; and, observing that my father was puckering up his brows critically, they rushed boldly forward in defence of The Sermon, and Mr Caxton was forced to beat a retreat. However, like a skilful general, he renewed the assault upon outposts less gallantly guarded. But as it is not my business to betray my weak points, I leave it to the ingenuity of cavillers to discover the places at which the Author of *Human Error* directed his great guns.

"But," said the Captain, "you are a lad of too much spirit, Pisistratus, to keep us always in the obscure country quarters of Hazeldean—you will march us out into open service before you have done with us?"

PISISTRATUS, magisterially, for he has been somewhat nettled by Mr Caxton's remarks—and he puts on an air of dignity, in order to awe away minor assailants.—"Yes, Captain Roland—not yet awhile, but all in good time. I have not stinted myself in canvass, and behind my foreground of the Hall and the Parsonage I propose, hereafter, to open some lengthened perspective of the varieties of English life—"

MR CAXTON.—"Hum!"

BLANCHE, putting her hand on my father's lip.—"We shall know better the design, perhaps, when we know the title. Pray, Mr Author, what is the title?"

MY MOTHER, with more animation than usual—"Ay, Sisty—the title?"

PISISTRATUS, startled.—"The title! By the soul of Cervantes! I have never yet thought of a title!"

CAPTAIN ROLAND, solemnly.—"There is a great deal in a good title. As a novel reader, I know that by experience."

MR SQUILLS.—"Certainly; there is not a catchpenny in the world but what goes down, if the title be apt and seductive. Witness 'Old Parr's Life Pills.' Sell by the thousand, sir, when my 'Pills for Weak Stomachs,' which I believe to be just the same compound, never paid for the advertising."

MR CAXTON.—"Parr's Life Pills! a fine stroke of genius! It is not every one who has a weak stomach, or time to attend to it, if he have. But who would not swallow a pill to live to a hundred and fifty-two?"

PISISTRATUS, stirring the fire in great excitement.—"My title! my title!—what shall be my title!"

MR CAXTON, thrusting his hand into his waistcoat, and in his most didactic of tones.—"From a remote period, the choice of a title has perplexed the scribbling portion of mankind. We may guess how their invention has been racked by the strange contortions it has produced. To begin with the Hebrews. 'The Lips of the Sleeping,' (*Labia Dormientium*)—what book do you suppose that title to designate?—A Catalogue of Rabbinical writers! Again, imagine some young lady of old captivated by the sentimental title of 'The Pomegranate with its Flower,' and opening on a treatise on the Jewish Ceremonials! Let us turn to the Romans. Aulus Gellius commences his pleasant gossiping 'Noctes' with a list of the titles in fashion in his day. For instance, 'The Muses' and 'The Veil,' 'The Cornucopia,' 'The Beehive,' and 'The Meadow.' Some titles, indeed, were more truculent, and promised food to those who love to sup upon horrors—such as 'The Torch,' 'The Poniard,' 'The Stiletto'—"

PISISTRATUS, impatiently.—"Yes, sir; but to come to My Novel."

MR CAXTON, unheeding the interruption.—"You see, you have a fine choice here, and of a nature pleasing, and not unfamiliar to a classical

reader; or you may borrow a hint from the early Dramatic Writers."

PISISTRATUS, more hopefully.—"Ay! there is something in the Drama akin to the Novel. Now, perhaps, I may catch an idea."

MR. CAXTON.—"For instance, the author of the *Curiosities of Literature* (from whom, by the way, I am plagiarising much of the information I bestow upon you) tells us of a Spanish gentleman who wrote a Comedy, by which he intended to serve what he took for Moral Philosophy."

PISISTRATUS, eagerly.—"Well, sir?"

MR. CAXTON.—"And called it 'The Pain of the Sleep of the World.'"

PISISTRATUS.—"Very comic indeed, sir."

MR. CAXTON.—"Grave things were then called Comedies, as old things are now called Novels. Then there are all the titles of early Romance itself at your disposal—'Theagenes and Chariclea,' or 'The Ass' of Longus, or 'The Golden Ass' of Apuleius, or the titles of Gothic Romance, such as 'The most elegant, delicious, mellifluous, and delightful History of Perceforest, King of Great Britain,'—And therewith my father ran over a list of names as long as the Directory, and about as amusing.

"Well, to my taste," said my mother, "the novels I used to read when a girl, (for I have not read many since, I am ashamed to say,)—"

MR. CAXTON.—"No, you need not be at all ashamed of it, Kitty."

MR. MOTHER, proceeding.—"Were much more inviting than any you mention, Austin."

THE CAPTAIN.—"True."

MR. SQUILLS.—"Certainly. Nothing like them now-a-days!"

MR. MOTHER.—"Says she to her Neighbour, What?"

THE CAPTAIN.—"The Unknown, or the Northern Gallery—"

MR. SQUILLS.—"There is a Secret; Find it Out!"

PISISTRATUS, pushed to the verge of human endurance, and upset in tongs, poker, and fire-shovel.—"What nonsense you are talking, all of you! For heaven's sake, consider what an important matter we are called upon to decide. It is not now the titles of those very respectable works which issued from the Minerva Press

that I ask you to remember—it is to invent a title for mine—My Novel!"

MR. CAXTON, clapping his hands gently.—"Excellent—capital! Nothing can be better; simple, natural, pertinent, concise—"

PISISTRATUS.—"What is it, sir—what is it! Have you really thought of a title to My Novel?"

MR. CAXTON.—"You have hit it yourself—'My Novel.' It is your Novel—people will know it is your Novel. Turn and twist the English language as you will—be as allegorical as Hebrew, Greek, Roman—Fabulist or Puritan—still, after all, it is your Novel, and nothing more nor less than your Novel."

PISISTRATUS, thoughtfully, and sounding the words various ways.—"My Novel!—um—um! 'My Novel!' rather bald—and curt, eh?"

MR. CAXTON.—"Add what you say you intend it to depict—Varieties in English Life."

MR. MOTHER.—"My Novel; or, Varieties in English Life"—I don't think it sounds amiss. What say you, Roland? Would it attract you in a catalogue?"

My Uncle hesitates, when Mr Caxton exclaims imperiously—

"The thing is settled! Don't disturb Camarina."

SQUILLS.—"If it be not too great a liberty, pray who or what is Camarina?"

MR. CAXTON.—"Camarina, Mr Squills, was a lake, apt to be low, and then liable to be muddy; and 'Don't disturb Camarina' was a Greek proverb derived from an Oracle of Apollo; and from that Greek proverb, no doubt, comes the origin of the injunction, '*Quies non movere*,' which became the favourite maxim of Sir Robert Walpole and Parson Dale. The Greek line, Mr Squills, (here my father's memory began to warm,) is preserved by STEPHANUS BYZANTINES, de *Urbibus*—

Ἐμὴ κινεὶ Καμάραν, ἀκίνητος γὰρ αἰεὶ ἔσται.

ZENOBIOUS explains it in his Proverbs; SUIDAS repeats ZENOBIOUS; LUCIAN alludes to it; so does VIRGIL in the Third Book of the *ÆNEID*; and SILIUS ITALICUS imitates Virgil—

\* Et cui non licitum fatis Camarina moveri.\*



Parson Dale, as a clergyman and a scholar, had, no doubt, these authorities at his fingers' end. And I wonder he did not quote them," quoth my father; "but, to be sure, he is represented as a mild man, and so might not wish to humble the Squire over much in the presence of his family. Meanwhile, My Novel is My Novel; and now that that matter is settled, perhaps the tongs, poker, and shovel may be picked up, the children may go to bed, Blanche and Kitty may speculate apart upon the future dignities of the Neogilos, taking care, nevertheless, to finish the new pinbefores he requires for the present; Roland may cast up his account-book, Mr Squills have his brandy and water, and all the world be comfortable, each in his own way. Blanche, come away from the screen, get me my slippers, and leave Pisistratus to himself. *Μη κίνει Καμάριναν*—don't disturb Camarina. You see, my dear," added my father kindly, as, after settling himself into his slippers, he detained Blanche's hand in his own—"you see, my dear, every house has its Camarina. Man, who is a lazy animal, is quite content to

let it alone; but woman, being the more active, bustling, curious creature, is always for giving it a sly stir."

BLANCHE, with female dignity.—"I assure you, that if Pisistratus had not called me, I should not have—"

MR CAXTON, interrupting her, without lifting his eyes from the book he has already taken.—"Certainly you would not. I am now in the midst of the great Puseyite Controversy. *Μη κίνει Καμάριναν*—don't disturb Camarina."

A dead silence for half an hour, at the end of which

PISISTRATUS, from behind the screen.—"Blanche, my dear, I want to consult you."

Blanche does not stir.

PISISTRATUS.—"Blanche, I say."

Blanche glances in triumph towards Mr Caxton.

MR CAXTON, laying down his theological tract, and rubbing his spectacles mournfully.—"I hear him, child; I hear him. I retract my vindication of Man. Oracles warn in vain: so long as there is a woman on the other side of the screen,—it is all up with Camarina!"

#### CHAPTER II.

It is greatly to be regretted that Mr Stirn was not present at the Parson's Discourse—but that valuable functionary was far otherwise engaged—indeed, during the summer months he was rarely seen at the afternoon service. Not that he cared for being preached at—not he: Mr Stirn would have snapped his finger at the thunders of the Vatican. But the fact was, that Mr Stirn chose to do a great deal of gratuitous business upon the day of rest. The Squire allowed all persons, who chose, to walk about the park on a Sunday; and many came from a distance to stroll by the lake, or recline under the elms. These visitors were objects of great suspicion, nay, of positive annoyance, to Mr Stirn—and, indeed, not altogether without reason, for we English have a natural love of liberty, which we are even more apt to display in the grounds of other people than in those which we cultivate ourselves. Sometimes, to

his inexpressible and fierce satisfaction, Mr Stirn fell upon a knot of boys pelting the swans; sometimes he missed a young sapling, and found it in felonious hands, converted into a walking-stick; sometimes he caught a hulking fellow scraubling up the ha-ha! to gather a nosegay for his sweetheart from one of poor Mrs Hazeldean's pet parterres; not unfrequently, indeed, when all the family were fairly at church, some curious impertinents forced or sneaked their way into the gardens, in order to peep in at the windows. For these, and various other offences of like magnitude, Mr Stirn had long, but vainly, sought to induce the Squire to withdraw a permission so villanously abused. But though there were times when Mr Hazeldean grunted and growled, and swore "that he would shut up the park, and fill it (illegally) with man-traps and spring-guns," his anger always evaporated in words. The park was

still open to all the world on a Sunday; and that blessed day was therefore converted into a day of travail and wrath to Mr Stirn. But it was from the last chime of the afternoon service bell until dusk that the spirit of this vigilant functionary was most perturbed; for, amidst the flocks that gathered from the little hamlets round to the voice of the Pastor, there were always some stray sheep, or rather climbing desultory vagabond goats, who struck off in all perverse directions, as if for the special purpose of distracting the energetic watchfulness of Mr Stirn. As soon as church was over, if the day were fine, the whole park became a scene animated with red cloaks, or lively shawls, Sunday waistcoats, and hats stuck full of wild-flowers — which last Mr Stirn often stoutly maintained to be Mrs Hazelden's newest geraniums. Now, on this Sunday especially, there was an imperative call upon an extra exertion of vigilance on the part of the superintendent—he had not only to detect ordinary depredators and trespassers; but, first, to discover the authors of the conspiracy against the Stocks; and secondly, to “make an example.”

He had begun his rounds, therefore, from the early morning; and just as the afternoon bell was sounding its final peal, he emerged upon the village green from a hedgerow, behind which he had been at watch to observe who had the most suspiciously gathered round the stocks. At that moment the place was deserted. At a distance, the superintendent saw the fast disappearing forms of some belated groups hastening towards the church; in front, the Stocks stood staring at him mournfully from its four great eyes, which had been cleansed from the mud, but still looked bleared and stained with the marks of the recent outrage. Here Mr Stirn paused, took off his hat, and wiped his brows.

“If I had sum un, to watch her,” thought he, “while I takes a turn by the water-side, praps summat might come out; praps them as did it ben't gone to church, but will come sneaking round to look on their willany! as they says murderers are always led back to the place where

they ha' left the body. But in this here willage there ben't a man, woman, nor child, as has any consarn for Squire or Parish; barring myself.” It was just as he arrived at that misanthropical conclusion that Mr Stirn beheld Leonard Fairfield walking very fast from his own home. The superintendent clapped on his hat, and stuck his right arm akimbo. “Hollo, you sir,” said he, as Lenny now came in hearing, “where be you going at that rate?”

“Please, sir, I be going to church.”

“Stop, sir—stop, Master Lenny. Going to church!—why, the bell's done; and you knows the Parson is very angry at them as comes in late, disturbing the congregation. You can't go to church now!”

“Please, sir”—

“I says you can't go to church now. You must learn to think a little of others, lad. You sees how I sweats to serve the Squire! and you must serve him too. Why, your mother's got the house and premises almost rent free: you ought to have a grateful heart—Leonard Fairfield, and feel for his honour! Poor man! *his* heart is wellnigh bruk, I am sure, with the goings on.”

Leonard opened his innocent blue eyes, while Mr Stirn dolorously wiped his own.

“Look at that ere dumb cretur,” said Stirn suddenly, pointing to the Stocks—“look at it. If it could speak, what would it say, Leonard Fairfield? Answer me that!—‘Damn the Stocks, indeed!’”

“It was very bad in them to write such naughty words,” said Lenny gravely. “Mother was quite shocked when she heard of it, this morning.”

MR STIRN.—“I dare she was, considering what she pays for the premises: (insinuatingly,) you does not know who did it—eh, Lenny?”

LENNY.—“No, sir; indeed I does not!”

MR STIRN.—“Well, you see, you can't go to church—prayers half over by this time. You recollect that I put them stocks under your ‘sponsibility,’ and see the way you's done your duty by 'em. I've half a mind to,—”

Mr Stirn cast his eyes on the eyes of the Stocks.

"Please, sir," began Lenny again, rather frightened.

"No, I won't please; it ben't pleasing at all. But I forgives you this time, only keep a sharp look-out, lad, in future. Now you just stay here—no, there,—under the hedge, and you watches if any persons come to loiter about or looks at the Stocks, or laughs to hisself, while I go my rounds. I shall be back either afore church is over or just arter; so you stay till I comes, and give me your report. Be sharp, boy, or it will be worse for you and your mother: I can let the premises for four pounds a year more, to-morrow."

Concluding with that somewhat menacing and very significant remark, and not staying for an answer, Mr Stirn waved his hand, and walked off.

Poor Lenny remained by the Stocks, very much dejected, and greatly disliking the neighbourhood to which he was consigned. At length he slowly crept off to the hedge, and sate himself down in the place of espionage pointed out to him. Now, philosophers tell us that what is called the point of honour is a barbarous feudal prejudice. Amongst the higher classes, wherein those feudal prejudices may be supposed to prevail, Lenny Fairfield's occupation would not have been considered peculiarly honourable; neither would it have seemed so to the more turbulent spirits among the humbler orders, who have a point of honour of their own, which consists in the adherence to each other in defiance of all lawful authority. But to Lenny Fairfield, brought up much apart from other boys, and with a profound and grateful reverence for the Squire instilled into all his habits of thought, notions of honour bounded themselves to simple honesty and straightforward truth; and as he cherished an unquestioning awe of order and constitutional authority, so it did not appear to him that there was anything derogatory and debasing in being thus set to watch for an offender. On the contrary, as he began to reconcile himself to the loss of the church service, and to enjoy the cool of the summer shade, and the occasional chirp of the birds, he got to look on the bright side of the com-

mission to which he was deputed. In youth, at least, everything has its bright side—even the appointment of Protector to the Parish Stocks. For the Stocks, themselves, Leonard had no affection, it is true; but he had no sympathy with their aggressors, and he could well conceive that the Squire would be very much hurt at the revolutionary event of the night. "So," thought poor Leonard in his simple heart—"so if I can serve his honour, by keeping off mischievous boys, or letting him know who did the thing, I'm sure it would be a proud day for mother." Then he began to consider that, however ungraciously Mr Stirn had bestowed on him the appointment, still it was a compliment to him—showed trust and confidence in him, picked him out from his contemporaries as the sober moral pattern boy; and Lenny had a great deal of pride in him, especially in matters of repute and character.

All these things considered, I say, Leonard Fairfield reclined in his lurking-place, if not with positive delight and intoxicating rapture, at least with tolerable content and some complacency.

Mr Stirn might have been gone a quarter of an hour, when a boy came through a little gate in the park, just opposite to Lenny's retreat in the hedge, and, as if fatigued with walking, or oppressed by the heat of the day, paused on the green for a moment or so, and then advanced under the shade of the great tree which overhung the Stocks.

Lenny pricked up his ears, and peeped up jealously.

He had never seen the boy before: it was a strange face to him.

Leonard Fairfield was not fond of strangers; moreover, he had a vague belief that strangers were at the bottom of that desecration of the Stocks. The boy, then, was a stranger; but what was his rank? Was he of that grade in society in which the natural offences are or are not consonant to, or harmonious with, outrages upon Stocks? On that Lenny Fairfield did not feel quite assured. According to all the experience of the villager, the boy was not dressed like a young gentleman. Leonard's notions of such aristocratic costume were naturally fashioned upon the

model of Frank Hazeldean. They represented to him a dazzling vision of snow-white trousers, and beautiful blue coats, and incomparable cravats. Now the dress of this stranger, though not that of a peasant nor of a farmer, did not in any way correspond with Lenny's notions of the costume of a young gentleman: it looked to him highly disreputable; the coat was covered with mud, and the hat was all manner of shapes, with a gap between the side and crown.

Lenny was puzzled, till it suddenly occurred to him that the gate through which the boy had passed was in the direct path across the park from a small town, the inhabitants of which were in very bad odour at the Hall—they had immemorably furnished the most daring poachers to the preserves, the most troublesome trespassers on the park, the most unprincipled orchard-robbers, and the most disputatious assertors of various problematical rights of way, which, according to the Town, were public, and, according to the Hall, had been private since the Conquest. It was true that the same path led also directly from the Squire's house, but it was not probable that the wearer of attire so equivocal had been visiting there. All things considered, Lenny had no doubt in his mind but that the stranger was a shopboy or 'prentice from the town of Thorndyke; and the notorious repute of that town, coupled with this presumption, made it probable that Lenny now saw before him one of the midnight desecrators of the Stocks. As if to confirm the suspicion, which passed through Lenny's mind with a rapidity wholly disproportionate to the number of lines it costs me to convey it, the boy, now standing right before the Stocks, bent down and read that pithy anathema with which it was defaced. And having read it, he repeated it aloud, and Lenny actually saw him smile—such a smile!—so disagreeable and sinister! Lenny had never before seen the smile Sardonian.

But what were Lenny's pious horror and dismay when this ominous stranger fairly seated himself on the Stocks, rested his heels profanely on the lids of two of the four round eyes, and, taking out a pencil and a pocket-book, began to write. Was this audacious

Unknown taking an inventory of the church and the Hall for the purposes of conflagration? He looked at one, and at the other, with a strange, fixed stare as he wrote—not keeping his eyes on the paper, as Lenny had been taught to do when he sat down to his copy-book. The fact is, that Randal Leslie was tired and faint, and he felt the shock of his fall the more, after the few paces he had walked, so that he was glad to rest himself a few moments; and he took that opportunity to write a line to Frank, to excuse himself for not calling again, intending to tear the leaf on which he wrote out of his pocket-book, and leave it at the first cottage he passed, with instructions to take it to the Hall.

While Randal was thus innocently engaged, Lenny came up to him, with the firm and measured pace of one who has resolved, cost what it may, to do his duty. And as Lenny, though brave, was not ferocious, so the anger he felt, and the suspicions he entertained, only exhibited themselves in the following solemn appeal to the offender's sense of propriety,—

"Ben't you ashamed of yourself? Sitting on the Squire's new Stocks! Do get up, and go along with you!"

Randal turned round sharply; and though, at any other moment, he would have had sense enough to exonerate himself very easily from his false position, yet, *Nemo mortalium*, &c. No one is always wise. And Randal was in an exceedingly bad humour. The affability towards his inferiors, for which I lately praised him, was entirely lost in the contempt for impertinent snobs natural to an insulted Etonian.

Therefore, eyeing Lenny with great disdain, Randal answered briefly,—

"You are an insolent young black-guard."

So curt a rejoinder made Lenny's blood fly to his face. Persuaded before that the intruder was some lawless apprentice or shoplad, he was now more confirmed in that judgment, not only by language so uncivil, but by the truculent glance which accompanied it, and which certainly did not derive any imposing dignity from the mutilated, rakish, hang-dog, ruinous hat, under which it shot its sullen and menacing fire.

Of all the various articles of which our male attire is composed, there is perhaps not one which has so much character and expression as the top-covering. A neat, well-brushed, short-napped, gentlemanlike hat, put on with a certain air, gives a distinction and respectability to the whole exterior; whereas a broken, squashed, higgledy-piggledy sort of a hat, such as Randal Leslie had on, would go far towards transforming the stateliest gentleman that ever walked down St James's Street into the ideal of a ruffianly scamp.

Now, it is well known that there is nothing more antipathetic to your peasant-boy than a shop-boy. Even on grand political occasions, the rural working-class can rarely be coaxed into sympathy with the trading town-class. Your true English peasant is always an aristocrat. Moreover, and irrespectively of this immemorial grudge of class, there is something peculiarly hostile in the relationship between boy and boy when their backs are once up, and they are alone on a quiet lot of green. Something of the

game-cock feeling—something that tends to keep alive, in the population of this island, (otherwise so lamb-like and peaceful,) the martial propensity to double the thumb tightly over the four fingers, and make what is called “a fist of it.” Dangerous symptoms of these mingled and aggressive sentiments were visible in Lenny Fairfield at the words and the look of the unprepossessing stranger. And the stranger seemed aware of them; for his pale face grew more pale, and his sullen eye more fixed and more vigilant.

“You get off them Stocks,” said Lenny, disdaining to reply to the coarse expressions bestowed on him; and, suiting the action to the word, he gave the intruder what he meant for a shove, but which Randal took for a blow. The Etonian sprang up, and the quickness of his movement, aided but by a slight touch of his hand, made Lenny lose his balance, and sent him neck-and-crop over the Stocks. Burning with rage, the young villager rose alortly, and, flying at Randal, struck out right and left.

### CHAPTER III.

Aid me, O ye Nine! whom the incomparable Persius satirised his contemporaries for invoking, and then, all of a sudden, invoked on his own behalf—aid me to describe that famous battle by the Stocks, and in defence of the Stocks, which was waged, by the two representatives of Saxon and Norman England. Here, sober support of law and duty and delegated trust—*pro aris et focis*; there, haughty invasion, and bellicose spirit of knighthood, and that respect for name and person, which we call honour. Here, too, hardy physical force—there, skilful discipline. Here—The Nine are as deaf as a post, and as cold as a stone! Plague take the jades!—I can do better without them.

Randal was a year older than Lenny, but he was not so tall nor so strong, nor even so active; and after the first blind rush, when the two boys paused, and drew back to breathe, Lenny, eyeing the slight form and hueless cheek of his opponent, and seeing blood trickling from Ran-

dal's lip, was seized with an instantaneous and generous remorse. “It was not fair,” he thought, “to fight one whom he could beat so easily.” So, retreating still farther, and letting his arms fall to his side, he said mildly—“There, let's have no more of it; but go home and be good.”

Randal Leslie had no remarkable degree of that constitutional quality called physical courage; but he had all those moral qualities which supply its place. He was proud—he was vindictive—he had high self-esteem—he had the destructive organ more than the combative;—what had once provoked his wrath it became his instinct to sweep away. Therefore, though all his nerves were quivering, and hot tears were in his eyes, he approached Lenny with the sternness of a gladiator, and said between his teeth, which he set hard, choking back the sob of rage and pain—

“You have struck me—and you shall not stir from this ground—till I have made you repent it. Put up

your hands—I will not strike you so—defend yourself.”

Lenny mechanically obeyed; and he had good need of the admonition: for if before he had had the advantage, now that Randal had recovered the surprise to his nerves, the battle was not to the strong.

Though Leslie had not been a fighting boy at Eton, still his temper had involved him in some conflicts when he was in the lower forms, and he had learned something of the art as well as the practice in pugilism—an excellent thing, too, I am barbarous enough to believe, and which I hope will never quite die out of our public schools. Ah, many a young duke has been a better fellow for life from a fair set-to with a trader's son; and many a trader's son has learned to look a lord more manfully in the face on the hustings, from the recollection of the sound thrashing he once gave to some little Lord Leopold Dawdle.

So Randal now brought his experience and art to bear: put aside those heavy roundabout blows, and darted in his own, quick and sharp—supplying the due momentum of pugilistic mechanics to the natural feeble-

ness of his arm. Ay, and the arm, too, was no longer so feeble: so strange is the strength that comes from passion and pluck!

Poor Lenny, who had never fought before, was bewildered; his sensations grew so entangled that he could never recall them distinctly: he had a dim reminiscence of some breathless, impotent rush—of a sudden blindness followed by quick flashes of intolerable light—of a deadly faintness, from which he was roused by sharp pangs—here—there—everywhere; and then all he could remember was, that he was lying on the ground, huddled up and panting hard, while his adversary bent over him with a countenance as dark and livid as Lara himself might have bent over the fallen Otho. For Randal Leslie was not one who, by impulse and nature, subscribed to the noble English maxim—“Never hit a foe when he is down;” and it cost him a strong if brief self-struggle, not to set his heel on that prostrate form. It was the mind, not the heart, that subdued the savage within him, as, muttering something inwardly—certainly not Christian forgiveness—the victor turned gloomily away.

#### CHAPTER IV.

Just at that precise moment, who should appear but Mr Stirn! For, in fact, being extremely anxious to get Lenny into disgrace, he had hoped that he should have found the young villager had shirked the commission intrusted to him; and the Right-hand Mau had slyly come back, to see if that amiable expectation were realised. He now beheld Lenny rising with some difficulty—still panting hard—and with hysterical sounds akin to what is vulgarly called blubbering—his fine new waistcoat sprinkled with his own blood, which flowed from his nose—nose that seemed to Lenny Fairfield's feelings to be a nose no more, but a swollen, gigantic, mountainous Slawkenbergian excrescence,—in fact, he felt all nose! Turning aghast from this spectacle, Mr Stirn surveyed, with no more respect than Lenny had manifested, the stranger boy, who had again seated himself on the Stocks

(whether to recover his breath, or whether to show that his victory was consummated, and that he was in his rights of possession) “Hollo,” said Mr Stirn, “what is all this?—what's the matter, Lenny, you blockhead?”

“He *will* sit there,” answered Lenny, in broken gasps, “and he has beat me because I would not let him; but I doesn't mind that,” added the villager, trying hard to suppress his tears, “and I'm ready again for him—that I am!”

“And what do you do, lolloping there on them blessed Stocks?”

“Looking at the landscape: out of my light, man!”

This tone instantly inspired Mr Stirn with misgivings: it was a tone so disrespectful to him that he was seized with involuntary respect: who but a gentleman could speak so to Mr Stirn?

“And may I ask who you be?”

said Stirn, falteringly, and half inclined to touch his hat. "What's your name; pray, and what's your business?"

"My name is Randal Leslie, and my business was to visit your master's family—that is, if you are, as I guess from your manner, Mr Hazeldean's ploughman!"

So saying, Randal rose; and, moving on a few paces, turned, and throwing half-a-crown on the road, said to Lenny,—“Let that pay you for your bruises, and remember another time how you speak to a gentleman. As for you, fellow,”—and he pointed his scornful hand towards Mr Stirn, who, with his mouth open, and his hat

now fairly off, stood bowing to the earth—“as for you, give my compliments to Mr Hazeldean, and say that, when he does us the honour to visit us at Rood Hall, I trust that the manners of our villagers will make him ashamed of Hazeldean.”

O my poor Squire! Rood Hall ashamed of Hazeldean! If that message had ever been delivered to you, you would never have looked up again!

With those bitter words, Randal swung himself over the stile that led into the parson's glebe, and left Lenny Fairfield still feeling his nose, and Mr Stirn still bowing to the earth.

#### CHAPTER V.

Randal Leslie had a very long walk home: he was bruised and sore from head to foot, and his mind was still more sore and more bruised than his body. But if Randal Leslie had rested himself in the Squire's gardens, without walking backwards, and indulging in speculations suggested by Marat, and warranted by my Lord Bacon, he would have passed a most agreeable evening, and really availed himself of the Squire's wealth by going home in the Squire's carriage. But because he chose to take so intellectual a view of property, he tumbled into a ditch; because he tumbled into a ditch, he spoiled his

clothes; because he spoiled his clothes, he gave up his visit; because he gave up his visit, he got into the village green, and sate on the Stocks with a hat that gave him the air of a fugitive from the treadmill; because he sate on the Stocks—with that hat, and a cross face under it—he had been forced into the most discreditable squabble with a clodhopper, and was now limping home, at war with gods and men;—*ergo*, (this is a moral that will bear repetition)—*ergo*, when you walk in a rich man's grounds, be contented to enjoy what is yours, namely, the prospect;—I dare say you will enjoy it more than he does.

#### CHAPTER VI.

If, in the simplicity of his heart, and the crudeness of his experience, Lenny Fairfield had conceived it probable that Mr Stirn would address to him some words in approbation of his gallantry, and in sympathy for his bruises, he soon found himself woefully mistaken. That truly great man, worthy prime-minister of Hazeldean, might, perhaps, pardon a dereliction from his orders, if such dereliction proved advantageous to the interests of the service, or redounded to the credit of the chief; but he was inexorable to that worst of diplomatic offences—an ill-timed, stupid, over-zealous obedience to orders, which,

if it established the devotion of the *employé*, got the employer into what is popularly called a scrape! And though, by those unversed in the intricacies of the human heart, and unacquainted with the especial hearts of prime-ministers and Right-hand men, it might have seemed natural that Mr Stirn, as he stood still, hat in hand, in the middle of the road, stung, humbled, and exasperated by the mortification he had received from the lips of Randal Leslie, would have felt that that young gentleman was the proper object of his resentment; yet such a breach of all the etiquette of diplomatic life as resent-

ment towards a superior power was the last idea that would have suggested itself to the profound intellect of the Premier of Hazeldean. Still, as rage like steam must escape somewhere, Mr Stirn, on feeling—as he afterwards expressed it to his wife—that his “buzzom was a burstin,” turned with the natural instinct of self-preservation to the safety-valve provided for the explosion; and the vapours within him rushed into vent upon Lenny Fairfield. He clapped his hat on his head fiercely, and thus relieved his “buzzom.”

“You young willain! you howdacious wiper! and so all this blessed Sabbath afternoon, when you ought to have been in church on your marrow bones, a-praying for your betters, you has been a-fitting with a young gentleman, and a visiter to your master, on the werry place of the parridge hinstitution that you was to guard and pertect; and a-bloodying it all over, I declares, with your blaggard little nose!” Thus saying, and as if to mend the matter, Mr Stirn aimed an additional stroke at the offending member; but, Lenny mechanically putting up both his arms to defend his face, Mr Stirn struck his knuckles against the large brass buttons that adorned the cuff of the boy’s coat-sleeve—an incident which considerably aggravated his indignation. And Lenny, whose spirit was fairly roused at what the narrowness of his education conceived to be a signal injustice, placing the trunk of the tree between Mr Stirn and himself, began that task of self-justification which it was equally impolitic to conceive and imprudent to execute, since, in such a case, to justify was to recriminate.

“I wonder at you, Master Stirn,—if mother could hear you! You know it was you who would not let me go to church; it was you who told me to—”

“Fit a young gentleman, and

break the Sabbath,” said Mr Stirn, interrupting him with a withering sneer. “O yes! I told you to disgrace his honour the Squire, and me, and the parridge, and bring us all into trouble. But the Squire told me to make an example, and I will!” With those words, quick as lightning flashed upon Mr Stirn’s mind the luminous idea of setting Lenny in the very Stocks which he had too faithfully guarded. Eureka! the “example” was before him! Here, he could gratify his long grudge against the pattern boy; here, by such a selection of the very best lad in the parish, he could strike terror into the worst; here he could appease the offended dignity of Randal Leslie; here was a practical apology to the Squire for the affront put upon his young visitor; here, too, there was prompt obedience to the Squire’s own wish that the Stocks should be provided as soon as possible with a tenant. Suiting the action to the thought, Mr Stirn made a rapid plunge at his victim, caught him by the skirt of his jacket, and, in a few seconds more, the jaws of the Stocks had opened, and Lenny Fairfield was thrust therein—a sad spectacle of the reverses of fortune. This done, and while the boy was too astounded, too stupefied by the suddenness of the calamity for the resistance he might otherwise have made—nay, for more than a few inaudible words—Mr Stirn hurried from the spot, but not without first picking up and pocketing the half-crown designed for Lenny, and which, so great had been his first emotions, he had hitherto even almost forgotten. He then made his way towards the church, with the intention to place himself close by the door, catch the Squire as he came out, whisper to him what had passed, and lead him, with the whole congregation at his heels, to gaze upon the sacrifice offered up to the joint Powers of Nemesis and Themis.

#### CHAPTER VII.

Unaffectedly I say it—upon the honour of a gentleman, and the reputation of an author, unaffectedly I say it—no words of mine can do justice to the sensations experienced by

Lenny Fairfield, as he sat alone in that place of penance. He felt no more the physical pain of his bruises; the anguish of his mind stifled and overbore all corporeal suffering—an



anguish as great as the childish breast is capable of holding. For first and deepest of all, and earliest felt, was the burning sense of injustice. He had, it might be with erring judgment, but with all honesty, earnestness, and zeal, executed the commission intrusted to him; he had stood forth manfully in discharge of his duty; he had fought for it, suffered for it, bled for it. This was his reward! Now, in Lenny's mind there was pre-eminently that quality which distinguishes the Anglo-Saxon race—the sense of justice. It was perhaps the strongest principle in his moral constitution; and the principle had never lost its virgin bloom and freshness by any of the minor acts of oppression and iniquity which boys of higher birth often suffer from harsh parents, or in tyrannical schools. So that it was for the first time that that iron entered into his soul, and with it came its attendant feeling—the wrathful galling sense of impotence. He had been wronged, and he had no means to right himself. Then came another sensation, if not so deep, yet more smarting and envenomed for the time—shame! He, the good boy of all good boys—he, the pattern of the school, and the pride of the parson—he, whom the Squire, in sight of all his contemporaries, had often singled out to slap on the back, and the grand Squire's lady to pat on the head, with a smiling gratulation

on his young and fair repute—he, who had already learned so dearly to prize the sweets of an honourable name—he, to be made, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, a mark for opprobrium, a butt of scorn, a jeer, and a byeword! The streams of his life were poisoned at the fountain. And then came a tenderer thought of his mother! of the shock this would be to her—she who had already begun to look up to him as her stay and support: he bowed his head, and the tears, long suppressed, rolled down.

Then he wrestled and struggled, and strove to wrench his limbs from that hateful bondage;—for he heard steps approaching. And he began to picture to himself the arrival of all the villagers from church, the sad gaze of the Parson, the bent brow of the Squire, the idle ill-suppressed titter of all the boys, jealous of his unblotted character—character of which the original whiteness could never, never be restored! He would always be the boy who had sate in the Stocks! And the words uttered by the Squire came back on his soul, like the voice of conscience in the ears of some doomed Macbeth. “A sad disgrace, Lenny—you’ll never be in such a quandary.” “Quandary,” the word was unfamiliar to him; it must mean something awfully discreditable. The poor boy could have prayed for the earth to swallow him.

## CHAPTER VIII.

“Kettles and frying-pans! what has us here?” cried the tinker.

This time Mr Sprott was without his donkey; for, it being Sunday, it is to be presumed that the donkey was enjoying his Sabbath on the Common. The tinker was in his Sunday's best, clean and smart, about to take his lounge in the park.

Lenny Fairfield made no answer to the appeal.

“You in the wood, my baby! Well, that's the last sight I should ha' thought to see. But we all lives to larn,” added the tinker sententiously. “Who gave you them leg-gins? Can't you speak, lad?”

“Nick Stirn.”

“Nick Stirn! Ay, I'd ha' ta'en my davy on that: and cos vy?”

“'Cause I did as he told me, and fought a boy as was trespassing on these very Stocks; and he beat me—but I don't care for that; and that boy was a young gentleman, and going to visit the Squire; and so Nick Stirn—” Lenny stopped short, choked by rage and humiliation.

“Augh,” said the tinker, staring, “you fit with a young gentleman, did you? Sorry to hear you confess that, my lad! Sit there, and be thankful you ha' got off so cheap. 'Tis salt and battery to fit with your betters, and a Lunnon justice o' peace would have given you two months o' the

treadmill. But vy should you fit cos he trespassed on the Stocks? It ben't your natural side for fitting, I takes it."

Lenny murmured something not very distinguishable about serving the Squire, and doing as he was bid.

"Oh, I sees, Lenny," interrupted the tinker, in a tone of great contempt, "you be one o' those who would rayther 'unt with the ounds than run with the 'are! You be's the good pattern boy, and would peach agin your own horder to curry favour with the grand folks. Fie, lad! you be sarved right: stick by your horder, then you'll be 'spected when you gets into trouble, and not be 'varsally 'espised—as you'll be arter church-time! Vell, I can't be seen 'sorting with you, now you are in this here drogotary fix; it might hurt my cracter, both with them as built the Stocks, and them as wants to pull 'em down. Old kettles to mend! Vy, you makes me forgit the Sabbath. Sarvent, my lad, and wish you well out of it; 'specks to your mother, and say we can deal for the pan and shovel all the same for your misfortin."

The tinker went his way. Lenny's eye followed him with the sullenness of despair. The tinker, like all the tribe of human comforters, had only watered the brambles to invigorate the prick of the thorns. Yes, if Lenny had been caught breaking the Stocks, some at least would have pitied him; but to be incarcerated for defending them, you might as well have expected that the widows and orphans of the Reign of Terror would have pitied Dr Guillotin when he slid through the grooves of his own deadly machine. And even the tinker, itinerant, ragamuffin vagabond as he was, felt ashamed to be found with the pattern boy! Lenny's head sank again on his breast, heavily as if it had been of lead. Some few minutes thus passed, when the unhappy prisoner became aware of the presence of another spectator to his shame: he heard no step, but he saw a shadow thrown over the sward. He held his breath, and would not look up, with some vague idea that if he refused to see he might escape being seen.

#### CHAPTER IX.

"*Per Bacco!*" said Dr Riccabocca, putting his hand on Lenny's shoulder, and bending down to look into his face—" *Per Bacco!* my young friend, do you sit here from choice or necessity?"

Lenny slightly shuddered, and winced under the touch of one whom he had hitherto regarded with a sort of superstitious abhorrence.

"I fear," resumed Riccabocca, after waiting in vain for an answer to his question, "that, though the situation is charming, you did not select it yourself. What is this?"—and the irony of the tone vanished—"what is this, my poor boy? You have been bleeding, and I see that those tears which you try to check come from a deep well. Tell me, *povero fanciullo mio*, (the sweet Italian vowels, though Lenny did not understand them, sounded softly and soothingly,)—tell me, my child, how all this happened. Perhaps I can help you—we have all erred; we should all help each other."

Lenny's heart, that just before had seemed bound in brass, found itself a

way as the Italian spoke thus kindly, and the tears rushed down; but he again stopped them, and gulped out sturdily,—

"I have not done no wrong; it ben't my fault—and 'tis that which kills me!" concluded Lenny, with a burst of energy.

"You have not done wrong? Then," said the philosopher, drawing out his pocket-handkerchief with great composure, and spreading it on the ground—"then I may sit beside you. I could only stoop pityingly over sin, but I can lie down on equal terms with misfortune."

Lenny Fairfield did not quite comprehend the words, but enough of their general meaning was apparent to make him cast a grateful glance on the Italian. Riccabocca resumed, as he adjusted the pocket-handkerchief, "I have a right to your confidence, my child, for I have been afflicted in my day; yet I too say with thee, 'I have not done wrong,' *Cospetto!* (and here the Dr seated

himself deliberately, resting one arm on the side column of the Stocks, in familiar contact with the captive's shoulder, while his eye wandered over the lovely scene around)—“*Cospetto!* my prison, if they had caught me, would not have had so fair a look-out as this. But, to be sure, it is all one: there are no ugly loves, and no handsome prisons!”

With that sententious maxim, which, indeed, he uttered in his native Italian, Riccabocca turned round and renewed his soothing invitations to confidence. A friend in need is a friend indeed, even if he come in the guise of a Papist and wizard. All Lenny's ancient dislike to the foreigner had gone, and he told him his little tale.

Dr Riccabocca was much too shrewd a man not to see exactly the motives which had induced Mr Stirn to incarcerate his agent, (barring only that of personal grudge, to which Lenny's account gave him no clue.) That a man high in office should make a scape-goat of his own watch-dog for an unlucky snap, or even an indiscreet bark, was nothing strange to the wisdom of the student of Machiavelli. However, he set himself to the task of consolation with equal philosophy and tenderness. He began by reminding, or rather informing, Leonard Fairfield of all the instances of illustrious men afflicted by the injustice of others that occurred to his own excellent memory. He told him how the great Epictetus, when in slavery,

a master whose favourite amusement was pinching his leg, which, as amusement ended in breaking that, was worse than the Stocks. He told him the anecdote of Lenny's own gallant countryman, Admiral Byng, whose execution gave rise to Voltaire's celebrated witticism, “*En Angleterre on tue un amiral pour encourager les autres.*” (“In England they execute one admiral in order to encourage the others.”) Many more illustrations, still more pertinent to the case in point, his erudition supplied from the stores of history. But on seeing that Lenny did not seem in the slightest degree consoled by these memorable examples, he shifted his ground, and, reducing his logic to the strict *argumentum ad rem*, began to prove, 1st, that there was no dis-

grace at all in Lenny's present position, that every equitable person would recognise the tyranny of Stirn and the innocence of its victim; 2dly, that if even here he were mistaken, for public opinion was not always righteous, what was public opinion after all?—“A breath—a puff,” cried Dr Riccabocca—“a thing without matter—without length, breadth, or substance—a shadow—a goblin of our own creating. A man's own conscience is his sole tribunal, and he should care no more for that phantom ‘opinion’ than he should fear meeting a ghost if he cross the churchyard at dark.”

Now, as Lenny did very much fear meeting a ghost if he crossed the churchyard at dark, the simile spoiled the argument, and he shook his head very mournfully. Dr Riccabocca was about to enter into a third course of reasoning, which, had it come to an end, would doubtless have settled the matter, and reconciled Lenny to sitting in the Stocks till doomsday, when the captive, with the quick ear and eye of terror and calamity, became conscious that church was over, that the congregation in a few seconds more would be flocking thitherwards. He saw visionary hats and bonnets through the trees, which Riccabocca saw not, despite all the excellence of his spectacles—heard phantasmal rustlings and murmurings which Riccabocca heard not, despite all that theoretical experience in plots, stratagems, and treasours, which should have made the Italian's ear as fine as a conspirator's or a mole's. And, with another violent but vain effort at escape, the prisoner exclaimed,—

“Oh, if I could but get out before they come! Let me out—let me out. O, kind sir, have pity—let me out!”

“*Diavolo!*” said the philosopher, startled, “I wonder that never occurred to me before. After all, I believe he has hit the right nail on the head;” and, looking close, he perceived that though the partition wood had hitched firmly into a sort of spring-clasp, which defied Lenny's unaided struggles, still it was not locked, (for, indeed, the padlock and key were snug in the justice-room of the Squire, who never dreamt that his orders would be executed so literally and summarily as to dispense with all

formal appeal to himself.) As soon as Dr Riccabocca made that discovery, it occurred to him that all the wisdom of all the schools that ever existed can't reconcile man or boy to a bad position, the moment there is a fair opportunity of letting him out of it. Accordingly, without more ado, he lifted up the creaking board, and Lenny Fairfield darted forth like a bird from a cage—halted a moment as if for breath, or in joy; and then, taking at once to his heels, fled, fast as a hare to its form—fast to his mother's home.

Dr Riccabocca dropped the yawning wood into its place, picked up his handkerchief and restored it to his pocket; and then, with some curiosity, began to examine the nature of that place of duress which had caused so much painful emotion to its rescued victim.

"Man is a very irrational animal at best," quoth the sage, soliloquising, "and is frightened by strange bugaboos! 'Tis but a piece of wood! how little it really injures; and, after all, the holes are but rests to the legs, and keep the feet out of the dirt. And this green bank to sit upon—under the shade of the elm-tree—verily the position must be more pleasant than otherwise! I've a great mind—" Here the Doctor looked around, and, seeing the coast still clear, the oddest notion imaginable took possession of him; yet not indeed a notion so odd, considered philosophically—for all philosophy is based on practical experiment—and Dr Riccabocca felt an irresistible desire practically to experience what manner of thing that punishment of the Stocks really was. "I can but try!—only for a moment," said he apologetically to his own exorbitant sense of dignity. "I have time to do it, before any one comes." He lifted up the partition again: but Stocks are built on the true principle of English law, and don't easily allow a man to criminate himself—it was hard to get into them without the help of a friend. However, as we before noticed, obstacles only whetted Dr Riccabocca's invention. He looked round and saw a withered bit of stick under the tree—this he inserted in the division of the Stocks, somewhat in the manner in

which boys place a stick under a sieve for the purpose of ensnaring sparrows: the fatal wood thus stopped, Dr Riccabocca sat gravely down on the bank, and thrust his feet through the apertures.

"Nothing in it!" cried he triumphantly, after a moment's deliberation. "The evil is only in idea. Such is the boasted reason of mortals!" With that reflection, nevertheless, he was about to withdraw his feet from their voluntary dilemma, when the crazy stick suddenly gave way, and the partition fell back into its clasp. Doctor Riccabocca was fairly caught—"Facilis descensus—sed revocare gradum!" True, his hands were at liberty, but his legs were so long that, being thus fixed, they kept the hands from the rescue; and as Dr Riccabocca's form was by no means supple, and the twin parts of the wood stuck together with that firmness of adhesion which things newly painted possess, so, after some vain twists and contortions, in which he succeeded at length (not without a stretch of the sinews that made them crack again)—in finding the clasp and breaking his nails thereon, the victim of his own rash experiment resigned himself to his fate. Dr Riccabocca was one of those men who never do things by halves. When I say he resigned himself, I mean not only Christian but philosophical resignation. The position was not quite so pleasant as, theoretically, he had deemed it; but he resolved to make himself as comfortable as he could. And first, as is natural in all troubles to men who have grown familiar with that odoriferous comforter which Sir Walter Raleigh is said first to have bestowed upon the Caucasian races, the Doctor made use of his hands to extract from his pocket his pipe, match-box, and tobacco-ponch. After a few whiffs he would have been quite reconciled to his situation, but for the discovery that the sun had shifted its place in the heavens, and was no longer shaded from his face by the elm-tree. The Doctor again looked round, and perceived that his red silk umbrella, which he had laid aside when he had seated himself by Lenny, was within arm's reach. Possessing himself of this treasure, he soon expanded its friendly folds. And thus doubly fortified

within and without, under shade of the umbrella, and his pipe composedly between his lips, Dr Riccabocca gazed on his own incarcerated legs, even with complacency.

“He who can despise all things,” said he, in one of his native proverbs, “possesses all things!”—if one despises freedom, one is free! This seat is as soft as a sofa! I am not sure,” he resumed, soliloquising, after a pause—“I am not sure that there is not something more witty than many and philosophical in that national proverb of mine which I quoted to the *fanciullo*, that there are no handsome prisons! Did not the son of that celebrated Frenchman, surnamed *Bras de Fer*, write a book not only to prove

that adversities are more necessary than prosperities, but that among all adversities a prison is the most pleasant and profitable? \* But is not this condition of mine, voluntarily and experimentally incurred, a type of my life? Is it the first time that I have thrust myself into a hobble?—and if in a hobble of mine own choosing, why should I blame the gods?”

Upon this Dr Riccabocca fell into a train of musing so remote from time and place, that in a few minutes he no more remembered that he was in the Parish Stocks, than a lover remembers that flesh is grass, a miser that mammon is perishable, a philosopher that wisdom is vanity.—Dr Riccabocca was in the clouds.

#### CHAPTER X.

The dullest dog that ever wrote a novel (and, *entre nous*, reader—but let it go no farther—we have a good many dogs among the fraternity that are not Munitos,†) might have seen with half an eye that the Parson's discourse had produced a very genial and humanising effect upon his audience. When all was over, and the congregation stood up to let Mr Hazeldean and his family walk first down the aisle, (for that was the custom at Hazeldean,) moistened eyes glanced at the Squire's sun-burned, manly face with a kindness that bespoke revived memory of many a generous benefit and ready service. The head might be wrong now and then—the heart was in the right place after all. And the lady, leaning on his arm, came in for a large share of that gracious good feeling. True, she now and then gave a little offence when the cottages were not so clean as she fancied they ought to be—and poor folks don't like a liberty taken with their houses any more than the rich do; true, that she was not quite so popular with the women as the Squire was, for, if the husband went too often to the alehouse, she always laid the fault on the wife, and said, “No man would go out of doors for his comforts, if he

had a smiling face and a clean hearth at his home;” whereas the Squire maintained the more gallant opinion, that “if Gill was a shrew, it was because Jack did not, as in duty bound, stop her mouth with a kiss!” Still, notwithstanding these more obnoxious notions on her part, and a certain awe inspired by the stiff silk gown and the handsome aquiline nose, it was impossible, especially in the softened tempers of that Sunday afternoon, not to associate the honest, comely, beaming countenance of Mrs Hazeldean with comfortable recollections of soups, jellies, and wine in sickness, loaves and blankets in winter, cheering words and ready visits in every little distress, and pretexts afforded by improvement in the grounds and gardens (improvements which, as the Squire, who preferred productive labour, justly complained, “would never finish”) for little timely jobs of work to some veteran grandsire, who still liked to earn a penny, or some ruddy urchin in a family that “came too fast.” Nor was Frank, as he walked a little behind, in the whitest of trousers and the stiffest of neckcloths—with a look of suppressed roguery in his bright hazel eyes, that contrasted his assumed stateliness of mien—without his por-

\* “*Entre tout, l'état d'une prison est le plus doux, et le plus profitable!*”

† Munito was the name of a dog famous for his learning (a Porson of a dog) at the date of my childhood. There are no such dogs now-a-days.

tion of the silent blessing. Not that he had done anything yet to deserve it; but we all give youth so large a credit in the future. As for Miss Jemima, her trifling foibles only rose from too soft and feminine a susceptibility, too ivy-like a yearning for some masculine oak, whereon to entwine her tendrils; and so little confined to self was the natural lovingness of her disposition, that she had helped many a village lass to find a husband, by the bribe of a marriage gift from her own privy purse; notwithstanding the assurances with which she accompanied the marriage gift,—viz., that “the bridegroom would turn out like the rest of his ungrateful sex; but that it was a comfort to think that it would be all one in the approaching crash.” So that she had her warm partisans, especially amongst the young; while the slim Captain, on whose arm she rested her forefinger, was at least a civil-spoken gentleman, who had never done any harm, and who would doubtless do a deal of good if he belonged to the parish. Nay, even the fat footman, who came last with the family Prayer-book, had his due share in the general association of neighbourly kindness between hall and hamlet. Few were there present to whom he had not extended the right-hand of fellowship, with a full horn of October in the clasp of it: and he was a Hazeldean man, too, born and bred, as two-thirds of the Squire’s household (now letting themselves out from their large pew under the gallery) were.

On his part, too, you could see that the Squire was ‘moved withal,’ and a little humbled moreover. Instead of walking erect, and taking bow and curtsy as matter of course, and of no meaning, he hung his head somewhat, and there was a slight blush on his cheek; and as he glanced upward and round him—shyly, as it were—and his eye met those friendly looks, it returned them with an earnestness that had in it something touching as well as cordial—an eye that said, as well as eye could say, “I don’t quite deserve it, I fear, neighbours; but I thank you for your good-will with my whole heart.” And so readily was that glance of the eye understood, that I think, if that scene had taken

place out of doors instead of in the church, there would have been an hurrah as the Squire passed out of sight.

Scarcely had Mr Hazeldean got well out of the churchyard, ere Mr Stirn was whispering in his ear. As Stirn whispered, the Squire’s face grew long, and his colour changed. The congregation, now flocking out of the church, exchanged looks with each other; that ominous conjunction between Squire and man chilled back all the effects of the Parson’s sermon. The Squire struck his cane violently into the ground. “I would rather you had told me Black Bess had got the glanders. A young gentleman, coming to visit my son, struck and insulted in Hazeldean; a young gentleman—’sdeath, sir, a relation—his grandmother was a Hazeldean. I do believe Jemima’s right, and the world’s coming to an end! But Leonard Fairfield in the Stocks! What will the Parson say? and after such a sermon! ‘Rich man, respect the poor!’ And the good widow too; and poor Mark, who almost died in my arms. Stirn, you have a heart of stone! You confounded, lawless, merciless miscreant, who the dence gave you the right to imprison man or boy in my parish of Hazeldean without trial, sentence, or warrant? Run and let the boy out before any one sees him: run, or I shall!”—The Squire elevated the cane, and his eyes shot fire. Mr Stirn did not run, but he walked off very fast. The Squire drew back a few paces, and again took his wife’s arm. “Just wait a bit for the Parson, while I talk to the congregation. I want to stop ’em all, if I can, from going into the village; but how?”

Frank heard, and replied readily—

“Give ’em some beer, sir.”

“Beer! on a Sunday! For shame, Frank!” cried Mrs Hazeldean.

“Hold your tongue, Harry! Thank you, Frank,” said the Squire, and his brow grew as clear as the blue sky above him. I doubt if Riccabocca could have got him out of his dilemma with the same ease as Frank had done.

“Halt there, my men—lads and lasses too—there, halt a bit. Mrs Fairfield, do you hear?—halt! I think his reverence has given us a capital sermon. Go up to the Great House all

of you, and drink a glass to his health. Frank, go with them; and tell Spruce to tap one of the casks kept for the haymakers. Harry, [this in a whisper,] catch the Parson, and tell him to come to me instantly."

"My dear Hazeldean, what has happened? you are mad."

"Don't bother—do what I tell you."

"But where is the Parson to find you?"

"Where, gad zooks, Mrs H.,—at the Stocks to be sure!"

## CHAPTER XI.

Dr Riccabocca, awakened out of his reverie by the sound of footsteps—was still so little sensible of the indignity of his position, that he enjoyed exceedingly, and with all the malice of his natural humour, the astonishment and stupor manifested by Stirn, when that functionary beheld the extraordinary substitute which fate and philosophy had found for Lenny Fairfield. Instead of the weeping, crushed, broken-hearted captive whom he had reluctantly come to deliver, he stared, speechless and aghast, upon the grotesque but tranquil figure of the Doctor, enjoying his pipe and cooling himself under his umbrella, with a *sang-froid* that was truly appalling and diabolical. Indeed, considering that Stirn always suspected the Papisher of having had a hand in the whole of that black and midnight business, in which the Stocks had been broken, bunged up, and consigned to perdition, and that the Papisher had the evil reputation of dabbling in the Black Art, the hocus-pocus way in which the Lenny he had incarcerated was transformed into the Doctor he found, conjoined with the peculiarly strange, seditious, and Mephistophelean physiognomy and person of Riccabocca, could not but strike a thrill of superstitious dismay into the breast of the parochial tyrant. While to his first confused and stammered exclamations and interrogatories, Riccabocca replied with so tragic an air, such ominous shakes of the head, such mysterious, equivocating, long-worded sentences, that Stirn every moment felt more and more convinced that the boy had sold himself to the Powers of Darkness; and that he himself, prematurely, and in the flesh, stood face to face with the Arch-Enemy.

Mr Stirn had not yet recovered his wonted intelligence, which, to do him justice, was usually prompt enough—

when the Squire, followed hard by the Parson, arrived at the spot. Indeed, Mrs Hazeldean's report of the Squire's urgent message, disturbed manner, and most unparalleled invitation to the parishioners, had given wings to Parson Dale's ordinarily slow and sedate movements. And while the Squire, sharing Stirn's amazement, beheld indeed a great pair of feet projecting from the stocks, and saw behind them the grave face of Doctor Riccabocca, under the majestic shade of the umbrella, but not a vestige of the only being his mind could identify with the tenancy of the Stocks, Mr Dale, catching him by the arm, and panting hard, exclaimed with a petulance he had never before been known to display except at the whist-table,

Mr Hazeldean, Mr Hazeldean, I am scandalised—I am shocked at you. I can bear a great deal from you, sir, as I ought to do; but to ask my whole congregation, the moment after divine service, to go up and guzzle ale at the Hall, and drink my health, as if a clergyman's sermon had been a speech at a cattle-fair! I am ashamed of you, and of the parish! What on earth has come to you all?"

"That's the very question I wish to heaven I could answer," groaned the Squire, quite mildly and pathetically—"What on earth has come to us all! Ask Stirn:" (then bursting out) "Stirn, you infernal rascal, don't you hear?—what on earth has come to us all?"

"The Papisher is at the bottom of it, sir," said Stirn, provoked out of all temper. "I does my duty, but I is but a mortal man, arter all."

"A mortal fiddlestick—where's Leonard Fairfield, I say?"

"Him knows best," answered Stirn, retreating mechanically, for safety's sake, behind the Parson, and pointing

to Dr Riccabocca. Hitherto, though both the Squire and Parson had indeed recognised the Italian, they had merely supposed him to be seated on the bank. It never entered into their heads that so respectable and dignified a man could by any possibility be an inmate, compelled or voluntary, of the Parish Stocks. No, not even though, as I before said, the Squire had seen, just under his nose, a very long pair of soles inserted in the apertures—that sight had only confused and bewildered him, unaccompanied as it ought to have been with the trunk and face of Lenny Fairfield. Those soles seemed to him optical delusions, phantoms of the overheated brain; but now, catching hold of Stirn, while the Parson in equal astonishment caught hold of him—the Squire faltered out, “Well, this beats cock-fighting! The man’s as mad as a March hare, and has taken Dr Rickey-bockey for little Lenny!”

“Perhaps,” said the Doctor, breaking silence, with a bland smile, and attempting an inclination of the head as courteous as his position would permit—“perhaps, if it be quite the same to you, before you proceed to”

explanations,—you will just help me out of the Stocks.”

The Parson, despite his perplexity and anger, could not repress a smile, as he approached his learned friend, and bent down for the purpose of extricating him.

“Lord love your reverence, you’d better not!” cried Mr Stirn. “Don’t be tempted—he only wants to get on into his claws. I would not go a-near him for all the—”

The speech was interrupted by Dr Riccabocca himself, who now, thanks to the Parson, had risen into his full height, and half a head taller than all present—even than the tall Squire—approached Mr Stirn, with a gracious wave of the hand. Mr Stirn retreated rapidly towards the hedge, amidst the brambles of which he plunged himself incontinently.

“I guess whom you take me for, Mr Stirn,” said the Italian, lifting his hat with his characteristic politeness. “It is certainly a great honour; but you will know better one of these days, when the gentleman in question admits you to a personal interview in another and—a hotter world.”

#### CHAPTER XII.

“But how on earth did you get into my new Stocks?” asked the Squire, scratching his head.

“My dear sir, Pliny the elder got into the crater of Mount Etna.”

“Did he, and what for?”

“To try what it was like, I suppose,” answered Riccabocca.

The Squire burst out a-laughing.

“And so you got into the Stocks to try what it was like. Well, I can’t wonder—it is a very handsome pair of Stocks,” continued the Squire, with a loving look at the object of his praise. “Nobody need be ashamed of being seen in those Stocks—I should not mind it myself.”

“We had better move on,” said the Parson drily, “or we shall be having the whole village here presently, gazing on the lord of the manor in the same predicament as that from which we have just extricated the Doctor. Now pray, what is the matter with Lenny Fairfield?”

I can’t understand a word of what has passed. You don’t mean to say that good Lenny Fairfield (who was absent from church by the bye) can have done anything to get into disgrace?”

“Yes, he has though,” cried the Squire. “Stirn, I say—Stirn.” But Stirn had forced his way through the hedge and vanished. Thus left to his own powers of narrative at second-hand, Mr Hazeldean now told all he had to communicate: the assault upon Randal Leslie, and the prompt punishment inflicted by Stirn; his own indignation at the affront to his young kinsman, and his good-natured merciful desire to save the culprit from the addition of public humiliation.

The Parson, mollified towards the rude and hasty invention of the beer-drinking, took the Squire by the hand. “Ah, Mr Hazeldean, forgive me,” he said repentantly; “I ought to have known at once that it was only some



ebullition of your heart that could still your sense of decorum. But this is a sad story about Lenny, brawling and fighting on the Sabbath-day. So unlike him, too—I don't know what to make of it."

"Like or unlike," said the Squire, "it has been a gross insult to young Leslie; and looks all the worse because I and Audley are not just the best friends in the world. I can't think what it is," continued Mr Hazeldean, musingly, "but it seems that there must be always some association of fighting connected with that prim half-brother of mine. There was I, son of his own mother—who might have been shot through the lungs, only the ball lodged in the shoulder—and now his wife's kinsman—my kinsman, too—grandmother a Hazeldean—a hard-reading sober lad, as I am given to understand, can't set his foot into the quietest parish in the three kingdoms, but what the mildest boy that ever was seen—makes a rush at him like a mad bull. It is FATALITY!" cried the Squire solemnly.

"Ancient legend records similar instances of fatality in certain houses," observed Riccabocca. "There was the House of Pelops—and Polynices and Eteocles—the sons of *Œdipus*!"

"I shaw," said the Parson; "but what's to be done?"

"Done?" said the Squire; "why, reparation must be made to young Leslie. And though I wished to spare Lenny, the young ruffian, a public disgrace—for your sake, Parson Dale, and Mrs Fairfield's;—yet a good caning in private—"

"Stop, sir!" said Riccabocca mildly, "and hear me." The Italian then, with much feeling and considerable tact, pleaded the cause of his poor protégé, and explained how Lenny's error arose only from mistaken zeal for the Squire's service, and in the execution of the orders received from Mr Stira.

"That alters the matter," said the Squire, softened; "and all that is necessary now will be for him to make a proper apology to my kinsman."

"Yes, that is just," rejoined the Parson; "but I still don't learn how he got out of the Stocks."

Riccabocca then resumed his tale; and, after confessing his own principal

share in Lenny's escape, drew a moving picture of the boy's shame and honest mortification. "Let us march against Philip!" cried the Athenians when they heard Demosthenes—

"Let us go at once and comfort the child!" cried the Parson, before Riccabocca could finish.

With that benevolent intention, all three quickened their pace, and soon arrived at the widow's cottage. But Lenny had caught sight of their approach through the window; and not doubting that, in spite of Riccabocca's intercession, the Parson was come to upbraid, and the Squire to re-imprison, he darted out by the back way, got amongst the woods, and lay there *perdu* all the evening. Nay, it was not till after dark that his mother—who sate wringing her hands in the little kitchen, and trying in vain to listen to the Parson and Mrs Dale, who (after sending in search of the fugitive) had kindly come to console the mother—heard a timid knock at the door and a nervous fumble at the latch. She started up, opened the door, and Lenny sprang to her bosom, and there buried his face, sobbing loud.

"No harm, my boy," said the Parson tenderly; "you have nothing to fear—all is explained and forgiven."

Lenny looked up, and the veins on his forehead were much swollen. "Sir," said he sturdily, "I don't want to be forgiven—I ain't done no wrong. And—I've been disgraced—and I won't go to school, never no more."

"Hush, Carry!" said the Parson to his wife, who, with the usual liveliness of her little temper, was about to expostulate. "Good night, Mrs Fairfield. I shall come and talk to you to-morrow, Lenny; by that time you will think better of it."

The Parson then conducted his wife home, and went up to the Hall to report Lenny's safe return; for the Squire was very uneasy about him, and had even in person shared the search. As soon as he heard Lenny was safe—"Well," said the Squire, "let him go the first thing in the morning to Rood Hall, to ask Master Leslie's pardon, and all will be right and smooth again."

"A young villain!" cried Frank, with his cheeks the colour of scarlet;

"to strike a gentleman and an Etonian, who had just been to call on *me*! But I wonder Randal let him off so well—any other boy in the sixth form would have killed him!"

"Frank," said the Parson sternly, "if we all had our deserts, what should be done to him who not only lets the sun go down on his own wrath, but strives with uncharitable breath to fan the dying embers of another's?"

The clergyman here turned away from Frank, who bit his lip, and seemed abashed—while even his mother said not a word in his exculpation; for when the Parson did reprove in that stern tone, the majesty of the Hall stood awed before the rebuke of the Church. Catching Riccabocca's inquisitive eye, Mr Dale drew aside the philosopher, and whispered to him his fears that it would be a very hard matter to induce Lenny to beg Randal Leslie's pardon, and that the proud stomach of the pattern-boy would not digest the Stocks with as much ease as a long regimen of philosophy had enabled the sage to do. This conference Miss Jemima soon interrupted by a direct appeal to the Doctor

respecting the number of years (even without any previous and more violent incident) that the world could possibly withstand its own wear and tear.

"Ma'am," said the Doctor, reluctantly summoned away, to look at a passage in some prophetic periodical upon that interesting subject—"ma'am, it is very hard that you should make one remember the end of the world, since, in conversing with you, one's natural temptation is to forget its existence."

Miss Jemima blushed scarlet. Certainly that deceitful heartless compliment justified all her contempt for the male sex; and yet—such is human blindness—it went far to redeem all mankind in her credulous and too confiding soul.

"He is about to propose," sighed Miss Jemima.

"Giacomo," said Riccabocca, as he drew on his nightcap, and stepped majestically into the four-posted bed, "I think we shall get that boy for the garden now!"

Thus each spurred his hobby, or drove her car, round the Hazeldean whirllig.

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## BIOGRAPHY.

ALTHOUGH history and biography both relate to the affairs of men, and are employed in the narrative of human events, they are governed by opposite principles, and require, for their successful prosecution, different powers and habits of thought. The main object of history is the tracing out the growth of nations, the great events which lead to their rise or fall, the causes operating on the social body, which at one period conduce to power and greatness, at another induce weakness and decay. Biography is concerned with individual life. Its aim is to trace the annals, not of nations, but of persons; to portray, not the working of general causes on the progress of empires, but the influence of particular characters on their most interesting episodes. The former requires habits of general thought, and the power of tracing one common principle through a great variety of complicated details; the latter, close attention to individual incidents, and a minute examination of the secret springs of human conduct. The first is closely allied to the generalisations of the philosopher; the latter requires the powers of the dramatist. The two branches of composition, however, are nearly allied, and frequently run into each other. History generally finds its most interesting episodes, often its most important subjects, in the narrative of individual greatness; biography is imperfect unless, in addition to tracing the achievements of the individuals it records, it explains their influence upon the society among whom they arose.

What we call the histories of antiquity were; for the most part, only biographies, and they owe their principal interest to that circumstance. The *Cynopædia* of Xenophon is a philosophical romance, clothed with the eloquence of an orator; the fragments which remain of Sallust, the rhetorical narrative of Quintus Curtius, are the avowed biographies of individual men. Even the regular histories of classical

times owe their chief charm to the simplicity of the subject, in which one state or contest stands prominently forward, and the others are thrown into a shade which only renders the more striking the light thrown on one particular subject, or the efforts of individual greatness. Herodotus has earned his deathless fame by the narrative he has given of the great war between Persia and Greece, on which the destinies of mankind depended; Thucydides by his profound exposition of the strife of aristocracy and democracy in the contest between Lacedæmon and Athens. The long narrative of Livy has survived the floods of Time almost entirely from the charming episodes descriptive of character or manners which he has introduced, and the dramatic power with which he has narrated the exploits of individual men; and what has given Tacitus immortality, is neither any luminous views on the progress of mankind, nor any just appreciation of the causes of greatness in particular states, but the depth to which he has fathomed the real springs of action in particular men, and the terrible truth with which he has unveiled that most appalling of all spectacles—a naked human heart.

The great difficulty of history, as it must be written in modern times, arises from the multitude and complication of the events which have to be recorded. So intimately connected have the States of Europe been since the rise of modern civilisation, that he who writes the annals of one must write the history of all. The progress, internal and external, of all its powers must be brought forward abreast; and such is their number and importance, that not only is the historian oppressed with the variety and complication of his materials, but he finds it next to impossible to produce interest in the reader amidst such a sea of details; and often fails, from the impossibility of attaining that essential requisite in the rousing of human sympathy—

unity of emotion. Add to this the infinity of subjects a historian even of an individual state must now embrace, and which almost overwhelm the exploits of particular men by their multitude and complication. Strategy, statistics, trade, navigation, commerce, agriculture, taxation, finance, currency, paper credit, poor laws, agriculture, socialism, chartism, form a few of the topics, any one of which would require volumes for its elucidation, yet none of which can be omitted without exposing the historian to the imputation, from some one or other, of having overlooked the most important part of his subject. So great is this difficulty, so extensive the embarrassment it produces, that it may safely be pronounced to be insurmountable by any effort, how great soever, unless the endeavours of the historian are aided by unity of interest in the subject, or overpowering greatness of influence in the characters with whom he has to deal. But it is, perhaps, only in the wars of the Crusades, of the Succession in Spain, and of the French Revolution, that such unity of interest is to be looked for, or such surpassing grandeur of character is to be found, from the achievements of a Richard Cœur-de-Lion, a Marlborough, or a Napoleon.

From this great difficulty, biography is entirely free, and thence the superior interest with which, when properly treated, works of that description are attended. We are so constituted that we must concentrate our interest; dispersion is fatal to its existence. Every novelist and romance-writer knows this; there must always be a hero and a heroine; but two or three heroes and heroines would prove fatal to the interest. Ariosto tried to divide the interest of the reader among the adventures of a dozen knights-errant; but even his genius proved unequal to the task, and he was obliged to concentrate the whole around the fabulous siege of Paris to restore the broken unity of his power. The great and signal advantage of biography is, that, from its very nature, it possesses that personal interest and individual character which the epic poet and novelist feel to be essential to the moving of

the human heart, but which the historian so often finds himself unable to attain, without omitting some important parts of his subject, or giving undue prominence to the characters of individual men.

For this reason it is, that the most popular works which ever have been written have been biographies of illustrious men. No one would think of comparing the intellect of Plutarch to that of Tacitus, his eloquence to that of Cicero's, yet he has made perhaps a greater impression on the imagination of subsequent ages than either of these illustrious men. If we examine the images of the mighty of former days which are engraven on our minds, we shall find that it is not so much the pictured pages of Livy or Quintus Curtius, as the "Lives of Plutarch," which have given them immortality. We complain of his gossip, we lament his superstition, we smile at his credulity, but we devour his pages; and, after the lapse of seventeen hundred years, they remain one of the most generally popular works in existence. It is the same in modern times. No one would think of comparing Boswell, in point of intellect, to Johnson; in point of eloquence to Burke; in point of genius to Gibbon; yet he has produced a work superior in general interest to any of these illustrious men, and which is daily read by thousands, to whom the "Reflections on the French Revolution," the moral essays of the "Rambler," and the "History of the Decline and Fall," will for ever remain unknown.

To render biography, however, thus generally attractive, it is indispensable that its basis should be that first element in the narration of human action — TRUTH. "Without this, it wants the great superiority of the narrative of real event over fictitious creations, how interesting soever they may be—that of recording what has actually occurred in real life. How important an element this is in awakening the sympathies of the human heart, may be seen even in children who, when particularly fascinated by any story they are told, invariably end by asking, "But is it all true?" The value of truth, or

rather of what is "*vraisemblable*," is felt even in imaginary conceptions, which it is well known are never so attractive, or interest so powerfully, as when they most closely resemble the events and characters of actual existence. The real is, and ever must be, the only sure foundation of the ideal. Novels are most delightful when they approach nearest to what we behold around us in real life, while yet containing a sufficient blending of romance and sentiment, of heroism and magnanimity, to satisfy the higher aspirations of our being. Biography is most charming when it depicts with fidelity those characters, and records with truth those events, which approach nearest to that imaginary perfection to which every generous mind aspires, but to which none ever has attained, or ever will.

It has been said with truth, that the events which are suitable for epic poetry are such as are "probable but yet elevating." We are so constituted by our bonds to earth, that our chief interest must ever be derived from the virtues or the vices, the joys or sorrows, of beings like ourselves; but we are so filled with more ennobling thoughts and aspirations, by our destiny in Heaven, that we can be satisfied only by what points to a higher state of existence, and feel the greatest enjoyment by being elevated, either by the conceptions of fancy or the records of reality, to a nearer view of its perfection. If novels depict merely imaginary existences, they may charm for a season, like the knights of Ariosto, or the heroes of Metastasio; but they are too much in the clouds permanently to interest sublunary mortals. If they record merely the adventures of low, or the vulgarity of middle life, they may amuse for a season, like the characters of Smollett; but they will sink ere long, from the want of that indispensable lifeboat in the sea of time, an elevating tendency. It is characters like those of the *Iliad*, of Shakspeare, of Scott, and Schiller, which combine the well-known and oft-observed characteristics of human nature with the oft-imagined but seldom seen traits of heroism and magnanimity which border on the realms of the ideal

that for ever fascinate the imagination, and dwell in the heart of man. The reason is, they contain enough of reality to tell us it is of humanity that the story is told, and enough of the ideal to make us proud of our connection with it.

The great and chief charm of biography is to be found in this, that it unites, from its very nature and object, those two indispensable requisites to durable popularity in works of fiction, and combines them with the value and the solid information of truthful narrative. It possesses the value of history, without its tedium—the interest of romance, without its unsubstantiality. It culls the flowers from the records of time, and casts into the shade all the accompanying weeds and briars. If a judicious and discriminating selection of characters were made—if those persons were selected for the narrative who have been most illustrious by their virtues, their genius, or their magnanimity, or, as a contrast, by their vices, and who have made the greatest and most durable impression on human affairs, a work might be produced exceeding any one of history in its utility, any of romance in its popularity. David Hume strongly advised Robertson, eighty years ago, instead of writing the *Life of Charles the Fifth*, to write a series of biographies, on the plan of Plutarch, for modern times; and it is, perhaps, to be regretted that the advice was not followed. Yet were the abilities of the Scotch Principal, great as they were, not such as peculiarly fitted him for the task. His mind was too philosophical and discursive to give it its chief interest. He wanted the dramatic turn, the ardent soul, the graphic power, the magnanimous disposition, which was essential to its successful accomplishment. A work in three thousand pages, or six volumes, recording the lives of fifty of the greatest and most illustrious men in Europe, from the days of Alfred to those of Napoleon, executed in the right spirit, and by a man of adequate genius, would be the most popular and elevating book that ever appeared in Modern Europe. Many such have been attempted, but never with any success, because they were not set about by the proper

minds. To do justice to such an undertaking would require a combination of opposite qualities rarely to be met with in real life.

As biography deals with individual characters, and is relieved from the extended and perplexing subjects which overwhelm the general historian, it admits, in return, of an expansion into many topics which, although often in the highest degree amusing, and sometimes not a little interesting, would yet be felt to be misplaced in the annals of the great changes of nations or of the world. As the delineation of character is its avowed object, and the events of individual life its principal subject, it not only admits of but requires a thousand incidents and descriptions, which are essential to a right understanding of those characters, and form, as it were, the still life of the picture in which their features are to be portrayed. Such descriptions are not unsuitable to general history. Mr Macaulay has shown in his *History* that his observations on that head in the *Edinburgh Review* were founded on a just appreciation of the object and limits of his art. But they must be sparingly introduced, or they will become tedious and unprofitable: if any one doubts this, let him try to read Von Hammer's *History of the Ottoman Empire*, one-half of which is taken up with descriptions of dresses, receptions, and processions. But in biography we readily give admission to—nay, we positively require—such details. If they are not the jewels of history, they are the setting which adds to their lustre. They fill up our conception of past events; they enable us to clothe the characters in which we are interested in the actual habiliments in which they were arrayed; they bring before our eyes the dwellings, the habits, the mode of life, the travelling, the occupations of distant ages, and often give more life and reality to the creatures of our imaginations than could have been attained by the most laboured general descriptions, or the most emphatic assertions of the author.

For this reason, as well as on account of the known influence of individual character, rather than abstract principle, on the fair sex, there is no

branch of historical composition so suitable for woman as biography; and Miss Strickland has shown us that there is none which female genius can cultivate with greater success. The general bent of the female mind, impressed upon it for the wisest purposes by its Creator, is to be influenced in its opinions, and swayed in its conduct, by individual men, rather than general ideas. When Milton said of our first parents—

“Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed:  
For valour he and contemplation formed;  
For beauty she, and sweet attractive grace;  
He for God only, she for God in him;”

He foreshadowed man as the appropriate historian of the general march of human events—woman, as the best delineator of individual character, the most fascinating writer of biography. The most gifted of her sex is a proof of this; for if a few men have exceeded Madame de Stael in the broad view she takes of human affairs, none have equalled her in the delineation of the deepest feelings and most lasting passions of the human heart. As it is the nature of woman's disposition to form an idol, (and it is for that very reason that she proves so attractive to that of man,) so, when she comes to composition, we rejoice to see her form idols of her heroes, provided only that the limits of truth are observed in their delineation, and that her enthusiasm is evinced in depicting the real, not in colouring the imaginary.

As graphic and scenic details are so valuable in biography, and give such life and animation to the picture which it exhibits, so we willingly accept from a female biographer, whether of her own or others' life, details which we could not tolerate in the other sex. When the Duchess of Abrantes, writing after the fall of Charles X., recounts in her charming memoirs the enchanting *Schull de Cuchemire*, which excited her envy on the shoulders of Josephine—or tells us that at a certain ball in Paris, in 1797, she wore her blue satin dress and pearl ornaments, and at another, her pink silk and diamonds, we perhaps smile at the simplicity which made her recount such things of herself; but still we gratefully

accept them as characteristic of the costume or manners of the time. But we would never tolerate a male biographer of Murat, who should tell us that at a certain ball at Naples he wore his scarlet trowsers and black furred jacket, and on his coronation looked irresistible in his blue and silver uniform and splendid spare jacket;—not even though we know that in Russia he often returned to his lines with his sabre dripping wet with the blood of the Cossacks whom he had challenged and slain in single combat, and although the experience of all ages has confirmed the truth of Philopœmen's observation, that "to soldiers and women, dress is a matter of no small consequence."

Though details of this description, however, are valuable and admissible in biography, and come with peculiar propriety and grace from a female hand, it must be observed, on the other hand, that there is a limit, and a very obvious one, to the introduction of them, and that, if not inserted with caution, they may essentially injure the popularity or utility of a work. In particular, it is seldom safe to carry to any considerable length in the text the introduction of quotations from old histories or chronicles of the period, which often are filled with them to the exclusion of all other subjects. We know that such original documents have a great charm in the eyes of antiquarians or antiquarian biographers, the more especially if they have brought them to light themselves; but such persons learned in ancient lore constitute but a small fraction of the human race. The great body of readers, at least nineteen out of twenty, care nothing at all for such original authorities, but wish to see their import condensed into a flowing easy narrative in the author's own words. For this reason it is generally safest to give such original documents or quotations in notes or an appendix, and to confine quotations in the text to characteristic expressions, or original words spoken on very important occasions. Barante and Sismondi in France, Tytler in Scotland, and Lingard in England, have essentially injured the general popularity of their great and learned works, by not attending to this rule. The two Thierrys

have chiefly won theirs by attending to it.

The great popularity and widely extended sale of Miss Strickland's *Queens of England*, almost equalling, we believe, that of any living author in this country, and much exceeding that of any prior writer, whether of her own or the other sex, in the same period in biography, is a proof both of the intrinsic excellence of that work, and the thirst which exists in the public mind for works of that description. We have long been of opinion that the narrative of human events might be rendered as popular in the outset, and far more and durably interesting in the end, than any works of fiction; and that the only reason why this has so seldom taken place, was because historical works were in general constructed on wrong principles. The great success which has recently attended historical composition in this country, especially in the case of Mr Macanlay's *History* and Miss Strickland's *Lives*, is a proof that this view of the subject is well founded. And of the two, biography, when supported by learning, and handled by genius such as both these learned writers possess, is much more likely to be generally popular than extended history, because it partakes more of the character of Romance, and possesses in a higher degree that *unity* of interest which is the most essential element in all arts which aim at pleasing or fascinating mankind.

Scotland is a country peculiarly fortunate in the characters it presents for biographical genius. This arises from its physical weakness when compared to the strength of its formidable neighbour, and the resources which it has ever found in the persevering and indomitable character of its inhabitants. The former in every age of the wars with England has made its plains the seat of conflict; while the latter has always secured their success in the end, though often after fearful reverses, and always against tremendous odds. The proof of this is decisive. Scotland, after three centuries of almost incessant conflict, first with the arms, and then, more formidable still, with the gold of England, was still unsubdued when her monarchs ascended the English

throne, and the rivalry of two noble nations was turned into the blissful emulation of peace. It is this combination of circumstances which has caused her history to be so prolific of incident, and has rendered, as strangers so often have remarked, every step in her surface historical. Her physical weakness filled it with incident—her moral strength with heroic incident. Go where you will, you meet with some traces of the great or the beautiful, the gifted or the fascinating, of former days. The ancient walls and castellated rocks of Edinburgh teem with historical recollections of the highest interest, which the kindred spirit of modern chivalry has done so much to illustrate.\* In the short space of twenty miles—between Falkirk and Stirling—are four battle-fields,† on each of which the fate of Britain was determined, or armies as numerous as those which met at Waterloo encountered each other. Lochleven exhibits the mournful prison of beauty; Niddry Castle, of her evanescent joys; the field of Langside, of her final overthrow. Cartlan Crags still show the cave of Wallace; Turnberry Castle the scene of Bruce's first victory; Culloden, the last battle-field of generous fidelity. Every step in Scotland is historical: the shades of the dead arise on every side: the very rocks breathe—

"Yet, Albyn, yet the praise be thine,  
Thy scenes and story to combine!  
Thou bid'st him who by Roslin strays,  
List to the tale of other days;  
Midst Cartlan Crags thou show'st the cave,  
The refuge of the champion brave;  
Giving each rock its storied tale,  
Pouring a lay for every dale,  
Knitting, as with a moral band,  
Thy native legends with thy land,  
To give each scene the interest high,  
Which Genius lends to Beauty's eye."

Miss Strickland's talents as a writer, and turn of mind as an individual, in a peculiar manner fit her for painting a historical gallery of the most illustrious or dignified female characters in that land of chivalry and of song. Her disposition is at once heroic and pictorial.

She has the spirit of chivalry in her soul, and the colours of painting in her eye. She sympathises with all the daring spirit, the bold adventure, the chivalrous devotion, of the cavaliers of former days; and she depicts with not less animation and force the stately scenes of departed times—the dignified processions, the splendid ceremonials, the imposing pageants. She has vast powers of application, and her research is unbounded; but these qualities, so necessary as the foundation of a historian's fame, are in her united with the powers of painting and the soul of poetry, and dignified by the elevated objects to which they are directed. The incidents of individual life are of peculiar importance in Scottish annals, because, with the exception of two periods—the war of independence under Wallace and Bruce, and the national struggle for emancipation from Popish tyranny at the Reformation—there have seldom been what we now call popular movements in Scotland. Everything, or next to everything, depended on individual character; the great game of the world was played by kings and queens, nobles and knights. On this great theatre the queens played, as they do everywhere, a most important part. The instructor of man in childhood, the object of his adoration in youth, of lasting influence in manhood, woman has, in modern Europe where her destiny was first fully developed, exercised an important sway, and more so than is generally supposed on national affairs. But nowhere has this influence been more strongly felt than in Scotland, where queens have appeared, whose beauty and misfortunes have become immortal in story, and been for ever engraven on the human heart by the hand of genius, and where the chivalrous and daring disposition of the country, the *perfidium Scotorum ingenium*, at once penetrated some with the most devout adoration of their charms, and inspired others with the most vehement jealousy of their ascendancy.

\* Mr Aytoun's noble *Lyrical Ballads*, and Mr Grant's admirable *History of the Castle of Edinburgh*.

† Falkirk, Torwood, Bannockburn, Stirling Bridge.



In her delineation of individual character, Miss Strickland evidently takes the greatest pains to be impartial; and the multitude of new documents and facts which she has brought on both sides of the question in regard to her heroines, is a sufficient proof that this most laudable principle is a ruling one in her mind. But she would be something more or something less than mortal, if no trace of predilection was to be found in her pages. It is rather, however, in regard to families than individuals that this leaning is apparent. She is evidently inimical to the Tudor and friendly to the Stuart race. In this she only shares the feelings of the chivalrous and the enthusiastic of every age and country; for the leading qualities of the one were as calculated, on a retrospect, to inspire aversion as those of the other were to awaken sympathy. The first was selfish, overbearing, cruel, but often exceedingly able: the latter generous, unsuspecting, heroic, but sometimes sadly imprudent. Success at the time crowned the worldly wisdom of the one, and disaster, long-continued and crushing, at length punished the unhappy want of foresight of the other. But the results of the time are not always indicative of the opinion of futurity: and already the verdict of mankind has been secured in regard to the rival Queens who brought their fortunes into collision, by two pleaders of surpassing power in swaying the human heart. Scotland may be proud that one of these was found in the most gifted of her sons, whose genius has, in one of his most perfect historical novels, immortalised the prison of Lochleven and the field of Langside; and Germany may well exult in the reflection that the other appeared in that matchless genius who three centuries after her death imbibed, on the banks of the Saale, the very soul and spirit of the age of Mary in England, and has for ever engraven her heroic death, and the imperishable scenes of Fotheringay, on the hearts of men.\*

Miss Strickland's partiality for the Stuart and aversion to the Tudor race, may be explained by another

and still more honourable circumstance. It is the inevitable effect of a long course of injustice, whether in the rulers of men, or the judges of those rulers, the annalists of their lives, to produce in the end a reaction in the general mind. This is more particularly the case in persons like Miss Strickland, actuated by generous and elevated feelings, and who feel conscious of power to redress much of the injustice which the long-continued ascendancy of a particular party, whether in religion or politics, has inflicted on the characters of History. Nowhere has this injustice been more strongly experienced than in Great Britain during the last two centuries. The popular party in politics, and the reformed in religion, having in both these countries, after a sanguinary struggle, been successful, and a family seated on the throne which embodied, and in a manner personified, both these triumphs, nearly the whole historians who treated of the period for a century and a half were entirely one-sided. When Hume wrote his immortal history, he complained, with justice, that for seventy years power, reward, and emolument had been confined to one party in the state, and that the sources of History had in consequence been irremediably corrupted. His rhetorical powers and impartial spirit did much to remedy the evil, but he had not industry and research sufficient to do the whole. Much was left to the just feelings, and generous because disinterested effort, of the high-minded who succeeded him in the path of historical inquiry. Mr Tytler's great and authentic *History of Scotland*, and Lingard's able and valuable, though one-sided, *History of England*, have gone far to give the opposite side of the picture which Malcolm Laing and Burnet had painted in so vehement a party spirit, and Macaulay has since continued with such remarkable historical power. But much remained yet to be done. Antiquarian industry, chivalrous zeal, have of late brought many of the concealed or suppressed treasures of History to light; and it is those which

\* Schiller, in his noble drama of *Maria Stuart*.

Miss Strickland proposes to embody in her *Queens of Scotland*.

Of the general plan which she proposes to adopt in this work, our author gives the following admirable account:—

“As long as Scotland, in consequence of bad roads and tedious travelling, remained a sort of *terra incognita*, vulgar prejudice prevailed among the ignorant and narrow-minded portion of society in England; but Scotland only required to be seen to be appreciated. Strong in native talent, rich in native worth, valiant, persevering, and wise, her sons have been ever foremost in the field of honourable enterprise, whether in deeds of arms, science, jurisprudence, or the industrial arts of peaceful life. In poetry, music, and song, she has certainly never been surpassed. It was, however, reserved for the genius of Sir Walter Scott to draw English hearts and English gold to Scotland, and to knit those bonds of brotherly regard which no act of legislature could do. His graphic pictures of Scotland and the Scotch acted like a spell of enchantment on the imaginations of the English. Those who were able to indulge the enthusiastic feelings which his writings had excited, crossed the Border, rushed into Highland glens, scaled Highland hills, congregated at Scotch hostleries, peeped into Scotch cottages, were invited to partake of Scotch hospitality—and found themselves in a land flowing with milk and honey, not merely in its festive character, but in its kindness to strangers, which is the glory of all lands.

“Yet among the numerous visitors whom the sight-seeing instincts of this age of locomotion have rendered familiar with the ancient seats of Scottish regality, how few know anything about the Queens who once held their courts within the now deserted walls of Dunfermline, Falkland, Linlithgow, and Stirling!—gens which, even in their desolation, are surviving monuments of the graceful tastes of their founders, and incline the musing antiquary, who realises in fancy for a moment their pristine glory, to smite his breast and exclaim ‘Ichabod!’ With the exception of Windsor Castle, England has certainly no vestige of palatial architecture which may compare with the royal homes of Scotland, of whose former tenants a few particulars may be no less acceptable to the sons and daughters of the land, than to the southern stranger who visits them.

“The Maiden Castle, sitting enthroned on her dun rock, the Acropolis of Edinburgh, at once a relic and a witness of

the immutable Past, is full of memories of eventful scenes connected with Queens whose hearts would have leaped with exultation could their eyes have looked on such a vision of national prosperity as the bright New Town, with its gay streets, and shops full of costly merchandise; its spacious squares, crescents, and noble public buildings, rising on the outer *ballium* of that grim fortress whose base is now surrounded by green flowery gardens, for the joyance of a peace-loving generation. Mons Meg and her brethren have lost their vocation through the amended temper of the times, and hold sinecure posts in silence—their destructive thunders being superseded by the din of the railway trains bringing hourly freights of wealth and wisdom to the good town of Edinburgh and its inhabitants.

“Many original royal letters will be embodied in these volumes, with facts and anecdotes carefully verified. Local traditions, not unworthy of attention, have been gathered in the desolate palaces and historic sites where every peasant is an oral chronicler, full of spirit-stirring recollections of the past. These are occasionally connected with themes which were the fountains whence Sir Walter Scott drew his inspiration for the chivalric poetry and romance which has rendered Scotland classic ground. The tastes of those who were the rising generation, when the Waverley romances were the absorbing theme of interest in the literary world, have become matured. They require to have history rendered as agreeable without the mixture of fiction as with it; they desire to have it so written, without sacrificing truth to fastidiousness, that they may read it with their children, and that the whole family party shall be eager to resume the book when they gather round the work-table during the long winter evenings.

“Authors who feel as they ought to feel, should rejoice in seeing their productions capable of imparting pleasure to the simple as well as the refined; for a book which pleases only one grade of society may be fashionable, but cannot be called popular. That which interests peasants as well as peers, and is read with equal zest by children and parents, and is often seen in the hands of the operative classes, speaks to the heart in a language intelligible to a widely-extended circle of humanity, has written its own review, and needs no other.”

In the last lines of these admirable observations, we do not find Miss Strickland has, without intending it, fore-

shadowed the destiny of her own undertaking.

The work begins with the Life of Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry VII. of England, and married at the early age of fourteen to James IV., the heroic and brilliant King of Scotland. This choice, in many respects, was fortunate, as it commences with the period when the fortunes of the two kingdoms became closely interlaced, and with the princess whose marriage with James was the immediate cause of the union of the two crowns on the same head, and the placing of the Stuart, and through it of the Hanoverian family, on the British throne.

The first chapter is occupied with the details of the journey of the royal bride from London to Edinburgh, which was somewhat more tedious and fatiguing undertaking than it is now when performed by her descendant Queen Victoria, for it took above *three weeks* to perform. The reception of the youthful princess at York, Newcastle, and Durham, where she was met and attended by the whole nobility and gentry of the northern counties, who accompanied her on her progress northward on horseback, gives occasion for several faithful and animated pictures. Her first day's journey in Scotland, however, brought her into ruder scenery, characteristic of the stormy life which lay before her; and she rested the first night at *Fastcastle*, then a stronghold of the Home family, now belonging to Sir John Hall of Dunglass, which modern genius, under a feigned name, has done so much to celebrate.

"Fastcastle is no other than the veritable Wolf-Crag Tower, celebrated in *Scott's Bride of Lammermoor* as the abode of the Master of Ravenswood. It is seated on a lofty promontory, which commands the lonely indented bay of which St Abb's Head forms the extreme point to the right, with a wild array of rifted rocks terminating in the Wolf-Crag, which soars high in mid air above the fortress—black, gloomy, and inaccessible. The way by which the southern bride and her company reached this rugged resting-place lay across the Lammermuir, several miles of wild heath and treacherous bog, which no stranger might traverse in safety without guides well acquainted with the track. Before they

entered on this pass, they had to descend a hill which was so steep and precipitous that, even within the last century, it was customary for the passengers by the mail-coach between Berwick and Edinburgh to alight and cross it on foot, while the carriage was taken off the wheels and carried over by a relay of men, stationed on the spot for that purpose. Of course the roads were not better in the beginning of the sixteenth century. Fastcastle is approached by one or two descents and ascents of this kind, and is separated from the mainland by a cleft between the rocks, which has to be crossed by a natural bridge formed of a ledge of rock, without rail or guard, with the vexed billows boiling and thundering sixty feet below.

"When the young Tudor Queen made her passage across this Al Arat of the Caledonian coast, she had the German Ocean before her, which beats against the rocky battlements and defences with which the basement of the castle is surrounded. One of these masses resembles the upturned keel of a huge man-of-war stranded among other fragments, which, like the relics of a former world, lay scattered at the foot of the precipice, with the wild breakers rushing through their clefts, forming a grand *jet-d'eau*, and tossing the light feathery foam on high. The larger rocks are the haunt of innumerable sea-birds. Fastcastle had formerly been the stronghold of some of those ferocious feudal pirates who may be regarded as the buccancers of the Caledonian coast. Many a bloody deed had been perpetrated within its isolated and inaccessible circuit; but the festive solemnities and ceremonials that surrounded the royal bride allowed no leisure or opportunity for whispers of the dark tales and romantic traditions connected with its history."

Hitherto the Tudor princess had not seen her royal lover. Their first interview, and his personal appearance, are described in these characteristic lines:—

"James entered the presence of Margaret Tudor with his hawking-lure flung over his shoulder, dressed simply in a velvet jacket; his hair and beard, curling naturally, were rather long, his complexion glowing from the manly exercise he had just been engaged in. He was the handsomest sovereign in Europe, the black eyes and hair of his elegant father, James III., being softened in his resemblance to the blonde beauty of his Danish mother. Sir Walter Scott has drawn James IV.'s portrait *con amore*, and has not exaggerated the likeness—

'For hazel was his eagle eye,  
And auburn of the darkest dye  
His short curled beard and hair.  
Light was his footstep in the dance,  
And firm his stirrup in the lists;  
And oh, he had that merry glance  
Which seldom lady's heart resists.'

The young Queen met her royal lord at the doorway of her great chamber. The King of Scotland uncovered his head and made a deep obeisance to her, while she made a lowly reverence to him. He then took her hand and kissed her, and saluted all her ladies by kissing them. It was noticed that he welcomed the chivalric Earl of Surrey with especial cordiality.

"Then the King of Scotland took the Queen on one side, and they communed together for a long space. She *held good manner*, [was unembarrassed;] and the King remained bare-headed during the time they conversed, and many courtesies passed between them. *Incontinent* [immediately] the board was set and served. The King and Queen washed their hands with humble reverence, and after that set them down at table together."

The entry of the royal pair into Edinburgh is thus described; and it seems to have been attended with one remarkable and characteristic circumstance, for she *rode behind her destined husband on the same horse* :—

"Half way to Edinburgh, James IV. was seen advancing with his company. He was this time attired in grand costume. 'His steed was trapped with gold, and round its neck was a deep gold fringe; the saddle and harness were of gold, but the bridle and head-gear of burnished silver. The King wore a jacket of cloth of gold, lined and bordered with violet velvet and fine black *bouge* or *budge* fur; his waistcoat was of violet satin, his *hoses* of scarlet, his shirt confined with bands of pearl and rich stones; his spurs were long and gilt. He rode towards the Queen in full course, at the pace at which the hare is hunted. On seeing her, he made very humble obeisance, and, leaping down from his horse, he came and kissed her in her litter. Then mounting in his usual gallant fashion, without touching stirrup, a gentleman-usher unsheathed the sword of state, and bore it before his King in regal fashion. The Scottish sword was enclosed in a scabbard of purple velvet, whereon was written, in letters of pearl, *God my defende*. The like words are on the pommel, the cross, and the *chap* also. The Earl of Bothwell bore this sword when the royal party reached Edinburgh town.'

"The King placed himself by the Queen's litter, and passed all the time conversing with her and entertaining her, as he rode by her side."

"Before they entered Edinburgh, one of the King's gentlemen brought out a fair courser, trapped in cloth of gold, with crimson velvet, interlaced with white and red: the King went to the horse, mounted him without touching the stirrup in the presence of the whole company, then tried his paces—choosing to judge himself whether it were safe for his bride to ride on a pillion behind him, which was the mode in which he intended to enter the city.' Likewise he caused one of his gentlemen to mount behind him, as a lady would ride, to see whether the proud courser would submit to bear double or not.

"When he had concluded all his experiments, he decided that it was not proper to trust the safety of his bride to his favourite charger; so King James dismounted from him, and condescended to ride on the Queen's gentle palfrey. He mounted, and the Queen was placed on a pillion behind him."

The real tragedy and most interesting period of Margaret Tudor's life, is that which preceded and followed the fatal expedition to Flodden, to which the genius of Mr Aytoun has lately added such additional interest in his exquisite ballads. Miss Strickland has also been strongly moved by the same catastrophe :—

"There are traditions still current in the neighbourhood of the beautiful palatial ruin of Linlithgow relative to her parting with James IV.

"Near the King's bed-chamber, and a beautiful little apartment overlooking the lake, supposed to be his dressing-room, is a turnpike stair, at the corner of the east side of the quadrangle erected by James IV. This leads to a lofty turret or mirador, called by popular tradition 'Queen Margaret's Bower.' It is surrounded by a stone bench or divan, and had once a small stone table in the centre. Here the Queen spent in tears the live-long summer's day on which her husband left her to march against England. Here, too, she is said to have passed 'the weary night of Flodden fight,' expecting news of the engagement, which came at last, but too soon.

"The fatal field of Flodden not only made Queen Margaret a widow, but rendered Scotland desolate and almost desolate. All the hope that remained to the people of averting the fury of Henry VIII., and the cruelty of his successful

general, centred solely in the Queen—being founded on the near relationship of herself and other infant King to the southern sovereign.”

“The Queen convened such of the nobility as survived the red field of Flodden to meet the clergy at Perth immediately. So prompt were all their proceedings, that the young King was crowned at Scone, near that city, within twenty days of his father’s death. It was called the Mourning Coronation; for the ancient crown of Scotland being held over on the baby-brow of the royal infant, most of the witnesses and assistants of the ceremony burst into an ‘infectious passion’ of sobs and tears. They wept not only their own recent losses on the battle-field, but their late monarch, ‘who was,’ as Buchanan says, albeit no commander of kings, ‘dear to all men while living, and mightily lamented by his people at his death.’

“When the first agony of grief was abated at the loss of the King and the terrible slaughter of the best of the nobility and gentry who fought in the serried phalanx of spears about his person, the discovery was made by the Scottish people that no other injury was like to accrue from Flodden fight. It was, to all intents and purposes, one of those bad expenditures of human life called a drawn battle. Had it taken place on Scottish ground, it would have been reckoned another Bannockburn: the English must have retreated, (for they did so on their own ground,) and the Scots would have retained possession of the field. As it was, the English had the moral advantages of being an invaded people; and, as such, their success in making a great slaughter of those who were arrayed in battle on their soil, redounded more to their true glory than is the case in most great victories. But they did not purchase it easily. Stark and stiff as James IV. lay under heaps of slain, he kept possession of that well-stricken field. The despatch of Lord Dacre clearly proves that when the English left the field at nightfall, they were ignorant to whom the victory belonged. Then the Homes and other Border chieftains plundered the dead at their leisure; their countrymen strongly suspected that they slew their King, and turned the scale of victory against their countrymen. There is the more probability in this supposition when it is remembered how inflexibly James IV. had maintained justice on his Borders—therefore he had honestly won the enmity of those rapacious septa.

“Lord Dacre made an excursion of observation, with a party of cavalry, in the morning after the battle of Flodden, to ascertain who possessed the field; he saw the King of Scotland’s formidable train of brass cannon dominant over the scene, but mute and motionless; the artillerymen gone; the Scottish cannon and the silent dead were solely in possession of the battle-ground. The thickest heaps cumbered it on the spot where the royal James and his phalanx had fought; the breathless warriors lay just as death had left them, for the marauding Borderers had not dared to pursue their occupation of stripping and plundering in the full light of day.”

Queen Margaret, however, did not remain long inconsolable; she had too much of the disposition of her brother Henry VIII. in her to remain long without a husband; and she fixed her eyes on a handsome youth, the Earl of Angus, whom she soon afterwards married, to the no small annoyance of her brother and his subjects. Her marriage with him gave occasion to the following pleasing verses by Gawin Douglas, the uncle of the nobleman thus honoured by the smiles of royalty:—

“Amidst them, borne within a golden chair,  
O’er-fret with pearls and colours most  
    preclair,  
That drawn was by hackneys all milk-  
    white,  
Was set a queen as lily sweetly fair,  
In purple robe hemmed with gold ilk-  
    where;  
With gemmed clasps closed in all perfite,  
A diadem most pleasantly polite,  
Sat on the tresses of her golden hair,  
And in her hand a sceptre of delight.

So next her rode in granate-violet,  
Twelve damels, ilka one on their estate;  
Which seemed of her counsel most secrete;  
And next them was a lusty rout, God wot!  
Lords, ladies, and full many a fair prelate,  
Both born of low estate and high degree,  
Forth with their queen they all by-passed  
    me,

At easy pace—they riding forth the gate,  
And I abode alone within the tree.”

Margaret’s life, after her second marriage, was a series of adventures and disasters partly occasioned by the turbulent spirit and endless disorders of the times, partly by her own passions. She was a true Tudor in her disposition. Like her brother, “she spared no man in her lust, and no woman in her hate.” When she died,

at the age of forty-eight, she had already married four husbands, of whom *three were still alive*. She divorced, not beheaded, when she was tired of her lovers: in that respect she was better than Henry. By the second of these husbands she had a daughter, named Margaret, whose birth took place in the following circumstances, characteristic alike of the age and country:—

"The welcome message of Dacre arrived at Coldstream almost in the last minute that Queen Margaret could be moved. So desperately ill was she taken on the road, that her convoy were forced to stop by the way, and hurry her into Harbottle or Hardbattle Castle, one of the grimmest and gauntest stone-dungeons that frowned on the English frontier. It was just then garrisoned by Lord Dacre in person, who had commenced the fierce war on the Borders to which the arrival of the Duke of Albany in Scotland had given rise. The portcullis of Harbottle was raised to admit the fainting Queen of Scotland; but not one Scot, man or woman, Lord Dacre vowed, should enter with her. Here was a terrible situation for Margaret. She was received into the rugged Border-fortress, October 5, and, after remaining in mortal agony for more than forty-eight hours, gave birth to a daughter, the Lady Margaret Douglas, whose name is familiar to every one on the pages of general history, as the immediate ancestress of our present royal family."

The death of Margaret Tudor suggests the following reflections to our author, the justice and beauty of which makes us regret that she does not more frequently speak in her own person, instead of the quaint style of ancient annalists.

"Some of Margaret Tudor's mistakes in government, it is possible, may be attributed to the fact that she is the first instance that occurs, since Christianity was established in the island, of regnant power being confided to the hands of a woman who was expected to reign as *femme sole*. She had no education, scarcely any religion, and was guided entirely by her instincts, which were not of an elevated character. Her misdeeds, and the misfortunes attributable to her personal conduct, gave rise to most of the terrible calamities which befell her descendants. Some persons among the aristocracy of Scotland followed her evil example of divorce, which caused long and angry litigation concerning the birth-

rights of their descendants. The fearful feud between the houses of Arran and Darnley-Stuart was of this kind, which deeply involved the prosperity of her granddaughter, Mary Queen of Scots. And that hapless Princess was likewise marked as a victim by the cold and crafty Ruthven, on account of his family interests being affected by Queen Margaret's marriages and divorces.

"A succession of tragedies, for three generations, was the consequence of Margaret Tudor's indulgence of her selfish passions. Nor are the woes attendant on contempt of the divine institution of marriage limited to the great ones of the earth. Many a domestic tragedy, though shrouded in the obscurity of every-day life, may be traced to the same cause. Sorrow enters with sin; it desolates the peace of home; and unoffending children suffer for the evil of their parents, whenever persons are found to break, either by wilful passions or litigious contest, the earliest law given by the Almighty."

The second Life in the volume is that of Magdalene of Valois, the beautiful first Queen of James V., the brevity of whose reign of *forty days* in Scotland was the subject of such lamentation to the country. James went to Paris, in the true spirit of chivalry, to choose and win a Queen in person; and after a rapid and somewhat discreditable homage to Mary of Vendôme, on the banks of the Loire, his inconstant affections were at length fixed by Magdalene daughter of Francis I., whom he soon after married, and who became his much loved but short-lived Queen. Their entrance into Scotland is thus described:—

"The royal voyagers made the port of Leith, Saturday, May 19, being the fifth day from their embarkation, and Whitsun-eve. They landed at the pier amidst the acclamations of a mixed multitude of loving lieges of all degrees, who came to welcome their sovereign home, and to see their new Queen. Magdalene endeared herself for ever to the affections of the people by the sensibility she manifested on that occasion; for when 'she first stepped on Scottish ground, she knelt, and, bowing herself down, kissed the mould thereof for the love she bore the King, returned thanks to God for having brought the King and her safely through the seas, and prayed for the happiness of the country.' This was indeed entering upon her high vocation, not like the cold state puppet of a public pageant, but in

the spirit of a queen who felt and understood the relation in which she stood both to the King and people of that realm. A touching sight it must have been to those who saw that young royal bride thus obey the warm impulse of a heart overflowing with gratitude to God, and love to all she then looked upon. The venerable Sir David Lindsay of the Mount, and other contemporary poets, who were so soon to hang elegiac wreaths of mournful verse on the early bier of her who then stood among them in her fragile and almost unearthly loveliness, radiant with hope, and joy, and happy love, called her 'the pleasant Magdalene,' and 'the sweet Flower of France.'

"King James blithely conducted his Queen to his palace of Holyrood; and, to increase the universal satisfaction which her appearance and manners had given, the auspicious news quickly spread through Edinburgh, that she was likely to bring an heir to Scotland. Great were the rejoicings in consequence. The ancient prediction 'that the French wife should bring a child the ninth in degree from the left side of the stem of Bruce, that should rule England and Scotland from sea to sea,' was revived in anticipation of the offspring of James V. of Scotland by Magdalene of France, although it would only have been the eighth in descent from that illustrious stock."

Her premature and lamented death is recorded in these feeling paragraphs:—

"The early death of Magdalene was not only a misfortune to her royal husband, but a serious loss to Scotland, and even to Christendom, on account of the enlightened views she had received on the all-important subject of religion. Brantôme tells us that 'she was very deeply regretted not only by James V. but by all his people, for she was very good, and knew how to make herself truly beloved. She had a great mind, and was most wise and virtuous.' The first general mourning ever known in Scotland was worn for her, and her obsequies were solemnised with the greatest manifestation of sorrow of which that nation had ever been participant. The lamentations for the premature death of this youthful Queen, and the hopes that perished with her of an heir of Scotland, appear to have been of a similar character to the passionate and universal burst of national sorrow which, in the present century, pervaded all hearts in the Britannic empire, for the loss of the noble-minded Princess Charlotte of Wales and her infant.

'How many hopes were borne upon thy bier,  
O stricken bride of love!'

"The epitaph of this lamented Queen was written by Buchanan in elegant Latin verse, of which the following is a translation:—

'MAGDALENE OF VALOIS, QUEEN OF SCOTLAND, DIED IN THE XVI YEAR OF HER AGE.

'I was a royal wife, from monarchs sprung,  
A sovereign's daughter, and in hope to be  
The royal mother of a regal line;  
But lost my glory should exceed the height  
Of mortal honour, Death's invidious dart  
Hath laid me in my morning freshness here.  
Nature and virtue, glory, life, and death,  
 strove to express in me their utmost power.  
Nature gave beauty; virtue made me good;  
Relentless death o'er life too soon prevail'd.  
But my fair fame shall flourish evermore,  
To compensate for that brief mortal span  
By lasting meed of universal praise.'

Mary of Lorraine, daughter of the great Duke of Guise, and a lineal descendant of Charlemagne, was the second Queen of James V.: she is peculiarly interesting, as her daughter was Queen Mary; and she was the ancestress of our present illustrious sovereign. We have room only, however, for one extract:—

"'Let us,' says an eloquent French writer of the present day, 'enter the grand gallery of the Chateau d'Eu, and contemplate the noble portraits of the line of Guise. There we shall view that old Claud of Lorraine, clad in his heavy cuirass, bearing his long sword, first dyed in blood at Marignan, having for his cortege and companions his six glorious sons; then we shall see Francis of Lorraine, rival of the Emperor Charles the Fifth, and conqueror of Calais; near him that Cardinal of Lorraine, eloquent as an orator, gallant and magnificent as a prince, yet an ambitious and cruel priest. And there is the grandchild of Duke Claud, Mary Stuart, angel of grief and poesy, whose charming head bore a crown-regnant, and yet fell beneath the axe of the executioner.'

"The Duke and Duchess of Longueville were both present at the bridal of James V. and Magdalene of France. Little did the Duchess imagine, when she, as the wife of the representative of the brave Dunois, and the eldest daughter of the house of Guise-Lorraine, proudly took high place among the great ladies of France, near the person of the royal bride, that the crown-matrimonial of Scotland—never to be worn by her on whose finger she saw the enamoured bridegroom place

the nuptial ring—was destined to encircle her own brow. Far less could she have believed, even if it had been predicted to her, that from her union with that Prince should proceed a line of sovereigns who would reign not only over the Britannic isles from sea to sea, but whose empire, far exceeding that of her mighty ancestor Charlemagne, should extend over India, a considerable section of America, and include vast portions of the habitable globe whose existence was then unknown. Before the anniversary returned of the day that witnessed the nuptials of James and Magdalene, all these apparently impossible events were in an active state of progression.”

Miss Strickland has announced in her Preface that two volumes are to be devoted by her to the life of Queen Mary; and that great light has been thrown upon that interesting subject by the important original letters which Prince Labanoff's recent researches and publication have brought to light. We look with impatience for the fulfilment of the promise; for, although nothing can exceed in pathos and interest Mr Tytler's entrancing account of the captivity and death of that celebrated and heroic princess, yet we are well aware that much light has since his time been thrown on the subject, by the zealous labours of chivalrous antiquaries. That she may succeed in vindicating her memory from much of the obloquy which, despite her many great and noble qualities, and matchless charms of person and manner, still oppresses it, is, we need hardly say, our most anxious wish; and if any one can do it, it is herself. But we confess we have little expectation that it is possible even for her chivalrous mind and untiring industry to effect the object. Our *present* view of this interesting question is as follows:—The strength of the case against Queen Mary, during her reign in Scotland, is such that it remains much the same upon the admitted and incontestible facts of history, though all the dis-

puted points were decided in her favour. No original letters of hers, or others which can be produced—no complete disproof of those which were charged, we believe falsely and treacherously, against her—can do away with her *acts*, whatever light they may throw upon her motives, or the unparalleled network of treachery, selfishness, and duplicity, with which she was surrounded. Can it be reasonably hoped that any subsequent effort of industry or ability will be able to do more for Queen Mary's memory than has been done by her gifted dramatic biographer Schiller, who, in the awful scene of her last confession to the priest in prison, immediately before being conducted to the block, makes her admit her failings in the indulgence of undue hatred against some, and impassioned love to others; and recount, with sincerity, her stings of conscience for having permitted the King, her husband, to be put to death, and thereafter loaded with favours and bestowed her hand on the party charged with his murder? It is hopeless to deny the magnitude of these delinquencies, though men, at least, should view them with an indulgent eye; for they arose, as Schiller makes her say, on that dread occasion, from the self-forgetfulness and generous feelings which led her to trust in a sex by whom she was forsaken and betrayed.\* Such is our present view of the case; but we have every confidence in Miss Strickland's powers and research, and shall impatiently await the new light she will doubtless throw on that most fascinating and tragic of all biographies.

The truth appears to be, that Mary was a mixed character: no uncommon thing in every age, and especially so in that disastrous and profligate one in which Mary's lot was cast. She was as charming and heroic as her most impassioned advocates would represent, and as impassioned, and in one matter guilty, as her worst enemies

\* “Ach! nicht durch hass allein, durch sund'ge Liebe  
Noch mehr hab' Ich höchste Gott beleidigt.  
Das Eitle herz ward zudern Mann gezogen,  
Der treulos mich verlassen und betrogen.”

“Ah! not through hatred only, but still more through sinful love, have I offended Almighty God! My tender heart was too strongly drawn to man, by whose faithlessness I have been forsaken and betrayed.”—*Maria Stuart*, Act v. scene 7.



allege. Her virtues, however, were her own; her delinquencies, of the religion in which she had been bred, and the age in which she lived. It was the age, and she had been bred in the court, which witnessed the successive murders of the Duke of Guise and the Admiral Coligni at the court of France; the Massacre of St Bartholomew by a French king, and the fires of Smithfield lighted by an English queen. To one period, and that the most interesting of her life, unmixed praise may be given. From the day of her landing in England, her conduct was one of dignity, innocence, and heroism; and if her previous life was stained by the imputation of having *permitted* one murder, suggested to herself by despair, and recommended by others from profligacy, she expiated it by being the victim of another, suggested by jealousy, executed by rancour, and directly ordered by a cruel relative and a vindictive rival.

If there is any blemish in the very interesting volume, of which our limits will only permit a more cursory notice than its high merits deserve, it is to be found in the too frequent use of quotations from old authorities or original letters *in the text*, and the mosaic-like appearance which is often given to her pages, by the introduction of quaint and antiquated expressions drawn from contemporary writers in the body of the narrative. We are well aware of the motive which has led to this, and we respect it as it deserves: it arises from the wish to be accurate and trustworthy, the anxious desire to make her *Lives* a faithful transcript of the times—to exhibit

their very "form and pressure." The object was good, the desire was laudable; but it is quite possible to be carried too far, even in working out the most praiseworthy principle. Long accounts of dresses, decorations, and processions; entries of expenses in Treasurers' accounts; even original letters, unless on very particular occasions, are the materials of biography, but they are not biography itself. It is *living* character, not still life, which we desire to see delineated: the latter is the frame of the picture, but it is not the picture itself. Such curious details are characteristic, generally amusing, often interesting; but they, in general, do better in foot-notes than in the body of the narrative. We must admit, however, that Miss Strickland has exhibited equal judgment and skill in the manner in which she has *fitted in* those contemporary extracts into the body of the narrative, and the selection she has made of such as are most curious and characteristic of the times. By many, we are well aware, they will be considered as not the least interesting part of her very interesting volumes. It is the principle of introducing them in the *text* that we wish her to reconsider. Unity of composition is not less essential to the higher productions of art, in history or biography, than in painting or the drama; and Miss Strickland writes so powerfully, and paints so beautifully, that we cannot but often regret when we lose the thread of her flowing narrative, to make way for extracts from a quaint annalist, or entries from the accounts of a long-forgotten exchequer.

## THE LAY OF THE NIEBELUNGEN.

WOLF, the learned German, was certainly very far wrong—as Germans in their endless speculations are apt to be—when he set himself to explain the *Iliad* without Homer; an attempt which, to our British ears, generally sounded pretty much as profane as to explain the world without God, or, according to Cicero's simile against the Epicureans, to explain the existence of a book by the mere accidental out-tumbling of alphabetic counters on the ground. The *Iliad* could not have existed without Homer—so the rude instinct of the most unlearned and most unmetaphysical English Bili declared against the cloud-woven theories and the deep-sunk lexicographical excavations of the famous Berlin professor; and the rude instinct, after much philological sapping and mining, stands ground. But Wolf did not labour in vain. Though he did not take the citadel, he made breaches into many parts of our classical circumvallation, formerly deemed most strong, and made us change, in great measure, the fashion of our fortifications. In the same manner Niebuhr, with his knotty club, made sad havoc among the waxen images of the old Romans, which the piety of Livy—taking them for genuine granite statues—had set forth with such a wealth of fine patriotic elocution; but after all this work of destruction, Rome still remains with its Tiber, and, in the minds of most sane persons, Romulus also, we imagine; while the great Julius shines a kingly star, every inch, as much after Niebuhr's strong brush as before. What, then, was the great truth by virtue of which—as stupid sermons are redeemed by a good text—Wolf, with his startling anti-Homeric gospel, made so many proselytes, and such fervid apostles, among the learned and the poet of his countrymen? Plainly this, that he seized with a keen glance, and a grand comprehensiveness, the minstrel

character of the POPULAR EPOS of early ages, as distinguished from the more artificial and curiously-piled compositions of more polished times, bearing the same name. Wolf was wrong—say mad, if you please—in asserting that Pisistratus, with a whole army of such refurbishers of old wares as Onomacritus, could have put together such a glowing vital whole as the *Iliad*; but he was right, and altogether sound, when he looked upon the great Epic song of the wrath of Achilles as a thing essentially different, not only in degree, but in kind, from the *Æneid* of Virgil, or the *Paradise Lost* of our Milton. Many men of learning and taste, from Scaliger downwards, have instituted large and curious comparisons between the great national Epos of the Greeks, and that of the Romans; but the comparison of things that have a radically different character can seldom produce any result beyond the mere expression of liking and disliking; as if, among critics of trees, one should say, *I prefer a bristling pine*, while another says, *Give me the smooth beech*. Or, a result even more unsatisfactory might be produced. Starting from the beech as a sort of model tree, a forest critic, predetermined to admire the pine also, might spin out of his brain a number of subtle analogies to prove that a pine, though bearing a different name, is, in fact, the same tree as a beech, and possesses, when more philosophically considered, all the essential characteristics of this tree. You laugh?—but so, and not otherwise, did it fare with old Homer, at the hands of many professional philologists and literary dilettantes, who, with a perfect appreciation of such works of polished skill as the *Æneid* and the *Jerusalem Delivered*—as being akin to their own modern taste—must needs apply the same test to take cognisance of such strange and far-removed objects as the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Such transference

*The Fall of the Niebelungers*; otherwise the Book of Kriemhild: a translation of the *Niebelunge Nôt*, or *Niebelungen Lied*. By WILLIAM NANSON LETTSON. London: Williams and Norgate, 1850.

*Ueber die Iliade und das Niebelungen Lied*. Von KARL ZELL. Karlsruhe: 1843.

of the mould that measures one thing to another, and an altogether different thing, is indeed a common enough trick of our every-day judgments; but it is, nevertheless, a sort of criticism altogether barren of any positive results, and which ends where it begins—in talk. To the character and certainty of a science, it can assuredly have no claim. If you wish to descant with any beneficial result upon roses, pray compare one English rose with another, and not with a Scotch thistle. Bring not the fine city dame into contact with the brown country girl; but let Lady B's complexion be more delicate than Lady C's, and the brown of Bessie be more healthy than that of Jessie. Jessie, if you will consider the matter, has nothing in common with Lady B, except this, that she is a woman. As little has Homer in common with Virgil, or Tasso, or Milton. With whom, then, is Homer to be compared? A hundred years ago, Voltaire, with all his wit, could not have answered that question—the whole age of European criticism of which Voltaire was the oracle and the god could not have answered it; but thanks—after the Percy Ballads, and Cowper, and Wordsworth, and Southey, and Burns—to Frederick Augustus Wolf, that question we can answer now in the simplest and most certain way in the world, by pointing to the famous Spanish Cid, and the old Teutonic LAY of the NIEBELUNGEN.

To the Cid, we may presume that those of our readers who love popular poetry, and are not happy enough to know the sonorous old Castilian, have been happily introduced by the great work of Southey. But, with respect to the other great popular Epos of Western Europe, we suspect Mr LETTSOM is only too much in the right when he says, that this venerable monument of the old German genius is "so little known amongst us, that most ordinary readers have not so much as heard of it. Even amongst the numerous and increasing class of those who are acquainted with German, few pay attention to the ancient

literature of Germany: they are generally conversant only with the productions of the day, or, at farthest, with those of the most celebrated authors." So, indeed, it must be; the necessary business and amusements of life leave but few of us at liberty to follow the example of the learned Germans, and refuse to look at Helen before we have critically investigated the history of Jove's amours, and of Leda's egg. So much the more are we beholden to gentlemen like the present translator, who, by the patient exercise of those pious pains which are the pleasure of poets, put us into the condition of being able to hear the notes of that strange old Teutonic lyre prolonged through the aisles of an English echo-chamber. Mr Lettsom has done a work, much wanted for the English lover of poetry, honestly and well: this we can say from having compared it in various places with a prose translation of the old German poem, published at Berlin in 1814;\* also from the distinct recollection which we have of the character and tone of the modern German version of Marbach, which we read for the first time several years ago. But Mr Lettsom's translation bears also internal evidence of its excellence: there is a quiet simplicity and easy talkative breadth about it, characteristic no less of the general genius of the Germans than of the particular mediæval epoch to which it belongs. With a perfect confidence, therefore, in the trustworthiness of the present English version, we proceed to lay before our readers a rapid sketch of the Epic story of the Niebelungen, accompanied with such extracts as may serve to convey an idea of the general tone and character of the composition.

At Worms, upon the Rhine, (so the poem opens,) there dwelt three puissant kings—Gunther and Gernot and Gieselher—three brothers, of whom Gunther was the eldest, and, in right of primogeniture, swayed the sceptre of Burgundy.† These kings had a sister named Kriemhild, the real heroine and fell female Achilles of the

\* *Das Niebelungen Lied*; in's hoch Deutsche übertragen. Von AUGUST ZEUNE. Berlin: 1814.

† These Burgundians are, in the second part of the poem, also called the *Niëbe-*

Epos; for though she is as gentle and mild as a Madonna till her love is wounded, after that she nourishes a desire of vengeance on the murderers of her husband, as insatiate and inexorable as that which the son of Peleus, in the *Iliad*, nurses against the son of Atreus for the rape of the lovely Briseïs. In fact, as the great work of Homer might be more fully\* designated *the wrath of*

*Achilles*, so the most significant designation for this mediæval Iliad of the Germans would be *the\* revenge of Kriemhild*. After naming these, and other notable personages of the Burgundian court at Worms, the poet makes use of a dream, as Æschylus in the *Agamemnon* uses an omen, to open up, in a fitful glimpse of prophecy, the general burden and fateful issue of his tale.

"A dream was dreamed by Kriemhild, the virtuous and the gay,  
How a wild young falcon she trained for many a day,  
Till two fierce eagles tore it; to her there could not be  
In all the world such sorrow as this perforce to see.

To her mother Uta at once the dream she told;  
But she the threatening future could only thus unfold—  
'The falcon that thou trainedst is sure a noble mate;  
God shield him in his mercy, or thou must lose him straight.'

'A mate for me! What say'st thou, dearest mother, mine?  
Ne'er to love, assure thee, my heart will I resign.  
I'll live and die a maiden, and end as I began,  
Nor (let what else befall me) will suffer woe for man.'

'Nay!' said the anxious mother, 'renounce not marriage so;  
Wouldst thou true heartfelt pleasure taste ever here below,  
Man's love alone can give it. Thou'rt fair as eye can see:  
A fitting mate God send thee, and naught will wanting be.'

'No more,' the maiden answered, 'no more, dear mother, say;  
From many a woman's fortune, this truth is clear as day,  
That falsely smiling pleasure with pain requites us ever.  
I from both will keep me, and thus will sorrow never.'

So in her lofty virtue, fancy-free and gay,  
Lived the noble maiden many a happy day;  
Nor one more than another found favour in her sight;  
Still, at the last, she wedded a far renowned knight.

He was the self-same falcon she in her dream had seen,  
Foretold by her wise mother. What vengeance took the queen  
On her nearest kinsmen, who him to death had done!  
That single death atoning died many a mother's son."

With these words ends the very short first canto, or, in the phraseology of the bard, "adventure" of the poem. The second introduces us to the most prominent male character in the first part of the poem—for it is divided into

two distinct parts or acts—the famous SIEGFRIED, "with the horny hide," as the old German chap-book has it, which any of our readers may have for a groschen or two in Leipzig, and not more, we suppose, than a sixpence here.

"In Netherland there flourished a prince of lofty kind,  
(Whose father hight Siegruud his mother Siegelind)  
In a sumptuous castle, down by the Rhine's fair side;  
Men did call it Xanton; 'twas famous far and wide."

This princely youth, who, like the Spanish Cid, is perfect even to the smallest hair on his beard, after hav-

ing employed his early days, like ancient Hercules and Theseus, in attacking and overcoming every sort of

*lunzen*, which epithet, however, in the first part, is applied to certain distant Scandinavian vassals of Siegfried. The origin of this name has caused much dispute amongst the learned.

terrible monster, in bestial or human guise, that came in his way, is dubbed knight with the stroke of the chivalrous sword, in due form, and a festival is held in honour of the event, the description of which occupies the

"second adventure." Like a dutiful son, as well as a fearless knight, he will accept no royal honours, or share in the official dignities of government, so as long as his father and mother live.

"While Siegelind and Siegmund yet lived and flourished there,  
Full little recked their offspring the royal crown to wear.  
He only would be master, and exercise command,  
'Gainst those whose pride o'erweening disturbed the peaceful land.

None ventur'd to defy him; since weapons first he took,  
The bed of sloth but seldom the noble knight could brook!  
He only sought for battles: his prowess-gifted hand  
Won him renown eternal in every foreign strand."

But even the sturdy mail-clad heroes of mediæval knighthood sometimes tired of "battles;" and when they were thus weary, they had one other serious occupation, and that, of course, was love. With the entrance on this new career, the third adventure is occupied.

"'Twas seldom tear or sorrow the warrior's breast assayed;  
At length he heard a rumour how a lovely maid  
In Burgundy was dwelling, the fairest of the fair;  
For her he won much pleasure, but dash'd with toil and care."

Siegfried opens his determination this rumour, and take to wife none to his parents to follow the fortune of other than—

"The bright Burgundian maiden, best gem of Gunther's throne,  
Whose far-renowned beauty stands unapproached alone."

This resolution, of course, as is the fortune of true love, meets with opposition, at first, from the parents of the youth; but with a calm and decided answer, such as true love knows how to give, the difficulty is overcome.

• "Dearest father mine,  
The love of high-born women for ever I'll resign  
Rather than play the wooer but where my heart is set."

Forthwith, therefore, he sets out on an expedition to Worms, predetermined, after the common fashion of mediæval love-romances, to marry the woman whom he had never seen; for in these matters, rumour, it was thought—that plays so falsely elsewhere—could not err. To make the necessary impression on so mighty a king as Gunther, the Prince of the Netherland is pranked out most gorgeously with all that woman's needle can produce of chivalrous embroidery; and, thus accoutred,—

"On the seventh fair morning, by Worms along the strand,  
In knightly guise were pricking the death-defying band;  
The ruddy gold fair glittered on every riding vest;  
Their steeds they meetly goverued, all pacing soft abreast.

Their shields were new and massy, and like flame they glowed;  
As bright, too, shone their helmets; while bold Siegfried rode  
Straight to the court of Gunther to woo the stately maid.  
Eye never looked on champions so gorgeously arrayed.

Down to their spurs, loud clanging, reached the swords they wore;  
Sharp and well-tempered lances the chosen champions bore;  
One, two spans broad or better, did Siegfried sternly shake,  
With keen and cutting edges grim and ghastly wounds to make.

Their golden-coloured bridles firm they held in hand;  
Silken were their poitrals: so rode they through the land.  
On all sides the people to gaze on them began;  
Then many of Gunther's liegemen swift to meet them ran."

Then follows the formal reception at the court of Worms, and, as on all great festival occasions in those days, a tournament is held, where the stranger knight, of course, acquits himself like a god rather than a man, to the admiration of all beholders,

but specially of the gentle ladies, who, on occasions when propriety did not allow them publicly to appear, enjoy the dear delight of gazing on bearded swordsmen even more exquisitely from behind a window.

"At court the lovely ladies were asking overmore,  
Who was the stately stranger that so rich vesture wore,  
At once so strong of presence and so strong of hand !  
When many a one gave answer, 'Tis the King of Netherland."

He ever was the foremost, whate'er the game they played.  
Still in his inmost bosom he bore one lovely maid,  
Whom he beheld had never, and yet to all preferred,  
She too of him, in secret, spoke many a kindly word.

When in the court contending, fierce squire and hardy knight,  
As fits the young and noble, waged the mimic fight,  
Oft Kriemhild through her windows would look, herself unseen—  
Then no other pleasure needed the gentle Queen."

But though Kriemhild saw Siegfried through the window, Siegfried

remained with Gunther a whole year,

"Nor all that weary season a single glimpse could gain  
Of her who after brought him such pleasure and such pain."

Like the disciples of Pythagoras, the amorous knights of those days had first to serve a long apprenticeship of the severe discipline of abstinence, before they were permitted to kiss the hand of beauty, or to meet even its distant glance. The fourth adventure, therefore, goes on to tell how Siegfried showed his prowess by fighting with the Saxons, who had come under the guidance of their king,

Ludeger the Bold, and leagued with him King Ludegast of Denmark, to attack the realm of the Burgundians. Coming home, like a Mars-subduing Diomed, from this fierce encounter, the knight of the Netherland is at length deemed worthy to be introduced to his destined fair. Another tourney is held, at which Kriemhild publicly appears.

"Now went she forth the loveliest, as forth the morning goes,  
From misty clouds out-beaming : then all his weary woes  
Left him in heart who bore her, and so long time had done.  
He saw there stately standing the fair, the peerless one."

Many a stone full precious flashed from her vesture bright ;  
Her rosy blushes darted a softer, ruddier light.  
Whate'er might be his wishes, each could not but confess  
He ne'er on earth had witnessed such perfect loveliness.

As the moon arising out glitters every star,  
That through the clouds so purely glimmers from afar,  
E'en so love-breathing Kriemhild dimmed every beauty nigh.  
Well might, at such a vision, nigh a bold heart beat high."

With not less of serene beauty, and a quiet naturalness that is peculiar to him, the old bard describes the feel-

ings of Siegfried on first coming within the sweet atmosphere of woman's love.

"There stood he, the high-minded, beneath her star-bright eye,  
His cheek as fire all glowing ; then said she modestly,  
'Sir Siegfried, you are welcome, noble knight and good !'  
Yet loftier at that greeting rose his lofty mood.

He bowed with soft emotion, and thanked the blushing fair ;  
 Love's strong constraint together impelled the enamoured pair ;  
 Their longing eyes encountered, their glances, every one,  
 Bound knight and maid for ever ; yet all by stealth was done.

That in the warmth of passion he pressed her lily hand,  
 I do not know for certain, but well can understand.  
 'Twere surely past believing they ventured not on this ;  
 Two loving hearts, so meeting, else had done amiss.

No more in pride of summer, nor in bloom of May,  
 Knew he such heart-felt pleasure as on this happy day,  
 When she, than May more blooming, more bright than summer's pride,  
 His own, a dream no longer, was standing by his side.

Then thought full many a champion, ' Would this had happ'd to me,  
 To be with lovely Kriemhild, as Siegfried bold I see,  
 Or closer e'en than Siegfried ; well were I then, I swear,"  
 None yet was champion who so deserved a queen."

Thus far well. But his probation was not yet finished. Before finally joining hand and heart with the peerless sister of King Gunther, Siegfried must assist her brother in a yet more difficult work than anything that he had hitherto achieved—in gaining the love of Brunhild, a doughty princess

of Iceland, " far beyond the sea," who, being of a masculine temper and strength, had determined to submit herself to no male lord who had not proved himself worthy to wield the marital sceptre, by actually mastering his spouse in strong physical conflict.

" There was a queen high-seated afar beyond the sea,  
 None wielded sceptre a mightier than she ;  
 For beauty she was matchless, for strength without a peer ;  
 Her love to him she offered who could pass her at the spear.

She threw the stone, and bounded behind it to the mark ;  
 At three games each suitor, with sinews stiff and stark,  
 Must conquer the fierce maiden whom he sought to wed,  
 Or, if in one successful, straight must lose his head.

E'en thus for the stern virgin had many a suitor died.  
 This heard a noble warrior, who dwelt the Rhine beside,  
 And forthwith resolved he to win her for his wife ;  
 Thereby full many a hero thereafter lost his life."

Doubtful of his single strength to subdue so mettlesome a maid, Gunther enters into a compact with Siegfried to assist him in his enterprise—*by fair means or foul*, as it appears ; and in this evil compact, and the underhand work to which it gives rise, lies already visible before the unveiled eye of the reader, the little black spot on the fair blue of the epic sky, which is destined (and the bard is ever forward to hint this catastrophe,) at a day though distant yet sure, to dilate into a wide-spreading cloud, and to burst in a fearful deluge that shall sweep hundreds and thousands of the guilty and the guiltless into destruction. This is neither more nor less than the dark old doctrine of retribution, which in the Greek tragedians, and especially Æschylus, plays

so awful a part ; only with this difference, that in the Niebelungen, as in the Odyssey, the punishment overtakes the offending parties, and not, as in the tragedians, their sons and grandsons. But to proceed : Siegfried, like Jack the Giant-killer, though commencing his career as a single mortal with no miraculous power, had in the course of his chivalrous exploits, and as the reward of his extraordinary prowess, got possession of certain wonder-working instruments, that rendered him, when he chose to use them, sure of victory against mere mortal strength. With the aid of these, Siegfried, for the sake of the love of Kriemhild, had determined (secretly and unfairly) to assist Gunther in subduing the stout Brunhild.

"I have heard strange stories of wild dwarfs, how they fare :  
They dwell in hollow mountains ; and for protection wear  
A vesture, that hight cloud-cloak, marvellous to tell ;  
Whoever has it on him, may keep him safe and well

From cuts and stabs of foemen ; him none can bear or see  
As soon as he is in it, but see and hear can he  
Whate'er he will around him, and thus must needs prevail ;  
He grows besides far stronger : so goes the wondrous tale.

And now with him the cloud-cloak took fair Siegelind's son,  
The same the unconquered warrior, with labour hard, had won  
From the stout dwarf Albrecht, in successful fray.  
The bold and ready champions made ready for the way.

So, as I said, bold Siegfried the cloud-cloak bore along ;  
When he but put it on him, he felt him wondrous strong :  
Twelve men's strength then had he in his single body laid.  
By trains and close devices he wooed the haughty maid.

Besides, in that strange cloud-cloak was such deep virtue found,  
That whosoever wore it, though thousands stood around,  
Might do whatever pleased him, unseen of friend and foe :  
Thus Siegfried won fair Brunhild, which brought him bitterest woe."

In order the more surely to afford his necessary aid, Siegfried appeared among the attendants of Gunther, in the character of a subordinate vassal. Having thus arranged matters, they set out for the far island of the sea. And here, as in many other passages, it is noticeable with what a childlike, almost girlish delight, the old bard expatiates on the gay dress of his mighty men. He evidently did not live in an age when a Napoleon would have sought to make an impression on the vulgar by "wearing the plain dress of the Institute ;" nor has he the slightest conception of the soul of poetry beating in a breast of which the exterior vesture is the "hoden grey," or the plain plaid of our Scotch Muse. We shall quote this one passage to serve for many similar, with which the poem is studded :—

"So with kind dismissal away the warriors strode ;  
Then quick the fair queen summon'd, from bow'rs where they abode,  
Thirty maids, her brother's purpose to fulfil,  
Who in works of the needle were the chief for craft and skill.

Silks from far Arabia, white as driven snow,  
And others from Zamana, green as grass doth grow,  
They deck'd with stones full precious ; Kriemhild the garments plann'd  
And cut them to just measure, with her own lily hand.

Of the hides of foreign fishes were linings finely wrought,  
Such then were seen but rarely, and choice and precious thought ;  
Fine silk was sewn above them, to suit the wearers well,  
Now of the rich apparel hear we fresh marvels tell.

From the land of Morocco and from the Libyan coast,  
The best silk and the finest is worn and valued most  
By kin of mightiest princes ; of such had they good store :  
Well Kriemhild show'd the favour that she the wearers bore.

E'er since the chiefs were purposed the martial queen to win,  
In their sight was precious the goodly ermin.  
With coal-black spots besprinkled on whiter ground than snow,  
E'en now the pride of warriors at every festal show.

Many a stone full precious gleam'd from Arabian gold ;  
That the women were not idle, scarcely need be told.  
Within seven weeks, now ready was the vesture bright ;  
Ready too the weapons of each death-daring knight."



With the arrival of the kingly travellers, and their reception at Iceland, we cannot afford to detain ourselves. Suffice it to say, that, by the aid of the secret invisible cloak (*Tarnkappe*) of Siegfried, and his good sword Balmung, Gunther is greeted by the vanquished Brunhild as her legitimate lord and master; and sails back with him to Worms, where she is most hospitably and magnificently received by her mother-in-law, dame Uta, and her now sister, the lovely Kriemhild. A double marriage then takes place; that of King Gunther with Brunhild, and that of Siegfried with Kriemhild; and the festivities which then took place furnish the poet with another opportunity for exercising his descriptive powers, and displaying the sunny joyousness of his social nature. Herein, as in many other points, he is quite Homeric; a certain magnificence and amplitude in the common acts of eating and drinking being as essential to his idea of poetry as the luxuriant energy of more lofty functions. But in the midst of this connubial hilarity, the black spot of destiny begins perceptibly to enlarge into a threatening cloud; and the stately Brunhild

begins to show herself as possessed by that pride which the wise man tells us was not made for man, and which, wherever it is harboured, is not long of banishing love, confidence, peace, and happiness from palace as from cabin. The haughty spouse of Gunther looks with an evil eye at Siegfried, whom she had known only in his assumed character as vassal of her husband, judging it an affront that her sister-in-law should be given away to a mere vassal. The respect with which the hero of Netherland is treated by her husband, and the whole court, she cannot and will not understand. Either he is a vassal, and then her pride is justly offended at the unequal match; or he is not, and then Gunther had deceived her with regard to the true character of his companion—and there must be some mystery beneath this, which, as a true daughter of Eve, she can have no rest till she unveils. Possessed by these feelings, she takes a course worthy of the masculine character for which she had early been so notable. On the marriage-night she resumes her old virgin obstinacy, and will not be tamed:—

“‘Sir knight,’ said she, ‘it suits not—you’d better leave me free  
From all your present purpose—it must and shall not be.  
A maid still will I keep me—(think well the matter o’er)  
Till I am told that story.’ This fretted Gunther sore.”

Alas, poor Gunther! So has it ever fared with men who marry women with beards. The embraceless bride

took a cord, which she wove strong and tough about her wrist, and with that

“The feet and hands of Gunther she tied together all,  
‘Then to a rail she bore him, and hung him ’gainst the wall,  
And bade him not disturb her, nor breathe of love a breath;  
Sure from the doughty damsel he all but met his death.”

In this dilemma Siegfried with his invisible cloak was again called in, and did strange service a second time in helping Gunther to subjugate his refractory yoke-fellow. Brunhild then became tame, and, like Samson, lost her wondrous strength; while Siegfried, as a sort of memorial of this notable service, secretly abstracted and brought with him a golden ring which the stately lady used to wear on her fine finger, and likewise the girdle with which she had tied her

lord; and both these, in an evil hour, he gave to his wife—“a gift that mischief wrought,” as we shall presently see.

After these achievements, the horny hero retired home to the land of his father Siegmund and his mother Siegelind; and after remaining ten years with him, “the fair queen, his consort, bore him at last an heir.” All this time the haughty spirit of Brunhild was brooding over the deep wrong.

“Why should the lady Kriemhild herself so proudly bear?  
And yet her husband Siegfried, what but our man is he?  
And late but little service has yielded for his fee.”

And to clear up this matter, as well as for the sake of old kindness, an invitation is sent by King Gunther to the heroine in Netherland, which is accepted. Siegfried and Kriemhild, and the hoary-headed old Siegmund,

come with a great company to Worms, and are entertained in the sumptuous fashion that, as before remarked, the material old minstrel describes with so much zest.

"Sore toiled the chief cook, Rumolt; Oh! how his orders ran  
Among his understrappers! how many a pot and pan,  
How many a mighty caldron retched and rang again!  
They dressed a world of dishes for all the expected train."

The high festal was kept for eleven days; but the loud merriment, which so luxuriantly was bellowed forth to

Siegfried's honour, failed to deafen the evil whisper of pride and jealousy in the dark heart of Brunhild.

"Then thought Queen Brunhild, 'Silent I'll no longer remain;  
However to pass I bring it, Kriemhild shall explain  
Wherefore so long her husband, who holds of us in fee,  
Has left undone his service: this sure shall answered be.'

So still she brooded mischief, and conned her devil's lore,  
Till she broke off in sorrow the feast so blythe before.  
Ever at her heart lay closely what came perforce to light;  
Many a land she startled with horror and affright."

The cloud thickens; and the first thunder-plump, prophetic of the destined deluge, will immediately burst. Jealousy is a spider that never wants flies. In the midst of the tilting and junketing, the two queens—as queens, like other idle women, will sometimes do—began to discourse on the merits of their respective husbands; in the course of which conversation, the most natural thing in the world was that Brunhild should proclaim her old cherished belief that Siegfried, as a mere dependent vassal, could never be put into comparison with Gunther, who was his king and superior. On this, Kriemhild, whose gentleness, where the honour of her lord was concerned, fired into lionhood, gave the retort with a spirit more worthy

of Brunhild than herself. She said that, to prove her equality with the wife of Gunther, she would walk into the cathedral publicly before her; and she did so. This was bad enough; but, following the inspiration of her womanly wrath once roused, she divulged the fatal fact of her possession of Brunhild's ring and girdle—expressing, at the same time, plainly her belief that her husband Siegfried could not have come by these tokens in any way consistent with the honour of the original possessor. Here now was a breach between the two queens, that no human art could heal. In vain was Siegfried appealed to by Gunther, to testify to the chastity of Brunhild.

"'Women must be instructed,' said Siegfried the good knight,  
'To leave off idle talking, and rule their tongues aright.  
Keep thy fair wife in order, I'll do by mine the same;  
Such overweening folly puts me indeed to shame.'"

"Hasty words have often sundered fair dames before."

The haughty princess of Iceland now perceives that she had from the beginning been practised upon by Gunther, and that Siegfried had performed the principal part in the plot. Against him, therefore, she vows revenge; and, in order to accomplish his purpose, takes into her counsels HAGAN chief of Trony, one of the most prominent characters in the poem, and who in fact may be looked on as the hero of the second part,

after Siegfried has disappeared from the scene. This Hagan is a person of gigantic energy and great experience, but utterly destitute of gentleness and tenderness; all his aims are selfish, and a cold calculating policy is his highest wisdom. Conscience he seems to have none; and, except for a purpose, will scarcely trouble himself to conceal his perpetration of the foulest crimes. He has the aspect of Napoleon—as he is painted by the

graphic pencil of Emerson.' Like Napoleon, he never hesitates to use falsehood to effect his ends. Pre-tending extraordinary friendship for Kriemhild, he worms from her the secret of her husband's invulnerability, or rather of his vulnerability—like Achilles—on only one part of the body.

"Said she 'My husband's daring, and thereto stout of limb;  
Of old, when on the mountain he slew the dragon grim,  
In its blood he bathed him, and thence no more can feel  
In his charmed person the deadly dint of steel.

Still am I ever anxious, whene'er in fight he stands,  
And keen-edged darts are hailing from strong heroic bands,  
Lest I by one should lose him, my own beloved mate—  
Ah ! how my heart is beating still for my Siegfried's fate.

So now I'll tell the secret, dear friend, alone to thee—  
For thou, I doubt not, cousin, will keep thy faith with me—  
Where sword may pierce my darling, and death sit on the thrust :  
See, in thy truth and honour, how full, how firm my trust.

As from the dragon's death-wounds gushed out the crimson gore,  
With the smoking torrent the warrior washed him o'er;  
A leaf then 'twixt his shoulders fell from the linden bough—  
There only steel can harm him ; for that I tremble now."

Possessed of this secret, Hagan finds it easy to watch an opportunity for despatching him. A hunting party is proposed ; and when the hunters are dispersed in the tangled wilds of the Wask (Vosges) forest, Hagan, with Gunther, who was accessory,

secretly draws Siegfried aside to refresh himself, after hard sport, from the clear waters of a sylvan well ; and, while he is kneeling down, transfixes him between the shoulders on the fatal spot with a spear. Then—

"His lively colour faded ; a cloud came o'er his sight ;  
He could stand no longer ; melted all his might ;  
In his paling visage the mark of death he bore :  
Soon many a lovely lady sorrowed for him sore.

So the lord of Kriemhild among the flowerets fell ;  
From the wound fresh gushing his life's blood fast did well.  
Then thus, amidst his tortures, even with his failing breath,  
The false friends he upbraided who had contrived his death.

Thus spake the deadly wounded, 'Ay ! cowards false as hell,  
To you I still was faithful ; I served you long and well ;  
But what boots all ! for guerdon, treason and death I've won :  
By your friends, vile traitors ! foully have you done.

Whatever shall hereafter from your loins be born,  
Shall take from such vile fathers a heritage of scorn.  
On me you have wreaked malice where gratitude was due ;  
With shame shall you be banished by all good knights and true."

With blood were all bedabbled the flowerets of the field,  
Some time with death he struggled, as though he scorned to yield,  
Even to the foe, whose weapon strikes down the loftiest head  
At last, firm in the meadow, lay mighty Siegfried dead.

The death of Siegfried is the catastrophe of the first part of the poem. Kriemhild laments the death of her peerless knight with a love more than the love of common women, and which feeds itself on the intense hatred of the murderer, and the inly-cherished expectation of revenge. The hoary

old Siegmund returns home in silent sorrow, for he is too weak to offer resistance ; and, to complete the matchless wrong, the thorough-working, never-hesitating Hagan takes unjust possession of "the Niebelungen treasure"—a famous hoard bestowed by Siegfried on his wife—thus

depriving the fair widow of the means of external munificence, as he had formerly stopt her source of inward consolation. Not avarice, but policy,

was Hagan's motive for this, as for all his crimes. He was never a villain without a reason.

"A prudent man," said Hagan, "not for a single hour, Would such a mass of treasure leave in a woman's power. She'll hatch, with all this largess, to her outlandish crew, Something that hereafter all Burgundy may rue."

A deep desire of revenge now takes possession of the once gentle mind of Kriemhild; and all the milk of her affections is metamorphosed into gall. The best things, it is proverbially said, when abused, become the worst; and so the revenge of Kriemhild, revealed in the second part of an essentially Christian poem, works out a catastrophe far more bloody than the warlike wrath of the heathen Pelidan, or the well-calculated retribution worked by the bow of the cunning Ulysses,—

"For Earth begets no monster dire  
Than man's own heart more dreaded,  
All-venturing woman's dreadful ire  
When love to woe is wedded."

We have now finished a rapid outline of nineteen adventures of the *Niebelungen Lay*; and there are thirty such divisions in the whole poem. Our space forbids us to detail what follows with equal fullness; but the extracts already given will have been sufficient to give the reader a fair idea of the general character of the composition. A brief summary of the progress of the story, till it ends in the sanguinary retribution, may therefore content us.

For thirteen years after the death of Siegfried, Kriemhild remained a widow. At the end of that period a knightly messenger, Sir Rudeger of Bechelaren, came from Etzel, King of the Huns, requesting the fair sister of King Gunther to supply the place of his queen, "Dame Helca," lately deceased. Nursing silently the religion of sorrow, the widow at first refused steadfastly to give ear to any message of this description; Hagan also, with his dark far-seeing wisdom, gave his decided negative to the proposal, knowing well that, beneath the calm exterior of time-hallowed grief, the high-hearted queen, never forgetting by whose hand her dear lord had fallen, still nursed the sleepless appe-

tite for revenge. The brothers of the king, however, his other counsellors, and Dame Uta, urged the acceptance of the proposal, with the hope thereby, no doubt, of compensating in some degree to the royal widow for the injury at whose infliction they had connived. But all this moved not Kriemhild; only the distinct pledge given by Rudeger that he would help her, when once the sharer of King Etzel's throne, to avenge herself of all her enemies, at length prevailed. She married a second husband mainly to acquire the means of avenging the death of the first. Under the protection of Margrave Rudeger therefore, and with bad omens only from the lowering brows of Sir Hagan, the widow of Siegfried takes her departure from Worms, and proceeding through Bavaria, and down the Danube—after being hospitably entertained by the good bishop Pilgrim of Passau—arrives at Vienna, where she receives a magnificent welcome from "the wide-ruling Etzel," and his host of motley courtiers, pranked with barbaric pomp and gold, that far outshone the brightest splendour of the Rhine. Polacks and Wallachians, Greeks and Russians, Thuringians and Danes, attend daily, and do knightly service in the court of the mighty King of the Huns. The marriage feast was held for seventeen days with all pomp and revelry; and after that the happy monarch set out with Kriemhild for his castle at Buda. There he dwelt "in proudest honour, feeling nor woe nor sorrow," for seven years, during which time Kriemhild bore him a son, but only one, whom the pious wife prevailed with her lord to have baptised after the Christian custom. Meanwhile, in her mind she secretly harboured the same deep-rooted determination of most unchristian revenge; and towards the dark Hagan delay only intensified her hatred.

Accordingly, that she might find means of dealing back to him the blow which he had inflicted on her first husband, she prevailed on Etzel to invite her brothers, with their attendants, and especially Hagan, to come from the far Rhine, and partake the hospitality of the Huns in the East. This request, from motives partly of kindness, partly of curiosity, was at once responded to by all: only, as usual, the dark Hagan stands alone, and prophesies harm. He knew he had done a deed that could not be pardoned; and he foresaw clearly that, in going to Vienna, he was marching into a lion's den, whence, for him, certainly there was no return. But, with a hardihood that never deserts him, if for no other reason than that no one may dare to call him a coward, he goes along with the doomed band, the only conscious among so many unconscious, who were destined to turn the halls of Hunnish merriment into mourning, and to change the wine of the banqueters into blood. So far, however, his dark anticipations prevailed with his unsuspecting comrades, that they marched in great force and well armed; so that when, after encountering some bloody omens on the long road, they did at length encounter the false fair welcome of the injured queen, they were prepared to sell their lives dearly, and to die standing. No sooner arrived than they were well advertised by the redoubted Dietrich of Bern, (Verona,) then attached to Etzel's court, of the temper of their hostess, and of the deathful dangers that awaited them behind the fair show of regal hospitality. This information only steeled the high heart of Hagan the more to meet danger in the only way that suited his temper, by an open and disdainful defiance. He and his friend Volker, the "valiant gleeman," who plays a distinguished part in the catastrophe of the poem, doggedly seated themselves

before the palace gate, and refused to do homage to the Queen of the Huns in her own kingdom; and, as if to sharpen the point of her revenge, displayed across his knees his good broadsword, that very invincible *Balmung* which had once owned no hand but that of Siegfried. This display of defiance was a fitting prelude to the terrible combat that followed. Though the knight of Trony was the only object of Lady Kriemhild's hatred, connected as he was with the rest of the Burgundians, it was impossible that the sword should reach his heart without having first mowed down hundreds and thousands of the less important subordinates. Accordingly, the sanguinary catastrophe of the tragedy consists in this, that in order to expiate the single sin of Hagan—proceeding as that did originally out of the false dealing of Siegfried, and the wounded pride of Brunhild—the whole royal family of the Burgundians or Niebelungen are prostrated in heaps of promiscuous slaughter with their heathen foemen, the Huns. The slaughter of the suitors, in the twenty-second book of the *Odyssey*, is ferocious enough to our modern feelings; but the gigantic butchery with which the Niebelungen Lay concludes outpurples that as far as the red hue of Sylla's murders did the pale castigation of common politicians. Eight books are occupied in describing the details of this red ruin, which a woman's revenge worked; and the different scenes are painted out with a terrific grandeur, that resembles more the impression produced by some horrid opium dream than a human reality. Victim after victim falls before the Titanic vastness of the Burgundian heroes—Gunter, and Gernot, and Giselher, the valiant gleeman Volker, who flourishes his broadsword with a humorous ferocity, as if it were his fiddlestick, and, above all, the dark Hagan himself:

"Well grown and well compacted was that redoubted guest:  
Long were his legs and sinewy, and deep and broad his chest.  
His hair, that once was sable, with grey was dashed of late,  
And terrible his visage, and lordly was his gait."

Finding her first attempt at midnight assassination fail, the Queen

first commits her cause to Bloedel, the brother of Etzel; but in an instant

his head was severed from his body by the might of Sir Dankwart. A terrible massacre ensues, during which the banqueting hall of King Etzel is turned into a charnel-house. Then Iring, the Danish Margrave, falls in single combat with Hagan. An in-

furiate rush is now made by the Huns against the Burgundians, who had fortified themselves in the hall; but against such men as Dankwart, Hagan, and Volker, they avail no more than hail against the granite rock.

"Thereafter reigned deep silence, the din of war was hushed;  
Through every crack and cranny the blood on all sides gushed  
From that large hall of slaughter; red did the gutters run.  
So much was through their prowess by those of Rhineland done."

Kriemhild then, finding all her efforts with the sword baffled, sets fire to the hall; but, the roof being vaulted, even this application of the terror that scared Napoleon from Moscow, did not subdue the Promethean endurance of the Burgundians. The noble Margrave Rudeger is at last appealed to, as bound by his promise made to Kriemhild at Worms to prosecute the bloody work of her revenge to the last; but he also, with five hundred of his men, falls in the bloody wrestling, and with him his adversary Gernot, the brother of Gunther. Last of all, the haughty defiant spirit of the unsubdued Hagan draws, though unwilling, the redoubted Dietrich of Bern into the fight; and before his might Hagan himself is not slain, but taken captive,

that he may be reserved to glut the private appetite of the sanguinary queen. "*Bring me here John the Baptist's head in a charger!*" Nothing less than this will satisfy the terrible revenge of Kriemhild. With her own hand she lifts up the terrible sword Balmung, and, meeting Hagan face to face in the dark prison, and charging him hot to the heart with his deadly wrongs, severs the head from his body. Kriemhild's revenge is now complete. But the revenge of Him who rules above required one other blow. This was immediately executed by the aged master Hildebrand, one of Dietrich's company. And the poem concludes, like a battle-field, with many to weep for, and only a few to weep.

"There now the dreary corpses stretched all around were seen;  
There lay, hewn in pieces, the fair and noble queen.  
Sir Dietrich and King Etzel, their tears began to start;  
For kinsmen, and for vassals, each sorrowed in his heart.  
The mighty and the noble there lay together dead;  
For this had all the people dole and dreariness.  
The feast of royal Etzel was thus shut up in woe.  
Pain in the steps of pleasure treads over here below."

On the singular poem, of which a brief but complete outline now stands before us, many remarks of a critical and historical nature might be made; but we confine ourselves to three short observations, and with these leave the matter to the private meditations of the reader. First, That the poem is not "snapt out of the air," as the Germans say, but has a historical foundation, seems sufficiently manifest—Etzel being plainly the famous Attila, Dietrich, Theodoric the Goth, and counterparts to Siegfried and Gunther being producible from

the early history of the Franks.\* Besides this, it is perfectly plain, from the analogy of the *Cid*, and other popular poetry of the narrative character, that not religious allegory—as some Germans would have it—but actual, though confused and exaggerated history, is the real staple of such composition. The nucleus of the story of the Burgundian Kings, and the revenge of Kriemhild, belongs, probably, to the century following that in which Attila was so prominent a character. But the complete poem, in its present shape, is not later than

\* In the year 436, Gundicarius, king of the Burgundians, was destroyed with his followers by the Huns; and this event is supposed to be represented by the catastrophe of the *Niebelungen*.—LITTON, Preface, p. 4, and ZELLE, p. 370.

the thirteenth century. Its author is not known.

*Secondly*, The lay of the Niebelungen is extremely interesting, as disproving, so far as analogy may avail to do so, the Wolfian theory above alluded to, of the composition of the *Iliad* out of a number of separate ballads. Lachmann has tried the same process of disintegration with the unknown Homer of his own country; but a sound-minded Englishman needs but to read the poem as it has been given us, for the first time, complete by Mr Lettson,\* in order to stand aghast at the extreme trouble which learned men in Germany often give themselves, in order to prove nonsense. "*Nihil est tam absurdum quod non scripserit aliquis Germanorum.*"

*Thirdly*, As a poetical composition, the Lay of the Niebelungen will not bear comparison for a moment with the two great Greek works of the same class; it is even, in our opinion, inferior to its nearest modern counterpart, the *Cyd*. The author of the *Iliad* possessed a soul as sunny and as fiery as those lovely island-fringed coasts that gave him birth; and in describing battles he rushes on himself to the charge, like some old

French-eating Marshal Blucher, the incarnation of the whirlwind of battle which he guides. Our German minstrel takes matters more easily, and, while his pen revels in blood, sits all the while in his easy chair, rocking himself delectably, and, like a true German, smoking his pipe. His quiet serene breadth is very apt to degenerate into Westphalian flats and sheer prosiness. When, again, he would be sublime and stirring, as in the bloody catastrophe, he is apt to overshoot the mark, and becomes horrible. His heroes are too gigantic, and do things with a touch of their finger which no Homeric hero would have dreamt of without the help of a god. The fancy, also, of the old German is very barren and monotonous, as compared with the wealthy Greek. His similes are few; he has no richness of analogy. Nevertheless, the Niebelungen Lay remains for all Europe a very notable poem—for all lovers of popular poetry an indispensable study. Whatever else it wants, it has nature and health, simplicity and character about it; and these things are always pleasurable—sometimes, where a taint of vicious taste has crept in, your only curatives.

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\* The translation by Birch, published at Berlin in 1843, follows Lachmann's mangled text, and is otherwise very inferior to Mr Lettson's.

## ADDITIONAL CHAPTERS FROM THE HISTORY OF JOHN BULL.

## CHAPTER I.

HOW DICK DEVILSDUST WENT UPON HIS TRAVELS; HOW THE JUGGLER MADE A FACTION WITH MOSES, AND HOW HE KEPT IT.

You are, I suppose, perfectly aware of what took place before Juggling Johnny was appointed steward of Squire Bull's household. The story is not a pretty one; and, for the sake of those who are dead and gone, I shall not enter into particulars. Suffice it that Johnny was installed in the superintendence of the under-servants' room through the influence of Dick Devilsdust, Old Hum, the superannuated Quack, Bendigo the fighting Quaker, and a lot more of the same set, who lived in the villages upon the Squire's property, and bore anything but goodwill to the steady and peaceable tenants. Dick Devilsdust, in particular, was a walking pestilence to himself. For some reason or other, which I could never fathom, he had imbibed a most intense hatred to the military, and never could set his eyes upon a Redcoat without being thrown into a horrible convulsion, and bellowing like a bull at the sight of a Kil-marnock nightcap. As he grew up, he took to writing tracts between the intervals of weaving; and one of his first productions was an elaborate defence of Esquire North, who was then accused of having used harsh measures towards one of his tenantry. It is reported that Dick sent a copy of this pamphlet to the Esquire, with his humble compliments and so forth; but whether that be true or no, certain it is that he never received any thanks, or so much as a stiver's acknowledgment for having taken up cudgels against poles—an omission which, to the present day, he remembers with peculiar bitterness. So Dick thought it his best policy, as it really was, to turn his attention to the state of matters at home in Bullockshatch. Dick, you must know, dealt in a kind of cloth so utterly bad that no tenant on the estate would allow it to approach his skin. It was stamped all over with great flaring patterns of flamingos, parrots, and popinjays, such as no Christian could

abide the sight of; and if you took one of his handkerchiefs to blow your nose with, the odds are that its texture was so flimsy that both your fingers came through. He was therefore obliged to sell it to people living beyond the estate—Jews, Turks, heretics, or infidels, he did not care whom, so that he could turn a penny; and some of those benighted creatures, having no other way of covering their nakedness, were content to take his rags, and to pay him handsomely for them. For all that, Dick was a discontented man. Did he meet a respectable tenant of Squire Bull going soberly with his family to church, when he, Dick, was pretending to jog to the meeting-house with his associates, (though Obadiah refused to certify that he was by any means a regular attender,) he would make mouths at the worthy man, and accost him thus:—

"So, sir! going to the tithe-eating parson's, I see—much good may it do ye. And if ye don't happen to have any particular sins this fine morning to repent of, I may as well remind ye that the quartern loaf is a farthing dearer than it ought to be just at the present time. Do you know what a locust is, you clod? You're a cankerworm, you base chawbacon!" And so on he would go reviling the honest man, who had all the mind in the world to lay him on the broad of his back in the mud—and would have done it too, had it been a working week-day. Another while, Dick would send the bellman round the village, and having called a special meeting of weavers like himself, he would harangue them in some fashion like the following:—

"Look'ye, my lads, I'm an independent man and a weaver, and I don't care a brass for Squire Bull. I've got a seat in the under-servants' room, and if I am not entitled to make a row at meal-times I don't know who is. I'll tell you a bit of my mind—you're the worst-used set



fitted with an entirely new set, and a number of these were fellows bred in the villages, who were ready to say ditto to every word which was uttered by Devilsdust or Bendigo. They had no abstract affection, but, on the contrary, an intense contempt for the Juggler, who they said—and perhaps they had reason for it—was not worth his wages; and they seemed to make it the pet business of their lives to keep him in hot water. One while Hum, the quack doctor, would insist on overhauling his accounts, and made a tremendous outcry if every remnant of candle was not accounted for. The Juggler tried to stop his mouth by giving his son an appointment in the scullery, but old Hum, who was a regular Greek, would not submit to be put off in that way. Another while a fellow would rise in the common's hall, and quietly propose that the villagers should, thenceforward, pay no rent to the Squire. Some wanted to have beer gratis; others complained that they were not allowed to have their stationery for nothing. In short, there was no end to their clamour, so that the Juggler very soon found that he had by no means an easy seat. Then there was another section of the servants, friends of the regular tenantry, who liked the Juggler just one degree better than they liked Devilsdust or Bendigo. They took every opportunity of telling him that he was playing the mischief with the whole estate; that the rents were being paid simply out of capital or borrowed money, instead of profits; and that, if he did not alter his whole system, and clap on a decent embargo on the corn-carts and meat-vans of Nick Frog, North, Jonathan, and the rest, he might wake some fine quarter-day without finding money enough in the till to pay himself his wages. That, however, must have been an exaggeration, for the Juggler was too old a raven not to look ahead whenever his own interest was concerned. The only men who really stuck to him on all occasions were such of the servants as he could provide with places in the household, or furnish with stray pickings on the sly; and, to do them justice, they adhered to him like leeches. The upper servants, though they bore no great love to Johnny, thought it best,

in the mean time, to interfere as little as possible, and to let things run their course; only this they were determined upon, that no improper or suspected person should get into the house without their leave.

You may possibly think that the Juggler could have no interest to break this fundamental rule of the household, but if so, you are confoundedly mistaken. It was an old custom in Bullockshatch, that nobody could be admitted as a servant to the lower room unless he should produce a certificate from the village or farm from which he came, to the effect that he was a person of reasonably good character, and unless he swore on the New Testament that he would serve Squire Bull faithfully. Now it so happened that, when the Juggler went down to the largest village on the estate to get his certificate of character, he found, very much to his petrification, that Moses the old-clothesman, with three hats upon his head, and a baize bag for cast habiliments under his arm, had put up a candidate of his own persuasion, and was haranguing the villagers in the market-place. Moses was, to say the least of it, a doubtful kind of character. Besides his ostensible calling, and a minor though undisguised traffic in oranges and sponges, he did a little bit of underhand bill-broking and discounting at most enormous percentages. He was suspected, moreover, of being the real owner of the sponging-house, which was actually kept by his nephew, to which all the unhappy lads who were not prepared to cash up when the bills became due were carried, and fleeced out of their watches, rings, and studs, or anything else which they had about them. It was said, moreover, that Moses was a sweater and a slop-seller, and that he was in the habit of kidnapping Christian tailors who had gone astray, and shutting them up under lock and key in stifling garrets, where they were compelled to work for him on the smallest possible allowance of cabbage, without a slice of cucumber to flavour it. One thing there was no doubt of, that, by some means or other, Moses had become enormously rich, so that he was able to lend money to any of the neighbouring squires who might require it, and it was strongly

surmised that he even held bonds with the signature of John Bull appended.

You may fancy, from this description of him, that Moses was by no means popular; nor was he. But money will go a great way, and the truth is, that he had so many of the villagers under his power that they durst not say a word against him. Then, again, he had made friends with Obadiah, to whom he talked about liberty of conscience, and so forth; dropping, at the same time, a five-pound note on the floor, and pretending not to notice that Obadiah's splay foot covered it by an instantaneous instinct. So they parted on the best of terms, Moses calling Obadiah "ma tear" as they shook hands, and Obadiah snuffling something about "a chosen vessel." After that they thoroughly understood one another, though Obadiah did not altogether give up his old trick of soliciting the ladies for a subscription to convert Moses—the proceeds whereof never reached the latter, at least under the persuasive form of hard cash.

Great, therefore, was the astonishment of the Juggler when he found Moses speaking in the market-place, and Obadiah cheering him with all his might and main. He would gladly have slunk off, if he had been allowed the opportunity of doing so; but Obadiah was too quick for him.

"Here's a dispensation!" cried our lank-haired acquaintance, the moment he caught a glimpse of the Juggler's wrinkled mug passing round the corner of the lane. "Here's a special vouchsafing, and a jubilation, and a testimony—ha, hum! Make way there, you brother in the fustian jacket! and you fellow-sinner in the moleskins, take your pipe out of your cheek, and let pass that Saul among the people!"—and before he knew where he was, the Juggler was hoisted on the shoulders of the rabble, and passed on to the hustings, where he found himself placed cheek-by-jowl with Moses and Obadiah, and every kind of money-lender and usurer, and hypocritical frequenter of the Stocks, clustering around him, and wringing his hand, as though they had loved him from infancy.

"Three cheers for Juggling Johnny, the friend of liberty of conscience!"

cried one—"Huzza for the Juggler and anythingarianism!" vociferated a second—"Down with Christendom!" roared a third—"Make him free of the Synagogue!" suggested a fourth—"Three groans for Martin!" shouted a fifth—"Schent per schent!" screamed a sixth; and, finally, they all agreed upon one chorus, and rent the welkin with acclamations for Moses and the Juggler.

You may easily conceive that the latter was anything but delighted at this demonstration. He had a proud stomach of his own, and was woundily disgusted to find that he was only considered as playing the second fiddle to the old-clothesman. But nevertheless he durst not, for the life of him, show any symptoms of vexation; so he stepped to the front of the hustings with a grin on his face, as though he had been fortifying himself for the task with a dram of verjuice, and began to speechify as follows:—

"Friends, and enlightened villagers! your reception of me this day is the proudest criterion of my life. Unaccustomed as I am to public speaking, yet, on this occasion, when liberty of conscience is the grand climacteric menstruum which depends upon the scale, I would be unworthy the name of a thorough indigenous renovator if I did not express, by all the judicious idiosyncrasy in my power, the deep aspirations which vibrate in my unfathomed sensorial region. Yes, my friends, it is true! liberty of conscience is liberty of conscience; and the man who denies that proud and exalted position is, to my mind, no better than a mere residuary instigator. As the progress of opinion moves forward, so move its chariot wheels; sometimes unseen amidst the roar of popular ebullition, but never the less distinctly, that the clear calm voice of conscience illustrates the oscillations of the heart, and marks, beyond the possibility of doubt, those unequivocal demonstrations which control the destiny of empires. Holding such opinions, as I have ever held them—relying upon the quantification of the predicate which dictates irrevocably to the sublime and recondite motion of the spheres—and appealing, moreover, to my own past experience, and your knowledge of my consistorial

qualifications, I have little hesitation or dubiety, at the present juncture, of claiming your senatorial suffrages to the proud position which I trust I am reintegrated to occupy!"

At this, some few fellows at the outskirts of the crowd began to cheer; and Johnny, taking advantage of the circumstance, made them a polite bow, and was about to skip off without further question. But a big bumbailiff, who was an intimate friend of Moses, stopped him at once.

"Lookye, master Juggler!" said he, "all this may be very well, and, for my part, I've no manner of objection to make to your principles. They might be a thought clearer, perhaps, but that's neither here nor there. But what we want to hear from you is this—will you stand by Moses at this pinch, and lend his friend a helping hand to get into the servants' hall?"

It was pitiable to see how the Juggler twisted and turned. He had a mouth's mind to say no to the whole concern; but he knew very well that, if he did so, the villagers would have nothing to say to him. For there were two public-houses in the marketplace decorated with flags, inscribed with such mottos as "Moses for ever!" and "Vote for the Talmud and liberty of conscience!" and through the open windows you could see scores of fellows within, guzzling beer and gin, and smoking tobacco—all, as you may suppose, at the expense of the old-clothierman. So the Juggler, seeing that he had no chance of getting a character there, unless he made common interest with Moses, stepped up to the latter, called him his excellent friend and beloved pitcher, and said he hoped very soon to welcome his nominee to servants' hall.

"Only," quoth he, "you must be prepared for some of the fellows yonder kicking up a bobbery about that idle matter of the oath. However, I think we shall be quite able to manage that: one book is just as good as another, and I do suppose your friend will have no objection to be sworn on the Song of Solomon?"

So they shook hands again, and the mob shouted, and then both the Juggler and the friend of Moses got their characters certified by the village

schoolmaster. There was talk at the time of a private arrangement made between them, whereby Moses undertook to stand the whole expense of the beer; but as I never saw a copy of the document, I won't be positive as to that.

But what, think you, took place after this? One fine afternoon, when the servants were sitting at their commons, upgets the Juggler, and proposes that they should agree to let in his excellent friend and colleague of the tribe of Moses, without taking the usual oath. Whereupon a great row commenced—one English, an old servant of the Squire, and an especial friend of Martin's, protesting that he would not sit at the same table with an arch-heathen and unbeliever; and many others did the same. However, Bendigo, Devil-dust, Inn and Company, this time backed up the Juggler, and a majority of the under-servants were for letting him in. This, however, they could not do without the consent of the upper-servants, who very coolly told them that they would do nothing of the sort; and that Moses and his friends, if they refused to take the oath, might even wait at the outside of the door. When this was communicated to Moses and his tribe, they were in a sad taking. However, they sent word to the Juggler that they relied upon his making another attempt; and in the mean time they got Obadiah to go out to the lanes and bye-ways, and preach sermons in favour of Moses. But nobody cared, in reality, one single stiver for Moses. The very villagers, who had drunk his beer, refused to do anything further in the matter; and the Juggler, seeing this, thought it best to hold his tongue and imitate their example. At last Moses and his friends began to wax furious, and to abuse the Juggler as a traitor, time-server, slippery rogue, and so forth; and some of the more pestilent of the under-servants went down to the village, and persuaded Moses for once to pluck up heart, and boldly to knock at the gate in his own person, demanding admittance. "Time enough," said they, "to boggle about the oath when they put it to you."

So Moses, having figged himself

out in a sky-blue satin vest, with peach-coloured trousers, and a velvet cut-away coat, and no end of Mosaic jewellery, went up to the door, and, when the porter came to see who was there, attempted, with the utmost effrontery, to walk in and help himself to the table-beer. But English was too quick for him.

"Halloa, there!" he cried; "what right has that fellow to come here? Has he taken the oath?" Whereupon Moses admitted that he had not, but that he was perfectly ready, if the gentleman pleased, to qualify himself upon the Apocrypha! At this up starts the Juggler, and, to the infinite consternation of Moses, desires that he shall be shown to the outside of the door, until this matter was discussed. This being done, the row began afresh. Some of the servants said that Moses should be admitted at once upon his simple affirmation; but the Juggler, who had by this time taken a second thought on the subject, would not hear of it. So he proposed that they should adopt a string of resolutions,

to the effect that Moses was an excellent character, and well qualified to be a servant of the Squire's, but that neither he nor any of his persuasion could be admitted without complying with the rules of the household, and that the matter must just lie over. "And this, I think," said the Juggler, "will be a noble testimony of our respect for the liberty of the conscience, and also in entire conformity with the customs of the household." At this Hum and others got up in a rage, and said—what was true enough—that it was no testimony at all, but a wretched piece of shuffling; and that the Juggler ought to be ashamed to show his face in decent society, considering the nature of his previous encouragements and promises to Moses. But, nevertheless, there the matter ended for the time; and Moses, when he was informed of the resolution, uttered a melancholy howl of "Old clo!" shouldered his bag, and from that day to this has never been allowed to put his nose within the door.

## CHAPTER II.

HOW PHILIP BABOON WAS EJECTED FROM HIS ESTATE—HOW COLONEL MARGINET BAMBOOZLED HIS TENANTRY—AND HOW THE ROW BECAME GENERAL.

But I must go back a little, and tell you what was doing in other estates which are adjacent to the Squire's. Philip Baboon, who, as you may remember, had succeeded in ousting his cousin Charles, who was the natural proprietor of the estate, was as deep an old fox as ever established himself in a badger's burrow. He contrived to marry his sons and daughters—and a precious lot he had of them—into the best families in the neighbourhood; and whenever a new match of this kind was concluded, what, think you, did he, but call upon his tenantry to come down with a handsome sum, just by way of gratuity, to set up the young couple in the world! Nor could he plead personal poverty as an excuse for this; for it was notorious to everybody that he was the richest old fellow in Christendom, and regularly spent several hours each day in his closet counting over his coin by sack-

fuls. In a short while, his own people began to detest him cordially, so that at last he could hardly go out to take an airing, without being startled by the whiz of a bullet past his ear; and he durst not even open a letter without precaution, lest it should be filled with fulminating powder. When he first came into the estate, he was considered rather a hearty old buck than otherwise; for he used to drive about in a pony phaeton, popping into cottages about meal-time, tasting the soup-maigre, and patting the children on the head, though he never was known to give them as much coin as might purchase a penny trumpet. But now all that was changed. He had grown morose and gloomy, never stirred abroad, and maintained a large body of police for the purpose of guarding the premises. It is quite possible that he might have kept possession to his dying

day, but for one of the most stupid acts of interference that was ever committed by a master. It so happened that some of the servants had agreed to dine together on a holiday, and as each man was to pay his own shot, there could be no reasonable objection. But what think ye did Philip Baboon? No sooner did he hear the clatter of the dishes, than he peremptorily forbade the servants to sit down to their meal, telling them that, if they ventured to do so, he would have them all taken into custody. This was rather too much; so, next morning, when Philip came out of his dressing-room, what should he find but a huge barricade of tables, chairs, washing-tubs, and what not, erected at the head of the principal staircase, and fifty or sixty of the very worst fellows from the village—poachers, ragmen, and coal-heavers—armed with pikes and cudgels, cursing, swearing, and hurraing like mad. And, what was worse than that, some of the regular servants were backing them up. No sooner did they catch a glimpse of Philip than they set up a yell which might have done credit to a colony of Choctaws, and let drive a perfect storm of chamberpots and other crockery at his head. Philip jumped back into his dressing-room in an ecstasy of terror, bolted the door, threw up the window, and screamed lustily for the police. But the police were not one whit more to be relied upon than their neighbours, for they only nodded and laughed, but did not budge a foot; and instead of collaring the scoundrels, who were by this time swarming round the doors, they accosted them as excellent friends and beloved brethren, and drank their very good healths, and success to them, out of pots of beer which some of the servants had supplied. When Philip Baboon saw that, he knew it was all up with him; so, having caught up as many valuables as he could well carry, he even stole down the back staircase, and made off, leaving his family to shift for themselves as they best could. In fact, the fright which he got had altogether upset his reason. He skulked about the woods for several days, assuming all sorts of disguises, and sleeping at night in barns; and at length crossed

the ferry and landed on Squire Bull's estate, as cold and tattered as a scarecrow.

As for Philip's house, after he left it, it became a regular bedlam. The doors were thrown wide open, and every tatterdemalion on the estate rushed in, whooping, hallooing, and yelling, as though they had been at Donnybrook fair. First, they broke open Philip's cellar, and helped themselves to his best wines and spirits; next, they went up to the bedrooms, smoked in the beds, and committed divers other abominations which it is not needful to detail; then, they took his best furniture, heaved it out of the windows, and made a bonfire of it in the court. In short, they acted for some time like regular madmen—the servants standing by and looking on, but not daring to interfere. Indeed, it was questionable what right they had to interfere, if they were never so willing to do it; for the estate was now without an owner, and the mob had sworn a most horrible oath, that no one of the blood of Charles or Philip Baboon should again set foot within the property. However, some of the wiser and steadier of the old servants saw plainly enough that these disorders must be put a stop to in some way or other, and that the house at all events must be cleared of the rabble; "otherwise," thought they, "it will be burned to the ground, or thoroughly gutted, and in that case there is little chance that our boxes can escape." So they issued an order that everybody should leave the house, thanking, at the same time, in the most polite terms, the exceedingly respectable gentlemen who had taken the trouble to assist them in getting rid of old Philip. Then it was that they got a sufficient taste of the quality of the fellows with whom they had to deal. No sooner was the order posted up in the different rooms than it was torn down, amidst the hooting of the mob, who swore that they were the sole proprietors of the estate and the house, and everything in it, and that they would not submit to be dictated to by a parcel of superannuated lackeys and footmen. Nay, it was enough to make the hair of any respectable tradesman turn grey on the spot to hear the language which

they used. They said that no man had a right to keep any property to himself, but that every one was entitled by the laws of nature to help himself to whatever he fancied. They averred that the boy of all work, who swept out the shop of a morning and ran the errands, was entitled to demand a half share of all his master's profits; and these damnable heresies, they said, they were determined to enforce in future. So you may easily conceive the taking in which all people were on the estate who had a Sunday's suit of clothes, a stick of furniture, or, mayhap, a bag of money.

In short, matters proceeded from bad to worse, and at last became so intolerable that three or four of the old servants, who had contrived to keep a garret to themselves, sent for one Budge, who had been chief constable in Philip Baboon's time, and told him plainly that, unless he could assist them in turning out this villainous crew, everything must necessarily go to wreck and ruin. Budge was an old soldier, who had seen service—a devilish determined kind of fellow when he took any job in hand, and not at all in the habit of sticking at trifles. It was more than whispered that, if Philip Baboon had not lost head altogether at the first brush, but been capable of giving orders, Budge would have stood by him; and such was his influence over the police that there is no saying what might have been the result.

As it was, he heard them to the end without uttering a word, and then, taking the pipe from his mouth, and knocking out the ashes on the hob, he delivered himself in the following oracular fashion:—

“Harkye, mounseers! If so be as how you want the job done, and them raff utterly scornfished, I'm the man that can do it. The force will stick to me, because I sticks to the force. Moreover, they knows by this time that there ain't no chance of their getting their pay so long as this shindy is allowed. They're ready, and I'm ready. Only this—I is to be allowed to do as I likes. I takes my orders from you, and them orders is to be, that I may shoot, hang, or blow up every scoundrel who stands in my

way. Them's my terms; and the sooner you puts it down on black and white the better!”

As there was no help for it, the servants gave Budge the order; whereupon he stepped down to the courtyard, called the police together, and told them that if they did not obey his directions, not one mother's son of them would see a halfpenny of their arrears. He then reminded them, that, if the blackguards who held possession of the house got the upper hand, the force would inevitably be discharged, and most of them thrown upon the parish, the poor-rates being no longer collected. They were all ready enough to join him; but they became readier still, when, just as he speaking, a quantity of filth was thrown upon them from a window above, followed by the hootings and laughter of the drunken gang who were settling away as usual. Budge did not lose his opportunity; but, beckoning to his men to follow, he took them to an adjoining cellar, where there were plenty blunderbusses and small-arms collected, and having given each watchman twelve rounds of ammunition and a dram, he bade them fear nothing, but proceed to clear the premises.

It was not so easy a task as you might imagine. Many of the desperadoes within had weapons, and were determined to use them, so that a bloody fight took place at the staircase, where the barricades were again thrown up. But the police, being in grim earnest, fought this time like devils, and at last succeeded in clearing the house, and in capturing several of the ringleaders, who were incontinently shaved in the head, and sent off to hard labour in the hulks. In this way some sort of order was restored; and at last, by the general voice of the tenantry, young Nap, a nephew of the old Corsican who had once given Squire Bull so much trouble, was made provisional head-steward of the estate, and remains so to the present day. Budge died shortly afterwards—whether or not from exertion in the above affair I cannot say—and the number of the police was doubled, much, as you may suppose, to the disgust of the malcontents, who have not yet abandoned

the idea of a second attack upon the house.

One squib suffices to set off a whole bundle; and you can have no idea what effect these proceedings on Baboon's territory had upon some neighbouring estates. Nick Frog's people, to be sure, both tenantry and villagers, expressed themselves perfectly contented with their landlord; but a very different scene occurred on the domain of Colonel Martinet. The Colonel—who was usually considered as rather out at elbows—had an immense notion of his own importance, and wanted, at county meetings and elsewhere, to take the precedence of Don Ferdinando, whose lands were twice the extent of his, besides being incomparably in finer order. This sort of rivalry had led to many bickerings in former years, though the two were consins-german; and these were heightened by the fact that, at the Quarter-Sessions, which they both attended, some thirty small proprietors and yeomen were entitled to vote. Ferdinando had hitherto been invariably elected chairman, a dignity which Martinet would have given his little finger to achieve; indeed, so much store did he set on gaining it that he kept up an establishment far too costly for his means, and, in consequence, took every opportunity of driving a hard bargain with his tenantry. Not that he was illiberal—at least so he said. He was exceedingly desirous that his tenantry should have an opportunity of inspecting the manner in which his accounts were kept; but, somehow or other, he never would give them that opportunity, and great were the complaints in consequence. Privately—there is no use mincing the matter—the Colonel was a weak creature. He had got into an unfortunate habit of issuing orders and then recalling them, solely for the purpose of exhibiting the extent of his puissance and power. The consequence was that you never could depend upon him. At eleven o'clock he would summon his servants, and deliver to them a document regularly signed and sealed, desiring a meeting of the tenantry to be held next day, at which he would announce to them a material remission of rent. Right or wrong, that must be posted instantly. At one,

he had changed his mind; the meeting was to be put off, and he intended to charge them twenty per cent additional. At three, there was a new notice, desiring them, under penalties, to attend a Protestant place of worship. At five, out came a placard warning them to conform to the Roman Catholic religion. And if no more notices were given that day, the reason was that the Colonel had gone to dinner. You may therefore comprehend the reason why his people, when they learned what had befallen Philip Baboon, thought it a good opportunity to do likewise, and, at all events, to demand a sight of the books.

It so happened that, when they assembled, the Colonel was in one of his exalted moods; and, on being informed that a large body of men were gathering on the lawn, he immediately gave orders to the gamekeepers to fire upon them. This they accordingly did; and you may conceive the consternation and rage of the poor fellows, who had their faces tattooed with snipe-shot! They retreated, but returned in an hour or two afterwards in augmented numbers, seriously determined on mischief, when, what think you took place? Why, the Colonel, having in the mean time finished another bottle, came out to meet them in a full suit of black, with crape round his hat, and weepers on his wrists, protesting that the whole thing was a mistake—that he loved them as his life—that they were his children, (which might have been the case with some half-dozen of them)—and that, if any of them were going to die from the unfortunate accident of the discharge, he, Colonel Martinet, would be proud and happy to officiate as principal mourner! While they stood staring like stuck pigs at this unexpected announcement, the Colonel began an oration lauding them mightily as the best and foremost tenantry in the universe, protesting that it was a shame and disgrace that they were not allowed to take the wall of Ferdinando's tenants, and hinting that it merely depended upon themselves whether they might not get new lands for nothing.

"At all events, my lads," said he, "one thing is clear—we must have

the precedence at Quarter-Sessions. Your honour is concerned in that, as well as mine; and I don't see why we should not have a tidy little court of our own, chosen generally by all the tenantry, to put matters right, and settle any trifling matters of dispute. Don't say one word of apology for what has occurred to-night. I understand the whole matter. Don Ferdinando is at the bottom of the whole mischief, but we'll make him pay for it before long. Is there anything more? I think not. Well then, gentlemen, I insist upon your having a glass of wine all round; and, if you please, we shall drink bad luck to Ferdinando and his tenants!"

You would hardly believe it; but the mob did actually drink the toast, and gave a cheer for the Colonel moreover, and then went peaceably home. But the question about the Quarter-Sessions was by no means settled. Some men held the opinion that neither Ferdinando nor Colonel Martinet had any right to dictate in person, but the whole bench should be composed of persons elected by the tenantry and villagers, independent of the landlords; and, for that purpose, they convened a meeting at the Frankfort Arms—a sort of joint-stock public-house, to which everybody who lived on the estates represented at Quarter-Sessions might come and welcome—to consider what rents should be paid, and what police maintained, and a variety of questions which were utterly beyond their province to decide. Nor had they the sense even to take this step without causing a new outcry, for they summoned to their meeting men from a farm belonging to the estate of Squire Copenhagen, and which had belonged to it since the days of Noah, on the pretext that the flood had unrighteously separated it from their jurisdiction at Quarter-Sessions!

No sooner were they assembled at the Frankfort Arms than they declared the meeting to be perpetual, and voted themselves each a handsome allowance of five shillings per diem at the expense of the landlords; some of whom, like Martinet, paid their share of the subsidy because they could not well help themselves, whilst others, like Ferdinando, told

the rascals who called with the subscription-book to go to the devil. Then they set about drawing up new regulations for the management of all the neighbouring estates, of which they now considered themselves the actual proprietors, calling the landlords mere trustees, and declaring that they would make them account strictly for past intromissions. Next, they ordered out a posse of watchmen and gamekeepers, and sent them down the river to occupy that farm of Squire Copenhagen's of which we have spoken, with the full consent of Martinet, who had long had an eye upon it for his own advantage. But they reckoned for once without their host, for Copenhagen was as brave as a lion, and determined to fight to the last drop of his blood before an acre of his estate should be confiscated; and Esquire North, who was a near relation of his, intimated that he should be ready at all times to back him in his reasonable quarrel.

If I were to tell you all that took place in consequence of the proceedings of this villanous gang at the Frankfort Arms, it would occupy volumes. There were no bounds to the disturbances which they created. They were drunk from morning till night, and might be seen staggering about in dresses which made them fac-similes of the ruffians who murdered the Babes in the Wood. They shouted, and wrangled, and fought, and blasphemed, until no peaceable gentleman durst go near the Frankfort Arms, lest he should be assaulted, attacked, or robbed; and at last they grew so bad that they were indicted as a common nuisance. Martinet, and those who had hitherto supported them, gave notice that the supplies were stopped; and so, after a scene of rioting which baffles all description, they were turned neck and crop out of doors, and the Frankfort Arms was shut up. Some of the vagabonds, not knowing what better to do, marched in a body and broke into Ferdinando's mansion—a feat which they accomplished with the aid of the charity boys on his foundation, for those diabolical miscreants had poisoned the minds and perverted the principles of old and young. There they remained for some days, plunder-



ing and ravishing; but were at last driven out again by Ferdinando and his watchmen, who, as you may well suppose, felt no manner of scruple whatever in knocking the ringleaders on the head.

These, however, were only part of the disturbances which took place, for there was more or less rioting in almost every estate in the country;

even Bullockshatch did not altogether escape, as you shall presently hear. Indeed, many excellent people began to think that the end of the world must be drawing nigh, for such was the beating of drums, blowing of trumpets, springing of rattles, yelling of mobs, and alarms of fire every night, that no amount of laudanum could insure a quiet slumber.

### CHAPTER III.

OF THE ATTEMPTED DISTURBANCES AT BULLOCKSHATCH; OF THE OUTBREAK ON THE FARM AT THE OTHER SIDE OF THE POND; AND OF THE GRADUAL ADVANCES OF PETER.

The news of the ejection of Philip Baboon by the tenantry and villagers spread, as you may suppose, like wildfire all over Bullockshatch, and was also soon conveyed to John's detached farm on the other side of the pond. Now, although the greater part of the tenantry had little confidence in the Juggler, and others who occupied situations in the household, they were deeply and sincerely attached to John, and were ready to stand by him to the last drop of their blood. And so, to do them justice, were the vast majority of the villagers who had money in the Savings' Bank: for, besides the fact that the Squire was a kind, upright, and honourable master as ever breathed the breath of life, they knew that, if anything should happen to him, they might whistle for their principal, let alone the yearly dividends. But there was a set of rascals, the same who for years past had been attempting to batter down the Ten-bar Gate which was put up by old Gray and the Juggler in the Squire's avenue, who thought this a capital opportunity to create a fresh disturbance; so they met at a pot-house hard by, constituted themselves into a kind of sham servants' hall, passed resolutions to the effect that they were entitled to occupy the house, and to have the run of the buttery; and in secret set about the purchase of crowbars, picklocks, and other implements of burglary. This, however, was not done so secretly but that a rumour of it reached the ears of the Juggler, who grew as pale as death at the intelligence, and could hardly be brought round by dint of sal-volatile and burned feathers.

When he came to himself, and had thought over the subject, he began to see that he was in an ugly fix. None of his own friends were fit to manage an affair of this kind, so he resolved to take what was precisely the wisest course he could have adopted, namely, to step across the way, and take counsel with old Arthur, who still retained a sort of superintendence of the police. He found the gallant veteran with spectacles on nose, reading *Cæsar's Commentaries*; and being accommodated with a camp-stool, the Juggler even made a clean breast of it, and laid his difficulties before him. Arthur pricked up his ears like a horse at the sound of the hunting-horn.

"Leave this matter entirely to me, Master Juggler!" quoth he. "It concerns the safety of the whole household; and it shan't be said that old Arthur hung back at the last, after having served Squire Bull so long. In the mean time, go you and enrol as many tight lads as you can for special constables; I'll look after the police, and take care to have Dragon the house-dog ready."

So the Juggler hopped down stairs with a heart as light as a linnet's, for he knew that if Arthur took a job in hand it was as good as done. And before evening a whole regiment of tight lads were sworn as special constables. Arthur was at work all night, and, by daybreak, everything was ready. Pattereroes were mounted on the roofs of the outhouses, so as to command the avenue; the regular police was mustered in the Riding-School, and Dragon's collar ready to be slipped at a moment's notice.

The mob, however, did not venture to appear. They had summoned a great meeting to be held on a common, from which they were to march upon John's house; but the hearts of many failed them when they heard tell of the preparations which were made for their reception, and they did not appear at the place of muster. In fact, the whole thing ended in smoke. The meeting on the common broke up. Nobody appeared at the gate save one red-headed fellow, who came trundling a wheelbarrow before him, which he said contained the humble petition of many well-affected villagers; and he requested, quite meekly, that he might be allowed to convey it to the house. No objection whatever was made to this—so the barrow, escorted by special constables, was wheeled up the avenue, and the petition carried into the house, and laid upon the servant's table. When they came to examine it, however, they found what a set of rascals the framers were. "John Bull, his mark," was subscribed at least fifty times to the petition addressed to himself! Mrs Bull appeared to have done little else for a fortnight than go about from booth to pot-house for the purpose of signing her name! If there was faith in pen, ink, and paper, Arthur had committed himself twenty times over, and so had the Juggler, and almost every one of the servants. Then there were names like Bloody-bones, Dirk Hatteraick, Blue-beard, and Swill-gore, which were never borne by any Christian man, in hundreds; so that it became apparent that it was no petition at all, but an infamous forgery; and it was accordingly clucked under the table. And so ended this new conspiracy at Bullockshatch.

Matters, however, looked more serious on the farm on the other side of the pond, which had always harboured the most turbulent set of people on the whole estate. That hoary old sinner, Peter, of whom you shall hear more anon, had been allowed, through the stupidity, carelessness, or good-nature of some of the former stewards, to take such liberties there, that at last he had the consummate impudence to assert that he, and not Squire Bull, was the Lord Paramount.

He even appointed deputies, who claimed a sort of jurisdiction; and if he did not venture actually to uplift the rents, he hinted broadly enough that nobody was bound in conscience to pay them to the Squire, or to render stipend to Patrick, who acted as the Squire's chaplain in those parts. Dan, the old Rabiator, as he was called, had been long his chief agent in the farm; but Dan was now dead, and the man who assumed his place was little better than a nincompoop. Nobody, in fact, could have done Peter's business half so well as Dan. He always kept—at least almost always—on the windy side of the law; talked wildly enough, in all conscience, but abstained from overt acts; and knew precisely how to avail himself of the necessities of the steward for the time being, who was often forced to apply to him for a helping hand in cases of strong emergency. In this way Dan was able to provide handsomely for his family, most of whom were located in different situations of indifferent trust in the service of Squire Bull; and he managed, moreover, to secure a snug little income for himself, by levying a kind of black-mail, called Daniel's pence, at all the fairs and gatherings on the farm. But when Dan died, he left no Elisha behind him. One Byrne tried to put on his mantle—a sorry one it was by this time—and he insisted that all the disciples of Peter, and all others on the farm who bore no goodwill to the Squire, were bound to follow him, on the ground that, before the Christian era, an ancestor of his was supposed to have possessed a corner of the farm rent-free. He had a seat in the under-servants' hall, but he refused to attend at commons, alleging that he did not get as much as he was entitled to; and, after several acts of spolery, he fairly crossed over to the farm, and called upon Donnybrook and Shilelala, and the other merry lads who used to roar in the wake of Dan, to follow him, and knock the constables of the Squire on the head. A bigger fool than Byrne you never met with on a summer's day. His game evidently was to have played Peter's cards, to keep temporising whenever he could, and to have done all in his power to

advance the interests of that stealthy Jesuit. Peter would have backed him to any extent, so long as he stood up solely for the interests and the rights of Peter; but the moment he deserted that principle, and advanced his own preposterous claims, he found the back of Peter's hand turned to him with a vengeance. A sad sight it was to see the poor fellow take to the hill-side, with a handful of misbegotten idiots behind him, dressed in a new uniform ordered for the occasion, and carrying pikes and rusty swords, and pokers, and such other weapons as they could conveniently command. They had not even victuals enough to sustain them for the first twelve hours of their march; and whenever they knocked at the door of any of Peter's emissaries, imploring that, for the love of the saints, he would hand them out a bowlful of potatoes, they were greeted with a formal commination, and told that they were accursed heretics. They tried to storm a toll-house or two, for the purpose of abstracting money; but they invariably found the shutters made fast, and divers fowling-pieces levelled at them from the windows of the upper story. At last, after being out for four or five nights in the cold mist and rain, they came down to a house kept by a lone widow woman, in which several of the police were stationed, and swore that, if they were not admitted, they would burn down the premises, and massacre every man, woman, and child within. Possibly they never intended to do anything of the kind; for Byrne, though a blockhead, had nothing savage about him; indeed, he was rather soft-hearted than otherwise. He ran round the house, entreating the police to surrender, in order to save the effusion of blood; but they merely answered by a laugh of contempt, and a discharge of musketry, which was supposed to have settled Byrne's business. However, his followers, on looking about, found him squatted in the widow's cabbage-garden, marvellously distressed in heart, and apparently labouring under a painful visitation of the bowels. He escaped for the moment, but a few days afterwards was seized, tried, and sentenced to transportation. And this is the last actual outbreak which

has occurred in any portion of Squire Bull's estates.

But you must not, from this, conclude that everything was going smooth. That infernal miscreant, Peter, had acted politically throughout the latter affair; not from any regard to Squire Bull, but because he knew he could make more of him by seeming to give into his authority, than by backing up a stupid egotistical creature like Byrne, who never had the ghost of a chance. Now, however, when the danger was over, he, through his emissaries, thought fit to claim prodigious credit for the disinterested part which he had acted. One Claretson was at this time ground-steward for the Squire on that farm, and to him the whole retainers of Peter repaired.

"You see," they said, "what immense respect we have for the authority of Squire Bull. Nothing would have been easier for us than to have set up Byrne; but our consciences would not allow it; and so we have settled what might have been an ugly business without any difficulty at all. We don't wish to claim the slightest merit for having done so. It was our duty, and nothing more. Merely, if you think that we deserve well of Squire Bull, we would just mention that certain of Patrick's people are apt to give themselves airs, and to insist upon walking before us out of a shebeen-shop, which is neither here nor there, only it is unpleasant, considering that many of us and our predecessors maintain that we were in the parishes before Patrick was born. That, we allow, may possibly be matter of dispute; but there can be no doubt of this, that Peter is senior to Martin; and, as Patrick has always acted as a junior brother to Martin, we venture to think that it is a reasonable request, that Squire Bull shall hereafter acknowledge Peter's nominees as equal in dignity to Patrick's."

It is difficult to say whether Claretson was really humbugged by this jesuitical oration, or whether he was so far misled in judgment as to consider their views reasonable. Certain it is that he gave them a most civil answer; and reported the matter to the Juggler, who was then in particularly good humour, as his charac-

ter, and perhaps his place, depended on the suppression of the riot. So he called together several of the servants, showed them Claretson's letter, and begged them to speak their minds freely.

"My own view is," quoth he, "that nothing can be more reasonable. Patrick may perhaps fume and get into a buff about it, but who cares for Patrick? He may be very glad that he is allowed to draw his stipend, and what matters it to him whether he walks first or last?"

"And I think," said Gray—not the old Gaffer, who, as you know, brought in Madam Reform, but his son and successor—"I think we can't do less for Peter, considering his very handsome conduct in this business. I am for going still further. Why not make the rule universal in all Squire Bull's properties and estates beyond Bullockshatch? It may not be altogether convenient to bring in Peter here, just at the present moment; but we can think about that afterwards. Meanwhile let us give him what he wants; and let him walk first everywhere except in Bullocks-hatch."

"I, for one, am perfectly agreeable," said Timber, who, being a man of exceedingly limited ideas, always made a point of coinciding with the opinions of the rest.

"So be it!" quoth Protocol. "But don't you think we might even go a step further? I find it a main inconvenience that I am not allowed to write direct to Peter whenever I have occasion to know the last quotations of indulgences, holy water, or pardons. Could we not arrauge among ourselves to send over some respectable gentleman, who might look after any business of the Squire's in those parts, and occasionally pop in in a friendly way, and take pot-luck with Peter? I own that it would be a great accommodation to me, and I don't see how any one could object to it."

The Juggler, however, who had recently been thinking a good deal on that very subject, shook his head, remarking that Squire Bull had long ago expressed his determination that none of his servants should hold direct intercourse with Peter. "And," said he, "that is precisely one of the

points upon which he is most obstinate and fractions. If we were openly to broach this matter to him, it might go far to lose us our places. But I'll tell you what;—there may be a way to get round the bush, and establish a communication with Peter, without incurring the scandal. There's my near connection, Mat o' the Mint, who, between ourselves, is of no earthly use here beyond keeping the keys of a certain place which shall be nameless. Suppose we send him out nominally on a visit to Signor Macaroni, or any other squires in the south, and give him a general roving commission? He'll like the job vastly, I can tell you; for, of course, we shall charge his whole expenses to the Squire; and he can take that opportunity of seeing Peter, and arranging as to future proceedings."

No objection being made to this very convenient arrangement, Mat-o'-the-Mint received his credentials. This individual was one of the most lucky men alive, and seemed born specially to refute the proverb, that service is no inheritance. It was difficult at any time to say what he was fit for, for he rarely uttered words of more value than—"Ay, ay! my masters! this is a fine day, as the ancient philosopher remarked." Or, "In respect to that, my opinion is whatever Providence may please." Notwithstanding this oracular turn of mind, he generally contrived to have himself appointed to some snug place in the household, where there was plenty to get and little to do; and it is fair to add, that he never forgot any of his own relations, when he could contrive to provide for them at the Squire's expense.

Peter, who was always alert and vigilant in doing mischief, had, at this moment, more irons in the fire than usual. In the first place, he was getting up a private demonstration in his own village, for the purpose, if possible, of making himself popular with his people, who used most cordially to detest him. Secondly, he wished to stir up the whole tenantry of Signor Macaroni against Don Ferdinando, who had for a long time held a considerable farm in mortgage. Thirdly, he wanted to make all the world believe that he

was an altered character since the days when he presided at hangings, burnings, torturings, and other devilish acts of cruelty. And, fourthly, he was most especially anxious, in one way or another, to get speech of Squire Bull. You must know that there was a quarrel of long standing between the two; John, in his younger days, having been insulted and domineered over by Peter and his emissaries, until his patience could bear it no longer; so, one fine day, he armed himself with a horsewhip, lashed the whole gang of them out of Bullocks-hatch, and swore the most solemn of possible oaths that they should never again set foot within his property if he could prevent it; nor would he even acknowledge that such a being as Peter existed on the face of the earth. Peter, on the other hand, was resolved that he should get some of his people located on John's estate, in spite of all his opposition; and, by dint of perseverance, he ultimately carried his point. For example, Squire Bull would observe from his window an olive-faced fellow in black clothes and purple stockings, with a surtout down to his heels, no shirt-collar, and a shovel hat, pacing down the avenue, and pretending to be reading from a small book with illuminated characters. At this apparition the Squire would start, and sing out to the nearest of the servants—"Lookye there now! what fellow is that? A spy of Peter's, I dare be sworn! Have I not told you, over and over again, that not one of them shall be quartered here?" Then the servant whom he accosted would put on his spectacles, take a long look at the walking spider before him, and reply quite calmly, "Bless your heart, Squire! you are clean mistaken altogether. I know that person perfectly well. He is a highly respectable foreigner, who has taken lodgings for a few months in the village for the benefit of country air. He is the Bishop of Timbuctoo, I think—or, now that I look again, I see it is the Vicar-Apostolic of New Guinea—a most agreeable, accomplished, gentlemanly man, I assure you." And if this did not satisfy the Squire—which it rarely did, for he used to growl like a mastiff whenever he caught sight of

one of those gentry—the servant would put it to him whether it was the part of a Christian and an esquire to harbour ill-will against a gentleman who was merely residing for temporary purposes upon his estate, and who occupied a great portion of his time in visiting the sick and in relieving the poor? On these occasions, John had invariably the worst of the argument; and the upshot was, that one of these temporary residents was presently located in every village on the estate, and showed no symptom of moving. Very little regard had they for the spiritual concerns of their flocks in Timbuctoo or New Guinea! But to make up for that omission, they took immense pains with the tenantry of Bullocks-hatch, building chapels in which they burned a mild kind of consecrated incense, erecting schools wherein they taught the children gratis, and wheedling everybody in the most amiable and conciliatory manner possible. They even contrived to make mischief in Martin's family, as I shall presently have occasion to tell you. As for Peter's friends on the farm across the pond, they pretended to no disguise at all, but broadly maintained their intention to support him at all hazards, and to do his bidding. There were no Bishops of Timbuctoo, or Terradel-fuego there. So many of the tenantry were of their opinion, that they did not care one pinch of snuff for your *præmunires*, or other legal bugbears.

Now, what Peter wanted was to bring Bullockshatch to precisely the same condition as the detached farm. He had got himself, as one may say, firmly established in the lesser spot; and he was determined to move heaven and earth, and mayhap another place, to acquire an equal footing in the bigger one. This he could hardly hope to do, without coming to some sort of terms with Squire Bull, through his servants; and he had been long privately expecting to find an opportunity by means of Protocol, who was a reckless creature, and hardly ever condescended to give a single thought to Martin. Protocol, in fact, was a kind of secular Peter. He was never so happy as when swimming in troubled waters; and the

main difference between them was, that Protocol cared for nothing but excitement, whereas Peter never for a moment lost sight of the main chance. You may conceive, therefore, with what joy the latter received the intimation that he might expect, in a short while, to receive a private and confidential visit from no less a person than Mat-o'-the-Mint. Not that Mat was any great acquisition in

himself; but being a near relative of the Juggler, and also an upper servant in Squire Bull's household, nothing could be more consonant with the secret wishes of Peter. So he ordered three chapels to be illuminated, and a special prayer to be chaunted for the conversion of Bullocks-hatch; at the mention of which name, it is recorded that some images winked their eyes!

## CHAPTER IV.

HOW MAT-O'-THE-MINT UNDERTOOK AN EXPEDITION TO THE ESTATES OF SIGNOR MACARONI;  
AND WHAT FOLLOWED THEREUPON.

Mat-o'-the-Mint, then, having got his roving commission signed in due form, and his pocket-book well stuffed with bank-notes, set out upon his tour like an actual walking mystery. It is my opinion, up to the present hour, that the excellent gentleman had no precise idea of what he was expected to do; but that his general notion was that he was bound to give advice—at least such advice as he could give—to any one who asked him for it. No man can be expected to accomplish impossibilities: he can merely do his best; and that Mat-o'-the-Mint was prepared to perform quite conscientiously. It was not his fault, if those who sent him did not make him comprehend their design; indeed Protocol, who was a sly fox, and always left a door of escape open for himself in case of emergency, was not likely to be too specific in his instructions, or to commit himself irrevocably on paper.

No sooner was it noised abroad that Mat-o'-the-Mint was on his travels, than there was a considerable stir both among the southern squirearchy and their tenantry, who were then unfortunately at loggerheads. Everybody who had a dispute with anybody else wanted to know what Squire Bull thought of the matter, hoping probably that he would not be disinclined to lend him a helping hand, and maybe a few pounds; for the fellows in those parts laboured under the delusion that the Squire was made of money. So they were all anxious to get a confidential hearing from Mat-o'-the-Mint, whom they imagined to be a very great man indeed, and a

very wise one; arguing, naturally enough, that the Squire would not have entrusted such a mission except to a person of consummate prudence and discretion. Little they knew of the Juggler or Protocol, or of the way in which Squire Bull's business was conducted! But to resume. One fine day Mat-o'-the-Mint arrived on the estate of a gentleman, Don Vesuvius, who was an old friend of Bull's, and was received at the boundary by the ground-steward, who, in the very civillest possible manner, presented his master's compliments, and requested that Master Matthew would drive straight up to the Hall, where a handsome suite of apartments was ready for his accommodation. Privately, and in his heart, Mat would have liked nothing better; but he was not quite sure whether Protocol would approve of his doing so, especially as Don Vesuvius was notoriously on bad terms with some of his own people. So he thought it best to decline for the present.

"My compliments," quoth he, "to your master, and say to him that I am quite sensible that he has done the proper thing in asking me to the Hall. But you see that I am so situated that I can't very well come. My master, the squire, has heard a good deal of what is going on in these parts; and though, as a matter of course, he has no wish to interfere between the Don and his tenantry, yet the fact is that, under present circumstances, I had better put up at the inn. Say to your master that I shall be glad to see him there, any time he may be passing; at all events,

I shall certainly make a point of writing him my opinion on the general question, in the course of a day or so."

Now, it so happened that there were a number of lazy-looking fellows, with knives in their belts, loitering around the drosky while Mat-o'-the-Mint delivered this answer to the ground steward; and these were precisely the worst of the whole crew with whom Don Vesuvius was at feud. Who so rejoiced as they to find that Squire Bull's confidential servant was likely to be on their side! They threw up their hats, and brayed, and danced, and cut sandangos, to all which Mat-o'-the-Mint replied by taking off his hat and bowing like a Chinese mandarin. At last, in the exuberance of their joy, the crowd took the horses out of the vehicle, and fairly dragged him to the village inn, leaving the unhappy ground steward as disconsolate as Ariadne on Naxos.

No sooner were they arrived at the inn, than Mat asked a number of the men to step up to his sitting-room; and having questioned them regarding their grievances, which you may be sure they took care to magnify to the utmost, he called for pen, ink, and paper, and sat himself down to write a long epistle to Don Vesuvius. I can't give you the particulars of this document, further than that it contained an intimation that in his, Mat-o'-the-Mint's opinion, the gentleman had been very much misled in the management of his own affairs. That for the sake of restoring peace and tranquillity, it appeared to the aforesaid Matthew that Don Vesuvius would do well to surrender one half of his estate to the tenantry, without receiving any consideration for it; and that if this arrangement, which he merely ventured to suggest, should meet with approbation, there could be no difficulty whatever in reducing the rents on the remaining half. As also that the undersigned was with the highest consideration, &c. &c. Having finished this doughty epistle, which he despatched by the boots of the inn, Mat ordered his equipage, and drove away to another estate, as proud as Punch, amidst the shouts of the whole idlers of the village.

You may fancy the astonishment of

the honest gentleman when he read Mat's letter. It was some time before he could believe the evidence of his spectacles. "Good heavens!" he said, "is it possible that Squire Bull can treat an old friend and fellow-sportsman thus? Haven't I dozens upon dozens of letters under his own hand, guaranteeing me possession of my whole estate, and am I now to be fobbed off in this way, and insulted to boot by an old trencherman of whom nobody ever heard? But I won't believe it! It must be some trick of that rascal, Protocol, who is perpetually writing letters without authority in the name of his master—at all events, I won't submit to be dictated to, in the disposal of my own, by the best Squire living!"

By this time, however, the riotous portion of the tenantry were fully possessed with the notion that Squire Bull was ready to back them up to any extent; so they began a regular insurrection, fired at the gamekeepers, beat the watchmen, and barricaded one of the villages, after they had thoroughly plundered it. But they reckoned without their host; for the tenantry on the home farm were to a man true to their master, and having armed themselves, they crossed the canal, (in which, by the way, some of John's barges were lying, it was thought with the connivance of Protocol,) and gave the rascally rabble such a drubbing, that nothing more was heard afterwards about the partition of the property. The rioters, however, believe to this hour that they were deceived by Squire Bull, who, they aver, had promised to support them, and they accordingly hate him like ratsbane; neither, as you may well conceive, is Don Vesuvius, whose property was proposed to be divided, over and above grateful for this impudent interference with his private affairs.

This, however, was a mere segment of the mischief which was effected by Mat-o'-the-Mint. Wherever he went he tendered advice; and whenever that advice was given, rioting ensued. In short, he proved such a nuisance, that well-affected people would much rather have submitted to a visit from the cholera. At last he arrived at Peter's patrimony, a place which was

by no means tranquil at the time. Notwithstanding Peter's boasting, and his perpetual attempt to get his emissaries quartered on every estate in the country, he was the reverse of popular at home. He had a very handsome house, which he kept full of friars, monks, Jesuits, Dominicans, Carthusians, and Grand Inquisitors, fellows who did little else than eat, drink, sleep, and conspire at the expense of the working population. This had become so intolerable, that Peter, though the most tyrannical despot upon earth, found it necessary to come down a peg or two, and announced his intention of revising the laws of his household, which, to say the truth, needed mending sorely. But he did not stop there. He began to intrigue for a restoration of the whole estates which were formerly in the family of Signor Macaroni, but which latterly had passed into the hands of other proprietors—for example, Don Ferdinando; and, at the time I speak of, his village was filled with every description of cut-throat, robber, and murderer that could be gathered from the country round, all of them shouting "Long life to Peter!" and "Hurrah for the independence of Macaroni!" They were in the very midst of this jubilation, which sounded more like an echo of Pandemonium than anything else, when Mat-o'-the-Mint drove into the town; and the moment they heard of his arrival, the very worst of them—Massaniello, Massaroni, Corpo di Caio Mario, and Vampyrìo degli Assassinate — congregated under the windows, and whooped and howled, till Mat, in an access of terror, came out upon the balcony, pressed a flag, with a death's-head and cross-bones upon it, to his bosom, and proposed three cheers for the independence of Macaroni! You may conceive what a taking the poor fellow must have been in before he ventured to do anything of the sort.

Mat, being thus committed to Macaroni, was a mere baby in the hands of Peter. They had an interview to discuss the affairs of the neighbouring Squirearchy, and any other little matters which might occur to either; which Mat felt as an honour, whilst Peter was feeling his pulse. Peter,

like an aged villain as he was, affected to be extremely straightforward and open in his remarks, and quite confidential in his communications; so that, in the course of half an hour, poor Mat was entirely at his mercy. After they had chatted for a short time, and cracked a bottle or so of Lachrymæ together, Peter claps me down a map of the whole country, whereon Squire Bull's farm was marked out with some twelve or thirteen crosses, before Mat, and asked him whether he thought it was all correct?

"Undubitably," quoth Mat-o'-the-Mint, who regarded the crosses as simply indicative of the villages.

"Then there can be no objections to the publication of a map of this kind upon hierarchical principles?" continued Peter, ogling his victim at the same time, as a fox makes love to a gander.

"Hier—I beg your pardon"—said Mat-o'-the-Mint, who was not overburdened with lore at any time, and just then was rather confusated. "Hieroglyphical principles, did you say?"

"No—hierarchical principles," insinuated Peter, with a smile intended to convey the utmost amount of indulgence. "Hieroglyphical, you know, was one of our earliest geographers."

"To be sure he was"—replied Mat-o'-the-Mint—"and an intimate friend of Leander's—I've read of him in the *Imaginary Conversations*—There can be no objections, of course. The map's a capital map!"

"I'm very glad to hear you say so," said Peter, sounding a little silver whistle which dangled from his button-hole, "it is always matter of satisfaction to me to meet with a plain, intellectual, honourable, enlightened gentleman, who knows what's what, and is above all manner of prejudice.—You may take away that map, Hippopotamus"—he continued, as an individual in purple stockings entered the room. "Mr Matthew is perfectly satisfied as to its correctness, and you may mention that when you write to your friends at home."

Hippopotamus swept up the plan and retired; but long after he closed the door, you might have heard a sniggering in the lobby.



"And now, my very dear friend," quoth Peter, "let's have a fresh bottle of Lachrymæ, and a little conversation about those affairs of Patrick's."

It matters very little what passed upon that score, for the job was already settled; but Peter probably thought it safest to make this appear the principal topic of their conversation. They sate up a long time together; and Mat-o'-the-Mint found it no easy matter to get home to his hotel, or to ring up the porter when he arrived there.

So far Peter thought that he was carrying everything his own way; but he was labouring all the while under a confounded mistake. Massaniello, Massaroni, and the rest, were glad enough to get into the village, and to throw up their caps for Peter and Macaroni, so long as they received free quarters, but not a moment longer. They had now time given them to peer into the churches and shops, and to reckon what might be turned to account; and they had made up their minds that if they could only get rid of Peter, there was plunder enough to be had out of his patrimony to maintain themselves in comfort for the remaining portion of their lives. Once having ascertained this, they lost no time in carrying their plans into execution. They broke out into actual revolt, stabbed one of Peter's servants on the stairs, shut up the old firebrand himself in his drawing-room, and discharged pistols into the windows, until they succeeded in frightening him out of his seven senses, and drove him out of the village in the disguise of an ordinary cabman. Then they began, as a matter of course, to help themselves to every man's property, and to share upon principles of equality. You have no idea what a row all this made. Even Ferdinando was furious, for though he had no great cause to regard Peter, he liked still less the rascally ruffians who had turned him out of house and home, and he proposed straightway to march a *posse comitatus* against them. But young Nap, now styled Administrator of the Baboonery, was before him. He had more idle fellows on hand than he knew what to do with, so he sent a

whole gang of them off to clear Peter's patrimony of the rioters, and mayhap, if convenient, to bring back the old Jesuit in person. Terrible were the execrations of Massaniello and his friends when they were summoned to surrender by young Nap's people! They said—what was true enough—that if the others were entitled to eject Philip Baboon, they were entitled to turn Peter about his business; and they protested that the people of each estate should be allowed to manage their own matters without interference. But interference was the order of the day. Everybody was interfering; so Nap's men gave them to understand that they did not intend to be exceptions to the general rule. In short, Massaniello and his friends must evacuate or—take the consequences. And, accordingly, evacuate they did, though not without a good deal of burning of gunpowder, levying of subsidies, abduction of church-plate, &c.; and, in due course of time, old Peter was brought back, amidst a discharge of Roman candles, squibs, crackers, and Catherine wheels; and with him returned the whole host of Jesuits, monks, and inquisitors, singing *Quare fremuerunt gentes?* and ten times more ready for any kind of mischief than before.

And where all this while, you may ask, was Mat-o'-the-Mint? Snug at home. Some of the upper servants in the household of Squire Bull had got an inkling of the business he was after, and put questions, which were neither easy to answer nor agreeable to evade. The Squire himself began to grumble. Protocol could not help perceiving that he had got into a scrape by sending out such an envoy; and even the Juggler did not care to have the matter publicly mentioned, but was willing that it should fall into oblivion. It is, however, easier to open a negotiation with Peter, than to get out of one. The difficulty is not to catch the lobster, but to force him to leave go after he has fastened on you with his claws; and you shall presently hear what took place in Bullockshatch, not long after the time when Peter was reinstated in his patrimony.

## HUNGARIAN MILITARY SKETCHES.

THE brief but brilliant struggle which was terminated, on the 13th August 1849, by the surrender of Vilagos, is unquestionably one of the most remarkable episodes in contemporary history; and numerous as are the writers, both in Germany and England, who have applied themselves to exhibit and comment on its circumstances, it yet is not wonderful that the interest of the subject is far from exhausted. A Schlesinger, a Pulsky, and a Klapka, graphic and striking as are their delineations of the singular contest in which they all more or less participated, have still left much for their successors to tell. The volume before us—a German collective translation of tales and sketches by several Hungarian authors—is of a different class from the works of the above-named writers. It does not aspire to the dignity of historical memoirs, nor is the form it affects—namely, the romantic—one that we usually much admire when applied to such recent and important events as those of which Hungary has been the theatre; events, too, of themselves so striking and fascinating as to render fictitious colouring superfluous. Nevertheless, these sketches must be admitted to have considerable merit. They are vivid and characteristic illustrations of a remarkable country, a heroic people, and an extraordinary period; and the amount of fiction interwoven is, in most instances, little more than is necessary to string together historical facts. Some few of them have little to do with the late war, but all throw more or less light upon the state and character of Hungary and its inhabitants. Their success in that country, the German preface assures us, and we can readily believe, has been very great. Some of them read like prose translations of poems; and with the exception of three or four, which are terse and matter-of-fact enough, their style has often a wild and metaphorical vagueness, recalling the semi-

oriental character of the country whence they proceed. Those which take for their foundation the cruelties perpetrated by the Serbs upon the Magyars, and the fearful retaliation thereby provoked, are too horrible—not for truth, but to be pleasant reading; others border on the humorous, whilst some combine the tragic with the gay. Of this last class is the opening sketch by Sajó, entitled *A Ball*. It is a letter from a young lady to a friend, describing her and her mother's terror at the anticipated arrival of a Hungarian division, after English Guyon's glorious victory at Branisko; and relating how the old woman hid herself in cupboards and clock-cases, and urged her daughter to stain her face black, in order to diminish her personal attractions—advice which the daughter, not exactly comprehending its motive, most indignantly rejects. Presently she is astonished by the arrival of a couple of handsome hussar officers, instead of the leather-clad Calmuck-visaged barbarians, seven feet high, and with beards to their waists, which her mamma has predicted; and still more is she surprised when, instead of breaking open doors and ill-treating women, the newcomers organise a ball for that very night—a ball which she attends, and where she is greatly smitten with an elegant captain of Honveds. He has just led her out to dance, when the ball-room windows rattle to the sound of cannon, and a splashed hussar announces an attack upon the outposts. The officers buckle on their sabres and hurry to the fight, begging the ladies to await their return. In little more than an hour they reappear in the ball-room. They have repulsed the enemy, and return flushed and laughing to the dance. But the handsome Honved is not amongst them. The interrupted quadrille is re-formed, but Laura still awaits her partner. A tall dry-mannered major, of valiant reputation, approaches her. "Fair lady," he says, "your partner

begs a thousand pardons for his absence. With the best will in the world, he cannot have the pleasure of dancing with you, for his leg has been shot away and amputated above the knee." This is the whole of the story—little enough, and owing everything to the manner of telling. The second tale, *Claudia*, by Szilagyi, is striking and powerful rather than agreeable. We pass on to *The Chapel at Turczal*. All who have read Max Schlesinger's admirable narrative of the *War in Hungary*, will assuredly remember his account of the Hungarian hussar, "the embodiment of Magyarism, born and reared upon the heath," loving his country before all things, and, next to his country, his horse. "There are no soldiers in the Austrian army," says Schlesinger, "who can compare with him in chivalrous daring, dexterity, precision in manoeuvres, strict subordination, cleanliness, and fidelity." \* Mr Sajó loves to exalt the virtues, and exemplify the eccentricities, of this fine race of cavalry soldiers. In several of his tales he introduces the heroic hussar, cheerfully suffering and sacrificing himself for Hungary's good and the honour of his corps. The opening scene of *The Chapel at Turczal* is an amusing sketch of one of these veterans, thoroughly persuaded of the immeasurable superiority of the Magyar over all other men, and of the hussar over every other soldier.

"The Austrians had won the battle; the Hungarians had lost it. The Austrian general was taking his ease in his quarters, with his staff around him; an officer entered, and reported the capture of a hussar.

"Bring him in," said the General, who was in excellent humour. He himself wore the uniform of the hussar regiment he had formerly commanded, and had unbuckled his sabre and made himself comfortable; whilst his officers stood around buttoned to the chin, and strictly according to regulation.

The hussar entered—a bare-headed veteran with gray mustaches. His face was still black with the smoke of Schwechat's battle; his stiffly-waxed

mustaches stuck out fiercely right and left. He glanced gloomily around him, evidently ill-pleased with his company, until his eye fell upon the General. Then a gleam came over his features, like the sun breaking through a cloud, and he was near shouting for joy. The general laughed, and clapped his hands together. He recognised old Miska, his former orderly, who had served him for five years in Szobossló.

"Do you know me again, old man?" said he good-humouredly.

"At your service, Colonel," replied the hussar, raising his hand to his brow, as though his schako were still on his head.

"General, not Colonel," interposed one of the officers.

Silently and contemptuously the hussar measured the speaker with his eyes, wondering that an infantry-man, captain though he might be, dared intrude upon the conversation of hussars.

"So you have let yourself be taken prisoner, Miska?" said the General, willing to tease his old servant.

"What could I do, Colonel? There were so many against me. I got into a crowd of them."

"You knocked over a few, I dare say."

"I did not count them, but something remained upon the ground."

"Right, Miska. Let them give you a dram, and then go to my grooms; if anybody meddles with you, give him as good as he brings."

The hussar thanked his former colonel, but seemed in small haste to leave the room. The General noticed him no farther, but turned again to his officers and resumed the discussion of his plan of campaign. Suddenly he felt a pull at his pelisse, and turning, beheld Miska, who had stolen quietly behind him. With an unintelligible gesture, and a countenance of extraordinary mystery, the hussar pointed to something.

"Colonel! Colonel!" he whispered, redoubling the eagerness of his gesticulations. The General had no notion of his meaning. "Colonel, reach me yonder sabre from the corner."

\* See Schlesinger's *War in Hungary*, (English version,) vol. ii. p. 18-30, for a most interesting anecdotal account of this *beau idéal* of light horsemen.

"What the devil do you want with it?"

"Only give it here! In two minutes there shall not be a German in the room."

Miska thought his colonel was a prisoner.

The General burst into a hearty laugh, and told his officers of the hussar's kind intentions towards them. The laughter became general. The officers crowded round the old soldier, clapped him on the shoulder, and made much of him.

"Well, Miska, you will take service with us, eh?" said the General, curious to hear his answer.

"There are no hussar regiments here!" replied the old soldier, twisting his mustaches.

"What matter? You shall be a cuirassier. Will you make a serjeant of you?"

"Many thanks. Can't stand it. Should have been serjeant long ago, if I could write."

"What do you think of doing then? Eat your ration in idleness?"

"Not so—by your honour's favour—but make a run for it."

The honest answer pleased the General. The hussar saw that it did.

"A whole regiment of those gaiter-legged fellows could not keep me," he added.

One of the officers asked him angrily why he wished to go back. Those were mistaken, if any, who expected a rude answer from the hussar.

"Yonder is my regiment," he replied, again twirling his mustache. "A true soldier bides by his colours."

To this nothing could be objected.

"Well, Miska, that you may not desert from us, I let you go free."

"Thanks, Colonel." Once more the hand was raised to the schako's place.

"You can go."

The hussar lingered, rubbed his nose, and frowned.

"Colonel—you surely do not intend me to pass through the whole camp in hussar uniform, and on foot. I should die of shame. Let them give me back my horse."

"Your horse? That is the Emperor's property, my son."

"I crave your pardon, Colonel! I reared the horse myself from a colt. I have ridden it for ten years, and it comes at my whistle. By every right it belongs to me. I would rather a bullet hit me than lose the good brute."

"Well, take it."

Even now the hussar did not seem satisfied.

"Colonel! can I go back to my regiment in this scandalous manner?—without my sabre? I shall have to run the gauntlet; they will think I have sold it for drink."

"It shall be restored to you." The General made sign to his orderly; the hussar saluted, and turned to depart. But at the door he once more paused, and gazed pathetically at his former chief.

"Colonel!" he said, in the most insinuating tone he could command.

"Well?"

"Colonel—come over to us!"

And with a bound he was out of the room, feeling well enough that he had said something extraordinarily stupid, but which he could not help saying though it had cost him his head.

When horse and sabre were restored to him, one of the General's grooms, a mischievous fellow, trod on the hussar's spur, breaking the rowel, and then sprang aside laughing.

The old hussar shook his clenched fist menacingly.

"Wait a little, Italian!" he cried, "I will find you yet." Then saluting the General's window with his sabre, he galloped away.

It was thought that a tear glistened in the General's eye, as he turned to his staff, and said—

"Such soldiers should we have!"

Such were the soldiers with whom Gorgey drove before him the best generals of Austria; with whom he triumphed in that brilliant conflict, of fourteen days' duration, which terminated in the capture of Pesth, the relief of Komorn, and the complete retreat of the Imperialists.\* These were the men who rode up to the very mouths of the Austrian cannon at Isaszeg,† and who followed, in twenty conflicts, the well-known war-cry of the gigantic Serb, Dámjánics. Of this

last-named general (of whom Schlesinger has given many interesting details,) we find an interesting and authentic anecdote in Sajó's vigorous military sketch, entitled *The Two Brides*.

Dámjánics and his troops encamped in the night at two leagues from Szolnok. In order of battle, and without watch-fires, they there awaited the signal to advance. The signal was the sound of cannon, fired beyond the Theiss.

The Hungarian General had already fought many battles, won many victories, taken many standards. When he began a battle, he stationed himself in front of his army, looked where the foe was strongest, shouted "Mir nach!"\* and rushed forward, overthrowing and crushing all before him. It was his way.

There were persons who did not like this way, and who wearied him with assurances that, to be a renowned general, it is not enough to win battles; one must also leave permanent evidence of merit, to be handed down to future generations; one must make speeches, issue proclamations, and so forth.

So it came to pass, when he marched away from the Banat, that he addressed to the hostile party in the province a proclamation which has become celebrated. It was word for word as follows:—

"Ye dogs!

"I depart. But I shall come back again.

"If in the interval you dare to stir, I will extirpate you from the face of the earth; and then, that the seed of the Serbs may be extinct, I, the last of them, will shoot myself."

The success of this first attempt so encouraged the General, that, after much persuasion, he gave a solemn promise to make a speech to his army when next they went into action.

On the eve of the battle, Dámjánics felt his spirits extraordinarily low.

"Strange," thought he to himself, "never yet have I trembled at the approach of a fight, but now I feel as if I had no stomach for it." And he sought within himself the cause of this unaccustomed mood, but all in vain.

Presently, however, one of his staff-officers came to remind him that, before the next day's battle, they expected to hear the speech he had promised them.

"Devil take it!" cried the General. That was what made me shake in my boots. But never fear, it shall be done—I will venture it—the speech you shall have."

He had drawn out his plan of battle in a quarter of an hour. But morning dawned whilst he was still hammering at his speech.

The troops stood in order of battle. Dámjánics rode along the front of the line. Everybody knew he was to make a speech, and what a cruel task it was to him.

Before the colours of the ninth battalion he halted, raised his hat and spoke:

"Comrades!"

At that instant the artillery beyond the Theiss boomed out its first discharge. The General's face glowed, he forgot phrases and oration, tore his sabre from the scabbard, pressed his schako down upon his brow, and—

"Yonder is the foe: follow me!" he shouted in a voice of thunder. A tremendous hurrah was his army's reply, as they followed their leader, with the speed and impetuosity of a torrent, to the familiar encounter of the Austrian cannon.

"Why is it," said Dámjánics, as he limped up to the gallows, after seeing seven of his brave comrades executed before his eyes, on the morning of the fatal sixth of October 1849—"why is it that I, who have ever been foremost in the fight, must here be the last?" That was no empty boast in the dying man's mouth. "To Dámjánics," says Schlesinger, "after Görgey, belongs the glory of all the battles from Hatvan to Komorn. From the commencement of the movement, he was the boldest champion of the national cause." And whatever his staff and his Austrian executioners may have argued from his oratorical incapacity and his ignominious death, neither, assuredly, will prevent his name's preservation on posterity's list of patriot-heroes, even though he should never obtain the monument

which it has been predicted that Hungary will one day erect to him, upon the spot where he mounted the scaffold.

Before proceeding to the longest and most remarkable sketch in the volume, we will extract the beginning and end of a humorous paper, written in true soldier's style, entitled *From the Memoirs of a Quartermaster*.

"I never saw such a man as my lieutenant. It is not because he was my lieutenant that I say so, but a merrier fellow was not to be found in the army. Were I a poet or a scholar, I would make a fine romance out of his adventures; but as I unfortunately lack the learning, I must be content to set down a few odd incidents of our joyous camp-life, just as they occur to my memory. It gives me pleasure to recall these anecdotes of my late master, who was lieutenant in the volunteers. Those who knew him will not have forgotten how gay a wooer he was with women, and how brave a soldier in war.

"They transferred us to a battalion that lay in Siebenbürgen, and which was not yet completely equipped. Our principal wants were muskets and cartouch-boxes. Nobody had a greatcoat; and, in another respect, the battalion was quite uniform, for every one went barefoot. My lieutenant often complained to the captain, who had been a Bohemian forester, and afterwards a coffee-roaster in Pesth, but who, when his daughter's husband was promoted to be major of our battalion, was by him appointed captain—to him, I say, the lieutenant repeatedly complained that the poor soldiers were frozen, and should at least be supplied with greatcoats. But all in vain; the superior officers gambled the money sent them by Government for the equipment of the troops; and all my lieutenant could obtain from the ex-coffee-roaster was a *bon-mot* which Napoleon, he said, had addressed to his soldiers when they complained in Egypt of bad clothing: 'Avec du pain et du fer on peut aller à Chine.'

"The lieutenant made me write these words on one hundred and fifty small slips of paper, pinned these upon his men's shoulders, and said—'There, my lads, are your greatcoats.' Boots

were all that was now wanting. One fine morning we received a hundred and fifty brand-new—blacking-boxes!

"'*Engem uese*,' said the lieutenant: 'tis good; instead of boots they send us blacking.' And next day, when the little gray general passed a review, our company marched past with their bare feet blacked and polished, and with spurs drawn in chalk upon their heels. The general laughed at first, and then reprimanded the major. The major laughed too, and scolded the captain. Finally, the captain abused my lieutenant, who abused him in return; but, as the one understood no Hungarian, and the other no German, the dispute led to nothing.

"At last we got ourselves shod, by gloriously ransacking a Wallachian village, and thrusting our feet into the red boots the women had left behind them. Thenceforward our company was known everywhere as 'the regiment of Red Boots.'

"In our first engagement we had not much to do. The enemy fired at us from a distance, whilst we stood still and looked at them. Some of the recruits bobbed their heads aside when they saw the shot coming through the air. 'Don't shake your head, my man,' the lieutenant would say; 'you might chance to knock it against a cannon-ball.' In the second action we took a gun from the enemy. It came up very near us and unlimbered; but, before it had time to fire a shot, my lieutenant made the soldiers believe it was one of our own guns; that the enemy were about to capture it; and could we suffer this? We could not suffer it, and rushed on: a few shots met us; but before we well knew what we did, the gun was in our power. The whole was over in less time than I take to tell it.

"From that day forward nobody made fun of the Red Boots, and soon we were supplied with muskets. Many of these were hardly fit to fire with; but bayonet and butt were always there, wherewith to thrust and strike.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It was in the dog-days. For three months we had received no pay. At last, to silence my lieutenant's terrible expostulations, they sent us

money—fifteen notes of a hundred florins each.

"The salaries of Government officials were paid in fifteen-kreuzer pieces; the money we soldiers wanted, for our daily bread, was sent in hundred-florin notes. Of course, nothing could be easier, in the Wallach hamlets in which we were cantoned, than to get small change for fifteen hundred-florin notes.

"Whilst my lieutenant was grumbling over this, and puzzling his head how to divide these few large notes into many small ones, a courier arrived and brought him a letter.

"The lieutenant read the letter, and laughed out loud. Then he ordered a parade. He was the only officer present. Two captains and a major were constantly rambling about, and seldom saw their battalions, but left everything to my lieutenant. So he ordered the drums to beat for muster; and when the men were assembled, he informed them that their pay had come just in the nick of time. Then he produced the fifteen hundred florins\* and a pair of scissors, made the soldiers file past, and cut off a slip of the notes for each one of them. It was the only way to divide them:

"This done, he came singing and whistling into his quarters, laughed and cut jokes, played a thousand pranks, and at last called to me, and asked if I had a dry cloth at hand, to wipe up something.

"I answered that I had.

"'Go and fetch it, then.' And he continued to laugh and jest, and seemed in most wonderful good humour. 'Make haste,' he shouted after me, as I hurried to fetch the cloth. I felt quite sure he was going to play me some famous trick, he looked so sly and comical when he gave me the order.

"Whilst I sought for a towel, I heard the report of a firearm in the next room. Towel in hand, I threw open the door. The room was full of smoke.

"'What am I to wipe up?' I asked.

"'This blood!' said the lieutenant,

who lay upon the ground. The warm heart's-blood flowed from a wound in his breast; in his hand he held a pistol and the letter he had that morning received.

"The letter announced the catastrophe of Vilagos. In two minutes he was dead.

"Thus did my lieutenant make a fool of me at last.

"Such a merry fellow was my lieutenant."

The various memoirs of the Hungarian war record more than one instance of self-destruction and insanity, amongst the enthusiastic defenders of the Magyar cause, consequent upon Görgey's shameful surrender, and the final downfall of their cherished hopes. As far as the suicide goes, therefore, there is nothing improbable in the conduct of the eccentric lieutenant. Passing over several shorter papers, for the most part clever and spirited, we come to the striking tale, or rather series of scenes, entitled *George of St Thomas*, which, besides being the most carefully finished of these sketches, includes several of the most terrible and romantic historical incidents of that war. Its construction is favourable to extract, and we propose to translate such portions of it as our limits will allow, and therewith close our notice of the *Schlachtfelderblüthen aus Ungarn*. The first chapter is headed—

#### THE FIEND'S FESTIVAL.

It was dark night in the town of St Thomas. Not a star was visible. Well was it that the heavens saw not what then occurred upon earth.

Men who had grown gray together in love and friendship, dwelling in the same street, under the very same roof, who were bound to each other by ties of blood and kindred, of gratitude and duty, who were wont to share each other's joys and griefs, began, upon a sudden, as if frantic with infernal inspirations, to plot each other's extermination, and to fill their souls with bloody hatred against those who had never wronged them.

It was St Eustace' day. The Rait-

\* The notes issued from Kossuth's bank-note press were, of course, worthless when the revolution was suppressed.

zen \* assembled in their church, to worship God, as they said. But no words of God were there, nor solemn organ-notes; wild voices announced approaching horrors, and the sainted roof resounded with strains ominous of strife.

The town's-people were tranquil. Those amongst them who noticed that their neighbours' windows were lighted up, and who saw gloomy faces hurrying to the church, said to themselves, "To-day the Raitzen hold high festival;" and thought no more of it, but went their ways to bed. Towards midnight the alarm-bell sounded, the doors of the temple opened, and the nocturnal revel began.

With wild howl the excited mob burst into the houses of their sleeping neighbours. It was as though they had some ancient and inveterate grudge to avenge, so fierce and bitter was the fury with which they murdered all whose windows showed no lights---the token the Raitzen had adopted, lest by error they should assail each other's dwellings.

In two hours the Magyar population of the town was exterminated, with the exception of a scanty few who escaped in carts and carriages. These, however, were pursued; and when the uproar in the town, the sounds of strife and lamentation, and the clang of bells, were hushed, cries of agony and despair were still heard issuing at in-

tervals from the adjacent country, as vehicles, stuck fast in the treacherous swamps, were overtaken, and the luckless fugitives ruthlessly butchered. At last these heart-rending sounds also ceased. Voices of complaint were no longer audible, but in their stead, in more than one quarter of the illuminated town, were heard music, and dancing, and merriment.

It was long past midnight when a cart drove through the streets of St Thomas. In it sat a man wrapped in his cloak, marvelling greatly at the lights in the houses, and the sounds of festivity and joy. At his own house-door he stopped his horse. To his great surprise, his dwelling also was lighted up, and within were sounds of music, a hum of voices, and noise of dancing feet. Astonished and anxious, he stepped silently to a window, and through it he beheld a crowd of well-known faces. The company, flushed with wine and excitement, sang and shouted, and drank out of his glasses, and danced madly round the room. They were all old acquaintances, and inhabitants of the town.

Ignorant of the events of the night, the man thought he was dreaming.

Presently his attention was attracted by the licentious garb and demeanour of a woman, who circulated amongst the guests with loud laugh and libertine gestures, sharing in and stimulating the orgies. At first, he

\* The name of Raitzen is synonymous with Serbs. "Arsenius Czernojewic, under Leopold I., transplanted a large colony of Serbs from the ancient Rascia to Hungary. Hence the name Raitzen, Raczen, Raitzen."

"The Serbs first aimed the poniard at their German and Magyar neighbours. . . . Isolated scenes of murder, perpetrated by the Serbs against the Magyars and Germans, who inhabit that district, (the Bacska, or country of Bacs, between the Danube and the Theiss,) led the way to a series of sanguinary atrocities, such as our age had hoped never to see repeated. The commencement of hostilities is due to the Slavovallachian race; old, long-restrained hate, combined with an innate thirst for blood, marked the rising of the South Slavonian races from the first as one of the bloodiest character, in which murder was both means and end. No revolution of modern times--the great French Revolution not excepted--is blackened with such horrible atrocities as this: the details may be found in the Serbian and Magyar journals; and one would fain have hoped that the accounts on both sides were exaggerated. Unhappily, such a hope is illusory; nor can the historian indulge it without falsifying the truth. Deeds have been perpetrated which call to mind the Hurons and Makis of the American forests. Like them, the Serbs were masters in the art of torture and murder; like them, they made their unhappy victims previously undergo all the dreadful steps of torment, prolonging the transition from life to death with a refinement of cruelty; like them, they vaunted the deeds of horror, and honoured their executioners as heroes. . . . Such unheard-of atrocities inevitably called forth retaliation. Magyars and Germans became savages among savages."--SCHLESINGER, *Pulsky's edition*, i. 22-24.



could not discern who this woman was. Then he recognised her. It was his own wife.

"Hold!" he shouted, and strode into the room where these saturnalia were in progress. He knew not what to do or say; it were hard to find a word which should express the rage that possessed him.

"Hold!" he thundered out, every fibre quivering with fury, "what do ye here?"

The guests stood aghast at that apparition of wrath. The boldest started at sight of the man, as he stood amongst them, terrible and deadly pale. For a while none dared approach him. He went up to his wife, a dark-haired, black-eyed, red-cheeked wanton, who stood as if turned to stone. He fixed his eyes upon hers with a deadly gaze.

"On your knees!"

The woman stirred not.

"On your knees, wretch!" vociferated the husband, and struck her in the face, so that she fell to the ground.

"Hold, dog!" was shouted on all sides. The Raitzen rushed forward, and the man was seized by twenty hands. He struggled against them, grasped the throat of one, and relaxed not his clutch, even when thrown down and trampled under foot, until he had choked his adversary to death. They bound his hands and thrust him into a corner. The Raitzen formed a circle about him.

"What would ye of me?" he asked, the blood flowing from his mouth.

"What would ye? Look around you. See you not that all here are Raitzen?" replied a tall dark-browed Serb, scowling scornfully and cruelly at the sufferer.

"And I a Magyar. What then?"

"Ask thy neighbours. Hast thou not heard that to-day is our festival? The festival of the extermination of the Magyars. You are one: the last in the town. All the others are dead. As the last, you shall choose the manner of your death."

"So you are the executioner, Basil?"

"I? I am the chosen of my people."

With indescribable loathing, the Magyar spat in his face.

"Scoundrel!" yelled the insulted

man, "for this you shall weep tears of blood."

"Weep! I?—who ever saw me weep? You may slay me, you may torture me, or tear me limb from limb. There are enough of you to do it. But weep you shall not see me, though you burst for impotent rage."

"Weep thou shalt, and 'tis I will make thee. Know that it is I who seduced your wife, and for whom she betrayed you."

"That is thy shame, not mine."

"All thy kinsmen are slain."

"Better they should lie dead in the street than breathe the same air with thee."

"Thy property is annihilated."

"May God destroy those who did it."

"Truly, thou art a cool fellow. But—you had a daughter,—a fair and innocent child."

George looked at his tormentor, and shuddered.

"Lina, I think, was her name," continued the Serb, drawing out his words with a refinement of cruelty.

"What—what mean you?" asked the trembling father.

"A comely maiden, by my word. Fair to look upon, is she not?"

"The devil seize thee! What next?"

"So young and delicate, and yet—six husbands. Hard to choose. Your wife could not decide to which she should belong. I stepped in, and settled the matter. I married her—to all six—" He burst into fiendish laughter.

Mute and giddy with horror, the father raised himself from the ground.

"I am sorry," continued the Serb, "that you were not here for the wedding."

"May God's justice fall upon you!" shrieked the wretched father, stifling his tears. But the parent's heart overpowered the pride of the man. He fell with his face upon the ground, and wept—tears of blood.

"Lift him up," said Basil, "that we may see him weep for the first time in his life. Weep a little, George; and you, sot, tune up your pipes, that he may have accompaniment to his tears."

And thereupon the drunken band began to dance round their victim

with shouts of laughter and scoffing gestures, striking and kicking him as they passed. Now, however, he wept no longer. He closed his eyes and kept silence, enduring their ill-treatment without sign or sound of complaint.

"Away with him!" cried Basil. "Throw him into the garret, and put a sentry over him. To-day we have celebrated his daughter's wedding; to-morrow we will drink at his funeral. Good-night, friend George."

He was dragged up to the garret, and locked in. Where they threw him, there he lay, motionless upon the floor, as though all sensation had departed from both body and soul, awaiting the hour of death, and rejoicing that it was near at hand. For a while the dancing and singing continued; then the Serbs departed to sleep, and all was still. His eyes were unvisited by slumber. Yet a little while, he thought to himself, and eternal repose will be mine.

He lay with his senses thus benumbed, thinking neither of the past nor the future, when he heard a rustle at the garret window. Through the darkness he saw a white figure pass through the small opening, and grope its way towards him. Was it a dream? or a reality? The figure's steps were noiseless. But presently it spoke — in a scarcely audible whisper.

"Father! father!" it said.

"Lina!"

He looked up, seeking to discern the features of his visitor. She hurried to him, kissed him, and cut the ropes that bound his hands.

"My child!" murmured George, and clasped his daughter's tottering knees. "My dear, my only child!"

"Let us fly!" said the maiden, in faint and suffering tones. "The ladder is at the window. Quick, father—quick!"

George clasped his panting child in his arms, and bore her through the opening in the garret roof, and down the ladder, resting her head upon his shoulder and covering her cold cheek with his kisses. Near the ladder-foot, he stumbled over something. "What is that? A spade. We will take it with us."

"For a weapon!" said the father.

"To dig a grave!" said the daughter.

On the other side of the house was heard a heavy monotonous step. It was a Serb on sentry.

"Stay here! Keep close to the wall," said George to his daughter. He grasped the spade, and crept noiselessly to the corner of the house. The steps came nearer and nearer. George raised the spade. The Serb turned the corner, and—lay the next moment upon the ground, with his skull split. He had not time for a single cry.

George took the dead man's clothes and weapons, took his daughter in his arms, and left the town. The morning star glittered in the brightening sky. Towards daybreak, and without having exchanged a word, father and daughter reached the nearest village. George had many acquaintances there, and with one of them, he thought, he could leave his daughter. He found but a poor reception. Nowhere was he suffered to cross the threshold. None offered him so much as a crust of bread. All closed their doors, and implored him to depart, lest he should bring destruction on their heads. The villagers were neither hard-hearted nor cowardly; but they feared that if the Serbs of St Thomas heard of their sheltering a fugitive, they also would be murdered or plundered. With anguish in his soul, the wretched man again took his child in his arms, and resumed his journey.

For six days he walked on, over stubble and fallow, through storm and cold by night and parching heat by day—his child, his beloved child, on his arm. He asked not what ailed her; and she uttered no complaint.

On the sixth day the maiden died, of hunger, misery, and grief.

The father felt his burden heavier; the arms that clasped his neck slackened their hold, and the pale cheek that nestled on his shoulder was chill and cold!

But the spires of Szegedin now glittered in the distance. George hurried on, and at last, exhausted by his speed, he reached at noonday the large and populous city. In front of it, on the vast plain, a great multitude was assembled: more than

twenty thousand souls were gathered together, listening to the words of a popular orator, exalted upon a scaffolding in their midst. George made his way into the throng; the speaker was relating the incredible atrocities of the Raitzen. Several of his hearers noticed the weary, wild-looking, travel-stained man, carrying in his arms a pale girl with closed eyes, who stood amongst them like a fugitive from a mad-house.

"Whence come you?" they asked him.

"From St Thomas."

"Ha! Up! up with him on the scaffold!" cried those who heard his reply.

"A man is here from St Thomas. Up with him, and let him speak to the people!"

The crowd opened a passage, and George was hurried to the scaffold. When, from this elevation, his emaciated and ghastly countenance, furrowed by suffering and despair, his failing limbs, and the faded and ashy pale features of the child upon his shoulder, became visible to the assembled multitude, a deep shuddering murmur ran through its masses, like that the Platten Lake gives forth when tempest nears its shores. At sight and sound of the heaving throng, a hectic flush flamed upon George's cheek, an unwonted fire burned in his bosom; he felt the spirit of revenge descend upon his head like a forked and fiery tongue.

"Magyars!" he exclaimed in loud and manly tones, "I come from St Thomas, the sole survivor of all who there prayed to God in the Magyar tongue. My goods are plundered, my kinsmen slain. Have any of you friends there?—prepare your mourning, for of a surety they are dead. Of all I possessed I have saved but one treasure—my unhappy child. Approach! ye that are fathers, think of your virgin daughters, and behold what they have made of mine!"

As he spoke, he lifted his child from his shoulder; and then only did he perceive that she was dead. Until that moment, he had thought she was only faint and silent, as she had constantly been for six days past.

"Dead!" shrieked the despairing man, and clasped the corpse to his

heart. "She is dead!" he repeated. The words died away upon his lips, and he fell, like one thunderstruck, headlong to the ground.

This tragical incident raised to a climax the excitement of the multitude.

"Revenge!—a bloody revenge!" thundered a voice; and the tumult that now arose was like the howling of the storm.

"To arms! To arms! all who are men!" was shouted on every side, and the people thronged through the streets and lanes of the city. "To arms!—to arms!" was re-echoed from house to house, and in an hour's time ten thousand furious men stood armed and equipped, and ready to set out for St Thomas.

Then there got abroad a sullen apprehension, speedily succeeded by a fierce resolve. Some one chanced to say:—

"But what if, when we march away, the Raitzen rise up and murder our children?"

The words passed from mouth to mouth.

"They shall die!" exclaimed many voices. "Let them perish, as our brothers perished at St Thomas! They must die!"

And with terrible ferocity the people turned against their own city, and like a mountain torrent, overpowering all restraint, poured into their neighbours' dwellings, and slew the Raitzen to the very last man.

This occurred on the sixth day after the extermination of the Magyars at St Thomas.

#### THE ROBBER-CAPTAIN.

George took his dead child in his arms, carried her into the forest, dug a grave at the foot of a poplar tree, and laid her in it. He lacked the courage to throw clods upon her pale and beautiful countenance, but he plucked leaves and twigs from the bushes, laid them thickly over her, and then covered all with the black earth. When the grave was filled in, and whilst he was smoothing the green moss over the mound, anguish tore his heart; but, instead of soothing tears, the fire of hell gleamed in his eyes.

Then he took out his knife, to cut

his child's name on the bark of the tree which was to be her living monument. But when the letters were complete, there stood, graven by his own hand, the name of *BASIL*. For he thought no longer of his daughter, but of her murderer. And more terribly significant than a thousand curses and vows of vengeance was that name, graven in that hour and that place.

George rose from the ground, and wandered forth into the forest. He had walked some distance, when a longing desire came over him once more to gaze upon his daughter's grave. He turned to seek it, but the trees were all alike: in vain he sought the one beneath which his child lay buried, and at last night overtook him in the very heart of the forest. Still he walked on, whither and wherefore he knew not. The wood grew thicker, and the night darker; the birds, startled at his footsteps, flew screaming from their perch. At last he stumbled over a tree-root, and fell. Why should he get up again? As well there as anywhere. He let his weary head sink upon the ground, whispered a "good night" to his child, and fell asleep, and dreamed of burning towns and scenes of slaughter.

Towards midnight the neighing of a horse roused him from his restless slumbers. Near at hand he saw a saddle-horse, snorting and pawing the ground. Behind some bushes he heard a woman's plaintive tone, and the harsher voice of a man, mingled at intervals with the prattle of a child.

The man was a short spare figure, with flashing black eyes, long mustaches hanging down over his mouth, and black hair streaming on his shoulders. Energy was the charac-

teristic of his features, and the sinews of his frame were like cords of steel.

In his arms he held a child, three or four years old. The child called him father, and clasped him affectionately with its little hands. A woman was also there, sobbing passionately, and wiping the tears from her eyes.

"Canst thou pray, my son?" said the man, seating the child upon his knee.

"Surely he can," the woman answered; "morning and evening he repeats his prayer."

"Grow up a good man, my son—not such a one as thy father. In another year put him to school, that he may learn something good."

"That will I, though it were to cost me my last florin!"

"And take him far hence! When he is older, never tell him what his father was. Conceal my name from him; never let him know that he is the son of Rosa Sandor the robber!"

"Ask thy father, child, when he will again visit us."

"I know not, my son. For me the morning never dawns of which I can say, this day is mine. Here to-day, to-morrow fifty miles off; after to-morrow, perhaps under the turf."

"Talk not thus! See, tears are in the child's eyes."

"So is it, my son, and not otherwise. The robber has none to whom to pray, early and late, for protection to his life."

"But you are no murderer, Sandor! You have no man's blood upon your hands!"

"Seek not to palliate my offence, dear wench! Sooner or later, the gallows and the ravens will claim me."

Again the woman began to sob: the child cried when it saw its mother

\* Schlesinger describes Rosa Sandor as "a man about thirty-five years of age not very tall or stout, with fair hair, small mustaches and whiskers, and with nothing of the bandit in his appearance or demeanour," but mentions that he had a lieutenant of the popular bandit type, a broad-shouldered truculent personage with a formidable black beard, and long hair streaming on his shoulders. "A strange relation," he adds, "exists between the two men. The master was anxious, for reasons easy to conceive, that his person should not be generally known in the country; whilst the servant, on the contrary, had vanity enough to take pleasure in passing for the famous Rosa Sandor. All the portraits of the latter which are circulated throughout the country are faithful likenesses of the lieutenant, and hence the common erroneous notion of the Captain."

weep; with deep feeling the robber caressed and comforted them.

"Go home, dear ones!" he said, "and be not uneasy. Tell no one that you have seen me. And His blessing be upon you, whose blessing I dare not ask!"

The woman and child departed. The robber sprang into the saddle, and, standing up in the stirrups, listened, as long as they were audible, to the infantine tones of his child. Suddenly an icy-cold hand was laid upon his. Startled, but without uttering a sound, he turned his head. A man stood beside his horse. It was the fugitive from St Thomas.

"Fear nothing from me, Rosa! Handle not your pistols. Mine shall not be the first blood you shed. Not to that end has your life been preserved through sixteen years of peril. Your destiny is not that of a common malefactor."

"You know me, then?"

"By report, as an outlaw, with a price upon your head, I know, too, that you have a beloved wife and a darling child, to see whom once in every year you risk your life—here, where all know you, and any might betray you."

"Not a word of that! You are ragged and needy. Doubtless you would enlist in my band. Here, take this"—he offered him a pistol; "rather than do that, send a bullet through your head."

The fugitive from St Thomas looked earnestly in Sandor's face. Then he said quietly, almost carelessly, "Do my bidding, and the name of the Robber shall no longer be coupled with that of Rosa Sandor."

"Are you mad? Have I not done my utmost? and in every quarter? Let them pardon my past offences, and they would hear of no new ones. The traveller need no longer fear me. Have I not offered to compensate to the utmost of my power all those I have injured, and to build, out of my ill-gotten gains, a place of worship for that God whose commandments I have wilfully broken? All I ask is to be suffered to live amongst my fellow-men, and to earn my daily bread by the labour of my hands. They would never listen to my offers. There is no atonement I am not willing to make to the offended laws of God

and my country. But they ever rejected and drove me forth. And thou—what wouldst thou with me?—betray me? Fly, wretch! Hitherto I have shed no blood."

"Henceforward thou shalt shed it, and thereby redeem thy crimes. Your country accepts what the law refused. Your country has foes; go, wash with their blood the stain from your name!"

"Tempt me not!" said the robber mournfully. "Ah, were it indeed granted me to die a happy and honourable death upon the battle-field!"

"And if fame, instead of death, awaited you there? And if, on your return thence, the very men who now chase you from forest to forest, came forth to meet you with laurel crowns and joyous acclamations; and if, instead of "robber," hero and patriot were coupled with your name?"

"Stop! befool me not! Oh, I could do much! A strong squadron could I bring into the field, composed of men who a hundred times have looked death fearlessly in the face; men inured to heat and cold, and to back a horse for three days and nights without dismounting."

"I will go and intercede for you."

"But what am I to thee? Who art thou? And why wouldst thou serve me?"

"Oh, I have my motives. I am one whom the Raitzen have driven from house and home, whose wife they have seduced, whose kindred they have slain. By flight alone did I escape with my life; and here, in this very forest, have I buried my only child, polluted and murdered. All these things have the Raitzen done to me. Now, tell me, if you war against them, you will give no quarter?"

"None."

"Then trust me that I will never rest until I bring your pardon, on the condition that you take the field against the Raitzen with your whole band. And may your happiness on earth be measured by the destruction you bring upon their accursed race."

"Clear me the path to the battle-field, and you shall have a mountain of your enemies' skulls."

"I will do so. By all that is sacred, I swear. In a fortnight I bring your pardon. Where shall we meet?"

"We? nowhere. I trust no man.

If you be sincere, come to Félégyház. There, in the tavern, sits each morning a wrinkled old beggar, his grey hair tied up in two knots. He has but one hand—thereby will you know him. Show him this pistol, and he will conduct you to me. Seek not to compel from him the secret of my hiding-place, for no tortures could wring it from his lips. Be not angry. I must be cautious. For sixteen years have I been hunted like a beast of prey. And now away, and keep to your right to find the path. An opposite road is mine.”

He set spurs to his horse, and galloped off through the forest.

The fortnight had not expired when George entered the tavern at Félégyház.

In a dark corner, over a measure of wine, sat the grey-haired, one-handed beggar.

George showed the pistol. The beggar rose from his seat, drank off his wine, paid the tavern-keeper, and left the house. Not a syllable escaped him.

The two men stopped before a wretched hut, at the extremity of the village. The beggar went in, and brought out two powerful black saddle-horses. He signed to George to mount one, whilst he himself sprang upon the other, as actively as though he were a young man and had both hands.

Once fairly off, the old beggar became talkative. These horses, he said, were hacks of Rosa Sandor's, good beasts enough; but the Captain's favourite steed was far finer and better, and would let none but its master mount it, and would gallop for whole days together without rest, or food, or drink. It swam the Theiss thrice running, and watched its master's sleep like the most faithful dog, neighing when danger approached.

Till late in the evening, they rode on across the endless heath. No path was there, nor visible landmark; only at intervals a patch of stunted aspens, and now and then a hut, whence proceeded the hoarse bark of dogs, or a sheep-pen vacant until nightfall. There were fens overgrown with reeds and rushes, and swarming with white herons; and vast tracts of moor, grazed and trampled by every sort of cattle. Now and then, on the far horizon, the travellers caught sight of a steeplo; or of a dark mass of wood, soaked by toil and care from the ungrateful, sandy soil.

At last night fell. All around grew grey, and then black; but still the old horse-herd kept steadily on his way. In the remote distance a red glimmer was seen: right and left flamed the fires of the shepherds.

“Yonder is Rosa Sandor,” said the Betyár, pointing to the distant light: “there we shall find him.”

Another hour brought them to the place. As they drew near, the horses that stood round the fire neighed aloud, and the figures of three men were visible. Their attitude was one of watchfulness and determination.

A peculiar whistle from the lips of the old Betyár warned them of the approach of friends.

One of the three men at the fire was the robber chief, Rosa Sandor.

“What bring you?” asked Rosa.

“Your pardon!” cried George; and, springing from his steaming horse, he handed a sealed packet to his interrogator. “Read and rejoice!”\*

The robber turned to the firelight, and unfolded the document, which quivered in his hand as he read it. One tear and then another fell upon the paper; slowly he bent his knees, and turned his glistening eyes to heaven. “My Lord and my God!” he exclaimed, his utterance choked by sobs, “for sixteen years I have been hunted like

\* Rosa Sandor was less a highwayman than a cattle-lifter, and pursued his vocation in the neighbourhood of Szegedin. “He was never in prison,” says Schlesinger, “but repented his misdemeanours of his own free will, and wrote to the magistrates stating that he would leave their cattle alone, if they would pardon him for the past and allow him to pursue the Austrians.” The Hungarian Government granted his request, and he did good service, especially against Jellachich and the Serbs; and also repeatedly entered Pesth and Komorn with despatches, when those places were closely invested by the Austrians.—See Schlesinger, i. 226-8, for other particulars of this Hungarian Robin Hood, who was at the head of a band of three hundred men, and was further remarkable by his abstinence from bloodshed.

a wild beast, but Thou vouchsafest to me to be once more a man!"

He turned to his companions. "To horse!" he cried; "let the troop assemble."

They sprang to their horses, and soon upon all sides the signal-whistle was heard. In ten minutes, a hundred and eighty men, well mounted and armed, mustered round the fire.

"Friends and comrades," cried Sandor, "that which we have so long desired has come to pass. We are no longer robbers—our country pardons us. It is granted us to atone our crimes by an honourable death. Is there one amongst you who does not repent his past life, and rejoice to be allowed to end it in honour?"

"Not one!" was the unanimous shout.

"Will you follow me to the battle?"

"Everywhere! To death!"

"Swear it."

The vow was brief. "We joyfully swear to shed our blood for our fatherland!"

"Add," said George to Rosa, "and to give no quarter!"

#### NOSTALGIA.

The soldier is dying of home-sickness.

On a sudden an epidemic broke out amongst the Hungarian troops stationed in foreign lands.

A mysterious man wandered from place to place, visiting the wine-houses frequented by the hussars, and joining in their conversation. The words he spoke, repeated from mouth to mouth, spread far and wide amongst the light-hearted soldiers, whose light-heartedness then suddenly left them. The stranger told them of things which had happened in their native land; and, when he departed, he left behind him printed verses and proclamations. These the privates took to their serjeants to have read to them. When they heard them read they wept, and cursed, and learned by heart both verse and prose, from the first word to the last, and repeated them from morning till night.

Then many took to their beds, and neither ate nor drank; and when the doctors asked what ailed them, they pointed to their hearts, and said, "Home! home!—let us go home!"

Many died, and no one could say what had killed them. The rough uneducated soldiers were pining away in home-sickness, like flowers transplanted to a foreign and ungenial soil.

An experiment was tried. Some of the sick men received leave to go home. The next day—they were well and hearty.

It became known that some one was at work secretly innoculating the soldiers with this strange malady; but it was impossible to detect the person.

The soldiers!—oh, not one of *them* would betray him; and all snares were laid in vain. With the officers he never meddled. The private soldiers were his men. With them he felt himself secure from treachery. And the seed he scattered abroad produced an abundant harvest.

The dejection of the troops became daily more striking. The soldiers grew wild and intractable. No longer, when riding their horses to water, did they sing, as had been their wont, joyous ditties in praise of wine and women. Their songs were now sad and strange-sounding; mournful words to yet more dismal tunes. They sang of their country, of their dear native land, and of strife and bloodshed, in dirge-like strains; and the burden of every couplet was "*Eljen Magyar!*" Like the last accents of a dying man were the tones they uttered, sinking deeper and deeper, and ending in piteous long-protracted cadences.

Still are such songs to be heard in Hungary's forests, and around her villages, in the silent night-time. Now, more than ever, do they sound like funeral dirges, and their long sad notes like wailings from the grave.

In a small Gallician town was quartered a division of hussars—splendid fellows, for whom the heart of many a Polish maiden beat quicker than its wont. The most beautiful woman in all the neighbourhood loved the best blade amongst the hussars—the Captain.

Countess Anna K—nsky, the lovely Polish widow, had been for six months betrothed to the bold hussar officer, and the wedding-day was near at hand. A single night intervened. On the eve of the happy day, the bride-

groom went to visit his bride. He was a tall slender man, with the bloom of youth still upon his face; but his high forehead was already bald;—"Sun and moon together," as the Hungarian proverb says.

The bride was a fair and delicate lady, with abundant black locks, a pale nervous countenance, and blue eyes of that unusual lustre which one finds only in Polish blue eyes. At sight of her lover, her alabaster cheek was overspread with the roses of love's spring-time, and her eyes beamed like the rising sun.

The bridegroom would fain have appeared cheerful; but it is hard to deceive the gaze of love, which reads the beloved one's trouble in each fold of the brow, in each absent glance of the eye. Tenderly she approached him, smoothed his forehead's wrinkles with her hand, and imprinted a kiss in their place. But again they returned.

"What ails thee, dearest? How is this? Sad on the eve of our wedding-day?"

"I? Nothing ails me. But I am annoyed at an incident—a casualty—which I cannot postpone. The court-martial has condemned a man to death. I have just now signed the sentence. The man is to be shot to-morrow: just on our bridal-day! I would it were otherwise!"

"The man is doubtless a criminal?"

"According to military law. He has been debauching soldiers from their duty—exciting them to desert and return home to fight the Serbs. Death is the penalty of his crime."

"And you have signed the sentence? Are you not a Magyar? Love you not your native land?"

"I am a soldier before everything. I respect the laws."

"Impossible! You, who love so well, cannot be devoid of that most ennobling kind of love—patriotism."

"I can love, but I cannot dream. Of the maxims and principles of revolutionists, I understand not a word; but thus much I know, revolutions never end well. Much blood, little honour, eternal remorse."

"Say not eternal remorse, but eternal hope. Hope that a time *must* come, which will compensate all sufferings and sacrifices."

The fair enthusiast, quitted her

bridegroom's side, seated herself at the piano, and played with feverish energy the well-known song,

"Noch ist Polen nicht verloren!"

her eyes flashing through tears. Her lover approached her, removed her hand, which trembled with emotion, from the keys of the instrument, and kissed it.

"Poor Poland! Well may thy daughters weep over thy fate; but alas! in vain. I was lately in Pesth. Passing along a street where a large house was building, I noticed amongst the labourers a woman, carrying stones to and fro upon her head, for the use of the masons. Twice—thrice—I passed before her. The sweat streamed from her face; her limbs could scarcely support her. She was no longer young, and the toil was severe. This woman once possessed a palace in Warsaw—far, far more magnificent than the house she was then helping to build. Its portals were surmounted by a prince's coronet; and many are the joyous hours I have spent beneath its hospitable roof. . . . When, at the sound of the noonday bell, she seated herself at her wretched meal, I accosted her. For a long time she would not recognise me; then she turned away her head and wept. The other women only laughed at her. I offered her money; she thanked me, and took very little. She, once the mistress of millions, besought me to send the remainder to her little daughter, whom she had left a dependent on a rich family in a distant town. I promised to seek out her daughter. When I had last seen her she was a lovely child, six years of age. Eight years had elapsed, bringing her to the verge of womanhood. I reached the house. In answer to my inquiries, a girl appeared—not that fair and delicate being whose sweet countenance still dwelt in my memory, but a rude creature, with hard coarse features and wild eyes. She did not recognise me, often though she had seen me. I spoke to her in Polish; she understood not a word. I asked after her mother; she stared vacantly in my face. . . . Truly, the fate of Poland is a terrible example of what a nation may expect from its neighbours when it engages



in a struggle with one more powerful than itself; and woe to the Magyar if he does not profit by the warning!"

"Ah! it is no Magyar who can talk thus!"

"Anna! thy first husband fell in battle on the morrow of thy wedding day. Wouldst thou lose thy second bridegroom on its eve?"

"I? With contrition I avow my culpable weakness; I love you more than my country, more than liberty. Until to-day, no man ever heard these words from a Polish woman. I wish you to sacrifice yourself? Did you seek to do so, I should surely hold you back—which no Polish wife ever yet did to her husband. All I crave of you is to leave that man his life, whose patriotism was stronger than your own. On our bridal eve, I ask you for a man's life as a wedding-gift."

"And a soldier's honour!"

"Punish him otherwise."

"There is but one alternative. The man has instigated mutiny and desertion; the law has doomed him to death. I must execute the sentence, or fly with him to Hungary. And thence, I well know, I should never return. In a case like this, the judge punishes, or is an accomplice of the criminal. In one hand I have the sword of justice, in the other the banner of insurrection. Choose! which shall I raise?"

The sky was scarcely reddened by the dawn when the prisoner was led forth to execution. Silently, without other sound than that of their horses' hoofs, marched the square of hussars. In the centre, on an open cart, was the chaplain, a crucifix in his hand; and beside him, in a white shirt, bare-headed and with fettered hands, the culprit, George of St Thomas.

The sun rose as they reached the appointed place. The plumes of the hussars and the grey locks of the condemned man fluttered in the morning breeze. They took him from the cart: six hussars dismounted and unslung their carbines; the remainder formed up. The adjutant unfolded a paper and read, in a stern and merciless voice, the sentence of death passed upon George of St Thomas. According to customary form, a soldier stepped up to the adjutant, presented

him with a wand, and thrice implored mercy for the condemned man. The third time the officer broke the wand in two, threw it at the criminal's feet, and said in solemn tones, "God is merciful!"

At these words the doomed man raised his head; his attitude grew more erect, his features glowed. He gazed around him in the faces of the assembled soldiers, then upwards at the purple clouds, and spoke in enthusiastic tones.

"Thank thee, O God!" he said; "and thanks also to you, comrades, for my death. Life has long been a burthen to me; death is welcome. I have lost everything—wife and child, house and home; my country alone remained to me, and her I could not free. I rejoice to die. You, comrades, bless God, that yonder, beyond the mountains, you have a mother, a beloved bride, a faithful wife, an infant child, waiting your return. Yonder beyond the mountains you have your homes, your cottages, your families. Pray to God that at your last hour you may welcome death as joyfully as I, who have nothing left upon earth." He paused, and sank upon his knees, as if power had departed from his limbs.

The soldiers stood motionless as statues. The adjutant waved the paper in his hand. Gloomily the six hussars raised their carbines.

Once more the adjutant raised the folded paper, when behold! a young non-commissioned officer dashed out of the ranks, snatched the fatal document from his hand, tore it, and threw the fragments at the feet of the firing-party.

Two hundred sabres flashed from their scabbards, and, amidst a cloud of dust, two hundred chargers scoured across the plain.

The wedding guests were waiting. The bridegroom was there in full uniform, glittering with gold, and the beauteous bride in her graceful robe of white lace. Yet a moment, and she would be his wedded wife.

The moment was very long.

The bridegroom awaited his adjutant's return from the execution. Until then, he would not approach the altar.

What if, at the very instant the

solemn Yes! passed his lips, there reached his ears the rattle of the life-destroying volley, which he, the thrice happy lover, had commanded?

What if, whilst God's servant implored Heaven's blessing on their union, the angry spirit of the criminal, invoking vengeance on his judge's head, appeared at the footstool of the Almighty?

Still no adjutant came.

The bridegroom was uneasy. Yet uneasier grew the bride.

"Perhaps," she whispered, "it were better to postpone the ceremony."

"Or," he replied, "to hasten it."

A foreboding of evil oppressed them both.

And still the adjutant came not. Two, three hours elapsed beyond the appointed time. Noon approached; each minute seemed an eternity.

At last hoofs clattered in the court. Hasty steps and jingling spurs were heard upon the stairs. All eyes were fixed upon the door. . . . It opened, the adjutant appeared, pale, dusty, exhausted, the sweat streaming over his face.

"Remain without!" cried the bridegroom. "You bring a message of death—enter not here!"

"No message of death do I bring," replied the officer hoarsely, "but a hundred times worse. The condemned man has taken the hussars away with him, all, towards the Hungarian frontier. A couple of leagues off they released me to make my report!"

"My horse!" shouted the bridegroom, hurrying madly to the door. But he paused at sight of his bride, paler than ever and with terror in her glance.

"WAIT BUT A MOMENT, dearest love!" he said, clasped her to his breast, kissed her, and threw himself on his horse.

The animal reared beneath him and would not leave the court. The rider struck the spurs sharply into its flanks. Once more he looked back. There she stood, the beloved one, in her bridal dress upon the balcony, and waved her kerchief. "You will soon be back," she said.

She never saw him again.

Forward raced the hussars upon

their rapid coursers, forward towards the blue mountains—ever forward.

Through forest wildernesses, over pathless heaths, up hill and down—ever forwards to the distant mountains.

Right and left steeped cities appeared and vanished; the vesper bells greeted them as they passed; loudly neighing, their horses swept along, swift and ever swifter.

Amongst them rode the gray-headed man, guiding them by untrodden paths, over swamp and moor, through silent groves of pine, forwards to the mountains.

In the evening twilight they reach the banks of a stream. Here and there on the distant hills glimmer the shepherds' fires; beyond those hills lies the Magyar's home, and in their valleys this stream takes its rise. Here, for the first time, they dismount, to water their horses in the wave whose source is in their native land.

Whilst the horses sup the cool stream, their riders strike up that gay and genial song, whose every note brings memories of home,—

"Hei! auch ich bin dort geboren,  
Wo der Stern dort strahlt."

Who ever rode so merrily to death?

But the vedettes make sudden sign that some one comes.

In the distance a horseman is seen; his steed vies in swiftness with the wind, his long plume and laced pelisse stream behind, the gold upon his schako glitters in the red sun-rays.

"The Captain!" is murmured around.

The hussars mount, draw their sabres, form line, and when their captain appears in their front, they offer him the customary salute.

Breathless with fury and speed, at first he cannot speak. Motionless in front of the line, his sabre quivering in his hand, he is at a loss for words to express his indignation. Before he can find them, four hussars quit the ranks; the youngest—the same who tore up the sentence—raises his hand to his schako, and addresses his chief.

"Welcome, Captain! You come at the right moment to accompany us to Hungary. Short time is there for

\* "Ha! I too was yonder born, where brightly beams the star."

deliberation. Decide quickly. We will seize your horse's bridle, and take you with us by force. Well do we know that you come willingly; but so will you avoid disgrace, should defeat be our lot. You must with us—by force. If we succeed, yours the glory; if we fail, the guilt is ours, since we compel you. Play your part! Defend yourself! Cut one or two of us from our saddles, the first who lays hand on your rein—see; I grasp it! Strike, Captain, and with a will."

He did as he said, and seized the horse's bridle; whilst, on the other side, an old serjeant laid hand on its mane. The horse stirred not.

The Captain gazed hard at them, each in turn; but he raised not his sabre to strike. Behind him his forsaken bride, before him the mountain frontier of his native land. On the one hand, a heaven of love and happiness; on the other, glory and his country's cause. Two mighty passions striving against each other with a giant's force. The fierce conflict went nigh to overpower him; his head sank upon his breast. Suddenly blared the trumpets in rear of the squadron; at the martial sound his eager war-horse bounded beneath him. With awakening enthusiasm the rider raised his head and waved his sabre.

"Forward, then," he cried, "in God's name!"

And forward he sprang into the river, the two hussars by his side; the cloven waters plashing in pearls around their heads.

Forward, forward to the blue mountains!

In lengthening column, the hussars followed across the stream—the horses bravely breasting the flood, the bold riders singing their wild Magyar ditty. But dark and gloomy was their leader's brow, for each step led him farther from happiness and his bride.

In the midst of the troop rode George of St Thomas, in his hand the banner of Hungary. His cheek glowed, his eye flashed: each step brought him nearer to revenge.

The troubled stream is once more stilled, the fir-wood receives the fugi-

tives, their horses' tramp dies away in the darkness. Here and there, from the distant mountains, the herdsman's horn resounds; on their flanks the shepherd's fire gleams like a blood-red star.

Forward, forward!

Back to thy lair, bloodthirsty monster, back and sleep!

Let the forest-grass grow over the ensanguined plain.

How much is destroyed, how much has passed away.

How many good men, who were here, are here no longer; and how many who remain would grieve but little if they, too, were numbered with the dead.

The hero of battles is once more a robber and a fugitive. The iron hand of the law drives him from land's end to land's end.

In the mad-house mopes a captain of hussars, and ever repeats,—"WARR BUT A MOMENT!" None there can guess the meaning of his words.

Only George of St Thomas is happy. He sleeps in a welcome grave, dreaming of sweet renown and deep revenge.

We have suppressed two chapters of this tale, both for want of space, and because they are unpleasantly full of horrors. They are chiefly occupied with the vengeance wreaked by George, who is frightfully mutilated in the course of the war, upon the Serbs, and especially upon his deadly foe Basil; and include an account of the capture by assault, and subsequent conflagration, of the town of St Thomas. They are in no way essential to heighten or complete the interest of those we have given; and *L'Envoy* is as appropriately placed at the end of the third chapter as at the close of the fifth. The plot of the whole tale, if such it may be called, is quite unimportant; but there is an originality and a wild vigour in many of the scenes, which justify, in combination with other German translations from the Magyar that have lately reached us, an anticipation of yet better things from the present generation of Hungarian poets and novelists.

## THE MESSAGE OF SETH.

## AN ORIENTAL TRADITION.

BY DELTA.

## I.

PROSTRATE upon his couch of yellow leaves,  
 Slow-breathing lay the Father of Mankind ;  
 And as the rising sun through cloudland weaves  
 Its gold, the glowing past returned to mind,  
 Days of delight for ever left behind,  
 In purity's own robes when garmented,  
 Under perennial branches intertwined—  
 Where fruits and flowers hung temptingly o'erhead,  
 Eden's blue streams he traced, by bliss ecstatic led.

## II.

Before him still, in the far distance seen, • •  
 Arose its rampart groves impassable ;  
 Stem behind giant stem, a barrier screen,  
 Whence even at noonday midnight shadows fell ;  
 Vainly his steps had sought to bid farewell  
 To scenes so tenderly beloved, although  
 Living in sight of Heaven made Earth a Hell ;  
 For fitful lightnings, on the turf below,  
 Spake of the guardian sword aye flickering to and fro—

## III.

The fiery sword that, high above the trees,  
 Flashed awful threatenings from the angel's hand,  
 Who kept the gates and guarded :—nigh to these,  
 A hopeless exile, Adam loved to stand  
 Wistful, or roamed to catch a breeze that fanned  
 The ambrosial blooms, and wafted perfume thence,  
 As 'twere sweet tidings from a distant land  
 No more to be beheld for Penitence,  
 However deep it be, brings back not Innocence.

## IV.

Thus had it been through weary years, wherein  
 The primal curse, working its deadly way,  
 Had reft his vigour, bade his cheek grow thin,  
 Furrowed his brow, and bleached his locks to grey :  
 A stricken man, now Adam prostrate lay  
 With sunken eye, and palpitating breath,  
 Waning like sunlight from the west away ; • •  
 While tearfully, beside that bed of death, •  
 Propping his father's head, in tenderness hung Seth.

"Seth, dearest Seth," 'twas thus the father said,  
 "Thou know'st—ah ! better none, for thou hast been  
 A pillow to this else forsaken head,  
 And made, if love could make, life's desert green—  
 The dangers I have braved, the ills unseen,  
 The weariness and woe, that, round my feet,

Lay even as fowlers' nets ; and how the wrath  
Of an offended God, for blossoms sweet  
Strewed briars and thorns along each rugged path :—  
Ye deem not that this Night no hope of Morning hath.

## VI.

" On darkness Dawn will break ; and, as the gloom  
Of something all unfelt before, downweighs  
My spirit, and forth-shadows coming doom,  
Telling me this may be my last of days—  
I call to mind the promise sweet (let praise  
Be ever His, who from Him hath not thrust  
The erring utterly !) again to raise  
The penitential prostrate from the dust,  
And be the help of all who put in Him their trust.

## VII.

" Know then, that day, as sad from Eden's home  
Of primal blessedness my steps were bent  
Reluctant, through the weary world to roam,  
And tears were with the morning's dewdrops blent,  
That 'twas even then the Almighty did relent--  
Saying, ' Though labour, pain, and peril be  
Thy portion, yet a balsam sweet of scent  
For man hath been provided, which shall free  
From death his doom—yea, gain lost Eden back to thee.

## VIII.

" Although thy disobedience hath brought down  
The wrath of justice ; and the penalty  
Are pangs by sickness brought, and misery's frown,  
And toil—and, finally, that thou shalt die ;  
Yet will I help in thine extremity.  
In the mid garden, as thou know'st, there grows  
The Tree of Life, and thence shall precious,  
One day, an oil distil, of power to close  
Sin's bleeding wounds, and soothe man's sorrows to repose.

## IX.

" That promise hath been since a star of light,  
When stumbled on the mountains dark my feet ;  
Hath cheered me in the visions of the night,  
And made awaking even to labour sweet ;  
But now I feel the cycle is complete,  
And horror weighs my spirit to the ground.  
Haste to the guarded portals, now 'tis meet,  
And learn if, even for me, may yet be found  
That balsam for this else immedicable wound.

## X.

" Thine errand to the Angel tell, and He  
(Fear not, he knows that edict from the Throne)  
Will guide thy footsteps to the Sacred Tree,  
Which crowns the Garden's midmost space alone :  
Thy father's utmost need to him make known ;  
And ere life's pulsing lamp be wasted quite,  
Bring back this Oil of Mercy ;—haste, be gone ;  
Haste thee, oh haste ! for my uncertain sight,  
Fitful, now deems it day, and now is quenched in night."

## XI.

Seth heard ; and like a swift, fond bird he flew,  
 By filial love impelled ; yea, lessened dread  
 Even of the guardian Fiery Angel knew—  
 And through the flowery plains untiring sped—  
 And upwards, onwards to the river-head—  
 Where, high to heaven, the verdant barriers towered  
 Of Eden ; when he sank—o'ercanopied  
 With sudden lightning, which around him showered,  
 And in its vivid womb the midday sun devoured.

## XII.

And in his ear and on his heart was poured,  
 While there entranced he lay, an answer meet ;  
 And, gradually, as Thought came back restored,  
 Uprising, forth he hied with homeward feet.  
 Sweet to the world's grey Father, oh how sweet  
 His coming on the nearest hill-top shone !  
 For now all feebly of his heart the beat  
 Returned ; and of his voice the faltering tone,  
 Meeting the listener's ear, scarce made its purpose known.

## XIII.

" Beloved father ! " thus 'twas through his grief  
 Impassioned spake the son, " it may not be,  
 Alas ! that, for thy misery's relief  
 Wells now the promised balsam from Life's Tree.  
 And must I say farewell—yea, part with thee ?—  
 Droop not thus all despairing : breath may fail,  
 And days and years and ages onward flee  
 Ere that day dawn ; but Thou its beams shalt hail,  
 And earth give up its dead, and Life o'er Death prevail.

## XIV.

" Astounding are the visions I have seen :  
 The clouds took shapes, and turned them into trees  
 And men and mountains ; and the lands between  
 Seemed cities, dun with crowds ; and on the seas  
 Dwelt men, in arks careering with the breeze ;  
 And shepherds drove their flocks along the plain ;  
 And generations, smitten with disease,  
 Passed to the dust, on which tears fell like rain ;  
 Yet fathers, in their sons, seemed age grown youth again

## XV.

" And the wide waters rose above the tops  
 Of the high hills, and all looked desolate—  
 Sea without shore ! Anon appeared the slopes,  
 Glowing with blossoms, and a group elate  
 Eying an arch, bright with earth's future fate,  
 In heaven ; and there were wanderings to and fro ;  
 And, while beneath the multitudes await,  
 Tables, by God's own finger written, show  
 The Law by which He wills the world should walk below :

## XVI.

" And ever passed before me clouds of change,  
 Whose figures rose, and brightened, and declined ;  
 And what was now familiar straight grew strange,

And, melting into vapours, left behind  
 No trace ; and, as to silence sank the wind,  
 Appeared in heaven a beautiful bright star,  
 Under whose beams an Infant lay reclined ;  
 And all the wheels of nature ceased their jar,  
 And choiring angels hymned that Presence from afar.

## XVII.

“ And then, methought, upon a mountain stood  
 The Tree, from which, as shown to thee, should flow  
 That Oil of Mercy—but it looked like blood !  
 And, to all quarters of the earth below,  
 It streamed, until the desert ceased to know  
 Its curse of barrenness ; the clouds away  
 Passed in their darkness from the noon ; and lo !  
 Even backwards flowed that brightness to this day,  
 And, Father, showed me thee, encircled by its ray :—

## XVIII.

“ It showed me thee, from whom mankind had birth,  
 And myriads—countless as the sere leaves blown  
 From wintry woods—whose places on the earth,  
 Even from the burning to the icy zone,  
 Were to their sons’ sons utterly unknown,  
 Awakening to a fresh, eternal morn :  
 Methinks I list that glad Hosannah’s tone,  
 From shore to shore on all the breezes borne !  
 Then, Father, droop not thus, as utterly forlorn ;

## XIX.

“ A long, long future, freaked with sin and strife,  
 The generations of the world must know ;  
 But surely from that Tree—the Tree of Life—  
 A healing for the nations yet will flow,  
 As God foretold thee.”

“ Freely then I go,  
 For steadfast is the Lord his word to keep,”  
 Said Adam, as his breathing, faint and slow,  
 Ceased ; and like zephyr dying on the deep,  
 In hope matured to faith, the First Man fell asleep !

## THE VOICE OF NATURE.

'Twas in a lone sequestered dell,  
 And on a summer's eve ;  
 The sun's last glances ling'ring fell,  
 As loath the spot to leave :

For never sun more blithely rose  
 To light a scene more fair—  
 Day never had so sweet a close,  
 Or night a charm so rare.

And I have climbed the rocky steep  
 That cuts the vale in twain,  
 And gaze adown the lonely sweep  
 That seeks the vale again.

I gaze on many a stately dome  
 Of high imperious name,  
 On many a low and humble home  
 Unglorified by fame :

But all are wrapt in deep repose,  
 And not a sound is there  
 To tell how swift the River flows  
 Between the banks of Care.

Unmarked, the stream of life glides on  
 To that Eternal Sea,  
 Where earthly sun hath never shone,  
 Nor aught of earth can be.

And this, to me, is as a spell  
 That binds me to the night—  
 That bathes each wild untrodden dell  
 In waves of mystic light.

There are who say this wondrous world  
 Is but the work of chance ;  
 That earth, like some huge scroll, unfurled,  
 And wrought its own advance ;

That senseless atoms blindly grew  
 Into a world of light ;  
 That creatures no Creator knew—  
 That death's eternal night !

O Man, with aspirations high,  
 Is this the end you crave ?  
 Oh Man, with soul that cannot die,  
 And perish in the grave—

Are all the wonders prophets told  
 But wild delusive dreams ?  
 And can it be that human mould  
 Is but the clay it seems ?

Shall love and virtue live on earth,  
 And with the earth decay ?  
 Shall faith, and hope, and stainless worth,  
 Pass like a dream away !

Come forth, thou false and subtle sage !  
 Creation read aright !  
 Cast off the gathering mists of age,  
 And clear thy clouded sight !

Throw down, throw down the guilty pen—  
 Break off the stubborn mask :  
 The creed thou dar'st assert to men,  
 Its truth of *Nature* ask !

At morn, at noon or sacred eve,  
 On land or on the sea,  
 The lightest sound thy step may leave  
 Shall breathe " Eternity ! "

Come tread with me this dizzy height,  
 And, through this waste of air,  
 Gaze out upon the forms of night—  
 What is thine answer there ?

The moonlit fields of waving corn,  
 That ripening harvests fill—  
 The bubbling springs where lakes are born  
 To man subservient still—

All speak of His unbounded love  
 Who caused those streams to flow,  
 Who fed those fields from fountains above,  
 And made the harvest grow.

And wheresoe'er the broad moon's rays  
 In matchless beauty fall,  
 They mirror forth to thoughtful gaze  
 The Hand that fashioned all.

There's not a plant upon the earth,  
 There's not a tree nor flower,  
 But bears the stamp of heavenly birth,  
 The proof of heavenly power.

The very leaf on which you tread  
 Was wrought with wondrous hand,—  
 A fragment of a volume dread  
 That speaks to every land :

A book unchanged from age to age—  
 The same since time began :  
 For Nature is a living page  
 That preaches God to man !

CHARLES WILTON.



## BRITISH LABOUR AND FOREIGN RECIPROCITY.

WE hear a great deal at the present day, not only from pretended philanthropists, but from well-meaning and conscientious people, about the "Rights of Labour." In fact, the term has become so hackneyed that very rarely is any popular speech delivered from a hustings, or elsewhere, without its occurrence as a marked and leading principle, which the speaker is determined to uphold.

But general terms are almost always susceptible of wide and contradictory construction; and when we come to analyse this phrase, "the rights of labour," and to consider the different interpretations which have been passed upon it, we are forced to arrive at the conclusion, that very few of those who use the words have any distinct idea of the meaning which they ought to convey. One man considers "the rights of labour" as identical with the operation of the maxim which exhorts as "to buy in the cheapest, and to sell in the dearest market." Another defines those rights to mean, "a fair day's wage for a fair day's labour." And so the term is bandied about among us, repeated and reiterated, until it has fairly lost the semblance of anything like clear significance.

Meanwhile labour, in this country at least, is loudly calling for the recognition of its rights, whatever those rights may be—not for the shadow, but the substance; not for the name, but for the reality. Labour in Ireland is struck down and paralysed—paralysed in its first natural function and duty, the production of food, although millions of acres, capable of yielding large returns of cereal produce, are either unbroken or withdrawn from the tillage of the plough. Labour in Scotland is becoming daily less remunerative; the northern population is driven to emigrate by thousands, or to take refuge in the cities and towns already redundantly supplied.

Wages are decreasing in the lands; the poor-rate is multiplying; and the greatest source of

our wealth, the iron trade, is in a state of lamentable prostration. Labour in England, by far the richest country of the three, is scarcely better remunerated. In the rural districts, we hear of lowered agricultural wages and growing discontent; in the towns, we are told of mills closed or put upon short time; and, from the metropolis and the larger cities, we have accounts of misery and destitution which did they reach us from missionaries in a heathen land, would fill our souls with horror, and our hearts with righteous indignation.

To that call, proceeding from the labourers themselves, we cannot and we dare not turn a deaf ear. We must listen to it, appalling as it is; and examine into the cause of it, if we wish society to remain as it has been. We must allow no preconceived ideas or impressions, generated, perhaps, by the delusions of the last few years, or of many years, to stand in our way when so frightful a calamity approaches as the destitution and demoralisation of the working and producing classes of this mighty empire; for we may as well expect a fabric to stand after its foundations have been worn away, as suppose that a state can exist without the support of those who are, in reality, the artificers of its whole wealth and produce.

Would to heaven we could persuade men to throw aside, not for a time, but for ever, their party notions, and, what is still more difficult, their selfish interests; and induce them to look this great question broadly and fairly in the face! They will not find it treated of in their politico-economical treatises—those wretched collections of sophisms compiled by the dullest and most blear-eyed of mankind, which have been accepted in our day as monuments of transcendent wisdom. They will not find the question mooted at all in the tomes of their conceited statisticians; but if they step beyond that dreary range, and go forth into the scenes of busy life, they will hear it discussed, always eagerly,

sometimes ably, sometimes incompetently, in the workshop, the forge, the factory, the cottage, and the mine; and they may then form some idea of the importance which the working-classes attach to that much-abused term—"the Rights of Labour."

The mere general discussion of such a point implies that there is something amiss, either in our social or in our commercial and national system. With regard to the first, we think there can be no argument. Unless some totally new evangel has been reserved for these latter days, Socialism, as it is understood on the Continent, and even partially among ourselves, is a wild and miserable delusion. It has been tried, over and over again, under circumstances far more favourable for its development than any which are likely to occur again, and has invariably failed. Nay, the tendency of Liberalism has been to sweep what modified Socialism might exist in a civilised community away. Guilds, corporations, the chartered privileges of burghs, have all vanished, or been reduced to shadows, and nothing is now permitted to stand between the employer and the employed. Socialism, through the law, can have no existence. It may, indeed, lawfully rear and extend itself, if it can, on its own simple merits; but, tried by that test, it simply resolves itself into a new form of labour, liable to competition as before, and powerless to affect prices, by which labour must ever be estimated.

Our firm and fixed belief is, that what are termed social grievances are simply the consequence of a faulty or erroneous commercial and national system. Vapid and superficial writers have talked a great deal about what they are pleased to call the "*Laissez-faire*" tendencies of modern statesmen—intending thereby to convey the impression that Government is not active enough in its regulating and modifying functions. According to our view, this is a most unfounded charge, as against either the Government or the Legislature. We can discern no lack of activity—no want of interference: on the contrary, we are inclined to complain that changes are too common and rapid. This is

an evil to which governments, based on the popular representative principle, are peculiarly liable; and the skill and prescience of the modern statesman will be more conspicuously shown in restraining than in encouraging the spirit of change. Why complain of want of activity, or of culpable negligence, when the fact is before us that, during the last few years, the whole of our commercial system has undergone a radical change, which has affected, more or less, every source of labour, every branch of industry, every application of capital throughout the British empire? We have been the reverse of idle, both at home and abroad. At home, not one single interest has escaped the ordeal of experiment; abroad, we have subjected the colonies to forced operations, from the effects of which it is exceedingly doubtful if they can ever rally, at least under our tutelary care.

These alterations and changes were no doubt intended by their devisers to be productive of good, but they may in reality have been productive of evil. It is impossible to foretell with certainty the effect of any sweeping change, even when the elements of calculation appear to be within our own control. When they are beyond it—as must be the case whenever we assume the co-operation of foreign independent powers, without securing it by treaty—the uncertainty is still greater. It cannot be denied that the late commercial changes proceeded upon the assumption of reciprocity, and that this assumption has been proved by experience to be utterly wrong. So far, then, they have not answered the expectations of their framers. Free imports may be advantageous or the reverse; but they have at all events failed in producing reciprocity, and in converting foreign nations to our insular commercial doctrines. It would be, to say the least of it, becoming in those who advocate the maintenance of the present system to remember this, and to mitigate the arrogance of their tone; for, undeniably, the most important half of their prophecy has fallen to the ground.

Still it remains to be seen whether, in spite of the absence of the pro-

mised reciprocity, we have derived any material advantage from the change; and here men will differ according to their methods, of estimation. Those who are determined, at all hazards, to cry up the advantages of Free Trade, will point to a balance-sheet of extended exports as a sure index of the prosperity of the nation. Is it, after all, a sure index? The whole amount of our national exports is but an infinitesimal portion of the annual creation of wealth in the country; it consists of the products of only a few branches of industry, and represents the employment, not of the masses of the population, but merely of a small section. Some of these branches, indeed the most important of them, do not possess the first guarantee for stability and endurance. *They depend for their existence entirely upon the supply of foreign material.* But for the cotton-wool of America, the factories of Lancashire would be shut up; and we shall presently have occasion to inquire what likelihood there is of an extended, or even a continued supply. Increased exports give us no account whatever of internal and home consumption. During the last year, with a limited supply of raw material, owing to a deficient crop, we have sent away more cotton goods than before. What is the natural inference from that, as to the capabilities of the home consumer?

Neither is it fair to select any two or three branches of industry which may be flourishing, and to parade these as an index of the prosperity of the whole country. If Free-Trade had not been productive of advantage to *some* classes, it would not have been tolerated so long. We know perfectly well, and are prepared to admit, that at this moment some trades are doing well; *but then they are thriving at the expense of the great body of the community.* Such, for example, is the linen-trade of Dundee, supported at the present time by a large demand from abroad for coarse textures, the origin of which demand may be traced to the Free-Trade measures. That cheap provisions, owing to the imports from abroad, should be a great advantage to the operatives engaged in this kind of manufacture, will admit of no doubt; but how does that affect the

general prosperity of the nation? Those operatives work for the foreigner, and are fed by the foreigner. Their contributions to the national revenue, through the customs' duties and excise, cannot be taken as an equivalent for their decreased consumption of British agricultural produce; yet how often is such an instance as this paraded as a proof of general prosperity! After all, it is, perhaps, the only branch of importance which is prospering at the present time. The wool-leu trade has been steady, but not more profitable than before. The cotton trade we know to be depressed; and the iron trade, one of our most valuable staples, because the raw materials of the coal and ore, as well as the manufactured article, are of British production, is at present worse than unprofitable.

We state these things, not as proofs of the inefficacy of Free Trade, but simply as tending to show that no sound inferences as to the general prosperity of the country can be drawn from the fact that exports have increased. The only criterion is, and must be, the condition of the working classes. We have already pointed out the vast depreciation of labour, and the want of employment which is visible over the three kingdoms; and we have alluded to the two most formidable symptoms—pauperism and extended emigration. How these unchallenged and admitted facts are reconcilable with the idea of general prosperity, it remains for our philosophers to show.

To what, then, is this owing? We can only attribute it to one cause—the total disregard of the interests of the British producer. Politicians may attempt, as they have heretofore done, to explain away evident and startling facts on trivial and insufficient grounds; journalists may affect to sneer at the representations of the sufferers, and to turn their complaints into derision; economists may offer to prove the fitness of existing circumstances, upon certain immutable laws of which they were the sole discoverers; demagogues may strive to divert attention from the lamentable consequences of their misdeeds by attacking other institutions; but the fact of general depression and distress remains uncon-

troverted and incapable of denial; and so it will remain until the national policy is altered.

It is now precisely twelve months ago since we drew the attention of the public to the actual state of British agriculture under the operation of Free-Trade prices. We then, and in subsequent articles, quoted the deliberate opinion of those who favoured and carried the repeal of the Corn Laws, as to what remunerative prices in reality were; we called as witnesses the late Sir Robert Peel, Mr Wilson, M.P. for Westbury, and others—and showed that, according to their judgment, not that of Protectionists, wheat could not be grown with a profit in this country unless it commanded in the market from 12s. to 16s. more per quarter than was at that time the average of England. We were told in reply, by our antagonists, that the depression was merely accidental. Hardly one of them ventured to say that they had anticipated such a result, or that such a result was desirable: on the contrary, the farmers of this country were told to believe that the low prices current were simply the consequences of an exuberant harvest, combined with the first impulse of new importation, and that, from sheer want of material, the latter would speedily subside. At the close of another year, and after another harvest materially differing in quality, we find prices actually lower than they were at this time twelvemonths. Nor is this the case with grain alone, but with cattle: thus demonstrating how hopeless is the condition of the British farmer under the operation of the present law.

That the impending ruin of the agriculturists, who constitute by far

the most important body of British producers, and therefore of consumers in the home market, would speedily react upon every branch of industry, we foresaw and foretold; and the result is now before us, evident in each day's reiterated tale of distress.

Notwithstanding all this, we are assured in certain quarters, that at every hazard the experiment must go on; that, having once embarked in a career, however dangerous, we must persevere to the last; and that protection to native industry is inconsistent with the genius of a free and enlightened people.

Let us see whether it be so. And, as to judge of this question we must look elsewhere than to Britain, let us try to discover the extent to which the principles of Free Trade are acknowledged in other lands, where freedom, both of sentiment and action, is claimed quite as enthusiastically as in our own. It is worth while knowing how far our opinions on this commercial subject have been responded to, not by despotic states, wherein the popular voice might be suppressed, but by the most liberal and enterprising countries, which, we were told, waited only for our example to engage in the work of reciprocity.

Among these we are surely entitled to reckon Switzerland and Germany—including in the latter denomination that powerful confederacy, the Zollverein, which embraces the Hanseatic towns. These are Protectionist—determined at all hazards to maintain their doctrine of fostering native industry, and meeting us, not with reciprocity, but with augmented customs' duties. The following extracts from the last modifications of the general tariff of the Zollverein may be instructive:—

MODIFICATIONS OF THE GENERAL TARIFF OF THE ZOLLVEREIN.			
IMPORT DUTIES ON,		OLD DUTY.	NEW DUTY.
Cotton twist, unbleached, per cwt.,	.	£0 6 0	0 9 0
Iron, raw, . . . do.	.	(Free.)	0 1 0
... pig, rails and raw, cast and refined steel,	.	0 3 0	0 4 6
Linen, viz.—			
Yarn, raw, . . . per do.	.	0 0 6	0 6 0
... bleached or dyed,	.	0 3 0	0 15 0
... boiled with ashes,	.	0 1 6	0 9 0
Thread, . . .	.	0 6 0	0 12 0
Manufactures, raw, . . .	.	0 6 0	0 12 0
... bleached, &c.,	.	1 13 0	3 0 0
Woollen manufactures, —	.	4 10 0	7 10 0

The law which gave a tariff to Switzerland on the 30th of June 1849, commences by enacting "that all the articles which are imported into Switzerland, are, with certain exceptions, specified by the present law, submitted to an import duty," and proceeds to impose duties of various kinds on all conceivable articles of importation. So far from being in favour of Free Trade, the Swiss nation is distinctly opposed to it; because, as in France, the people engaged in those important branches of industry are fully alive to their interest, and exercise the power they possess to render the revenue laws subservient to it.

Next comes France, upon the example of which country, and its reciprocal sentiments, Mr Cobden almost perilled his case, when he undertook his crusade to stir up that enthusiasm for free imports which, according to his view, lay burning at the heart of every people throughout the civilised globe. We have reason to know that the accounts of his reception in France, which appeared in many of the London journals, were absurdly exaggerated; and that, beyond the circle of that small and despised clique of whom M. Bastiat is or was the head, it was the reverse of flattering, until he arrived at Bordeaux. There, indeed, the wine-growers of the Gironde prepared an ovation for the statesman who had opened—or rather who, it was hoped, would open—the ports of England to the produce of their generous vintage. But when, in answer to one of his entertainers, more practical or suspicious than the rest, the hero of the League was compelled to avow his opinion that wine was a fair subject for taxation, the disheartening announcement was made that, if the wine duties were not repealed, Bordeaux did not interest itself at all in the question of Free Trade. Nor can we at this moment discover a country visited by Mr Cobden, whatever may be its form of government, that has fulfilled those "confident expectations" which he announced with such singular energy. It cannot be

said that democracy has made no progress in Europe since 1846. The gallant and mighty people of France are now in full enjoyment of all the rights of man, and have only to indicate their will to their representative governors, and it is obeyed. Have, then, free imports followed in the train of liberty? Englishmen are not likely soon to forget how the enfranchised people of France first made use of their newly acquired power; and, though with steadier and more regular action, the great French Republic has held on its protective course up to the recent opening of its Chamber, heedless alike of the lectures of M. Bastiat, or the example of England. Indeed, there appears to be a tacit agreement on this one subject among all statesmen and all parties. Once, it is true, the eloquent though unsuccessful voice of M. de Lamartine was heard prophesying, in mystical phrase, the speedy triumph of brotherhood and interchange; but, by some association of ideas which we do not pretend to understand, the Free-trader of Meudon shortly became chief of that government which established the communist National Workshops. We have waited in vain to hear from any statesman of note a criticism on the President's most Protectionist Message, or any decided expression of dissent; and why is this? Because the French people, the small proprietors, the peasantry, the workmen of Lyons and Mulhausen, the manufacturers "of woollen\* cloths and tissues, of cotton cloths, leather, earthenware, glass, and objects of luxury, have found ready and advantageous markets" under the existing system, and are prepared to defend Protection to the last drop of their blood. The rulers of such a people know, that to deprive their labour of Protection is but to inaugurate the reign of Communism, to establish anarchy, and to insure their own immediate downfall.

So much for the Liberal states of Europe. Let us next turn to America, wherein no corrupt aristocracy sheds its baneful influence upon society;

where an unsectarian and generous instruction is given by the State to all; where no standing army is at hand, first to inflame, and then to gratify the unwise lust of conquest; where the people are really the source of power, and a free press enlightens them as to its proper exercise. There surely, if anywhere, we shall find political economic truth enshrined in the heart and tariff of the nation, and the pestilent heresies of Protection given up to the ridicule of a wise and discerning community. A glance at the present tariff, and an examination into the relations between "the plough, the loom, and the anvil," on the other side of the Atlantic, may consequently afford some useful information to us who are now subjected to a policy which is sacrificing the first to the two other members of that great industrial triad. Mr Carey, the well-known statistical writer of America, has, in *The Harmony of Interests*, supplied us with ample materials for conducting such an inquiry; and we can safely recommend his remarkable work to all who wish to investigate the causes of the progress and decline of industrial communities.

Governor Pownell in 1769, arguing in the House of Commons against taxing our North American provinces, had the prophetic wisdom to foresee—what some few American politicians of the present day, and the leaders of our own Manchester school do not yet seem rightly to comprehend—that the time must inevitably come when America would cease to depend upon English industry for manufactured goods. "They will abominate," said he, addressing himself to the people of England, "as sincerely as now they love you; and if they do, they have within themselves everything requisite to the food, raiment, or dwelling of mankind; they have no need of your commerce." A dim perception of this truth has at last impelled the Manchester Chamber of Commerce—the oligarchy by whom the destinies of this empire are swayed at the present time—to despatch a Com-

missioner to India in search of cotton-growing districts, whence they may obtain certain supplies of the raw material, and, we hope, of markets for the manufactured products thereof; for to us it is evident, that the "model republic" is henceforth to be relied on for neither the one nor the other.

Is this a bold or unauthorised assertion? Let us see. Who has forgotten the prophecies, or rather the confident assumption, of that entire and unlimited reciprocity which was to prevail between Great Britain and America, the moment after the former power announced her intention of admitting free of import duties the produce of the latter? Certainly we have not, though the memories of many people in Manchester and the adjacent parts may be more fallacious. In common fairness we must allow that, so far as argument could be drawn from mere hypothesis, the advocates of Free Trade were entitled to make the most of America. No other country could afford them so plausible a plea for reciprocity. Through absolute necessity, the cotton manufacturers of Great Britain depended upon America for their yearly supply of raw material. America hitherto had taken a large proportion of our manufactured goods—being content that the cotton, before it reached her in a textile fabric, should twice cross the waters of the Atlantic; and she also was a large customer for our coal, our iron, and other commodities. The terms were still unequal, at least for endurance. Britain could not do—at least Manchester and its dependencies could not—without the supply of cotton wool; but how if America, by rearing factories and furnaces, could contrive to do without either our calicoes, or our coal, or our iron? For a long time it was supposed that this was impossible—that the Americans had not sufficient capital to embark in manufacturing pursuits—and that nature had denied them those plentiful stores of coal and iron which are to be found in the British islands. The following tables, brought down to the latest accessible dates, will demonstrate the fallacy of that idea:—

## BALES OF COTTON WORKED UP IN THE UNITED STATES.

	Northern Manufactures.	Southern Manufactures.
1843-44 . . . . .	347,000	None.
1844-45 . . . . .	389,000	None.
1845-46 . . . . .	423,000	30,000
1846-47 . . . . .	428,000	40,000
1847-48 . . . . .	531,000	75,000
1848-49 . . . . .	518,000	100,000

The annual production of American coal and iron is as follows:—

	Coal.	Iron.
1821 to 1829, average tons, . . . . .	37,000	90,000
1830 . . . . .	142,000	165,000
1832 . . . . .	318,000	210,000
1834 . . . . .	451,000	210,000
1835 to 1841, average, . . . . .		250,000
1837 . . . . .	881,000	
1842 . . . . .	1,108,000	
1844 . . . . .	1,621,000	380,000
1846 . . . . .	2,343,000	765,000
1848 . . . . .	3,089,000	800,000

In the increase here, exhibited lies the reason why the League made such a desperate, and unfortunately successful, effort to overthrow the whole protective system of Great Britain; and also the reason why America refuses reciprocity. The Manchester men began to see—there being no want of shrewdness among them when their own individual interests were concerned—that their game had not only become hazardous, but must ere long prove desperate. They had already many rivals on the continent of Europe, who were, equally with themselves, customers to the Americans for cotton wool, and who fenced themselves against the introduction of the Manchester fabric by hostile tariffs. That, however, was nothing in comparison to the appalling fact, that the very people who found the raw material were actually in possession of the means of spinning it themselves, and seemed bent on doing so by their progress from year to year! In vain did our manufacturers and chambers of commerce try to demonstrate to the Yankees that they were not only committing a foolish but a most unnatural action—in vain did they assert, as a fundamental doctrine of ethics, that Britain ought to have the manufacturing monopoly of the world; and as a fundamental principle of economy, that it was far more for the advantage of a nation which produced the raw material to forego its manufacture, than to rear up within itself a new and lucrative

branch of industry. Their ethics and their economy were alike scouted; and no wonder, for both propositions were repugnant to common sense, to ascertained results, and to reason. If it is indeed a law of economy that a nation which produces the raw article ought to confine itself to that production, and not to undertake the finishing and manufacturing process—then, by the same reasoning which was attempted to be palmed off upon the Americans, our wool, instead of being made up at Leeds or Bradford, should be straightway shipped off to Saxony; and the product of our iron mines transported to Sweden, there to undergo the necessary process of smelting. It is perhaps the strangest feature of the age in which we live, that such absolute and self-evident nonsense as this should not only have been uttered on platforms, and received with applause by crowds of congregated merchants, but have been gravely set forth in our public journals as a doctrine of the highest value.

There is, however, no such thing as a universal code of political economy. The Americans listened and laughed, and ran up their factories faster than ever, and ransacked the bowels of the earth for their inestimable strata of minerals, believing with a proper faith that they would not have been placed there unless it was intended that man should convert them to his use. Our cotton manufacturers, being thus situated, had some reason to despond. The nation that gave them their raw

material, and that was also their best customer for fabrics, seemed on the very point of deserting them in both ways. True, a much greater quantity of cotton than was ever yet grown might be raised in America, but then

the demand, though great in itself, has limits; and an unusually large crop has the effect of extinguishing profit to the grower. This will be better understood by the American estimate of the value of crops:—

Crop.	Amount of Product, lbs.	Estimated Value, dols.
1844 . . . . .	812,000,000 . . . . .	65,772,080
1845 . . . . .	958,000,000 . . . . .	56,000,000
1847 . . . . .	711,000,000 . . . . .	72,000,000
1848 . . . . .	1,100,000,000 . . . . .	60,000,000

The estimate for the latter year, says Mr Carey, was that made at New Orleans before the occurrence of the frosts and freshets, which, we presume, raised the price of cotton wool. We see, however, from this, that the small yield of 1847 was infinitely more profitable to the grower than the large yield of 1845, and this will explain the reason why the culture of cotton cannot be indefinitely extended. It therefore became necessary, at all hazards, if cotton-spinning in Britain was to be maintained in its former palmy state, that some further concession should be made to America, to bribe her, since she could not be forced to abstain from the encouragement of her own manufactures.

That bribe was the removal of the import duties on grain and provisions to Great Britain. Let the secret instigators of the movement—the men who organised the machinery of the League—disguise the fact as they may, that, and that alone, was the actual cause of our lowered tariffs and the ultimate repeal of the corn-laws. The Manchester Chamber hoped—most vainly, as it now appears—that, by giving a new stimulus to agriculture in America, at the expense of the vast body of British producers, they could at least ward off the evil day when the American manufacturer should be able to annihilate their trade, by depriving them of the enormous profits which they realised on the conversion of the raw material into yarn. What these profits were will appear from the fact that the price of cotton wool at Liverpool, in 1843-4, was 6d., whilst twist was selling at 10½d.; and that in 1844-5, the price of wool having fallen to 4d., the market value of twist was 11½d. Hence to the prices,

as fixed in England, have regulated those of the world.

That the late Sir Robert Peel, himself a scion of the cotton interest, should have been swayed by such considerations, is not, perhaps, remarkable; but that any portion of the landed gentry, of the producers for the home market, the labourers and the mechanics of Great Britain, should have allowed themselves to be deceived by the idea, that diminished or depreciated production could possibly tend either to their individual or to the national advantage, will hereafter be matter of marvel. We who know the amount of artifice and misrepresentation which was used, and who never can forget the guilty haste with which the disastrous measure was hurried through both Houses of Parliament, without giving to the nation an opportunity of expressing its deliberate opinion, feel, and have felt, less surprise than sorrow at the event. With British feeling, however, we have at present nothing to do; our object is to trace the effect which our relaxation has exercised upon American policy.

The American tariff of 1846, denounced by the Protectionists of the States as injurious to home interests, and supported by the Free-Trade party, imposes, among others, the following duties:—

	Duty per Centum.
Bottles, . . . . .	30
Bread, . . . . .	20
Candles, . . . . .	20
Cheese, . . . . .	30
Coal, . . . . .	30
Cotton goods, (cord, gimps, } galloons, &c.,) . . . . .	30
... thread, twist, yarn, &c.,	25
... caps, leggins, stock- } ings, &c., . . . . .	20
Duck, . . . . .	20



	Duty per Centum.
Flax, . . . . .	15
Flour and meal, . . . . .	20
Grain, . . . . .	20
Iron, . . . . .	30
Lead, . . . . .	20
Leather, . . . . .	20
Provisions, . . . . .	20
Soap, . . . . .	30
Spirits, . . . . .	100
Sugar, . . . . .	30
Tobacco, unmanufactured, . . . . .	30
... manufactured, . . . . .	40
Wool, . . . . .	30

These duties are somewhat lower, though not materially so, than the former tariff of 1842; but they certainly offer no inconsiderable amount of protection to home industry and produce. We have already seen the progress which has been made by the American cotton manufacturers, iron-masters, and miners; and it is now quite evident that, unless that progress is checked—which it only can be by the will of the Americans—our exports to that quarter must naturally decline. This is not our anticipation merely; it has been expressed openly and anxiously in the columns of the *Free-Trade journals*. In the iron districts of Scotland and Staffordshire, the apprehension that henceforward the American market will be generally closed against them, is, we know, very prevalent; and the following extract from the report of the *Morning Chronicle*, (April 11, 1850,) on the condition and prospects of the iron trade in the spring of 1850, applies exactly to the opening of 1851:—

“The present state of our commercial negotiations with the United States, particularly in relation to the exportation of iron from this country, promises greatly to aggravate existing evils. It is feared by many largely interested in the iron manufacture of this neighbourhood, that the efforts of Sir Henry Bulwer at Washington to obtain a modification of the American tariff, with respect more especially to the importation of iron, will prove abortive for some time to come. Our exports of iron from South Staffordshire are said to be already considerably reduced; and should our Transatlantic friends continue, as they threaten, their restrictive commercial policy, business in these important manufacturing districts must of necessity be still more limited than it is at the present moment.”

What the prospects are of future

relaxation may be gathered from the following extract from the message of President Fillmore to Congress, which has reached us whilst writing this article. We observe that the *Times* is bitterly chagrined to find that the President “has stated and commended the false doctrine of Protection.” Was it to be expected that he would have done otherwise, seeing that the vast majority of the American public are thoroughly imbued with the same doctrines, however false and heretical they may appear in the eyes of Manchester?

“All experience has demonstrated the wisdom and policy of raising a large portion of revenue for the support of Government from duties on goods imported. The power to lay these duties is unquestionable, and its chief object, of course, is to replenish the Treasury. But if, in doing this, an incidental advantage may be gained by encouraging the industry of our own citizens, it is our duty to avail ourselves of that advantage.

“A duty laid upon an article which cannot be produced in this country, such as tea or coffee—adds to the cost of the article, and is chiefly or wholly paid by the consumers. But a duty laid upon an article which may be produced here stimulates the skill and industry of our own country to produce the same article, which is brought into the market in competition with the foreign article, and the importer is thus compelled to reduce his price to that at which the domestic article can be sold, thereby throwing a part of the duty upon the producer of the foreign article. The continuance of this process creates the skill, and invites the capital, which finally enable us to produce the article much cheaper than it could have been procured from abroad, thereby benefiting both the producer and the consumer at home. The consequence of this is, that the artisan and the agriculturist are brought together; each affords a ready market for the produce of the other, the whole country becomes prosperous, and the ability to produce every necessary of life renders us independent in war as well as in peace.

“A high tariff can never be permanent. It will cause dissatisfaction and will be changed. It excludes competition, and thereby invites the investment of capital in manufactures to such excess, that when changed it brings distress, bankruptcy, and ruin upon all who have been misled by its false protection. What the manufacture wants is, uniformity and

permanency, that he may feel a confidence that he is not to be ruined by sudden changes. But, to make a tariff uniform and permanent, it is not only necessary that the law should not be altered, but that the duty should not fluctuate. To effect this, all duties should be specific, wherever the nature of the article is such as to admit of it. *Ad valorem* duties fluctuate with the price, and offer strong temptations to fraud and perjury.

"Specific duties, on the contrary, are equal and uniform in all ports and at all times, and offer a strong inducement to the importer to bring the best article, as he pays no more duty upon that than upon one of inferior quality. I therefore strongly recommend a modification of the present tariff, which has prostrated some of our most important and necessary manufactures, and that specific duties be imposed sufficient to raise the requisite revenue, making such discrimination in favour of the industrial pursuits of our country as to encourage home production without excluding foreign competition. It is also important that an unfortunate provision in the present tariff, which imposes a much higher duty upon the raw material that enters into our manufactures than upon the manufactured article, should be remedied."

So that America, the great democratic state on which we relied for reciprocity, is going ahead, not, as our Free-Traders foretold, in their direction, but precisely on the opposite tack.

What is there wonderful in this? Was it likely that a country, possessing within itself the raw material in abundance, and, so far as cotton was concerned, having a virtual monopoly of its growth, should for ever refuse to avail itself of its natural advantages, and to stimulate agriculture by giving it that enormous increment of consumption which must arise from the establishment of domestic manufactures? Does not common sense show us that, the nearer the point of exchange can be brought to the exchanging parties, the more advantageous and profitable to both parties must that interchange necessarily become? Unquestionably it is for the interest of the American planter to have the manufactory brought as close as possible to his plantation, seeing that thereby he would avoid the enormous charges which he bears at present, both in land carriage and

freightage—charges which, of themselves, go a great way towards the annihilation of his profit. Add to this that those charges on the raw material necessarily enhance the price of the fabric when converted by British machinery, and again transported to America, and it must become evident to every one how largely the American planter is interested in the foundation and success of American manufactures. The interest of the agriculturist is equally great. For him a steady market at his own door, such as extended manufactures alone can give, is the readiest and most certain source of wealth and prosperity. What he wants is regular consumption, and the nearer the customers can be found, the greater will be the demand, and the more profitable the supply.

We need not, however, argue a matter which has been already settled on the other side of the Atlantic. It suffices us to know that, in all human probability, America will persevere as she has begun, taking every advantage which we are foolish enough to give her, and yet adhering to her system of protecting domestic labour, and of riveting more closely than before all branches of industry by the bonds of mutual interest. Such clear, distinct, and philosophic principles as are enunciated by a late American writer make us blush for the confused, absurd, and contradictory jargon which of late years has been proffered to the world, with so much parade, as the infallible dicta of British political economy.

"A great error exists in the impression now very commonly entertained in regard to national division of labour, and which owes its origin to the English school of political economists, whose system is throughout based upon the idea of making England 'the workshop of the world,' than which nothing could be less natural. By that school it is taught that some nations are fitted for manufactures and others for the labours of agriculture; and that the latter are largely benefited by being compelled to employ themselves in the one pursuit, making all their exchanges at a distance, thus contributing their share to the maintenance of the system of 'ships, colonies, and commerce.' The whole basis of their system is *conversion and exchange*, and not production,

yet neither makes any addition to the amount of things to be exchanged. It is the great boast of their system that the exchangers are so numerous and the producers so few, and the more rapid the increase in the proportion which the former bear to the latter, the more rapid is supposed to be the advance towards perfect prosperity. Converters and exchangers, however, must live, and they must live out of the labour of others; and if three, five, or ten persons are to live on the product of one, it must follow that all will obtain but a small allowance of the necessities and comforts of life, as is seen to be the case. The agricultural labourer of England often receives but eight shillings a-week, being the price of a bushel and a half of wheat.

"Were it asserted that some nations were fitted to be growers of wheat and others grinders of it, or that some were fitted for cutting down trees, and others for sawing them into lumber, it would be regarded as the height of absurdity, yet it would not be more absurd than that which is daily asserted in regard to the conversion of cotton into cloth, and implicitly believed by tens of thousands even of our countrymen. The loom is as appropriate and necessary an aid to the labours of the planter as is the grist-mill to those of the farmer. The furnace is as necessary and as appropriate an aid to the labours of both planter and farmer as is the saw-mill; and those who are compelled to dispense with the proximity of the producer of iron labour are subjected to as much disadvantage as are those who are unable to obtain the aid of the saw-mill and the miller. The loom and the anvil are, like the plough and the harrow, but small machines, naturally attracted by the great machine, the earth; and when so attracted all work together in harmony, and men become rich, and prosperous, and happy. When, on the contrary, from any disturbing cause, the attraction is in the opposite direction, and the small machines are enabled to compel the products of the great machine to follow them, the land invariably becomes poor, and men become poor and miserable, as is the case with Ireland."

In short, the American system is, to stimulate production by creating a ready market at home, and, as the best means of creating that market, to encourage the conversion of the raw material within the United States, by laying on a protective duty on articles of foreign manufacture. The British system now is, to discourage home production, and to

sacrifice everything for the desperate chance of maintaining an unnatural and fortuitous monopoly of conversion, not of our own raw material only, but of that of other countries. In the attempt to secure this exceedingly precarious advantage—which, be it remembered, does not conduce to the prosperity of the great majority of the nation—our rulers and politicians have deliberately resolved that agriculture shall be rendered unprofitable; and that the bulk of our artisans, who can look to the home market only, shall henceforward be left unprotected from the competition of the whole world. It needs little sagacity to predict which system is based upon sound principles; or which, being so based, must ultimately prevail. Our economists never seem to regard the body of British producers (who, as a class, are very slightly interested in the matter of exports) in the light of important consumers. If they did so, they could not, unless smitten by judicial blindness, fail to perceive that, by crippling their means, and displacing their labour, they are in effect ruining the home market, upon which, notoriously, two-thirds even of the converters depend. The stability of every state must depend upon its production, not upon its powers of conversion. The one is real and permanent, the other liable to be disturbed and annihilated by many external causes. A country which produces largely, even though it may not have within it the means of adequate conversion, is always in a healthy state. Not only the power, but the actual source of wealth is there; and, as years roll on, and capital accumulates, the subsidiary process of conversion becomes more and more developed, not to the injury of the producer—but to his great and even incalculable advantage.

The natural power of the production of Great Britain, as compared with other states, is not very high. Its insular position, and the variableness of its climate, renders the quality of our harvests uncertain; but that uncertainty is perhaps compensated, on the average, by our superior agriculture, and the vast pains, labour, and capital which have been expended on the tillage of the land. Our meadows,

downs, and hill pastures have, however, been most valuable to us in furnishing a better quality of wool than can elsewhere be obtained in Europe—an advantage which our forefathers perceived and wisely availed themselves of—for, as early as the reign of Edward III., manufacturers from Hainault were brought into this country by the advice of Queen Philippa, and laid the foundation of the most prosperous, healthy, and legitimate trade which we possess. Ever since, the woollen manufacture has been inseparably connected with the interests of the British soil. Few luxuries, or even such articles of luxury as are now considered necessities, can be grown in Great Britain. For wine our climate is unsuited; but there is nothing whatever to prevent us—except a system which calls itself, though it is not, Free Trade—from growing the coarser kinds of tobacco, and from establishing manufactories of sugar from beet-root. Our stock of minerals is great—almost inexhaustible—and to this fact we must look for our singular pre-eminence during so many years in Europe. Our unlimited supply of coal and iron gave us an advantage which no other European nation possessed—it was, in fact, virtually a monopoly—and upon that we built our claim to become the workshop of the world. Nor was the claim in any degree a preposterous one. That singular monopoly of minerals—for such it seemed—gave us the actual power, if judiciously used, of controlling the process of conversion, not only here, but elsewhere throughout the globe. Manual labour, it mattered not what was the distance, had no chance at all against the triumphs of machinery; and hence our commerce extended itself far and wide, to savage as well as civilised nations, and our arms were used to force a market where it could not otherwise be obtained. This, if not our strength, was undoubtedly the cause of our supremacy, and even of our extended colonisation; and as we obtained command of a raw material of foreign growth, so did we adapt our machinery to convert it into fabrics for the world.

It is by no means a pleasant matter

to recur to certain particulars in our commercial and manufacturing history. We found the East Indies in the possession of a considerable manufacture of cotton, the producer and the converter being there reciprocally dependent. *That* we have stopped, the object being to compel the Hindostanee to receive his clothing direct from Manchester. And we have succeeded so far that, last year, our exports to Hindostan were so great, that, by lumping them in the general account, our statisticians were able to furnish what appeared to many a convincing argument in favour of Free Trade, though in reality it had nothing to do with that question. *But at what cost* have these operations been made on India? Simply at this, that, whilst destroying the native manufacture, we have also curtailed the production of the raw material. Of the rapid diminution in its amount let the following figures tell:—

IMPORT OF COTTON FROM INDIA TO ENGLAND.

1844	.	.	.	83,000,000 lbs
1845	.	.	.	58,000,000 —
1846	.	.	.	34,000,000 —

But raw material we must have, else our machinery is of no use. We have had so long a monopoly of cotton-spinning that we have accustomed ourselves, spite of nature, and spite of fact, to believe that our whole destiny was that of cotton-spinning. We ignore all history in favour of that particular shrub; and, pinning our faith to export tables— concocted by the weakest and most contemptible of charlatans—we make no hesitation in avowing that the prosperity and destiny of Great Britain is indissolubly entwined with our monopoly of cotton twist! That would be simply laughable, if we had not absolutely legislated on, and committed ourselves to that theory. We stand just now, in the face both of Europe and America—we know not whether we ought to exclude the other quarters of the globe—in the most ridiculous possible position. Our economists are permitted to say to them—“Send us your raw material, and we shall be proud and happy to work it up for you. Don’t be at the pains or the cost of rearing manufactories for yourselves. *Tha*

would entail upon you, not only a great deal of trouble, but a vast expenditure of capital, which you had much better lay out in improving your extra soil, and in bringing it to good cultivation. We can promise you a ready market here. Our proprietors and farmers are unquestionably heavily burdened by taxation, but they must submit to the popular will; or, if they choose to dissent, they may sell off their stock and emigrate to your country, where doubtless they will prove valuable acquisitions. You, we are well aware, are able to provide us with food cheaper than they can do it; and cheapness is all we look to. We shall even do more for you. We agree to admit to our market, at merely nominal duties, all your small articles of manufacture. You may undersell and annihilate, if you can, our gloves, hatters, shoemakers, glass-blowers, and fifty others—only do not interfere with the larger branches, and, above all, do not touch our monopoly of cotton.”

It is now obvious, and we believe generally acknowledged by those who have most practical knowledge of the subject, that the monopoly is broken up. America is seriously addressing herself to the task of applying her lately discovered stores of coal and iron to practical use; and, as we shall presently have occasion to show, she has no need to train workmen for that purpose, since the great emigration from this country

supplies her with practised hands. That her rivalry will be of the most formidable description there can be no matter of doubt, for she will still be able to retain command of the raw material, and, retaining that, to regulate the price of cotton and cotton goods at New Orleans, instead of permitting Liverpool or Manchester to dictate authoritatively to the world. Whether the Manchester Chamber, finding their last move utterly abortive in securing monopoly, may succeed in rearing up plantations of cotton elsewhere than in America, is a point upon which we cannot speak with any degree of certainty. That they are alarmed, and deeply alarmed, at the prospect before them is evident, not only from the representations made in Parliament, and the desponding tone of their organs, but from the experiments which they have instituted for the purpose of ascertaining whether some other vegetable product may not be used as a substitute for cotton. Even if they were successful in one or other, or in both of their inquiries, it seems clear to us that they never can hope to regain their former ascendancy. They must be exposed to the competition not only of America, but of the Confederation of the Zollverein, which now receives from the United States a large and increasing supply of raw material. The following table will show the extreme rapidity in the growth of that consumption:—

	1833.	Average from 1837 to 1841.	1843.	1845.
Raw cotton, quintals, exported } from America to the Zollverein, }	152,364.	200,093.	306,731.	443,887.

Although it never can be agreeable to know that any important branch of trade in this country is retrograding or falling into decay, we cannot affect to feel much sympathy with the cotton manufacturers, and that for several reasons. In the first place, their trade was a factitious one, not founded upon or tending in any degree to promote the real production of Great Britain, but avowedly rendering us dependant to a dangerous degree upon foreign supplies. Secondly, there can be no doubt that our demand for the raw

material has had the effect of perpetuating slavery in the southern states of America. And, lastly, we cannot forget that we owe all our present difficulties to the machinations of men connected with the cotton manufacture. The doctrine that the strength of Britain lay in its powers of conversion, not in its powers of production, originated with them; and in their selfish eagerness to maintain a monopoly, even then in a precarious position, they made it a principle of sacrificing every interest which stood in their way.

Our readers cannot fail to recollect the arguments which were employed by the champions and leaders of the League. America, whether as an example or an ally, was never out of their mouths. We were to spin for America, weave for America, do everything in short for her which the power of machinery could achieve. America, on the other hand, was to forego all idea of interfering with our industrial pursuits, in the way of encouraging her own children to become manufacturing rivals, and was to apply herself solely to the production of raw material, cotton, corn and provisions, wherewith the whole of us were to be fed. Our statesmen acted on this faith, assured us that we had but to show the example, and reciprocity must immediately be established, and opened the British ports without any condition whatever. The consequence was an influx of corn and provisions far greater than they expected, which at once annihilated agricultural profits in Great Britain, and is rapidly annihilating agriculture itself in Ireland. We were told to take comfort, because the very amount of the importations showed that it could not be continued; and yet it is continued up to the present day, and prices remain at a point which, even according to the estimate of the Free-traders, is not only unremunerative, but so injurious to the grower that he must lose by the process of cultivation. The actual labourer was the last sufferer, but he is suffering now, and his future prospects are most miserable and revolting. The smaller branches of manufacture, and the multitudes of artisans employed in these, have felt grievously the effect of lowered tariffs, and, even still more, the competition which has been engendered by the amount of displaced labour. Our large towns are the natural receptacles for those who have been driven from the villages, on account of sheer lack of employment; and ever and anon philanthropists are made to shudder by the tales of woe, and want, and fearful deprivation, which are forced upon the public ear. And yet few of them appear to have traced the evil to its source, which lies simply in the legislative discouragement of production, for the sake of a ~~small~~ of con-

version which can offer no means adequate to the wants and numbers of the competing population.

Our exports, when we deduct the value of the raw material, constitute in reality an insignificant item in the account of our annual creation of wealth. The greatness and prosperity of Britain never did, and never will, depend upon the amount of her foreign trade, though that is now regarded by our statistical quack-doctors as the sole criterion. What we must depend upon is the home trade, and that can only be prosperous by maintaining the value of production. For how else, save from production, are the labouring population, or indeed any of us, high or low, rich or poor, as we may call ourselves, to be maintained? All of us derive our subsistence from the earth, and beyond what is reaped or redeemed from its bosom we have nothing. If, for example, there is no market for iron, the furnaces will be blown out, and the ores left unworked; if there is no market for agricultural produce—that is, a remunerative market—the fields will be left untilled. What, then, becomes of the converters?—for whom do they work?—or how do they acquire the wherewithal to purchase the food which the foreigner may chance to send them? Let Ireland answer. That unhappy island is at this moment paying the last penalties of Free Trade. It stands before us as a beacon and warning of what we must expect, and cannot avoid, if we continue to discourage production, in the insane hope of thereby stimulating conversion; and perhaps we cannot do better than quote an American opinion as to the cause of its wretchedness and ruin:—

“With this vast increase in the importation from abroad has come the ruin of the people of Ireland.” Deprived of manufactures and commerce, her people were driven to live by agriculture alone, and she was enabled to drag on a miserable existence, so long as her neighbour was content to make some compensation for the loss of labour, by paying her for her products higher prices than those at which they might have been elsewhere purchased. With the repeal of the Corn Laws that resource has failed; and the result is a state of poverty, wretchedness, and famine, that has compelled the

establishment of a system which obliges the landowner to maintain the people, whether they work or not; and thus is one of the conditions of slavery re-established in that unhappy country. From being a great exporter of food, she has now become a large importer. The great market for Indian corn is Ireland—a country in which the production of food is almost the sole occupation of the people. The value of labour in food, throughout a population of eight millions, is thus rapidly decreasing.”

To every word of this we subscribe, and we beg to say, further, that this is not the only instance. A large portion of Scotland has been absolutely pauperised by Free Trade. The condition of the western Highlands and Islands is most appalling; and unless Ministers and members of Parliament are prepared to do their duty to the children of the soil, they are utterly and execrably unworthy of the trust which has been committed to their charge. It is with a feeling nearly akin to loathing that we peruse accounts of Broddigna glass-houses, and sham exhibitions of the industry of nations, reared at an enormous cost, when we know that the men who ought to be the producers of our national wealth—and who might be so, were they not made the victims of a heartless and senseless system—are being driven in hundreds from their hearths and homes, and cast upon the wide world, without a roof to shelter them, or a rag to give them covering!

All this, and more—for every day brings its fresh tale of woe and wretchedness—is the consequence of free imports. And how stands the account the other way? Where is the counterbalancing advantage? It may be that the ruin and prostration of Ireland and the Highlands is no great loss to the dwellers of the towns, the men of the factories and counting-houses. It may be that they are not at all affected by such misery, or that they care to listen to it, notwithstanding that the victims are in the sight of God as valuable beings as themselves. It may be that, in consequence of such suffering, or rather by creating it, they have derived some advantage large enough to compensate for the havoc, by enabling them to

give a livelihood to thousands who would otherwise have been unemployed and destitute. If so, where is it? Has America reciprocated?

NO! AND AMERICA WILL NOT.

America laughs at the whole crew of Manchester conspirators with sovereign and undisguised contempt. She wants nothing from them—she will take nothing from them. Secure in her own position, and possessing within herself every requisite for greatness, and—what is more—for the happiness and welfare of her children, she regards with scorn the attempted compromise of the crippled converters, and, while she rejects their offer, gives them a burning rebuke for their treachery to their native land.

So far from discouraging her manufactures, she intends to protect them; so far from concealing her mineral wealth, she has resolved to develop that to the utmost—judging, and rightly judging, that it is alone through the “harmony of interests” that a nation can be truly prosperous.

Her rebuke, as contained in the documents before us, which we firmly believe convey the sentiments of the wisest men of the Union, is perhaps the most poignant that ever was cast in the teeth of a civilised and Christian community. It resolves itself into this:—

“You, producers, mechanics, and artisans of Great Britain, who are deprived of your labour, which is your only heritage, for the sake of a few men, who will neither take your produce nor avail themselves of your skill, come to us. We require hands to till our savannahs, to excavate our ores, to work at the furnaces, to weave, and to spin. Labour with us is not as in your country. The producer shall not be sacrificed for the sake of the converter, or the converter subjected to the precarious mercy of the producer of another land. Here, at least, you will find an entire harmony of interests. Foreign customers you need seek none, for every requisite of life is secured to you in return for your labour.”

And, lest it should be thought that we are putting words into the mouth of the Americans without authority, we shall presently have occasion to

quote from the remarkable work before us.

The repeal of the Corn Laws, and of the duties levied on provisions, have enormously, as we all know,

increased the exports of America. The following tables will show their amount, and, in the case of provisions, the increase since the lowered tariffs came into operation.

#### AMOUNT OF AMERICAN EXPORTS OF GRAIN AND PROVISIONS.

		GRAIN AND FLOUR.			
		Flour. barrels.	Wheat. bushels.	Corn. bushels.	Cornmeal. bushels.
Year ending June 30, 1848,	.	958,744	1,531,000	5,062,000	226,000
... Aug. 31, 1849,	.	1,114,016	4,684,000	12,721,000	86,000

		PROVISIONS.				
		Beef. barrels.	Butter. lb.	Cheese. lb.	Pork. barrels.	Hams. lb.
1840,	.	19,631	1,177,639	723,217	66,281	1,643,897
1841,	.	56,537	3,785,983	1,748,471	133,290	2,796,517
1844,	.	106,174	3,251,952	7,342,145	161,629	3,886,976
1849,	.	133,286	3,406,242	17,433,632	253,486	56,060,822

Now, if the doctrine of the Free-traders is a true one, it will follow that the imports of America must be on a scale corresponding to the mag-

nitude of the exports. If that be so, the fact will be evident on the face of their revenue accounts. We turn to these, and find the following results:—

#### CUSTOMS REVENUE FROM THE IMPORTS TO THE UNITED STATES.

	Dollars.
1844-5,	27,520,000
1845-6,	26,712,000
1846-7,	23,747,000
1847-8,	31,757,000
1848-9,	28,346,000

How, then, and in what shape, were these enormous exportations of grain and provisions paid for? Not certainly in goods, for if that were so, a corresponding increase would be apparent in the revenue accounts. The answer is quite short—in gold, and in that commodity which ought to be regarded as far more valuable than gold—MAN.

It is a fact of no small interest, that the shipowning corn-merchants have willingly sold grain in Liverpool for less than they could have got for it in the States, in order to insure the return cargo—that which they find so profitable—emigrants. Mr Blain, who was engaged for many years by the Jews of London and Germany in valuing the growing crops of America, gives the following account of this apparently unreasonable process:—"The shipowners of America are making much money by carrying emigrants to the States: they are now extensive corn-merchants, and are buying largely at very low prices, it being better to carry wheat across

the Atlantic, and sell it at 2s. per quarter less than it cost, than buy ballast, which is very dear in the American seaports." \* Steam, too, is now about to be applied in furtherance of this traffic, and we read of magnificent steamers built expressly for the corn and emigrant trade between New York and Liverpool. By the way, with freights at 6d. a barrel of flour, (the rate in September 1849,) equivalent to 1s. per quarter of wheat, what becomes of the once favourite sophism, that the Atlantic afforded a natural protection of at least 10s. to the English farmer? Nor should it be forgotten that the American farmer finds it his plain interest thus to part with his surplus production, procuring in return that of which he stands so much in need—labour; and the vast emigration from the western states to California has rendered European labour more valuable and welcome to him than ever.

"We imported last year," says Mr Carey, "about three hundred thousand



persons. Estimating their consumption of food at twenty cents per day for each, there was thus made a market on the land for the products of the land to the extent of *twenty millions of dollars*. This transportation required the constant employment of two hundred and fifty thousand tons of shipping, and ships carried freight to Europe at very low rates, because certain of obtaining valuable return cargoes. The farmer thus obtained a large home market, and the power of exporting cheaply to the foreign one; and to the conjoined operation of these two causes is due the fact, that wheat and flour have continued so high in price.

"We may now, I think, understand many curious facts now passing before our eyes. Food is so abundant in Russia, that it is wasted; and yet among the large exporters of food to Great Britain is this country, in which it sells at a price almost as high as in Liverpool, and now even higher. The produce of Russia has to bear all the charges out and home, and the consequence is that the producer remains poor, and makes no profits; and thus the cost of transportation, internal and external, continues, and must continue great. The farmer of the United States sends his produce to market cheap, because the return cargo, being chiefly man, is valuable, and the space it occupies is great. He therefore grows rich, and makes roads and canals, and builds steamboats; and thus is the cost of transportation, internal and external, so far diminished, that the difference in the price of a barrel of flour in Pittsburgh and in Liverpool is, when we look at the distance, almost inconceivably small.

"The bulk of the trade of Canada is outwards; and the consequence is that outward freights are high, while our imports of men and other valuable commodities keep them low with us; and therefore it is that the cost of transporting wheat and flour from our side of the line is so much lower than from the other, that both now pass through New York on their way to Liverpool. Hence it is that there has arisen so vehement a desire for commercial reciprocity, and even for annexation. The protective system has thus not only the effect of bringing consumers to take their places by the side of the producer, facilitating the consumption on the land of the products of the land, and facilitating also the exportation of the surplus to foreign markets by diminishing outward freights, but the further one of producing among our neighbours a strong desire for the establishment of the same perfect freedom of trade that now exists among the seve-

ral states, by becoming themselves a part of the Union. Protection, therefore, tends to the increase of commerce, and the establishment of Free Trade; while the British system tends everywhere to the destruction of commerce, and to the production of a necessity for restriction.

"We see, thus, that if we desire to secure the command of that which is falsely termed 'the great grain-market of the world,' it is to be effected by the adoption of such measures as will secure valuable return freights. The most costly and the most valuable of all are men; the least so are pig-iron and coal. The more of the latter we import, the larger will be our surplus of food, the higher will be the outward freight, internal and external, the greater will be the waste, and the poorer will be the farmer. The more of the former we import, the smaller will be our surplus of food, the lower will be the outward freights, and the more numerous will be the commodities that can go to Europe, to be given in exchange for luxuries that now we cannot purchase."

So much for the American views of reciprocity. Secured by her system of tariffs, which she is now about to heighten, against the effects of foreign competition, America is resolutely bent on availing herself to the utmost of all the vast natural resources which she possesses, and to render herself wholly independent of the conversion of foreign countries. By following such a course she must, as her population increases, grow in greatness and in might, as must every nation wherein labour is estimated and cherished according to its proper value, and the rights of the domestic producer and workman guarded with untiring vigilance.

One word as to the prospects of the British farmer. We know from undoubted authority that in many parts of the United States, for example Ottawa, excellent land may be purchased for £1 an acre, broken up for 7s., burdened by no poor nor county rates, and unconscious of the presence of the tax-gatherer. Land such as this can, indeed, afford to produce corn at an almost nominal price—ballast for the ships that shall bring back the overweighted and ruined yeomen and peasants of England to New York and New Orleans! But, vast as the immigration has been, the production of food has greatly outstripped it; and as fresh tracts of virgin land are, year

by year, brought into cultivation, and internal communications opened or improved, we see no reason whatever to believe that the export of grain to England will diminish, or the price of that grain be enhanced. Let our readers bear in mind the wonderful development of the mining and manufacturing resources of America, to which we have just directed their

attention, and then see how, in spite of, or far rather concurrently with that, the production of food also increased. We again quote from *The Harmony of Interests*. How great was the increase may be seen by the following comparison of the returns under the census of 1840, and the Patent Office Estimates for 1847:—

	Wheat	Barley	Oats	Rye	Buckwheat	Indian Corn	TOTALS
1840	84,823,000	4,161,000	123,071,000	18,645,000	7,291,000	377,531,000	615,522,000
1847	114,245,000	5,840,000	167,867,000	29,222,000	11,673,000	539,350,000	867,826,000
Increase	29,422,000	1,488,000	44,797,000	10,577,000	4,382,000	161,819,000	252,304,000

Showing an increase of not less than 40 per cent in 7 years, during which the population only advanced 23 per cent.

How much of this surplus produce may be expected to find its way into the English market, we do not pretend accurately to foretell; but when we find that, without the inducement of an unrestricted access to it, in 1846 America was able to raise her exports of grain to thirteen millions of bushels, from six millions in 1845; and in 1847, with only the preparation of a year, to twenty-six millions, we think Lord Fitzwilliam is quite justified in taking it for granted that the price of corn in England will not rise above its present ruinous average. Attempts, no doubt, will be made to show that the emigration to California has deprived the Western States of the labour that is required to raise these enormous crops. Our answer is, that 300,000 souls were added by immigration to the population of the United States in 1849; and that our own emigration returns for 1850 show that the tide from England is flowing in that direction with unabated force. So last year, when the great and unexpected import of French flour was adding to the depression, and stimulating the complaints of the English agriculturists, the Free Import authorities explained it away as a forced unnatural importation which must speedily cease, as France was an importing, and not an exporting, country, and the price of corn there was naturally higher than in England; and yet we learn from the same organ of public opinion which favoured us in the summer with this satisfactory explanation of the French importations, that in the month of

November last, the prices of wheat, flour, and bread were all much higher in London than in Paris. In its City article of November 14th, appeared the following comparison of the present prices of wheat, flour, and bread, in London and Paris:—

"The highest price of wheat of the first quality in Paris is 24 francs per 1½ hectolitre, which is equal to 36s. 8d. per quarter; and the highest price of white wheat of the first quality, in London, being 48s. per quarter, it follows that wheat is 30½ per cent dearer in London than in Paris. The highest quotation of flour of the first quality in Paris is 29 francs 95 cents the 100 kilogrammes, which is equal to 29s. 11d. per sack of 280 lb. English; and the highest quotation of flour in the London market being 40s. per sack, it follows that flour is about 35½ per cent dearer in London than in Paris. The price of bread of the first quality in Paris is 27 cents per kilogramme, which is equal to 4½ per 4 lb. loaf English weight; and the price of bread in London, at the full-priced shops, being 6½d. per lb., it follows that bread is 40½ per cent dearer in London than in Paris."

We apprehend that a difference of thirty or forty per cent is sufficient to tempt the French corn-grower, or miller, into the higher-priced market which lies so conveniently open to him; and thus from the public of the Old, no less than from the model republic of the New World, must the English farmer expect to see for the future those supplies of grain and flour pouring in, which shall prevent his produce procuring a remunerating price. To complete the picture, it should not be forgotten that both these exporting countries impose considerable duties on the

importation of grain and flour, and thus afford us a perfect specimen of that reciprocity which all Liberal governments and free nations were so anxious to establish, according to our sapient rulers, in 1846.

We do not think that we need add any further argument to what has been already said. Our antagonists, the Free-traders, have been allowed—what they required and what was fair—time for the working of their experiment. Ample time has been granted, and we now see that it has failed in every particular. They said that it would induce reciprocity; it has induced higher opposing tariffs. They said it would secure for Great Britain the manufacturing custom of the world; on the contrary, foreign manufactories are springing up with unexampled rapidity. They said it would increase the demand for iron; it has prostrated it. They said it would give full employment to all our labouring population; it has displaced labour, and driven our working men by hundreds of thousands to emigrate. They said it could not attract such an importation of foreign grain and provisions, as permanently to beat down prices in this country below the remunerating level; it has already brought such an influx of these articles, that the grower of grain is impoverished, and the breeder of cattle ruined. They said it would be the commencement of a new era of prosperity to Ireland; it has laid it utterly desolate!

Are we then, obstinately to persevere in a course of policy so evidently obnoxious and detrimental? Are we still to crush down labour for an end which is now proved to be impossible of attainment; and to tell the working classes, that because our rulers have made a false step, they and theirs must submit to descend into the hideous gulch of pauperism? These are questions for the nation to consider—questions of unparalleled magnitude, both for the present and the coming time. If we are not so persevering in our folly, there is no alternative left but to build up our commercial system anew upon wiser and sounder prin-

ciples. It cannot be expected that we shall ever again possess a monopoly of the manufactures of the world. We must be contented with that share which our skill, and energy, and undeniable resources can command; and if we wish still to retain possession of the vast Colonial Empire which has long been our pride and boast, we must foster, stimulate, and protect the industry of the colonists as sedulously and anxiously as our own.

After all, we may possibly, at no very distant period of time, have reason to be thankful that the experiment has been made, notwithstanding all the misery and loss which have accompanied the trial. For, if anything could have broken down the free independent spirit of Great Britain, and rendered it callous and listless to external aggression or insult, no better method could be found than the complete adoption of a system which must have made us perpetually subservient to the wants of other nations, doing their work to order, and receiving wages in return. In order to emancipate ourselves from this state of threatened Helotism—the state which the disciples of the Manchester school regard as the most enviable upon earth—we must attempt to re-establish perfect harmony and mutual co-operation amongst all the interests of Britain, to give productive labour its proper place and pre-eminence, and, since we cannot secure for convertible labour the command of foreign markets, to take care that, in the home market, it is not exposed to any undue or unfair competition. We hold by this proposition, well understood and energetically supported in America, that “when a nation makes a market at home for nearly all its products, other nations have to come and seek what they require, and pay the highest price; and that, when it does not make a market at home, markets must be sought abroad, and then sales must be made at the lowest prices.” If this be true, it will follow that the way to sell at the highest prices, and to buy at the lowest, is to buy and sell at home.









